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THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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NOVEMBER, 1856, AND FEBRUARY, 1857.

VOLUME XXVI.

AMERICAN EDITION, VOL. XXI.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD STREET.

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AMERICAN EDITION, VOL. XXI.

JOHN A. GRAY'S

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16 and 18 Jacob street, N. Y.

NEW YORK:

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NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,

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FOR NOVEMBER, 1856.

ART. I.—*Dr. Chalmers' Works.* Twenty-five Volumes, 12mo.

2. *Posthumous Works.* Nine Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

THE high place which Thomas Chalmers occupies in the religious history of Scotland, he holds securely; it is a position which he will not lose, unless a time shall come when John Knox and other worthies of the like stamp shall have ceased to be thought of in their native country with reverential gratitude. But the rank which his writings will ultimately hold in the body of English literature is a point yet to be determined; and at present it can be only conjecturally spoken of, and this on the ground of considerations of quite a different order from those which affect his place in the regards of his countrymen. Nevertheless, on this ground we do not hesitate to profess the belief that, as a religious writer and as a theologian, he will live. A distinction, however, must here be made:—The “Works,” entire, of Dr. Chalmers, will, no doubt, continue to be sought after, through a course of many years, and will often be reprinted in their mass for the use of Scotland, and of England too, buoyed up, as one might say, by his immortal renown, as one of the best and the ablest, and the most useful of the great men whom Scotland has in any age produced. The grateful and religious Scottish people at home as well as those thousands of the “dispersion,” who are scattered over the face of the earth, will (so we imagine) for generations yet to come regard it as a sacred duty to possess themselves of the Works Entire of their own Chalmers. And, moreover, among these purchasers and readers of the Works, there

will always be many who will draw from certain portions of them a large amount of their spiritual and theological aliment, and who will think themselves well and sufficiently disciplined, and kept safely orthodox, and evangelical, so long as they are content to sit at the feet of this revered teacher.

But when we come to think of English literature at large, and to think of it as influenced or favoured by no special or national feelings, it is quite certain that the “Works” will undergo a severe sifting. Portions—large portions, of the mass, we cannot doubt, must subside and at no distant date, will cease to be often asked for, or popularly read. The works of the very best writers (if voluminous) have undergone the same discursive process. Nor has any human reputation hitherto been of such plenary force as might suffice for immortalizing every paragraph or treatise that a man has written and printed. Assuredly Chalmers will not stand his ground as an exception to this almost universal doom—a doom which has consigned to oblivion a half—a three-fourths—or a nine-tenths of the products of even the brightest minds; especially if they have been, in their day, teeming and industrious minds, and if such writers have mixed themselves at large with the social and political movements of their times.

At this time—and if we are looking to the volumes now before us, it is not Chalmers as the great, the good, and the eminently useful man of his age and country whom we have to do with:—it is not Chalmers as related to those religious and ecclesiastical movements of which Scotland is now reaping the fruits;—but it is the same distinguished man, considered simply as a

writer; and as one who comes at this time to claim the place that may be due to him in the permanent religious literature of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, spread, and spreading over all the world.

When thus thought of, the mass of his writings, as they are now put into our hands, ask for classification. Although these four-and-thirty volumes are characterized, in an unusual degree, by singleness of intention, by coherent thought, by unity of spirit, as well as by much uniformity of style and manner, they are, as to their form and their subjects, very diverse; nor could they well, as we think, be brought under a simpler distribution than the following. The volumes seem to range under five heads, as thus:—

I. The Methods and the Principles of Christian Benevolence, as related to Parochial and Municipal System; these methods being made to rest upon the author's principles of Political Economy, in its more general aspect.

II. Ecclesiastical Polity.

III. Moral Philosophy.

IV. Theology; and the Christian Evidences.

V. Christian Doctrine; Christian Ethics; Biblical Exposition, and the principles of the Spiritual Life.

It may be that in forming this classification—as to its order, we have followed the guidance of a conjecture as to what will be the relative longevity of the several Essays and Treatises—which conjecture, in fact, may prove itself quite groundless, and concerning which there may be room now for differences of opinion. We are disposed to take up the various materials before us, beginning with those treatises which, bearing as they did upon those movements of his times of which Chalmers was the soul, and which have long ago passed their season, are, as we imagine, likely the soonest to be seldom read, if not altogether forgotten. It will be no disparagement to the permanent repute of this great man, if it be found that his enduring fame rests upon what he accomplished in those regions of thought which are the most remote from the fitfulness and the perturbations of secular and local, or national interests, and which abide substantially the same from age to age.

It is no doubt true, that, in those of his writings which we assume to possess the least of an enduring quality and an intrinsic merit, there is much of what is instructive—sound as it is in principle, and which may therefore be made available in all times and places. And yet, as to these same princi-

ples, it is probable that the men of the next age may incline rather to take them up, practically wrought out as they were in Chalmers' own course of life, than as they are laboriously argued in his writings. The history of his beneficent achievements—the mere narrative of his useful life, not only has more force, and carries more of available instruction, but it comes to us in a more condensed form. Chalmers' elaborate pleadings—his defences—his counter-statements—his endless clearings up—his many iterations—and his lavish figures, might indeed be eagerly listened to when his voice quickened the soul of an audience; but in the reading of the same (and it will be so more and more as time runs on) they tend to exhaust patience, rather than to instruct. It is eminently true of subjects of this class—to wit, the topics of social science, of municipal economies, and of ecclesiastical polity, that a severe condensation, as to the style, is the one excellence upon which a lasting reputation must turn. In relation to those great social questions which never remain seven years together in quite the same position, Chalmers' public course will be appealed to in confirmation of this or that rule or principle; and perhaps his writings on this class of subjects may continue to be sometimes cited; but they will not, as we think, like the "Wealth of Nations," and a very few other books, continue to be read, as a matter of course, by every student in this department. In expressing an opinion such as this, little disparagement is implied; and, in fact, none but what Chalmers' well-sustained reputation may easily afford.

Chalmers, if it were required of us to characterise him in a word, was the man—great in action:—he was the man to give a needed and an irresistible impulse to whatever he applied his herculean shoulder. The world—or that world wherewith he concerned himself, he would not, and could not, and he did not leave just what and where it was when first he looked about upon it; for that first glance moved his soul to its depths;—moved it, not with scorn—not with malign anatognism—not with a wild, unknowing enthusiasm—not with despondency; but with a hopeful and a reasoning confidence—a calculated trust in the efficacy of those forces—those energies of renovation which, if well employed, and manfully worked, will not fail to bring about a better state of things, more or less complete. Chalmers was the man to give a healthful impulse to all things around him; but he was not the man to give them altogether a new direction. He was just so far the philosopher as an accomplished man must be who concerns himself at all with

the things of Philosophy; but he was not (as we presume to think) a philosopher in any higher sense; or in any sense that should give him a place of his own among those who have wrought out a scheme of thought for themselves, and for their times. The *Thought* of this present age has not pivoted itself upon Chalmers' mind. He was the philanthropist, eminently so; and his understanding was of that robust order which utterly forbade his giving himself up to any of these vapouring modes of enthusiasm which so often bring all philanthropy into contempt. By an instinct, quicker and surer than the guidance of reason—although reason never failed to come up to his aid, he rejected whatever was visionary and impracticable, or not at the moment practical; and by the same instinct duly sustained as it was by the force of the dialectic faculty, he seized upon whatever was good and right in the main, and also sound in principle, among things actually existing and constituted, and which may be made available for immediate purposes:—these he took up, and upon these he worked with a prodigious energy, and with an industry—rare excellence—commensurate with that energy. Decisively conservative in temper, and reverential too in feeling, his aim was to bring up the *things that are* as near as possible to their normal state of effectiveness:—he laboured to reinstate—to invigorate—to quicken the languid pulse of the social body;—to redress—to clear away from it encumbering accumulations. But there he stopped.

Wanting almost entirely, as we shall have occasion to show, the analytic faculty—wanting also the severe critical faculty, and wholly wanting that melancholic element which leads minds severely reflective to distrust obvious conclusions, and to scrutinize all things that are offered to their assent, Chalmers sent down his line into no abyss:—he himself, as to the dim world of painful speculation, had never trodden a path, like that of Bunyan's Christian, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. As a most kind-hearted man, his sympathies were awake towards all kinds of trouble, whether of mind, body, or estate; but specially and intellectually he had no sympathy with minds deeper rooted than his own, or more discriminative, or more exact, or more analytic, or more scrupulously honest toward their own misgivings. Such minds, in approaching him, would quickly discover that from *him* they would not receive the aid they needed.

And thus it is as to his philosophic writings. Admirably adapted as they were

to effect their immediate purpose—a purpose conservative and confirmatory, as related to the diffuse intellectuality of the times when they appeared, and well adapted too as they may still be, to meet the same order of intellectuality at this time, or in any time future, they wholly fail to satisfy the conditions of philosophic discussion, such as it has of late years become. It may seem unfair to require of a man—of a teacher, that he should forecast the progress of opinion for a half a century in advance of his own times; but this at least may be said, that while a writer who touches the boundaries of thought in all directions is likely to anticipate the recurrent theories of times future, he who stops far short of those limits is likely to be numbered with the antiquated at the very next coming on of a crisis in speculative philosophy. If, in these last times, religious belief has had to contend with more than enough of flippant sophistry, it has also come to stand its ground in opposition to deeply wrought speculative systems, against which writings like those of Chalmers, whatever ability they may display, afford little or no defence. And besides, in the tone and style of these apologetic writings, as toward gainsayers, these essays are less applicable than perhaps they might have been to the purposes for which they were intended. That firm conservative temper, and that reverential feeling, which we have just now spoken of, and which made Chalmers the thoroughgoing and uncompromising champion of the Creed of his Church, impelled him also to look out upon the host marshalled on the other side with a lofty and indiscriminating disapproval; these opposers—one and all—were, in his view, “the enemy;” howbeit more than a few of that antagonist host would gladly have accepted CHRISTIAN TRUTH, if it only had been presented to them in its purity, as severed from the national Creed. Yet to render even this service—a service on the side of Christianity so needful, and yet so rarely attempted, namely, to present the TRUTH apart from the Creed—Chalmers, although large-hearted enough, and bold enough, and broad enough in his habits of thinking, lacked some qualifications. Nevertheless he might have addressed himself to the task, if only he had come to see the urgent necessity there is for doing it, and especially if he had perceived how urgent this necessity is—as related to the Christianity of Scotland, where the close adhesion of the Creed to the Truth—the entombing of the Truth within the Creed, has in modern times forced so many of her choicest minds into a position of antagonism, whether open

or latent, to the latter. An obstacle in Chalmers' way, which perhaps he would not have surmounted, even if he had clearly seen his call to enter upon that ground, was what we have named as his strong inbred feeling—might we say, his Churchman's feeling of alarm lest a pin of the Tabernacle should be loosened by presumptuous hands. Moreover, there was a difficulty in relation to a task of this kind which he would not easily have overcome; for it took its rise in the very constitution of his mind. This, as we have said, contained too little of that discriminative severity, or that of penetrative exactitude which is required in parting off the great and deep things of Christianity from the offensive asperities and the crudities that had their origin in a rude, revolutionary, and fanatical period. Scotland—and England too, in a different sense—yet waits the advent of one equal to her own Chalmers in grandeur of soul, and in moral energy, who shall take up the work of her renovation at the point where he left it unattempted, and shall give her at length a Christianity far larger than any Confession, and burdened with no burdens that are of man's devising.

Diverse as are the subjects embraced in the compass of Chalmers' works, the mode of reasoning throughout them, and the style, are much the same everywhere. This mode and this style are clearly indicative of the history of his mind, as well as of the several positions he occupied toward the Church and the World. When first his powerful intellect woke up to a consciousness of what is termed "evangelic doctrine," he looked around him and found, on almost all sides, that this doctrine, although it still held its place as the authentic belief of the Church and the Nation, had lost its hold, very generally, of the heart and soul both of the ministers of religion and of their hearers. The conviction that this was the actual state of things around him, wrought mightily in his mind and spirit, and it roused him to undertake the work in which his success was signal—that of calling back ministers and people to the realities of their own admitted faith. In prosecution of this great work, which was essentially unlike that of the Reformers, his style formed itself upon the leading conditions of the task before him. He seized those principles and doctrines which were not in dispute between himself and his hearers, and he strenuously insisted that these doctrines should be re-admitted to their due place of influence over the heart, the conscience, and the conduct of men. Hence comes much of that iteration which is so prominently the characteristic of

Chalmers' style, and of that patience-trying practice of turning an argument over and over a dozen times. The Preacher, the Professor, the Writer, has his eye fixed always upon that mountain mass of popular inertness which he must break his way into and overturn; and he is slow to believe that, after all, he has done his work efficiently. He has his eye fixed upon certain rigid and inveterate formalities, trebly fenced against assault; and after he has carried the outworks, he is doubtful of his own success, and returns upon the ground ever and again, and is fain to look back anew to assure himself of his conquest. Throughout the early years of his course, and indeed throughout the whole of that period in which his style was in process of formation, his office, his calling, was that of the champion intent upon achieving a victory, and maintaining the *RIGHT* against all comers.

Although the entire works, as now before us, are susceptible of the classification above stated, no purpose which we have in view in this Article requires a strict adherence to it. We intend nothing more than to take a glance at the mass, commencing with those of its constituents, which, in our opinion, possess the least of an enduring quality, and going on to those of which it may be thought that they will take a permanent place in English religious literature. We therefore take up first the volumes on

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—To enter here upon any questions belonging to this science would be quite out of place, and ill-timed also, as related to Chalmers' treatment of the subject. The volumes now named, and others of the series, bearing upon kindred subjects, should be looked into as exponents of his power of mind—his logical force, and that statesman-like breadth of view and capacity which distinguished him as a controversialist. But these treatises can scarcely be regarded as having taken a place permanently among authorities in the science. We are far from affirming that he has not, in these and other of his writings, won some lasting repute in establishing certain points; but we believe there are few, if any, who are conversant with these subjects, that would now care to vindicate for him a claim to a foremost rank among the masters and teachers of this branch of philosophy, still in course of development as it is. The years that have elapsed since Chalmers first took up these questions have not only been marked by the appearance of works of the highest merit; but more than this, during these eventful years social and commercial changes have come about, affecting not this country only, but Europe,

America, the World, which few or none of the men of that time had dreamed of, and which, if they had lived to witness them, must have compelled them to abandon some of their favourite dogmas, and greatly to modify others.

Chalmers' economic writings give evidence of a masculine energy, a power of holding and of dealing with those intricately related abstractions which constitute the materials of the argument in this department. Whether right or wrong in his doctrine, he swayed his argument this way and that with ease. In the logic of the science he was expert, with its methods he was familiar, and he had affixed for himself a determinate meaning to its principal terms. We may believe him to be wrong, but we do not find him bewildered, or crushed under a burden that is too heavy for his shoulders. Smitten as he was with the charms of an hypothesis which startled the world, (Malthus' Essay,) but which has had its day, and yielding himself too readily to its parade of demonstration — to its partial array of facts — to its conclusions so hastily concluded, he instantly saw how well this doctrine concerning population might be built upon for giving support to those further inferences of which his instincts and his principles as a moralist, and as a Christian minister, and as a warm philanthropist, impelled him to make himself the champion. Whatever there is in these economic writings which approves itself to our convictions on grounds of mere humanity, and of Christian feeling, is true *so far*; but these things are legitimately available as a basis for the inferences which the author builds upon them, only when they have been brought into their place as modified by considerations which Chalmers in his earnestness quite overlooks, or is not aware of, or which he misunderstands. Who can find fault with anything that is indeed *moral* in what he urges and reiterates about the usefulness of the "moral restraint," considered as a force counteractive of the law of increase? — but when we come to the question of "early marriages," and of protracted or absolute celibacy, an even-handed morality has something else to say on this point; and besides there are facts physiological and ethico-physiological, which also demand to be well thought of and considered. If it were to be alleged that Chalmers was a one-sided thinker, we should affirm, on the contrary, the breadth and grasp of his intellect, and we could adduce many convincing instances of his aptitude in planting himself on opposite sides of a subject. But when, at the bidding of his own powerful feelings, he surrendered himself

to a particular dogma, he did not always hold himself free from that species of entanglement which so often drags able logicians far astray from the fields of a tranquil and a true philosophy. Nothing is so little to be trusted to as "demonstrations which you cannot answer;" nothing is more fallacious than "Tables;" nothing is more to be suspected than "facts admitted on all sides;" nothing so like a broken reed as "an established axiom in political science." The great man before us was often led away by his "Tables" and his "Facts;" but more often was he snared in his own massive logic.

The great ends he aimed at in concerning himself with politics or political economy were those higher purposes relating to the wellbeing of the lower classes, which, as a Christian moralist and a Christian pastor, he so devoutly and so devotedly sought to realize. We find him, then, quite on his proper ground in those of his writings which naturally take their place after the Political Economy, and the cognate treatises, and which flow from these as consequences, and as practical deductions.

CHRISTIAN AND ECONOMIC POLITY OF A NATION.—To Chalmers should be assigned a foremost place of merit, as having brought about, as well by his personal efforts—his indefatigable labours, as by his writings (those, to wit, of the class now before us) that better feeling, and that better understanding of social questions, which has become the characteristic, and the praise, and the hopeful indication of the times we live in. He clearly saw what was wanted as preliminary to any effective measures for bettering the condition of the labouring and lower classes, which was to bring about a community of feeling and an interchange of ideas, and an active concurrence between two orders of persons who, hitherto, had been separated by misapprehensions, and often by contemptuous aversions—namely, the Economists, or men of science in this department, and the ministers of religion. Firmly holding the great truth, that Morals and Christian principle must be the basis of the secular welfare of a nation, and that, in destitution of this trustworthy foundation, all economic expedients will prove to be ineffective, Chalmers stepped forward, and in a tone of confidence, well founded as to his qualifications for the task, he spoke as the mediator between these two sets of men, labouring to make clear to each the relationship in which they stood, or ought to stand, one to the other, so that there might take place a friendly correspondence and a reciprocity of labours between them, for the

benefit of the community. To a very great extent this large-minded and clear-sighted man effected his purpose; and it was a most worthy, as well as arduous achievement. He compelled cold economists to listen to him respectfully; he showed himself to be one who could well maintain his own ground, in whatever position he might choose to place himself. On the other hand, he had already won a high place of regard among his brethren, and among the religious laity of his country, and he had become known as the warm-hearted and undoubtedly Christian mover of every labour of self-denying charity. He wrote and spoke, therefore, with—as we may say—both parties well in hand; he laid his hand upon the heads of the one party, and he had his hand already upon the hearts of the other party, and demanding to be listened to by both, he actually brought about such an understanding between the two, as that, from that time to this, there has taken place a marked unison of view, and combination in effort, in relation to questions of national polity and social improvement. Chalmers, it is true, did not stand alone in effecting this accordance; for several illustrious Englishmen, and some Frenchmen, have done their part toward bringing it about; some even were his predecessors in the work; but his merit on this ground, even if he had no other, is such as should entitle him to be classed among the most noted of philanthropists.

All this, and more to the same effect, might be affirmed; or it might be affirmed still more emphatically, even by those who think that Chalmers erred in his economic theory, and that he misapprehended many facts—those especially which relate to pauperism in England. We must ourselves take side with those who thus think; and yet we would yield to none of his disciples and admirers in warmth of feeling toward him as the ablest among the modern champions of Christian benevolence. But, as we have said, these pages are not to admit the discussion of controverted questions, whether political or theological.

It is still in avoidance of any such discussions, the introduction of which might seem as if we sought to substantiate some dogma of our own, that we here take occasion to point out a characteristic of Chalmers' mind (already alluded to) the results of which meet us so often in his writings. His intellect was quick to take hold of, and immovably firm in the retention of broad and concisely worded principles. Once seen, and seized, and grasped, and then ticketed as "axioms," they were seldom, if ever reviewed or revised. His mind was not

framed for philosophic analysis; he seldom distrusted any conclusion; it was not his habit to strip propositions of their coating of words. The mind of Chalmers was characteristically the *national mind*—Logic ruled him—the "perfervid" logician—onward bent, always, toward some practical and important conclusion, he would not thank any one who, of cooler temperament than himself, should take him aback for purposes of severe discrimination, and of analysis. Take an instance. In the Preface to the "Christian and Economic Polity" he says,—

"We have long thought, that, by a legal provision for indigence, two principles of our moral nature have been confounded, which are radically distinct from each other—distinct, both objectively, in the ethical system of virtue, and subjectively, in the laws and workings of the human constitution. These two principles are humanity and justice, whereof the latter only is the proper object of legislation—which by attempting the enforcement of the former, has overstepped altogether its own rightful boundaries."

How clearly expressed is this string of propositions, and how apparently coherent! Yet let us be permitted to ask, in the first place, whether these two abstractions, "humanity" and "justice," to which it is so easy to affix *verbal* designations, are, when we have in view the infinite complications of the social system—a system deeply disordered—so easily parted off, the one from the other, as that we can say, at a moment: This is a claim of justice, and this of humanity? It is true, that an individual man, if he be of sound mind and firm principle, and if his habitudes of thought are clear, may always either discriminate, peremptorily, in relation to his individual or personal conduct, between the two classes of claims; or, if there be ambiguity in any case, he may make a rule for himself, and say: This *shall* be with me a matter of justice; and this other case I will consider only as a claim of mercy or charity. But alas! in this disjointed world it is the few only who well know how to effect any such discrimination, and it is fewer still who possess the moral ability to abide by their convictions. The consequence is, that instances of justice violated, a 10 humanities neglected—instances of compromises between abstract right and the impulses of feeling—selfish, or stupid, or passionate—departures as they are from the rule of reason and duty, heap themselves up within, and upon the surface of the social system, until, in fact, aggravated inhumanities, or defaults on the side of justice, and of love, of sympathy, of affection, present themselves to the eye of the legislator in

the formidable shape of enormous wrongs—evils intolerable; and which bring the social system into extreme peril. A paternal government may heartily wish that its subjects, individually, would act their parts better, and so would save it a world of trouble; but they will not do so, and therefore, inasmuch as grievous social evils must any way be remedied; and inasmuch as civil government has only one species of remedy at its command, namely law, law enforced by the public arm, it enacts remedial statutes, and sees to it that they fail not of their effect. Meanwhile, it is to the ministers of religion that belongs the duty of attacking these same social mischiefs, taking their stand upon quite another ground, and employing persuasions altogether of another order. Law may be superseded where morals are perfect, not elsewhere. The expediency of a legal provision for the helpless and indigent is a question with which we do not concern ourselves; but it is an illusion to found an argument against such enactments upon an alleged constant or available distinction between “justice” and “humanity.” The social system, in its complications, infinite as they are, abounds with instances which are not to be disposed of in any such categorical and syllogistic manner. Justice and charity often blend their voices in a loud outcry for legislative measures of relief.

The Treatises on the Parochial System, (vol. xxi.) several of the tracts included in the twelfth volume, and those of the eighteenth, if they be considered apart from the political and ecclesiastical doctrines which they so ably propound and illustrate, and of which Chalmers in his day was the apostle, may now be read, and will continue to be read with advantage in respect of the many passages which illumine them, and which are admirable in their universal bearing upon Christian morals and Christian philanthropy. Even a reader who should altogether dissent from Chalmers' doctrine, and should disallow every article of his ecclesiastical and economic creed, must yet listen to him in these passages with, one might say, a reverential feeling. Was the Writer—the Lecturer—the Professor—was he a pallid theorist, stepping out from his seclusion to broach and to defend paradoxes visionary whims, the progeny of his mere brain? It was not so with Chalmers. This man of system and dogma was always greater in his deeds and in his labours—greater in personal beneficent performances, than he was in speculation and philosophy. The portion of his writings now before us, cumbersome as some of them may be in form, and overwrought in style, should be regarded as

a commentary upon a life of arduous philanthropy. The narrative of a twenty, or five-and-twenty years of prodigious public labour, carried on in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, to be itself fully intelligible, must incorporate these treatises in their chronological order. The treatises and the laborious life are the warp and woof of a cloth of gold, which for firm coherence, and for moral splendour, has scarcely a parallel in our religious history. Thus thought of, these several treatises, which in one sense may be said to have had their day, and to be superannuated, can never fail to be inquired for and read while Scotland remembers this apostolic man.

THE LECTURES ON ESTABLISHMENTS, which were delivered with so much *éclat* in London in the spring of 1838, may seem to possess a claim to some notice as distinguished from the Treatises on kindred subjects, above referred to. Those treatises constitute, as we have said, a running commentary upon a course of extraordinary labour and of successful enterprise. But the Lectures on Establishments came to be commented on in a very remarkable manner five years after the time of their delivery, by Chalmers' own course of conduct—a course open, no doubt, to misapprehension, as well as to misinterpretation. Long ago the wrongful allegations of that period of agitation received their confutation; and they are forgotten. There may nevertheless be a residue of apparent inconsistency, if not a small remainder of actual inconsistency, which seems to call for a word of comment. Sufficiently was the more obvious imputation of inconsistency refuted by Dr. Chalmers himself at the time of the Disruption; as, for example, in passages such as the following, (*Correspondence with Sir George Sinclair*, December 4, 1841.)

“I conclude with noticing as briefly as possible your remarks on my consistency: 1st, You speak of my former avowed preference for a National Establishment, reminding me of what you call my own theory. Now, in my London Lectures, in my Church Extension Addresses, in all my controversies with the Voluntaries, in my numerous writings for twenty years back, the spiritual independence of the Church has been ever brought prominently forward as an indispensable part of that theory, and I have uniformly stated, that the least violation of that independence in return for a State Endowment, was enough to convert a Church Establishment into a moral nuisance. It is a little too much, that after the Conservatives had accepted with thankfulness my defence of National Establishments, they should now propose to take away from me the benefit of their main vindication; or think that an advocacy given to a National Church, solely for the sake of its religious and moral benefits to the population, should still be continued after they shall have converted it from an engine of Christian usefulness into a mere

congeries of offices, by which to uphold the influence of patrons, and subserve the politics or the views of a worthless partisanship."—*Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 242.

This is all very good; and it is valid if taken as Chalmers' plea for himself, when taunted by the Conservatives on the ground of inconsistency. But now let these same words be noted and brought into their bearing upon some passages in the "London Lectures." Lovers of justice as we profess to be, we must cite them, and leave judgment with the equitable reader.

The Lecturer is replying to the Nonconforming sects, who urge their equal claim—with the endowed Church—to be favoured and endowed, (let it be remembered that Nonconformists *do not* ask to be favoured in any such manner) and he says:—

"To the question by which it was thought they would have gruelled us. When the difference is so insignificant between the Church and the Sectarians, why treat them so unequally? our reply is—When the difference is so insignificant, why keep up that difference at all? why do sectaries keep aloof from the Church on considerations which are confessedly insignificant and paltry? We hear of their common faith, that is, of their agreement with the Church, on all vital and essential topics; and this, in opposition to the bigots within the Establishment, we heartily accord to the great majority of Dissenters in both parts of the island. But if they agree in all that is essential, what is the character of the topics on which they differ? There can be no other reply to this, than that they must be the non-essentials of Christianity—the *nugæ triviales*, if not the *nugæ difficiles* of doctrine or government—the caprices or whimsical peculiarities, in which, through the very wantonness of freedom in this land of perfect toleration, men have chosen to besport themselves, and so broken forth into their parti-coloured varieties; each having a creed, or rather I would say, (for, substantially speaking, nine-tenths of the people in Britain have all the same creed,) each having a costume and a designation of their own.

... To the remonstrance of the excluded sects, Why, when we differ so little, do you not take us in? it may well be replied, Why, when you differ so little, do you keep yourselves out? Truly, it is not for Government to make the adjustment here; nor is there another way of bringing the adjustment about, but by means of a larger intelligence and a larger charity both in the Church and among the sectaries themselves. ... Government, after having made the preference, and so standing acquitted of the greatest duty it owes to the commonwealth, leaves the whole charge of insignificance and folly to rest upon those who, for the sake of paltry and insignificant differences, will thus quarrel and fall out among themselves. ... It is true that we venerate the Church of England as a Christian Church; but so far therefore from laying a stigma on the sectaries, there are several, and these comprising a very large majority of the Nonconfor-

mists throughout England, who, in our apprehension, are so near in theology to the Establishment, that for ourselves we cannot make out a principle in any of the differences on which they continue to stand without its pale."—*Sixth Lecture*.

This would be right and pertinent too, if the lecturer had been addressing the several orthodox nonconforming communions *in respect of their differences one among another*. In that case he might pointedly have asked them, "Why, seeing that you have one creed and nearly one ecclesiastical model, why do you maintain your divisions? Why keep alive on grounds so unimportant—three denominations, or seven, as the case may be?" But any such line of argument as this is, we must say it, grievously out of place when it is addressed to the nonconforming sects at large, as they now stand related to the Established Church. Let us see how this is.

We must assume it as certain that Chalmers knew enough of the course of controversy, and of the state of religious parties in England, to be aware of the fact that the time had long gone by when Nonconformists insisted, with any lively zeal or persistence, either one among another, or when they are in debate with the Established Church, upon any one of those matters of ritual or observance to which, with any fairness, the contemptuous phrases employed by him can be applied; it is not the *nugæ triviales* of a polemical age that are now the points at issue. The larger number in Dissenting Churches, —the ministers and the laity, the well-informed and intelligent, have long ceased, in their controversy with the Church, to make much ado about nothing. The ground they take—whether that ground be solid and defensible or not—which is not with us the question, is inclusive of PRINCIPLES; and within this circle there meet us some of the most arduous questions that can engage the attention of Christian men. Stated in as few words as possible, what are now (and what have been these thirty years past) the grounds of dissent among the orthodox "sectaries," are as important as anything can be that is not essential to a Christian man's belief: dissenters refuse to admit any sort of interference on the part of the Civil Government with the religious holdings or doings of the people: but then, even if so absolute a rejection of state interference as this were not maintained, Dissenters very generally regard the *actual* Church Established, in a manner to describe which correctly we could not do better than avail ourselves of the language above cited from Chalmers' letter to his friend.—The English Dissenters believe (rightly or wrongly) that the State has gone not "a little way," but a long way in "vio-

lating the independence of the Church;" and he tells us that, in his opinion, the "*least* violation of this independence" affords ground enough for justifying separation, inasmuch as the consequence of any such sacrilege is to "convert a Church Establishment into a moral nuisance." The Dissenters of these times (or many of them) are not vehemently opposed to a moderated episcopacy; they are not indisposed to liturgical worship; they do not profess to be deeply scandalized by surplices or other church decorums; yet they think themselves compelled to protest against the usages of Church Patronage; and they believe themselves justified in demanding that congregations should have at least something to do with the appointment of their ministers. The English Dissenters of these times, or many of them, profess to believe that the ecclesiastical principles and usages of the Established Church have had the effect of "converting it from an engine of usefulness into a mere congeries of offices, by which to uphold the influence of Patrons, and subserve the politics or the views of a worthless partisanship."

Now it might happen that, if we were called upon to argue the question with Dissenters, to wit, with reasonable and truth-loving men, we should labour to convince them that *their* view of the Established Church, although it have a colour of reality, is greatly distorted, and is at *this time* mainly wrong; but assuredly as long as Dissenters *do so think*, and especially so long as they demur on the grave question of religious establishments, we should scorn to taunt them with their separation, as if it were a nugatory and frivolous opposition; we should think it most inequitable to bring to bear upon *modern* Dissent the contemptuous allegation, that it consists in "the caprices or whimsical peculiarities in which, through the very wantonness of freedom in this land of perfect toleration, men have chosen to besport themselves, and so have broken faith into their parti-coloured varieties." Far be it from us thus to deal with men whom we believe to be as well informed, and as intelligent, and as conscientious as ourselves. Thus far the Chalmers of 1838 may seem to be amenable to some correction from the Chalmers of 1843; and we may believe it probable that if, at the time of delivering the London Lectures, the events of 1843 had been distinctly foreseen, more than two or three passages in the volume now before us would have been qualified, or wholly omitted.

As to this portion of Chalmers' writings, namely, the Economic, the Political, and the Ecclesiastical, they may, as we have said, be left uncommented upon, otherwise than

as they are exemplified in the life and labours of the author—labours which will always be looked upon by self-denying, benevolent, and zealous men as pattern and as stimulus—as the best guide, and as the inspiration of any course of Christian philanthropy. And then, whoever would duly turn to advantage such an example, must, in justice to himself, read and study the Economic volumes in this series.

Pursuing Chalmers' course as tending more and more toward his true position as the Christian Divine, and, if not the philosopher, yet the philosophic theologian, and the bold champion of religious truth, we next take up that Essay on the CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES, which is not merely the earliest in date, but which first brought the writer into view before the English public. It is unnecessary here to recur to the circumstances under which it at the first appeared in 1813: we now take it as it stands in the series of the collected works, in which it takes its place as the third and fourth volumes.

A considerable portion of this Essay consists of summary statements, or abridged recitals of the staple Christian argument—an argument which has never been refuted—such as it is found in the writings of Lardner, Paley, Blount, and others. These synopses, or condensed evidences, call for no other remark than this, that they are characteristic of Chalmers, both in mind and temper. As to temper, he had an openness and a candour which led him to admire, and freely to avail himself of, the authenticated products of other minds. There was in him a reverential feeling toward all those who might be named as the "canonized" of philosophy and literature—the few who have been unanimously voted to pedestals in the temple of fame. Free as he was from selfish ambition, and superior to the egotism of authorship, no sinister jealousies stood in his way when, in the course of an argument, he found other men's labours ready to his hand, which might be brought forward and commended, and perhaps incorporated with his own train of reasoning. It need scarcely be said that, in any such instances, he would have abhorred to act the plagiarist. In frequent instances Chalmers followed the guidance of others; but if, in any case, this sort of following was a fact of which himself was conscious, he made the reference and the acknowledgment in the most ample manner. But these legitimate borrowings are also characteristic of Chalmers' order of intellect. Bold—large in his grasp of subjects—statesmanlike—businesslike—prompt to seize the salient points of an argument, and singularly firm

in his logical hold of whatever he held—he was not a suggestive, explorative, penetrative thinker. His intellectual habit was not that which impels, or which compels a man to pass his entire material of cogitation, even every atom of it, through his own mind, and in doing so to make it his own—whencesoever it may, in the first instance, have come to him. Whatever he believed to be sound, right, and logically available, Chalmers took up, and carried it to its place, in any discussion which for the moment engaged him. This he did, in part, as a practice, forcing itself upon a man so deeply occupied as he was in active life; but mainly (as we think) as the consequence of his individual structure of mind.

In illustration of what we are here affirming, it might be enough to refer the reader to the three concluding chapters of this Essay. It would be unfair to take these chapters in hand as if they had been recently composed, and were now put forth. We must believe that, at this time, Chalmers would materially have qualified many passages which, as they stand, must give pain to those who, as zealous as himself for the genuine authority of Holy Scripture, have thought more upon the subject of inspiration than he had done, and who have taken pains to inform themselves better as to the condition of the argument as a question of fact. The chapters to which we refer are curious specimens of that logical style which has prevailed among a certain class of theologians;—as thus—a position is assumed;—it is, let us grant, mainly good and valid; but it is reasoned from unexceptively, and it is pursued as if the reasoner were utterly unconscious of serious difficulties standing in his path, and which should be met or removed, sooner or later in the argument. These chapters of the “Christian Evidences,” if they came before us from the pen of an inferior writer—a dogmatizing theologian, would not seem to merit any sort of notice in reply: we should leave them to be forgotten, and the sooner the better. Coming as they do from a mind such as that of Chalmers, they give weight and urgency to the demand of this present moment—that the doctrine of inspiration should now at length be set clear of the many confusions which still attach to it; and that this work should be so done as not to leave staggering difficulties unnoticed and unheeded; while a genuine and untroubled faith in the authority of Scripture is brought to rest upon its true grounds. This is a work for the undertaking of which neither was the Christian world in his time prepared, nor was Chalmers him-

self specially qualified. It might be asked, Is the Christian world, even at this time, prepared for entertaining, intelligently and reverentially, freely, boldly, and religiously, that great and arduous argument which has so long stood waiting its time, and which is to determine what we mean by the hackneyed terms—Revelation, and the Inspiration of Holy Scripture? If an answer to this question were peremptorily demanded, it must be, we think, of this conditional sort—The Christian world is at this moment no better prepared to listen to a dispassionate discussion of this subject than it has been at any time heretofore: it is not so, because none have come forward to take it up, and to deal with it, in whom, as to their competency, as to their freedom from entanglements, and as to the thoroughness of their religious principles, it has any well-grounded confidence. But further, it may confidently be assumed, that such a state of preparedness will ensue, as if instantaneously and spontaneously, whenever the men, or the man, shall step forward who shall be able to command the respect and attention of the Christian community, and in presence of whom intemperate and ill-informed persons shall feel abashed, and shall hold their peace. When this cause shall come on for a hearing, there must be proclaimed “Silence” in the heaven of theological debate. But we return for a moment to the volumes on the Christian Evidences.

This Essay first appeared in 1813, forty-three years ago; and as to the core of the reasoning, it is as sound and as available now as it was then. Chalmers’ revision and correction of the argument against Hume stands entire; and as to his own mode of refuting the flimsy sophism of the “Essay on Miracles,” it is clear and unexceptionable: it is so, because Hume’s cobweb may be swept away by more brooms than one; it needs no such refined process as Campbell and others had imagined to be necessary for the purpose:—only bring it to the test of facts;—let us see, in some half-dozen instances, which might be easily adduced, what becomes of the demonstration alleged to abate or destroy our confidence in testimony. Chalmers well states the fact, that human testimony may be of such a kind, and it may be presented in such a form of complicated and intimate coherence, as would not merely *carry* our assent, but must *compel* it, even to the extent of its prevailing against our experience of the constancy of any natural phenomena whatever. All this is certain, and it is clear enough.

If, then, the question were asked, Is

Chalmers' Essay on the Christian Evidences a book proper to be now put into the hands of an intelligent young man for the purpose of confirming him in his Christian profession? we should answer, Undoubtedly it is:—let him read Chalmers and Paley, with one or two other books that treat the question concisely and forcibly, and he cannot go wrong. But if such a question were put with a more discreet meaning, and if the propounder of the question had in view the case of a thoroughly informed reader,—one of those, to wit, who are fully conversant with the science and with the literature of the present time, then we must make exceptions to the Essay on two or three grounds.

None who were favoured to have intercourse with Thomas Chalmers socially, can need to be assured that his personal dispositions were manly, cordial, generous, kind, sympathizing; but he was as *strong* in temper as he was robust in understanding; he fired at sophistry; he was hotly impatient of subterfuges and shams, and he was impatient toward any reasonings or difficulties of the sort with which, constitutionally, he had no sympathy, and the solidity of which he did not understand. Logic has to do with *propositions*—Yea and Nay: Philosophy has to do with *things*—with the things of visible nature, and with the things of mind; and its dealings with these things go far deeper down than do those of logic. But Chalmers was the categorical logician much more than the philosopher; his intellectual destination was to the senate—to the House of Commons, or to courts of law—rather than to those silent places where the human reason, and the human spirit, converse with and explore the universe of matter and of mind. Therefore it was that Chalmers' opponent, real or imagined, in any argument, was a somebody who is to be strenuously fought with and knocked down, and tumbled over the city wall as a nuisance.

Besides, it behoves the reader of this great man's works at large, to keep in mind, we may say at almost every page, what was his position, and what was the feeling which he had of that position, as the notable champion of great, and then neglected principles in *Scotland*; or, to confine ourselves to the subject now in view, Chalmers stood forth in his time in defence of that Christianity, of the truth of which he had newly convinced himself, and of which he had been some time a minister. This Christianity was then assailed on all sides by men—some of them Atheists, and some

Scotland, and who, alas! had, some of them, comfortably lodged themselves within its enclosures. But as Atheism and unbelief are at all times reactions from the Christianity in and about which they arise, they take their semblance from it; they are reflections of it; they are its counterparts or complements; they are negative photographs of the religion to which they oppose themselves; they show blacks for whites—whites for blacks—all over. But we are all apt to be the most angered by that which, while it dares to contradict us, is yet, in some occult manner, a resemblance of ourselves. Hume, and the accomplished men of whom he was the leader and the idol, had formed no other conception of Christianity than that which, in their paternal homes, they had acquired in the course of their training, according to the religious fashion of an ill-conditioned bygone time; this fact should be considered in mitigation of the disapproval to which they may fairly be liable.

Chalmers found himself on the battle-field opposed to men with whom the rejection of Christianity—such as it had always been offered to them—was, we may say, an inevitable consequence of the free development of thought in strong minds. But of this fact he had himself no distinct consciousness;—we think he had no consciousness of it at all; his training and his professional feeling as a clergyman and the non-discrete quality of his own mind, stood in the way of his coming to a perception of it. Hence it is, therefore, that the tone of this Essay, and so of many of his writings, and the cast of the epithets which he allows himself to use, are too pugnacious, too arrogant—they are, in fact, offensive in their apparent meaning; and therefore it is, that the Essay before us is less adapted to the present time, and to England, than its substantial merits would have made it.

And yet this is not all. During the years that have elapsed since this Essay appeared, the Christian argument, as it was carried on between Christian advocates, and the several classes of those who opposed themselves thereto, has moved many steps in advance toward what must be the resting-place of the controversy—namely, a never-to-be-ended antagonism between Christianity and Atheism in its simplest form. Historical and literary criticism have undergone much improvement of late, and these improvements—these more exact and more erudite modes of proceeding, have wrought a great change in the feeling of well-informed men toward the books of the New Testament (and those of the Hebrew Scriptures also)

which corrected feeling places these writings, in a historical sense, far beyond the range of doubt or question. Moreover, during this same period, several elaborate and highly ingenious endeavours to nullify the historical evidence, or to reduce it to a cloudy condition, have signally failed; and these abortive attempts, spurned as they are by the learned everywhere—in Germany as in England—have been handed over as a useful stock in trade to those inferior writers and popular lecturers who contrive to earn a miserable subsistence, as the apostles of Atheism, among the common people.

But what, now, is the consequence of this movement and of this advance? It has produced a feeling which may thus be put into words:—"As matter of *history* your Christianity is now granted you; we do not care any more to encounter the argument on *that* ground; and as to what is supernatural, and the elimination of which from the historical element, is, as we allow, very difficult, we abstain from expressing any distinct opinion concerning it; in fact, we do not trouble ourselves either to frame or to defend any such opinion, even if we had formed one; we are in possession of no hypothesis, thereto relating, which altogether satisfies ourselves. But granting, as we do, your Christianity in its historical aspect, and waiving the perplexed question of its supernatural accompaniments, we must claim for ourselves the right to step back, or rather to ascend to a higher position of theological speculation. You must needs allow us this liberty, because you come to us asking our submission to the Christian Revelation on this very plea, namely—that it follows as a legitimate inference from the principles of Natural Religion. Be it so; but if it be so, then we must feel our way toward it, and we must touch firm ground upon this speculative path. Until we have reasonably disposed of some formidable difficulties, and until we have secured for ourselves a position—somewhere short of Atheism, and short of Pantheism too, and short of a Deism that rejects the moral attributes of the Creator—until we have achieved all these arduous labours, we must postpone altogether the Christian argument." This plea for an indefinite adjournment of the question may, undoubtedly, be conclusively replied to; and it may be shown to be both insufficient and irrelevant. But such a showing is indispensable; and in attempting it, regard must be had to the depth and to the difficulty of the subject, as seen from the position which cultivated minds have come into anew at this present time.

On this ground it is not the most irrefragable *verbal* logic that will serve us;—it is no nicely worded propositions, put together in the most approved technical order, that will help us at all. It must be a large, a cordial, and a genuine philosophy;—it must be a *true* metaphysics; and this metaphysics must be inclusive of the axiom that, to those who occupy a place as we do in this world, in the midst of a system wherein evil so much abounds, the attainment of a point of view toward which all lines might be seen to converge, is an achievement which should not be thought of as possible;—for, to suppose it attainable, is just to assume that disorder is only a form or a disguise of order, and that evil is good.

It is in *this* sense, therefore, that Chalmers' Essay on the Christian Evidences, though it will always be popularly available, and though it may without any scruple be put into the hands of unsophisticated young persons, must fail to recommend itself to those who are conversant with the course of thought at the present time, and who have passed through the discipline of an intellectual education.

But we have now to see in what manner Chalmers deals with these arduous antecedent questions. We look, therefore, to the two volumes of—

NATURAL THEOLOGY.—At the outset of an argument which, if it is to bring conviction to an *instructed* reader, should be purely scientific in its method, and abstainently concise in its style, we have to regret those faults of method and style which tax our patience even when the author is not acting as our guide in the region of abstract philosophy;—we need scarcely say that we refer to his wonted method of cumulative and redundant illustration, and to his rhetorical, not to say factitious style. The pellucid stream of thought, flowing without noise in a channel that is well defined and not tortuous, is that to which the reader would willingly surrender himself in this region. Chalmers' course of thinking whirls itself through many eddies, and hurries us onward at a stormy speed; but too often he brings us round to a spot which is at no perceptible distance from the point of departure. It is these uninviting characteristics of his style which must, as we imagine, confine his philosophical writings to a comparatively narrow sphere;—they are substantially valid in argument, and they may with entire confidence be used for purposes of popular instruction;—we mean, they may be put into the hands of intelligent and Christianly trained young persons; but they must not be brought forward when we have to do with

those who are acute, accomplished, and thoroughly instructed.

In the first chapter of this treatise—"On the distinction between the ethics of Theology, and the objects of Theology,"—a true distinction is well stated and insisted upon. But a few pages might have sufficed for conveying it to the intelligent reader with precision. The illustrative comparison between the mathematics of astronomy, and the observed facts of the science, is indeed pertinent; but the four or five ideas which this distinction and this illustration bring together, are, in this chapter, turned over and over again with so unsparring a profuseness, that they are made to fill as many as fifty-six pages! This prefatory chapter, therefore, would at once discourage a reader whose habits of thinking are scientific, and whose literary taste is at all fastidious. A passage in the next chapter, which Chalmers quotes from John Foster, exhibits all the difference between his own order of mind and that of one who could be philosophical, even when rhetorical; and who, when he amplifies, does so by exhausting his subject—not by holding up some of its constituent ideas in twenty aspects that are nearly identical. The second chapter reiterates the argument of the first, and might be listened to with pleasure as a sermon; and indeed it would read well if condensed within the compass of three paragraphs, prefatory to a philosophical essay. It is after making our way through nearly a hundred pages that we come upon the real argument of the treatise.

Nor have we gone far before we meet with evidence of the author's peculiar powers of mind; as, for instance, in his exposition of the illusory quality of the *à priori* argument, as propounded by Dr. S. Clarke. In this chapter, as well as in the next, wherein Hume's atheistic doctrine is considered, the instructed reader may perhaps desire a stricter process of analytic reasoning; but undoubtedly it is robust good sense which is here brought to bear upon a specious sophism; and, bating some redundancies, and some repetitions of reasoning which occurs elsewhere, a substantial argument is very effectively and powerfully presented. Yet, in fact, available as these chapters are, (IV. and V.) it would be needful, if we were directing the studies of well-informed young men, or of those who intend to become well-informed, to shew them that the line of reasoning pursued by Chalmers, when he undertakes to be the critic of Hume, may be presented in a manner which is much less open to exception, and which may be brought within less compass. This, in fact, has been done by several recent writers.

In the fifth chapter, on "the Hypothesis that the world is Eternal," that want of severe analytic reasoning which damages the preceding portion of the argument, leads the author to risk the whole of it by stepping upon ground which must be judged to be at the best very precarious. The Theistic argument, as it stands opposed to Hume's sophism, is good, irrespectively of any determination of the question concerning the world's origin *in time*, or its alleged eternity. We may state the case thus:—a book which happens to be just now under my eye, may have been produced last season, or a thousand, or five thousand years ago; or its origination may stretch out into the infinitude of past time; nevertheless, and whichever of these suppositions I assume to be true, its pages—let me open the book where I may, bring me at once into correspondence and communion with another mind, namely, the mind of the author, and I find it to be a mind like my own in its constitution:—it is the same in its rational structure; and it is like my own also as to its tastes, and as to its sensibilities. The mind of the author, with which his book has brought me into this vivid correspondence, must have been greatly superior to my own, as to its range of knowledge, and as to its powers, and as to the compass and elevation of its moral sentiment, for I cannot imagine myself to have written a book such as this;—and yet, now that it is written, and now that it has come into my hand, every page, every paragraph, and each line of it, is intelligible to me; and it is so, although I dare not flatter myself so far as to think that I could have written it; nevertheless, I may at least take to myself the consciousness of knowing that, as the reader of it, I am such a reader as the author himself would have wished for. In reply to my eager inquiry—Who was the author? or when did he live? you may tell me perhaps that no one knows, or that he lived and died a million years ago; or you may say that the book itself has always been in existence, and is eternal. You do not mean the paper and the ink, for these are perishable; and are even now, as appears, in course of decay. That, then, which is eternal, must be the thoughts—the feelings—the tastes—which are therein embodied. What I hold in my hand—the paper, is recent—is perishable, for it is material: but that which is imperishable is the symbolized mind and soul of the author: this, whencesoever it may have proceeded, allies itself instantaneously with my own mind, and claims kindred with it irresistibly: with this mind and soul—with this intelligence—with this feeling, I hold communion—like with like commingling;

and this communion of spirits quickens, elevates, expands my own faculties, intellectual as well as moral. But now I lay aside *this* book, and turn toward a greater book—even the Material Universe. Is the world—the Cosmos—eternal? I do not know: but whether it has had its birthday or not, yet let me open its pages where I may—and this is true of every page which hitherto I have been able to open and to read—it sheds light upon my reason, and gives instantaneous energy to my thoughts: it kindles the intellect, it kindles the noblest emotions; it awakens tastes: every page of this Book of the World becomes to me, as I go on to read it, a new education, the study of it is a new life to the mind, to the heart, to the imagination. In the study and contemplation of this material universe I am daily abiding in the company of a Teacher whose every word is wisdom and goodness. Where does He dwell? I know only that “He inhabiteth eternity.” He is not visible as the material world itself is visible; but that He is, I have evidence which is more copious, a thousand times, than any which I have of the existence of other minds around me. If there be, indeed, any meaning in the noted axiom—“I think, therefore I am,” there is the same meaning in this version of it—other minds around me think, and therefore they are; that they do think, I have proofs numberless, and proofs as good as that which I take as evidence of my own existence. But if other minds exist, so does that Creative Mind, with which I hold communion in the material universe.

But further: Chalmers risks more than he should have risked, when he goes about to make the theistic evidence of the origin of the world rest upon the chronology of the Mosaic books. In doing this, he mis-states the case as to the Modern Geology. Instructed persons who maintain, as well as they may, the truth of the Bible—Geology allowed, carefully abstain from a pugnacious style, as if they felt themselves, while standing on their own ground, to be confronted with “Geologists.” They well know, that what they have to do with, and what they should make room for in their religious belief is, not “the daring speculations of Geologists,” but the incontestable facts of Geology, and that to kick at geology can be no proof of wisdom. The modern astronomy convinced our predecessors, that the Hebrew Scriptures are true, if only they are interpreted under the guidance of common sense. The modern geology repeats this same lesson, although in other terms. Chalmers, in another mood, or if he were writing at *this* time, would readily have granted as much

as this; indeed he does grant it in other places.

Very much of this Natural Theology, as of his other writings, would be quite proper in a popular lecture, or as a sermon, for it is substantial as well as impressive; but, in its actual form, the tendency of some parts of it is to suggest an atheistic rejoinder to the mind of any reader whose habits of thinking are exact, and who is well informed in abstract philosophy. There are young men whose atheistic surmises would become ripened into absolute atheism while reading this treatise. In the first place, the frequent repetitions are disheartening to those who easily admit an idea if it be *once* expressed with perspicuity; and who are offended by its recurrence a dozen times in a single chapter. A neat thinker takes all care (if he be composing a philosophical treatise) to convey his meaning, once for all, in the fewest and in the best terms. But Chalmers, when a notion or a doctrine strikes him as highly important, and especially if he regards it as subversive of some serious popular error, is never content with a first, a second, a third, presentation of it: he must say the same thing, in almost the same words, until the patience of the reader is fairly exhausted. It would be easy, but not useful, to adduce instances from the first and second chapters of the second book, more than enough of this kind. We should not now advert to it at all, if it did not seem to us seriously important to caution a certain class of readers against the mistake of supposing that well-instructed theists at this time, would be content to abide by the issue of an argument conducted in the manner of Chalmers, as seen in his philosophical writings.

Candid as he was; and superior to the small jealousies of mere authorship, he would himself, we fully believe it, have allowed Paley's superiority to himself in respect of style, and as to the mode of treating a subject of this kind: his eulogy of Paley conveys implicitly, almost explicitly, a disparagement of himself. Paley, he says, “attempts no eloquence; but there is all the power of eloquence in his graphic representation of classic scenes and natural objects: without aught of the imaginative, or aught of the ethereal about him; but, in virtue of the just impressions which external things make upon his mind, and of the admirable sense and truth wherewith he reflects them back again, does our author, by acting the part of a faithful copyist, give a fuller sense of the richness and repleteness of this argument than is or can be effected by all the elaborations of an ambitious oratory.” In his writings, “we have altogether a performance nei-

ther vitiated in expression by one clause or epithet or verbiage, nor vitiated in substance by one impertinence of prurient or misplaced imagination." To cite the entire passage which Chalmers generously devotes to the praises of Paley, would be to bring forward a curious sample of his own overdone style.

A passage which concludes the second book of this treatise, is noticeable, as being an instance, somewhat rare, we think, in the author's works, of his sympathy with those saddened meditative speculations which sink some minds almost down to the abyss of despair. We may, perhaps, find occasion to recur to this passage. But it is, when the course of his reasoning in this treatise leads him upon the ground where he was always at home, that we find his great powers of thought and expression fully expanded, and this with such energy as to induce in the reader a happy oblivion of everything but the writer's genius.

In the chapters "On the Supremacy of Conscience," as well as those which follow on analogous subjects, Chalmers may have been more or less indebted to his predecessors, especially to bishop Butler, to whose sermons he makes a careful reference; but the staple of thought is his own, and these chapters, occupied as they are with the weightiest moral and theistic doctrines, possess a merit which ought to give them permanence in this department of philosophic literature. Or, if this perpetuity be questionable, it must be on the ground of those interpolated discussions upon political or ecclesiastical subjects, which the author's peculiar opinions induced him to admit, and in admitting which, his vehement feelings overpowered his sense of fitness. The "English Poor Law," and the "Tithe System of the English Church," hurry him away from the prosecution of a lofty argument, and give a polemical and an ephemeral aspect to a treatise in the perusal of which one class of ideas—the moral and the theological, should, without distraction, have occupied the reader's mind. A serious and a right-minded reader, when he comes on a sudden upon a social question which is now quite obsolete, relating to the stormy controversies of times gone by, is likely to throw the book aside in a fit of disgust. Yet in giving way to any such impatience he would do himself a disservice; for the chapters which follow well deserve his careful attention. The several topics which they treat of have been ably handled by recent writers; but if by some with more precision, by none with more power.

MORAL AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—It all

departments of thought or of action with which he concerned himself, Chalmers appeared, first as the Champion, and then, and in a secondary sense, as the Philosopher:—or we might say, he was the well-instructed Philosopher, just so far as was needful to constitute his qualification as the Champion of religious principles, considered under their philosophic aspect. It was in this manner that he put forth the principal truths of the Christian system, as worthy of "all acceptance;" and thus also whatever relates to the welfare of men in society. In very few instances, as we think, has he made any noticeable contribution to science, strictly speaking. But it was with instinctive sagacity, and with a robust force, that he seized upon whatever is of primary importance.

As to truths already admitted—these he took up almost without scrutiny, concerning himself little with their constituent elements; but he saw where they had got mingled with popular errors, and where they had suffered obscuration from the advances of a false philosophy; and then, with a high hand, he came in to the rescue: he overthrew his opponents right and left, he cleared up popular misapprehensions, and came off with applause, and it was a well-earned applause. This, as we venture to affirm, is the light in which we should look at this great man's philosophic writings; they are powerful, common-sense pleadings for certain momentous principles, which, in his day, had become entangled, either popularly or learnedly, with errors that had crept over the national mind through a period of spiritual slumber. Chalmers, on behalf of a recovered Christianity, appears in the pulpit, and he rushes into the halls of universities to seize and recover its own—for the Gospel.

It cannot be thought a good omen when a treatise, professedly scientific, opens in the style of theologic animation, as thus:—"All must be aware of a certain rampant infidelity which is now abroad." A feeling of this kind, however warrantable it might be in the *Preacher*, ill suits the *Professor*; and under its influence he will fail to do, from the Chair, the work which might have been effectively done from the Pulpit, if the Chair had kept itself to its office—namely the conveyance of abstract truth, in a purely scientific style—condensed, unimpassioned, yet not soulless. This "rampant infidelity," which seemed ever present to Chalmers' thoughts, whence had it come to darken Scotland to so great an extent—a religiously-minded and piously-educated country? or how was it that in Scotland, notwithstanding the strictly-religious discipline through which all men had passed in their boyhood, how

came it that so many of its brightest and strongest intellects had forsaken the religion of their early homes, and had, some of them, become the apostles of Atheism—noted as such throughout Europe? An inquiry of this sort had not presented itself to Chalmers' mind: the mere statement would have startled, and perhaps have angered him; but if he had been led by it to institute a comparison between Scotland and England (ecclesiastically considered) between Scotland and Geneva, between Scotland and Germany—Calvinistic and Lutheran—his sagacity and his stern integrity, and his high moral courage, might have brought him into a position to discern the root of the mischief, and to attempt a remedy; and thenceforward leaving “rampant infidelity” to run out its own reckless course, and to work its own ruin, he would have given his giant energy to the more hopeful task of ridding his country and its Church of the thralldoms imposed upon them in a dark and evil age.

How little he had allowed himself to look into things remote from his path, and in how slender a degree he had made himself acquainted with the facts out of his range, appears in that passage of the preface to the *Moral Philosophy* (and again in the first chapter) in which he denounces at large the German Biblical Criticism: he seems to have misunderstood its quality and office; yet we should keep in mind the fact, that a true discrimination, setting off the genuine German criticism from the spurious, had scarcely been effected, or even attempted, by the biblical scholars of his time.

Well and ably, in the first chapter, is the important distinction between Ethical Science and Intellectual Science, which in Scotland had been too little regarded, set forth and defended. Throughout this treatise, what might be called the independence of the moral element in human nature is boldly affirmed; bishop Butler's doctrine is stated and elucidated, and Dr. Thomas Brown's signal failures on this ground are pointed out. In this respect the *MORAL PHILOSOPHY* has, and will continue to have, a substantial value: Chalmers here makes it his task to rectify the mistake of his distinguished predecessors; of whom he justly says, that he “does not see in the writings either of Stewart or Brown any tendency to restore these topics (those of *Moral Philosophy*) to the place and the pre-eminence which belong to them.” A merit may also be claimed for Chalmers, as compared with Brown (whose proper merits he himself, however, fully admits) on this ground, that whereas this acute analyst is always throwing himself back among the evanescent phenomena of his in-

dividual consciousness; as if to be the anatomist of his own mental structure were his only calling as a philosopher, Chalmers affirms the fact that—especially as to the emotions with which Ethical Philosophy has to do, the phenomena, themselves are gone, when they are thus subjected to scrutiny, and when the proper external excitement is no longer present. While we are analysing an emotion, we are not feeling it—we are only recollecting something about it. On the ground of this incontestable fact, he demands that *Moral Philosophy* should be made, far more than it has been, a science of observation, and that its materials should be sought for on the great theatre of common life, and among the palpable realities of the open and busy world;—not in the darkened closet of the recluse philosopher.

Brown and others, although exact thinkers, have barely kept in view considerations so essential as are those which Chalmers insists upon is the first chapter of this treatise.—“To learn the phenomena of moral feeling, the varieties of human life and character must be submitted to its (the mind's) contemplation. In a word, it is the mind that is most practised among externals, which is most crowded with materials for the philosophy of its internal processes;—and we again repeat, that the way to be guided through the arcana of our subject is, not to descend into mind as into a subterranean vault, and then shut the door after us; but to keep open communication with the light of day, which can only be done by a perpetual interchange of notices between the world of feelings that is within, and the world of facts, and of illustrations, and of familiar experience that is around us.” Passages of this order, and they are more than a few, not merely give to this treatise a permanent value, but, on the ground of them, a claim might be advanced on behalf of the author, as entitled to special commendation, when placed in comparison with some of the leaders of the “Scotch Philosophy.”

The following chapters of this treatise possess much substantial merit, and if they be perused as *Essays* on subjects intermediate between *Moral Philosophy* and *Christian Ethics*, or as occupying a ground common to both, they will be read with much satisfaction and great advantage. They suffer disparagement in the reader's esteem only when the volume is opened on the presumption that it is a strictly scientific disquisition;—viewed in this light, large portions which the plain Christian reader may think the most instructive and the most “edifying,” will, to the well-informed reader, seem out of place. If, as Chalmers so often says,

the sciences should not be allowed to interfere with each other obstructively, it is also true, and it is well to be remembered, that the several functions of public instruction should observe their proper limits; — the professor of philosophy not attempting to preach from the chair; while the preacher should abstain from addressing to a promiscuous Sunday audience the themes of abstract science. But we are willing to grant to Chalmers an exceptional liberty, inasmuch as his powerful and impetuous mind, filled with vivid conceptions of momentous truths, pursued its course, whether in the chair or the pulpit, with an earnestness which gave uniformity to his style, and to his manner of treating all subjects — regardless almost of time, place, or of conventional modes.

In adverting, as we have done, once and again, to Chalmers' redundant and overloaded style, it would be unfair to omit mentioning the fact that he was himself conscious of this prevailing fault. At least he had, at a later period of his course, become conscious of it; although to effect a retrenchment when he was sending his compositions to the press was a task to which he dared not address himself. He would not, we think, have succeeded in his endeavour, even if he had made it. But justice to his memory demands that we should here place in the reader's view the author's own apology for himself as a writer. The following passage occurs in the Preface to the volumes of —

CONGREGATIONAL SERMONS.—“The anxious enforcement of a few great lessons on the part of a writer, generally proceeds from his desire to effect a full and adequate conveyance, into the mind of another, of some truths which have filled his own mind by a sense of their importance; and in offering these volumes to the public, the author is far from being insensible to the literary defects that from this cause may be charged upon them. He knows, in particular, that throughout these Discourses there is a frequent recurrence of the same ideas, though generally expressed in different language, and with some new speciality, either in its bearing or in its illustration. And he further knows, that the habit of expatiating on one topic may be indulged to such a length as to satiate the reader, and that to a degree far beyond his forbearance. And yet if a writer be conscious, that to gain a reception for his favourite doctrines, he must combat with certain elements of opposition in the taste, or the pride, or the indolence of those whom he is addressing, this will only serve to make him the more importunate, and so to betray him still farther into the fault of redundancy. If the lesson he is urging be of an intellectual character, he will labour to bring it home as nearly as possible to the understanding. If it be a moral lesson, he will labour to bring it home as nearly as possible to the heart. It is difficult, and it were hard to say how far it would be right to re-

strain this propensity in the pulpit, where the high matters of salvation are addressed to a multitude of individuals, who bring before the minister every possible variety of taste and of capacity; and it is no less difficult, when the compositions of the pulpit are transferred to the press, to detach from them a peculiarity by which their whole texture may be pervaded, and thus to free them from what may be counted by many to be the blemish of a very great and characteristic deformity.”

When we find this great man in the pulpit, we find him in his place — we find him where his mission, as related to his country, and to his times, makes itself the most conspicuous. Chalmers was the man — every intelligent hearer felt it with force, and every such reader of his Discourses must feel it in measure — he was the man — why should we hesitate in saying it? — who was “sent from above” to revive, to restore, and to re-establish the Christianity of Scotland. He had, in ample measure, the natural powers and the visible aspect — he had the form, the force, the vehemence, the earnestness, the boldness, and the majesty which befits a man who, without presumption, demands to be listened to, and who can always command the attention which he challenges. He was a man whom none could contemn — whom none could affect to turn away from, as if he were a fanatic, or a demagogue, or a caterer for popular applause. He seized upon the principal subjects of the Christian ministry — he did battle with those universally prevalent illusions, those fallacies, and those various modes of self-deception which are springing up always and everywhere from the ground of human nature, such as it is, and which show nearly the same front in all countries and in all ages.

Chalmers, as a preacher, was a great preacher in this sense — that (for the most part) he occupied himself with First Truths, and treated them with a boldness, and a force, and a largeness of apprehension which were in keeping with their intrinsic importance. To be great upon small matters is bombast; to be small upon great matters is imbecility; but to be great upon the greatest themes is that sort of fitness which the human mind recognises always, and which the conscience bows to, whether willingly or unwillingly, and to which even the most contumacious dare not openly oppose themselves. Such a preacher was Chalmers; and on this ground it is safe to claim for him the benefit of a decisively advantageous comparison with two distinguished men — men whom he admired, and whom, to some extent, he followed — men as much his superiors in structure of mind, as greatly inferior to him when the three are

thought of as Heaven's messengers to the world and to the Church. Every reader will know that we are thinking of Hall and Foster.

That affectionate reverence with which we think of Chalmers would quite forbid our bringing forward any one of the discourses included in these three volumes, with the intent of placing it side by side with the best of Robert Hall's discourses. We refuse to do this:—a reader gifted with correct taste and right feeling too, would resent an endeavour so ungenerous and superfluous. It is enough to say that, while the one composition may be read and pondered, and relished in every sentence, and may be read again with undiminished zest, the other composition too often tempts the impatient reader to jump from page to page, and is rarely taken up a second time in the way of an intellectual indulgence. Grant all this; but what was the upshot of the ministrations of these two accomplished men? Here again, but on the other side, we will stop sport of carrying an invidious comparison too far. Robert Hall, it is true, occupied himself with the highest themes in the circle of Christian teaching; and he treated these themes—need we say it? with a graceful majesty, exquisitely fitting them. What could be looked for that was not actually found in the best of this orator's discourses? One went far to hear him; one risked ribs and life, almost, to obtain a sitting or a standing in the meeting-house where he was to preach; one listened to him breathless, or breathed only as if by permission at the measured pauses of his periods. At the conclusion of each head of discourse one looked round to exchange nods of delight with friends in the adjoining pews, or in the farthest corner of the distant gallery. "What a treat have we had this morning!" This accomplished preacher won in his day, and he deserved, a splendid reputation—a reputation perhaps unmatched in recent times. Nor should it be doubted that, in the long years of his ministration as the pastor of a congregation, he well fulfilled his part, and "gathered some fruit unto life eternal." Hall's sermons will always be sought after as classics in religious literature: but is not this nearly the sum of the account that can be given of him as a preacher of the Gospel? He made little or no appreciable impression, either theological or spiritual, upon the English religious mind: he brought about no crisis—he introduced no new era. As to the effect of his sermons upon the conscience of the individual hearer—let us be indulged for a moment in so speaking—it would have been quite a *contre-temps*, to have undergone a change for the better on

such an occasion:—In fact, no one nerved himself for the struggle of getting in where he preached with any such thought as that of coming out another man.

Chalmers' admiration of John Foster is well known—it was an admiration of that sort which may be taken to indicate the relative position of any two minds on the scale of intellectual endowments. He could not for a moment think of taking Hall as his exemplar, yet he *might* think so as to Foster, albeit Foster, as a profound and original thinker, was greatly Hall's superior; but between Foster's mind and that of Chalmers there was one ostensible or apparent analogy, for there was the cumulative tendency in both; but this tendency in the one mind was, as to its products, the heaping up of opulence, while that of the other (do not let us be misunderstood) was the filling a large space with few materials. But now, if these two men are to be measured, one against the other, either as masters in the great world of mind and of moral life, or as Christian teachers, Chalmers moves as a bright and burning light in a high sphere, where the flickering melancholic lamp of Foster's overshadowed spirit could make no appearance—would be quite dimmed. Foster ministered to the religious intellectuality, to the mental luxuriousness of a class of minds, many arithmetically; but they were not the masses. Chalmers held in his grasp almost the entire mind of Scotland (not now to speak of any wider influence) and he so moved and so moulded that mind as to issue it forth anew, other than it was when he addressed himself to his task, and greatly amended.

Some time ago, (*North British Review*, No. XXXIII.) when reviewing Dr. Hanna's four volumes, we expressed the belief that Chalmers' printed Discourses would live in our religious literature—that they will continue to be inquired for and read in time to come. We do not hesitate to affirm again the same belief. They are memorials of an epoch in the religious history of Scotland; they stand as principal materials in that history: and more than this, they are embodiments of fervent evangelic doctrine, free, bold, uncompromising, unflinching, and yet exempt from fanatical vehemence (a rare excellence among fervent and emphatic religious writings) and quite exempt from sourness, moroseness, narrowness, and sectarian exclusiveness. The body of these discourses contain, moreover, more than a few, they contain many passages of great beauty as well as power, and which (especially if selected as notable *excerpts*) a reader even of the most fastidious taste will peruse with pleasure, and great advantage.

It is true, that if these volumes of Congregational Sermons were just now put into our hands for review, being the work of a living preacher, we should think it our duty, while acknowledging their high merit, to take exception, not merely at those blemishes which are their characteristics; but also at a somewhat reckless mode of reasoning where an important point is to be carried; and we should also remark the seeming want of biblical critical knowledge, indicated by the habit of using texts in a conventional way, which a well-informed reader of his Greek Testament must wholly disallow. Unexplorative as was Chalmers' mind, and habitually reverential as were his religious feelings, he took up and accredited as he found them, certain stereotyped expositions of Scripture, which expositions disappear at the mere touch of the modern exegetical method. But to what purpose now would it be to enter upon any such small criticism? None whatever. Chalmers' pulpit exercises, as they are presented to us in these volumes, and in a volume of the Posthumous Works, are superior to criticism. Comforting would be the belief, if indeed we could confidently entertain it, that this same mould of evangelic doctrine, with its clearness, its firm texture, its breadth, its fervour, and its eminently practical tendency, would hold its place in Scotland (and elsewhere) as a model of Christian preaching and teaching. Gladly would we believe that these Discourses would yet, through a course of future years, and indeed until Scotland shall listen to another Chalmers, stand as a bulwark, resisting the inroads of a dreamy pseudo-philosophic christianized sentimentalism, which in affecting to render "Pauline notions" into the graceful equivalents of "modern thought," gives us a philosophy which philosophers may well scoff at, and a theology which biblical theologians ought to denounce as little better than a covered atheism.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.—We must again make reference to a former article—the one above mentioned (vol. xvii. p. 219) as conveying briefly, but with deliberate conviction, our opinion of the high merits of this Exposition. It is our part now to say that further acquaintance with it has confirmed and enhanced that opinion. Yet this is not all. Chalmers' Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans have, in the years that have run out since they were delivered, acquired a new *relative* position, regarded as exponents of a form of Christian belief from which several highly accomplished writers have been, and are still labouring to disengage the religious mind of this country. This is not a place suit-

ble for entering upon a criticism of the recent philosophic Christianity; but it is a place, as we think, and we shall use it accordingly, for setting forth in its fundamental principle, Chalmers' Christianity, as conveying implicitly a protest against these unsubstantial parhelion gospels.

In expressing, as we do, the hope that Chalmers' Discourses, and especially that these Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, may long hold their place in the esteem of the Christian laity, and be regarded also as models of biblical interpretation, by the rising ministry, we must be understood as doing so on the ground of a principle of biblical interpretation, which we consider to be at once definitely ascertainable, and clear of any such ambiguities as would render it nugatory, or slenderly available in practice. What then is this guiding principle? or otherwise to put the question—What is it that is tacitly assumed as unquestionable by *this* expositor, and which he takes for granted as between himself and his hearers or readers? In answering this question, let us shut off all grounds of exception;—that is to say, let us exclude those exegetical principles in advancing which we should ask leave to differ from Chalmers; as, for instance, when, as in the closing chapters of the Essay on the Christian Evidences, he propounds his belief as to the inspiration of the canonical writings: we think his assumptions in this case are quite untenable; in truth, that they become *unintelligible* when they are brought to bear upon the facts, such as they are; or rather, when these facts are brought to bear upon those assumptions. We think, moreover, that a belief so crude and so impracticable would at once have been abandoned by a mind as free and as large as was that of Chalmers, if only there had been placed before him the alternative of a consistent and integral DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION, which, while it should save the *authority*, of Holy Scripture in the most absolute manner, should allow scope for, and should invite the freest methods of historical criticism. He had no such saving doctrine within his view; and therefore, conservative as he was in temper, and reverential too, and moreover, as a theologian, more of the Scotch than of the English school, he went over bodily to what he thought the safer side; not staying to adjust difficulties in the rear, or to square his belief with the stern realities of criticism. All this ground of difference we set off, therefore, as well as several other matters in relation to which, if the book before us were the work of a living author, we might think ourselves bound to take exception, or to make a protest. But further, although Chal-

mers does in various instances give his reader the benefit of his own acquaintance with the Greek text; yet, as we think, he might well have done this more frequently than he did; and also with a more precise regard had to the much advanced practices of modern biblical criticism—and especially to historical criticism. And again, to take another step forward, we imagine ourselves to discern, in certain of his doctrinal interpretations, the too binding influence of the national confession. There is a theological straitness from the entanglements of which English churchmen, who are bound only to their Thirty-nine Articles, feel, or believe themselves to be happily exempt.

These several grounds of difference, more or less important as they may be, and open to discussion as they are, being allowed for, then we are at one with Chalmers on the vital question of the authority of the canonical writings, in matters both of moral conduct, and of religious belief. Or, instead of taking this wider range implied in the term—the Canonical Writings, we may confine our thoughts just now to that portion of them which is before us—namely, Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and, to give the greater precision to our averments, let us state the case as it touches the religious belief, and the behaviour of the individual man; even of every one who professes himself to be, in any intelligible sense—a Christian. If I call myself a Christian, I must believe that Christianity is, in a sense peculiar to itself, a conveyance of religious and moral truth from God to man; and if it be so thought of, then this system must be held to differ essentially from any of those other (real or supposed) leadings of the Human Mind toward Truth and Virtue, of which sages, and the founders of ancient religious systems, may have been the instruments. In a word, I must believe that the heavenly descent of the Christian doctrine was attested by the accompaniment of supernatural events; or to put my belief into the fewest words, I believe that Christ died, and that he rose from the dead. But then I believe that those principles, and those precepts which are peculiar to the Christian system, and which stand out as characteristic of it, were, by the explicit authority, and (in whatever method) under the sovereign guidance of Christ, consigned to writings, even to the Gospels and the Epistles of the New Testament Canon. Further, after taking due pains to convince myself that among these, the Epistle of Paul to the Romans is entitled to hold a place, I must believe that it conveys the mind of Him whom I regard as having been sent of

God—to be at once the Saviour of the world, and its Sovereign Teacher.

To this writing, therefore, supposing that I read and interpret it in the sense intended by the writer, there attaches, in my view, the sanction and the caution conveyed in the words—"See that ye refuse not," or fail to listen to, "him that speaketh from heaven." It is in this persuasion, then, that I give myself to the perusal of the Epistle before me. I hold myself bound to gather thence my religious belief, and to be governed by its precepts (rightly understood, in the spirit of them.) If thus I am governed in temper and in conduct, it is well;—but if, wilfully, or from negligence, I fail to do so, it will go ill with me, here and hereafter.

On this ground we have before us what is perfectly coherent and intelligible, and what is practically available on all those occasions of the Christian life when a sure support is the most needed;—when the conscience is troubled, when the understanding has come under a cloud, and especially on those trying occasions when perplexity attaches to our path—morally considered. Differ as we might from an expositor such as Chalmers, we can imagine no shadow of difference to come between him and ourselves on *this* ground. We need to know authentically the mind and will of Him with whom we have to do; and we look to Holy Scripture that we may know it.

But is it so, at this time, that all who "profess and call themselves Christians," thus think, and thus acknowledge themselves to owe submission to the Apostolic Epistles? Far from it:—there are those, and they are not Unitarians—for they assure us that they are not; on the contrary, they call themselves orthodox, who admit no such obligation as this. How can they do so, for "modern modes of thought" refuse to conform themselves either to "Jewish" or to "Pauline notions?" Besides, if the Pauline Epistles are to be regarded as exhibiting the spiritual life in its highest and its normal state, then does it include certain extreme modes of feeling which (so we are assured) no calm and well-disciplined mind *at this time* can imagine itself to pass into, or could even wish to realize. This being the case, something must be done for the relief of those who, resolved as they are, from whatever motives, to remain within the Christian pale, cannot tolerate or listen to—say, an expositor of one of these epistles who takes the ground that is here taken by Chalmers. What, then, can be done to meet the difficulty? We apprehend no-

thing; or nothing which will bear looking into.

It is alleged that, in the course of a twenty years' ministry among heathen nations, barbarous and civilized, the religious opinions of Paul underwent many changes; or that they were so much moderated as that, at the time of writing the Epistles to the Thessalonians, he had held articles of belief which, at the time of writing his later epistles, he had seen reason to discard. If this were granted, then the consequence, if we are to take up this hypothesis as our guide in understanding these writings, is this, that we are free to choose, nay, we must make a choice between the earlier Pauline belief and the later: we *must* do so if we propose, in any way, to gather our notions of apostolic Christianity from the New Testament. But to which of these Christianities shall we give the preference? The later-dated theology may be that of a matured mind—its early extravagances and its exaggerations having been corrected by a more enlarged knowledge of the world. But, in fact, it may be the earlier-dated theology that is the very truth—even a bright and unimpaired impression of the heaven-given original! This pristine Gospel, perhaps, in the course of many toils, sufferings, perils, and mental depressions, may have lost its sharpness and its lustre. What we have before us, therefore, is an evenly balanced alternative; and if we are free to choose the one of these theologies, and to reject the other, then are we not free also to reject both? If A. B. may take the first, and may refuse the second; and if C. D. may elect the second, and may disallow the first, how can we refuse to F. N. the liberty to spurn as well the first as the second? And if this be done, then it is certain that the Pauline Epistles must henceforth go to their place among other curious remains of ancient religious literature: they are indeed singular compositions, which the philosopher and the historian will think themselves bound just to look into, if not to peruse with care.

As far as the east is from the west, so far is any hypothesis of *this* sort remote from the principle assumed, and so religiously adhered to, in the Lectures before us. But are there not exegetical theories of an intermediate kind, by aid of which we may effect some sort of coalescence between the apostolic writings, and "modern thought?" We answer there are several such theories, and each is *apparently* available for saving our Christian consistency on the one hand, and our philosophic integrity on the other. Yet if this were the place for attempting such a task, we might undertake to demonstrate

that every imaginable hypothesis which may be put together for serving a purpose of this sort, will bring us round, by a more or less circuitous route, to the same point;—the issue of all being this—that the canonical writings have, in the process, been stripped of every claim to our regard, beyond that which may still attach to them as records of the opinions of a remote age.

But even if space and the fitness of the occasion did allow of our engaging in an argument of the kind here specified, there would be room to put the previous question, and to ask—At whose challenge is it that we are required to debate this question at all, between Scriptural authority and its formidable antithesis—Modern Thought? An answer to this question is to be obtained by submitting Modern Thought itself to some analysis:—What, then, are its elements, and whence has it come? How old is it? and who are the men that give it their support? To dismiss the last of these queries first, we must say that, as we are not intending to enter upon criticisms foreign to our subject, we abstain from introducing names, and shall simply express the wish, that those who believe themselves to have reached a position much in advance of that occupied by their educated contemporaries, and who designate themselves, and each other, as "the most advanced thinkers of the age," would be content to speak of themselves, individually, and not of any others, when they assure us, that no man who is not encased in obsolete prejudices, will now attempt to defend such and such positions. Let these "advanced thinkers" be content to say—if indeed anything so nugatory be worth the saying—that none of those who think precisely as they do, think any otherwise! If they would condescend to look about them, they might convince themselves that men who are every way their equals in power of mind, in freedom and independence of spirit, and in accomplishments, do profess, and are well prepared to maintain those principles and doctrines which themselves have so inconsiderately rejected.

How old is Modern Thought?—a few years only:—we think ten years—in this country, will include the time within which this peculiar tendency and feeling has distinctly shown its characteristics. But whence has it come, and what is it?

Modern Thought, regarded as the opposite and the antagonist of an unexceptive submission to the authority of Holy Scripture is, as we think, the indication, and it is the measure too, of that silent progress which Christianity has very lately made in embracing and in surrounding the educated

and intellectual classes in this country, and in Germany. In times that are gone by, men of the very same class, and who did not come over to Christianity, allowed themselves either to assail it as an imposture, or they covertly scorned it; and in society, as often as occasion served, or whenever none of the "cloth" were of the party, they put forth their rank ribaldries, and their stale morsels of atheism. No doubt there are those still who do the same thing; but they are the malign, the paradoxical, the ambitious, the overweening. One knows them in a moment by their flippancy and cant: there is no depth in them, no honest intention, no seriousness; they are scoffers; they have been such from their boyhood upwards:—they blaspheme Heaven; they mock whatever they have no comprehension of; they vilify human nature in the concrete, and deify it in the abstract: they have a foul mouth whenever they can eject poison with an aim; and the mouth of adulation when praise is destined to come round to themselves.

Men of this class are becoming every day fewer; and they are descending lower in the social scale. But if persons such as these are set off, then there are everywhere to be met with, even in the best society—in and around colleges—and throughout the professions (must we not admit it? and in truth in the clerical profession) men who are highly cultured, who are correct in their habits, and nice in their tastes, and who might be pointed at as samples of intelligence and good feeling: they are the "elect" of the world of mind. At length Christianity has made these men its own, at least, so far as this—that they regard it, and speak of it, with respect: they have ceased to think it possible, or even desirable, if it were possible, to call in question its historic reality. The difficult problem of its supernatural attestations, they relegate. Among these persons there are differences on this question; some avowing their belief in the resurrection of Christ, and many of them wavering, from day to day, in their own convictions regarding it. There are those, still coming under the general description, who step forward much beyond this negative position, and who even profess a faith that is ample enough to warrant their subscription to the Thirty-nine articles. Nevertheless, as often as the undisputed grammatical sense of any doctrinal passage of Scripture is pressed upon them, as if it were authoritative, they draw back; and ask to take a position on much lower ground. Holy Scripture, with these ambiguous persons, is of authority in a broad or universal

sense; but it is of little or no authority in any particular instance to which it might be applied.

Historical criticism, in many cases, and philological criticism also, in many, and often the two conjoined, afford grounds enough of exception, which come in between any given passage of Scripture, and any one interpretation of it which should command our assent, as if it might rule, or overrule, our religious opinions. These special exceptions, founded on the criticism of the canonical text, considered as a merely human composition, are not of the substance of "modern thought:" they are its defensive weapons only. Modern thought, in its *substance*, is a congeries of all those refined theistic speculations, of all those baffled aspirations, of all those deep and distracting surmises—those exhalations of the abyss, and those miasmas of earth, to which Christianity itself has given intensity, and toward which it has rendered intellectual and sensitive natures cruelly alive. Or, if now we were to express nearly the same meaning in the old theological style, and after the fashion of our puritanical grand-sires, we should say, that modern thought is "the striving and the wrestling of the natural man against the things of God when the conscience has become enlightened." Though it be so, yet we must exclude Christianity altogether from the regions and neighbourhood of a highly developed intellectuality, and of refined moral feeling and taste; we must confine the gospel strictly to the masses whose culture, from childhood, has been biblical *only*, if we would free ourselves entirely of this spectre, this modern thought, which, in a word, is Christianized thinking and feeling—short of Christian thought and feeling.

But we return to Chalmers' Lectures, which suggest a comparison full of significance at the present time.

Let an intelligent reader, who has himself passed through exercises of mind—through conflicts, the deepest and the most trying—let such a reader take up any of those recent books, we need not name them, in which Modern Thought has uttered itself—some covertly, and some boldly. We appeal to him, Will he be able to gather, out of these volumes, an intelligible and coherent religious system, as put together by these various labourers on the same field? We think he will not be able, with his best endeavours, to achieve any such task, nor even to make an approach toward it. But our second question, unless it can be favourably answered, carries still more meaning. Let the reader—one who is candid and instructed

—let him take in hand the writings of any one of the noted expounders of Modern Thought, and try his skill in the endeavour to make out exactly what it is which this one author means, or what it is which he wishes us to accept from him as a scheme of religious belief—a belief which we may profess, and may defend against assailants; or a belief to which a man might have recourse, as his stay and consolation, in the day of sadness and trial. We do not think that this could be done in any single instance; for the one characteristic, which is *the most characteristic* of the writers whom we have now in view is—mistiness, incoherence, and self-contradiction. Each of them is found to be building up a belief on one page, which he is seen to be pulling down on the next. It must be so; for principles eternally contradictory, the one of the other, are at war within him. It must be so, by the rule of an inexorable necessity, for those elements of confusion, which have jarred the universe, are, in these writers, racking the reason and the moral sense. In accordance with our statement of the case, vacillation and inconsequence should be the conditions of this Modern Thought; and we ask any reader who is familiar with this class of literature, if it be not so in fact.

But, now, let this same reader, whether or not he may relish all points of Chalmers' theology—let him institute a comparison on this ground: whether or not he may think his criticisms, in single instances, the most exact and the best possible, yet he will find, in these expository Lectures, a conspicuous unity of principle—a firm coherence of the parts as related to that principle: he will find the very opposite of that waywardness and variableness, and that petulant contrariety which are the characteristics of Modern Thought. Throughout these Lectures there is a deep and serious intention;—there is a devout cogency—an honest explicitness, leading, and urging, and inviting us onward still upon the same path, toward the same conclusion. To *this* teacher we are never tempted to apply the apostolic dictum, “a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.” Throughout these Expositions all lines of thought are tending toward one centre, namely—the indisputable authority of Holy Scripture in matters of religious belief. Here then, a religious man—letting alone what does not seem to be of the substance of the author's meaning—will find that which every religious man will be looking for and must desire, and must meet with before he finds rest and peace:—he is here presented with the constituents of a faith which satisfies the conscience, which elevates

the affections, and which, in a sovereign manner, assumes to govern the life and temper. These four volumes a Christian man will open in those seasons when he needs all the aids which the Gospel can afford him; but as for the books which embody Modern Thought, even the best of them, he will, at such a time, turn away from them with the reproachful utterance, “Miserable comforters are ye all!”

And why is it so? Clearly from the very nature of the case. If we withdraw ourselves from that circle within which the apostolic writings are granted to exercise a determinative authority, we must either be content to remain to the end of life destitute of any settled religious opinions; and what discomfort, nay, misery, is this! or we must frame a system for ourselves. But if we do this, it can never be more than a negation, as related to the belief which would have resulted from a submissive exposition of the text of Scripture. And not only must our religion have this negative character, but, between it and the next negation lower down on the scale, there is no fixed boundary, nor can there be any. What should prevent our receding and taking a still lower standing? And then, when we have reached it, why may we not repeat this descending movement, again and yet again? There can be no other reason for making a stand at any stage, than that which springs from an instinctive dread of sliding away toward the brink of a precipice.

THE ASTRONOMICAL DISCOURSES, which at the moment of their delivery, did so much in securing for Chalmers the lofty position which he thenceforward occupied as a pulpit orator, will probably maintain their place in our religious literature, and they may even take the lead among those of his writings that will be permanently popular. The line of argument pursued in these discourses is *substantially* philosophical and warrantable, and it may always be appealed to as presenting a sufficient reply to those vague assumptions that have been urged as if they involved a hypothetic contradiction of Christianity. Moreover, at the precise time when these Discourses were delivered, they were in a peculiar degree seasonable; and although considerations of the same order as those so eloquently urged by Chalmers had been advanced and urged by preachers and writers (among these by Andrew Fuller with very good effect) yet, when brought forward by him with so much force and freshness, they produced all the effect of novelty; and the religious argument—the Christian argument, was felt to have won a signal triumph in his hands. The logical value of the Discourses

was immeasurably enhanced, too, by the circumstance that the preacher was known to be himself quite at home among the facts and the principles of the modern astronomy, and of modern science generally. He was not (and some such Christian champions we have seen) a frightened and angry theologian, denouncing as sheer atheism the surest deductions of physical philosophy. Chalmers could not be treated superciliously by those whose unbelief he assailed; for he knew quite as much as themselves of the "Modern Astronomy;" this was his vantage ground, and he took his stand upon it in a manner equally free from over-weening boastfulness and from timidity. An antagonist could bring forward nothing of importance on the side of science, which the preacher had not already taken possession of, either explicitly or implicitly, as the basis of his own argument. If this argument failed to carry conviction, or wholly to remove discomfort, it was not because it had been handled incompetently, or had been carried forward under shelter of any concealments.

This Christian advocate, with open eye and with well-instructed vision, stands upon this petty planet, reverently conscious of the immeasurable vastness of the material universe around him—a vastness which to us is infinite; and yet he is not astounded; he is not disheartened while he still grasps in his hand the book of the Christian revelation. Nay, he feels that this very gift of reason which has enabled him, from off this planet, small as it is, to measure celestial space, and to bring the remotest worlds within the range of his calculus, and to put these worlds in his scales—this Reason, this Intelligence, itself affords a ground whereupon we may argue concerning human nature, while we assume for it, and for its destinies, all the importance which the Christian doctrine supposes. Ought we to think, whatever may be his stature, that MAN is insignificant, who, labouring as he does, under the abatements, the obstructions, the infirmities, attaching to his animal structure, has, nevertheless—spite of them, mastered the mechanism of the heavens, and has only now at length come to imagine himself unimportant in the universe—how and why? because by his own science and by his own instruments, he has convinced himself that these our visible heavens are only a nebula amidst nebulae, more vast than it, and numberless!

Those who now for the first time take up the *Astronomical Discourses*, should carry themselves back to the day of their appearance. Even the agitation of the same general subject within the last three years may seem, to younger readers, to distance the

argument of Chalmers, or in some degree to abate the value of it, at least as conducted by him; but we think it is not so in fact. The distinguished men who have recently come forward on this ground, must not be thought to have dislodged Chalmers, much less to have damaged his reputation as a philosophic theologian: what they have done is to bring the argument into its bearings with the latest ascertained facts in science; and more than this, they have assigned to it its genuine significance, as related, not to the flippancy of objectors, such as those with whom Chalmers believed himself to be contending, but much rather to a deeper tone of thought than he had in view and to the perplexities of men who are serious, sincere, and open to conviction, if it might but be fairly attained. It is a circumstance much to be noted, that this argument, just at the point where it was left by Chalmers, has been taken up by men who not only are of the highest standing in science, but who, although assailing each other somewhat vehemently, are decisively Christian in their professed belief. Chalmers, as we have said, takes a tone towards opponents which has too much of the eager champion, aiming to crush his antagonist, whom he treats with scorn. This tone and manner, which is always of questionable policy, should now be condemned and avoided, not merely as impolitic, but as inappropriate too. Serious argumentation, and a showing of reasons, are always thrown away upon men of a reckless and flippant temper, whose infidelity is mainly an affectation, or a means of satiating a vicious ambition. It is to minds altogether of another class that arguments on the side of Christianity should be adapted, if we expect to do any good. Readers of this class—thoughtful, disquieted, and honest—who take up the *Astronomical Discourses*, will do well to remember that the line of argument pursued in them would remain quite as substantial as it is, although all those passages and expressions were removed from them which attribute a shallow impertinent arrogance to the preacher's opponents. Let the reader of these *Discourses* suppose that the term so often meeting his eye—"the infidel"—has been erased from his copy.

Chalmers, in his day, would hardly have allowed himself to imagine that the common belief or hypothesis concerning the worlds around us would ever again come to be seriously called in question, much less that a leading mind in the scientific community should adventure a book in disproof of the persuasion that there are "more worlds than one," and other families endowed, like

the human family, with reason and a moral sense. Nevertheless, improbable as it might have seemed, such an argument has actually startled the reading public—has darkened the intellectual heavens; and the ingenious statements so ably advanced by the Master of Trinity, have taken at least so much hold of the thinking community as this, namely—to show that many of those assumptions, or *à priori* conclusions, or those inferences from analogy, which had been allowed—unexamined—to sustain a belief in the plurality of worlds—regarded as the dwelling-places of intelligent races, were in great measure conjectural, and might be shown to be of small logical value; inasmuch as they would support a belief which in relation to this planet (and the moon) the modern geology explicitly contradicts.

Beyond this reasonable abatement of our confidence in certain astronomical conjectures, Dr. Whewell's Essay has not, we think—how should it do so?—dislodged from our minds that almost irresistible belief to which the modern astronomy has given not merely expansion, but distinctness—namely, that the material universe—the solid masses around us—the luminous and the illuminated—has a worthy purpose—a high final cause;—that it is everywhere the platform of life—of *conscious* life, and if so, of life intellectual and moral. Let us be told, when at night we are looking upward and around us, that we know nothing of this universe beyond the girt of this our own planet; and that all conjectures which take a bolder flight are mere creations of a distempered brain—destitute of even a shadow of logical evidence! We must persist in refusing to grant this; for if, by help of a factitiously severe mode of reasoning, we bring ourselves to disallow our involuntary belief in the "Plurality of Worlds"—worlds inhabited by rational beings, then, and in the very act of doing so, we have also, in some measure, contravened those instinctive convictions by aid of which it is that we advance upward from the spectacle of order, fitness, beneficence, beauty, around us, and go on until we confirm our belief in the creative power, wisdom, and goodness of God. We are far from affirming that this, our theistic belief, is logically dependent upon the other belief—in the plurality of worlds;—nevertheless we say that, in attempting to dislodge this last persuasion from its accustomed place in our convictions, the very framework of our intuitive principles must so have been disjointed or shaken, as must render our hold of the theistic belief thenceforward so much the more difficult and precarious.

It is quite lately that the progress of science, in the departments of physiology and natural history, has opened up views of the system of animal life which would go to strengthen the belief assumed in the "Astronomical Discourses" as unquestionable. The ground on which Chalmers takes his stand, is—may we venture to say so—becoming every day consolidated, as if from beneath. The creation—the world of conscious life—life such as it is *now* developed on this planet—is not a blind process of physical development; but it is a scheme, within which a plan—an idea—the intention of a Mind, has been moving forward through its preconceived stages. Man—the last-fashioned of all orders and species—so we must believe—Man was from the first contemplated; for we find that his animal structure, in its peculiarities, has been kept in view from the very dawn of animal life. Let it be true that, through cycles of incalculable ages, this earth was lorded over by no rational species;—and yet it is also true that Man, such as he is, was, from of old, noted in the book. Yes, it may be affirmed that "from the beginning," in the book of the creative purposes, "all his members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them;" even then they were wrought (in type or symbol) "in the lowest parts of the earth"—that is to say, among the lowest orders of animal life.

These recently admitted principles, so far as they may be regarded as authentic deductions from facts, have then this significance as related to our immediate subject—they give indication of a purpose which, incalculable as may be the reach of its chronology, does not, will not halt, until intellectual and moral life has come to combine itself everywhere with the conditions of animal life. But if a purpose such as this—if an eternal intention, forewritten upon the tablets of animal life, implies, when we carry it up to its source in the attributes of the Eternal Being—if it implies a law of the Creative Mind, the same law will not fail to take effect, sooner or later, throughout the broad platform of the Universe; and if so, then Man is not alone on that platform, and there *are* "more worlds than one."

But if the worlds around us are peopled; or, if some of them are peopled, then how does this belief, or this reasonable supposition, how does it affect our religious belief? or, to put the question more pointedly, what is its aspect toward our Christian belief? In the second of these *Astronomical Discourses* Chalmers lays down the law—which, if we profess ourselves to be obe-

dient disciples of the Modern Philosophy, ought to govern our reasonings on this ground:—we profess to admire Bacon, and Newton, and La Place; let us then deal with the question above stated in a mode becoming the disciples of this school. This law of the Modern Philosophy, which demands submission to *evidence* wherever it can be had, and which requires also a corresponding abstinence from unsupported conjectures—a law so signally illustrated in the whole of Newton's course, takes effect upon the subject now in view, in this way;—it forbids our invading or intruding upon any precincts within which our conclusions rest upon substantial evidence, by conjectures, however plausible such conjectures may be, but which are mainly gratuitous. Yet such an intrusion does take place where a hypothetic difficulty, drawn from the vastness of the universe, and from the comparative insignificance of this planet, is brought forward as if it might avail to upset those definite conclusions which sustain our belief as Christians. This belief claims to have a peremptory hold upon our assent:—as an argument it is irrefragable; whereas the difficulty insisted upon by “Infidels,” can appeal to no *proof* whatever; at the best it is a bare surmise; it is a mere suspicion: there is, as the ground of it, the gratuitous assertion that Christianity is a scheme which is taking effect upon this planet only; but the fact may be far otherwise; for aught we know the redemption effected for man may be taking effect also upon many other races—even upon the intelligent universe. It may be so; thus it is that we oppose conjecture to conjecture; meantime, what we have to do with is the Historic Evidence which sustains our faith in the Gospel; and the rules of our Modern Philosophy demand that we should yield ourselves to what is positive—to what is demonstrative—while we reject whatever wants this kind of support.

To this line of argument the men whom Chalmers combatively designates as “our infidels” would find a reply:—they would say,—“We deny that the historic evidence which you appeal to is in so strict a sense peremptory as that it should exclude all farther question: to make the best of it, it must not be placed alongside of those mathematical demonstrations which form the basis of our Modern Philosophy. The conjectural difficulty which, in our view, possesses an overwhelming weight, may therefore stand good as a counterpoise to your historic proof.”

In fact the species of reasoning upon which Chalmers, throughout these Dis-

courses, expends the treasures of his cumulative eloquence, while it may well give contentment to the easily contented, must leave, as well the melancholic, as phlegmatic sceptic dissatisfied; at best only where he was before. Reasoning which is to loosen the hold of any other species of reasoning upon the mind, or still more upon the imagination, must be of a homogeneous quality. A vague, and yet a very powerful impression—a conjectural argument—very strong in appearance, is not to be dislodged, and will not be made to relax its grasp, merely by bringing to bear upon it a train of reasoning which is wholly of another order, and which demands the exercise of another class of the intellectual faculties. Such for example, is the historic argument in support of the Christian system. Reasoning which is inferential and circuitous, although it be absolutely conclusive on its own ground, takes its effect upon one mood of mind; but the conjectural difficulty, or the anti-christian hypothesis, has already got its hold upon another mood of mind; and even if a highly-disciplined intellect be capable of alternating between the two, very few are so nicely equipoised as to be able to bring the two together upon the same parallel of thought.

Now, although the hypothesis which stands in the way of our Christian belief is confessedly vague, as well as destitute of positive evidence, nevertheless it has continued to present itself as a potent objection in the view of almost every thoughtful mind in modern times. There *are*, however, facts which are not vague, and are neither questionable nor ambiguous, in giving attention to which this adverse conjecture fades away into a more and more phantom-like dimness, until it ceases to show any definite contour. It is in the third of these Discourses that the preacher opens a way for some of these countervailing positive data:—such are those abounding illustrations which this earth affords, and especially when the eye is aided by the microscope, of the Divine attributes of intelligence, power, and benignity—contradicting the unphilosophic surmise that the vastness of the material universe—its infinitude, must imply a negligent regard to what is small or minute, and apparently insignificant; no single indication of any such forgetfulness or indifference presents itself within the realm of nature: the microscope teaches us a theology that is more in harmony with the conclusions of Abstract Philosophy.

Further on in this third Discourse, an appeal is also made to the individual experience of the hearer (or reader) in attestation of the

truth—that the Divine Providence follows each one of us from day to day, from infancy to age—saving, providing for, and comforting even the least and the lowest of us. But here this course of reasoning reaches its close, although it might well have been pursued some steps further. The difficulty which the preacher has to do with, and which he is labouring to dismiss, has in fact, been logically disarmed by the arguments he so powerfully urges; nevertheless it will, after a time, recover its footing, and it will continue to disturb thoughtful minds until it has met that true counteractive force which the mediations of an enlightened conscience will supply; and yet *this* is a treatment which it would be a hopeless endeavour to bring to bear upon that class of persons toward whom, principally, Chalmers turns his eye;—we mean, professed unbelievers. Those who might *properly* be the object of a Christian preacher's hot rebuke, are men whose language and behaviour show them to be wholly destitute of the moral consciousness and the religious sentiments to which the appeal, in such a case, must be made.

The question is of this sort—may human redemption be thought of as a worthy object of a special interposition on the part of the Infinite Being? But we must not carry such a question into the halls of colleges:—let us carry it rather into the depths of the soul that has been taught to meditate upon its own immortality, and has thought of its terrible prerogative of boundless suffering, and of its yearnings and aspirations toward goodness and happiness: then carry the question into yet deeper depths—even into that recess wherein an awakened conscience holds its throne—the representative, as it is, of Inexorable Justice: it is in that court that man finds himself standing in the presence of his Omnipotent Judge; and it is there, and it is while he is alive to the fearful realities which attach to the future life—it is there that those vague surmises, out of which the difficulty in question has framed itself, melt away, or are so lost to the sight as that they do not return until some season when, the moral and spiritual life having fallen into decay, Redemption has come to be thought of with indifference.

The fourth and the following Discourses of this series, although highly declamatory, are yet substantially good in argument, for, as related to Infidel Objection, they rest either upon principles of Natural Theology, which the Deist is supposed to allow, or upon facts embraced in the Christian scheme, which, if duly regarded, weaken, or wholly turn aside the objection. Human redemp-

tion is declared, in its own record, to be of much wider bearing than the human family;—how wide, who shall say? and until its width be known, and until its enduring consequences be understood, none here on earth can reasonably reject it as an interposition unworthy of the Infinite wisdom and benevolence.

On the whole, the *Astronomical Discourses* are such as that they must recommend themselves to the perusal of the thoughtful and intelligent through years long to come. They will delight and edify many, and they will satisfy (rightly not delusively) some. They will convince few among those against whose cavils they are immediately directed. At this time what we need for the confirmation of our faith in the Gospel must carry a more severe aspect in its logical processes—it must be exempt from combativeness, wrath, scorn—it must shew, in the writer or preacher, good evidence of his own susceptibility toward subjects of painful and perplexing meditation; and it must prove that he himself has trod paths where the feet bleed at every step, and where the pulse falters, and the head fails. Moreover, the Christian reasoner must prove himself to possess a keen and fearless critical faculty. It is the want of this one qualification which renders Chalmers' writings generally less applicable to these times than they might otherwise have been.

The seven Discourses that are appended in the *Collected Works* to the *Astronomical*, as being of kindred character, are, some of them, we think, of still higher value; they are less declamatory; and their effect is less damaged by that polemic tone which too much rings in our ears throughout the others. Chalmers is listened to with most advantage when his eye does not glance at an opponent who must be crushed:—not that his temper was soured, or that he harboured ill-will against men of any sort, but the robust orator was apt to take a too animated impulse from the idea of a sophistical antagonism, which it was his duty to rend into shreds. The sermon on the Constancy of Nature is at once true and sound in its reasoning, and deeply impressive in inferential passages. With one fact or one principle fully or clearly before him, or held in hand, he turns it on all sides, lavishes upon it his illustrative comparisons, and, in the tone of a faithful messenger from God, presses the genuine consequence upon the consciences of men; a single volume of *selected* sermons, of this order, could not fail to take its place among the most useful of standard religious publications.

In the sermon on the Consistency be-

tween the Efficacy of Prayer and the Uniformity of Nature, Chalmers grapples with a problem which demands a higher metaphysic range of thought, and a more exact analytic power than nature had given him. This problem we hold to be open to a strict and proper solution, when taken on to the ground of purely abstract reasoning, and removed from the ground of religious feeling; the often-stated difficulty in reconciling the constancy of Nature with the doctrine of the efficacy of prayer and the reality of a special Providence is, as we think, a *popular* difficulty, the weight of which the great mass of pious and praying folks are happily unconscious of; or which they quickly dismiss *somehow*, if perchance it presents itself before them; but it is a difficulty which must, as we believe, continue to trouble a class of intelligent and religious persons, whose constitution of mind, and whose educational habits, are not favourable to the continuous retention of the higher class of abstract notions:—such persons, and in these times they are more than a few, might be advised to repose themselves, first, upon those irresistible impulses and instincts which proclaim the truth that God ruleth in all things, and that He is indeed the hearer of prayer;—and then upon that clear testimony of Scripture to the same effect, so amply given, and so solemnly affirmed. If it be otherwise, how can we accept the Holy Scriptures as from God?

As to the discourse to which we now refer, let it be read by any to whom it may administer relief: its reasonings are valid as related to the practical conclusions to which they lead; and whatever is manifestly of a religious tendency in the argument, as therein conducted, may safely be listened to, and may be accepted as lawfully available for its intended purpose, albeit it falls far short of philosophic coherence. If we were to assume the theory which Chalmers, in this discourse, propounds, for the purpose of shewing that the constancy of nature does not forbid our faith in the efficacy of prayer, we should, in doing so, furnish Auguste Comte, or his disciples, with an illustration which he and they might triumphantly employ in support of his favourite dogma, that—constantly pressed upon as it is by the advances of the modern philosophy, the Theological Element is passing through a process of elimination, and that it must, at length, wholly and finally lose its hold of the human mind. On the threshold of his argument Chalmers fully admits all that can be said of the constancy of physical causation; and he also admits that this invariableness extends as far as philosophy

can follow up the catenation of sequences; and as far, moreover, as it will ever succeed in laying bare the inner mysteries of nature; but then he thinks—if we understand him—that, above, and far beyond the border of the known, and the scrutable—of which human science is, or may hereafter be, cognizant, there is a vast unknown—a region of unfixed, adjustable causation, upon which the Divine Hand may, without rendering this interference visible, convert to its special purposes, those remoter forces which, as they descend toward the known and visible world, become invariable and uniform. We must ask, whether physical science, in its future accelerated progress—for recent discoveries seem to promise a series of triumphs, more and more signal—shall not, at length, approximate to the boundary where the fixedness of causation shall be seen to be giving way, and where a few steps farther would bring the human mind within reach—or prospect—of the unfixed and the supernatural? A theory this most perilous, and as we think, unphilosophical; and in fact, if nothing better than this could be done to meet the abstract difficulty, we should turn away abashed and perplexed from all speculation on subjects of this class. (See *Nat. Theology*, vol. ii. p. 320, *et seq*.)

DAILY SCRIPTURE READINGS. Those—and they must be many—who have given these volumes a place on their shelves—a place the nearest at hand where they spend the devotional hour, will have read and considered the Editor's very appropriate prefatory pages. Dr. Hanna tells the reader, as well what to look for in them as what he is not to look for;—there can therefore be no disappointment; and the reader, thus candidly dealt with, will derive an unabated pleasure, and a larger benefit from the perusal of them, in the way that is pointed out by the Editor. The privileged visitor in Chalmers' home would (so we venture to suppose) have heard from him, at the season of family morning prayers, similar spontaneous expositions of Scripture. A powerful mind—powerful, and sustained in its strength, and competently versed in biblical learning, and guided always by a fervently devout temper, and a strong sense of whatever is most fit and useful, whatever is true, real, beautiful, gives forth, at the moment, such a commentary upon the chapter which has come in turn to be read, as one should think it a high privilege to listen to daily. And now, what better could an intelligent master of a household do, than avail himself of this same commentary, so far as it goes; and having previously looked into,

or studied the pages he intended to use, give the domestic congregation the benefit of so safe a guidance in the reading of their Bibles? A criticism of these uncritical expositions would, on every account, be out of place in this instance. Nor does the reader need any caution in employing them for the purposes either of private and domestic edification, or of public instruction. In these pages there lurks none of the poison of a disguised scepticism; and if he does not find in them all the aid which *at this time* we are in the mood to look for, it is certain that he will find very much more aid, and aid of the most substantial kind, than in some books of elaborate commentary, which, with their endless argumentations—their interminable *pros* and *cons*, leave us, when we have waded through a score of pages, in more perplexity as to the sense of a passage than we were when we began.

But there is a charm about these biblical exercises which is of a very rare kind, and which, in our esteem, is beyond all price: there shines throughout them a perfect candour, a simple-minded ingenuousness: as often as this Expositor encounters a difficulty—a something which he knows not how to bring into accordance, perhaps, with other passages of Scripture, or more often with our modern notions of what is good, and Christian-like, he states the case *just as it is*, without disguise—without abatement, and in doing so he betrays no anxiety—he uses no subterfuges; he scorns glozings; he does not attempt far-fetched exculpatory hypotheses. He gives you such help as he is able to offer *honestly*; and then, if that is not enough, he leaves you to look for more where you can find it. In this respect, as we think, these Daily Readings possess a value which, although it be of an indirect kind, we should estimate very highly. They are patterns, surpassing any other writings which we know, of the way in which the Scriptures (of the Old Testament, especially) should be expounded *in a family*; we should say they exemplify in the very best manner the spirit and style of a family commentary upon the Jewish history, upon the Mosaic institutions, and upon the moralities of the precursive dispensation. If our space permitted our doing so, we could say much on this subject; but we are constrained to stop short in this pointed reference to it. Well would it be in those family circles where disingenuous—ay, and *dishonest* dealings with biblical difficulties are at work to train the sons of the family for their college atheism, if the mistaken—the miscalculating expositor, could learn from Chalmers this one lesson, applicable as it is to sacred as to secular occasions,

that honesty is the best policy. But we must stop; these Daily Readings, put forth, as doubtless they will be, in a form (and price) adapted to the most extensive circulation, will secure for Chalmers the best sort of literary immortality—that of feeding souls, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is, or shall be diffused, for many generations onward. What more would a Christian writer wish for than to have left the world enriched in this manner?

SABBATH SCRIPTURE READINGS.—There is no need that we should trouble ourselves with the difficult and delicate question which the Editor had to do with, when he was considering whether he should give these personal meditations, and these peculiar exercises of the soul, to the world. Here are the two volumes in our hands; and now it will be the reader's wisdom to derive from them the instruction with which they are so richly fraught. Dr. Hanna, in the Preface to the Posthumous Works, frankly states the serious difficulty which had presented itself in the way of the publication of what the writer had so scrupulously “hidden from every eye:” he sets forth also the reasons which have overcome these scruples; assuredly we have no inclination to adjust the balance.

In these volumes, as will be readily understood from the Editor's account of them—there is much less of what is usually meant by *exposition*; and much more of what is devotional, along with many of those individual experiences which devout persons are wont to make a record of in their diaries.

We have just now spoken of the fearless honesty and the noble candour which are Chalmers' conspicuous excellencies, as an expositor of *Scripture*. What we have now before us is the very same bright simplicity of heart, the same ingenuous greatness—the same noble and lofty truthfulness, displayed—from page to page, in his treatment of *himself*. Few, we think, are the readers of these Sabbath Exercises, who will not often stand abashed and rebuked as they go on in the perusal of them. But then—and let it be noted—in all this Christian integrity, and among these confessions, and in these openings of the depths of the heart, we find no taint of that overdone humility, or of that factitious penitence or of that morbid gloating upon what is revolting, which so much disfigures some posthumous diaries that have been given to the world by injudicious friends: on *this* ground, also, all is as healthful as it is honest. A mind of extraordinary power, and an accomplished and instructed mind—a strong temper—a robust human nature, exhibits itself in these pages, contend-

ing with itself, and striving for the mastery over whatever in itself is felt to be out of harmony with the harmony of heaven. But on what ground is this conflict carried forward, and what are the principles whence this course of healthful self-discipline draws its motives and its energy? the ground of this industrious schooling in virtue and true wisdom is—an unexceptive Christian belief—drawn from Holy Scripture taken as the only and the sufficient source of doctrine, and as the authoritative rule of life. The principles—the working of which upon a mind such as was that of Chalmers, is spread out before us in these pages, are those which rise up, as if spontaneously within the heart of every simple-minded and devout reader of the Bible. When, with a childlike ingenuousness, this lofty spirit—this bright intelligence—this giant-like reason, submitted itself to the guidance of Holy Scripture—did it debase itself in so doing? did it show symptoms of moral feebleness or of overweening self-delusion in this course? Show us, in a single instance, the evidence that it was so. This Bible-discipline, in the instance of a mind which nature had enriched in the rarest manner, had been going on, through a long course of years, at the time when these Sabbath Scripture Readings were commenced. Why then may we not appeal to them as an evidence, peculiarly significant, of what Bible-discipline is, and of its applicability to human nature, when, as in this case, it is submitted to, and is carried out with entire ingenuousness, and with an unquestioning and devout simplicity of intention?

Towards himself severely honest and truthful as a child, Chalmers used his Bible just as the most ordinary Christian man uses it; he took it up and he studied it as God's message to himself, a message which he was bound to bring home to himself strictly, whatever might be the consequence of his doing so as to his self-love and self-complacency. But we are now told that the Bible is an old book, with which cultured minds, at this time, can have little to do; abounding, indeed, in fine passages, but altogether tending to produce an order of feeling which must be rejected as obsolete, impracticable, and undesirable. Let those who thus talk and write—let them, if it be but for a season, surrender themselves to the perusal of these SABBATH READINGS. If at this moment we were entering into controversy with the silken, christianized philosophers of the time, we should incline to take these Sabbath Readings as our text-book, and to collate, page by page, the unmeaning sentimentalism of these writers and preachers, with the manliness, and the moral tone, and the

energy, the reality, and the *healthfulness* which shines and glows in every paragraph.

The three volumes of the *POSTHUMOUS WORKS*—namely—the seventh, eighth, and ninth,—containing the “*INSTITUTES OF THEOLOGY*” and the “*PRELECTIONS*” on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and Hill's Lectures in Divinity, are likely to be regarded as those of his works in which the most matured views and opinions of Chalmers are to be found. It is with these three volumes before us that, if at all, we should incline to offer any suggestions of a general kind upon that form of Christian doctrine which this eminent man left as his legacy to the Church of Scotland, and to English religious literature. It was as Theological Professor, first in the University of Edinburgh, and then in the New College of the Free Church, that these prelections and these lectures were delivered. Of the most general kind must be any remarks we should venture to make upon a theologic system, such as that which is embodied in these Institutes. Theology is not our province; but the volumes now in view suggest an inquiry, incidental indeed, which may thus be put into words:—What is the bearing of this body of Divinity upon those Three Forms of Christian opinion which, for some time past, have been, and are now at this time competing among us for the uppermost position? or, to be more correct, we should say—one of them, for continued existence, and the other two for supremacy.

The three are these—*first*, and it is the elder of the three—Logical Theology, or Christianity drawn forth into propositions, and into inferences, thence deduced by methods of formal reasoning. The *second*, to which we have already made allusion, is Philosophical Theology, or Christianity fashioned into conformity, as far as possible, with the notions and the tastes which distinguish Modern Thought. The *third* is, or more properly it is coming to be—Christianity derived ingenuously and fearlessly from the Bible—Holy Scripture, regarded as the source of belief, and as the rule of life.

The utmost that we propose to do at present is this—to look into these three volumes, and to direct the attention of the studious reader to such passages as indicate, if they do not plainly declare Chalmers' views, and his inclinations and feelings, in relation to the rival Christianities which we have here specified. But in attempting, within the compass of a page or two, a reference of this kind; we must not lose sight of the fact, that Chalmers, as a theologian, was a clergyman of the Scottish Church:—his training had been national, and when he woke up to a

consciousness of Christian doctrine, it was to this doctrine as he found it embodied in the "Confession," and in the "Catechism," and in the polemical literature of Scotland. It does not appear that the idea had ever presented itself to him in a distinct form, that an entire Christianity, religiously drawn from the Canonical Scriptures, differs from that logical theology under the shadow of which he had been nurtured. Whenever, therefore, passages occur in his writings which seem to have been prompted by an uneasy and almost unconscious sense of a dissonance between the two—a jar which had given him a pain of which he does not understand the cause—such utterances of his spontaneous feelings have the more meaning, and they should command the more attention; and let us say it, they should command peculiar attention *in Scotland*.

The reader will have seen that several times in the course of this Article we have spoken of Chalmers under a limitation, as he stands related to the religious history of *Scotland*. But it will be thought by some among his ardent admirers, that a man who had won for himself a European reputation, and who, throughout his course as a preacher and writer, commanded so many readers and hearers in England, ought now to be thought of as one whose nationality has become merged in a far wider celebrity:—Chalmers, it may be said, belongs, not so much to his native land as to the Anglo-Saxon race, all the world over. This is quite true, and we fully allow it; nevertheless, we must ask leave to take him aback for a while; and now that his systematic writings are before us, must crave to think of him, definitely, as the Theologian of his country. While so thinking of him, the question presents itself:

—In taking up the religious notions, the theology and the usages of Scotland, and in passing them, as he did, through his own powerful mind, and in issuing, as one might say he did, his own recension of them, what has he done as a preacher, a writer, and especially as a professional teacher, to amend or to modify what is characteristic of Scotland in its religious element?

We can only offer a hint or two, and we do it with all humility, as mere suggestions for giving a reply to this question. Yet this would seem to involve another, namely, *What is Christianity according to Scotland?* but this is a subject manifestly too large to be brought within limits on the present occasion; for a proper reply to it would carry us back among the events of the sixteenth century; it would, moreover, embrace much that concerns the individual temper of the Scotch reformers; and then

we should be called to consider those permanent characteristics of the national mind which are the main ground and the reason of the contrast between England and Scotland—a contrast as strongly marked, perhaps, as any which could be brought forward from among the national varieties of the European races.

Leaving alone subjects so extensive and so arduous as these, we must stop short in the mere fact that whereas Christianity in England consists with, and embraces, a very great breadth of opinion on questions of theology proper—of religious sentiment and usage, and of ecclesiastical organization, and whereas these breadths—these free spaces are found as well within the Established Church, as among the dissident bodies—in Scotland a far nearer approach to theological and ecclesiastical uniformity has been attained, and has fastened itself upon the Christianity of the nation. So much is this the case, that although a religious man, crossing the Tweed northward, finds himself surrounded, as in England, with divisions and subdivisions, it is long before he can come to understand the ground of them; for, as to what he sees and hears—in churches and by firesides, everything seems to bespeak an extraordinary sameness of persuasion and of worship, and of discipline and usage; and this in things of moment, as well as in things of no moment. What one finds in England is Christianity freely developed—freely spoken of and discoursed about, and sincerely adhered to, under forms and in modes the most diverse that may at all consist with an honest retention of the name. What one finds in Scotland is either—Christianity very nearly after one fashion; or else, no religion at all.

Passages not infrequent in Chalmers' writings, and to some of which we shall make a reference, may be cited in proof of the fact that he had become dimly conscious of this characteristic fixedness; or, we must ask leave to call it, this *rigidity*, as distinguishing the Christianity of his country. Conscious of it, in some degree, he was; and in some degree, also, impatient of it. His own religious convictions were so thorough, his professions of whatever he believed were so honest, and, at the same time, his understanding was so grasping, and his temperament so robust, and his movements so autocratic, that trammels and swaddlings of whatever kind could not fail to fret and gall him. That lifeless formalism which is always the result, in any community, of imposing frivolous restraints upon it, and of abridging the liberty of thought and action,

on the plea of enforcing religious consistency, Chalmers saw to be, in a high degree, dangerous, bringing with it, as it does, the most fatal species of self-delusion. He knew, and he strongly felt, that Pharisaism, in every age of the Church, has been the issue of sectarian heats, and of the eager pushing out of principles into scrupulosities. If he had made himself more conversant than he actually was with Church history in its original sources, and with sectarian history since the Reformation, it is conceivable that he might have resolved to come down upon this evil determinately, armed with his own thunder, and have followed it up to its source.

Though he has not done this with set purpose, he has done something toward it incidentally; and in what spirit has he done it? Not scoffingly — not in a latitudinarian temper — not as the lax pleader for questionable laxities; — not like one who, if you recede an inch, will encroach upon you a foot. No man has shown a more reverent regard than he toward whatever is traditional, whatever is of good repute, and whatever is believed to be of wholesome tendency. The quaint word, which occurs so often in his writings — “sacredness,” stood in his mind as the representative of a class of feelings, upon the domain of which he would have been the last to make hostile intrusion. It is certain then that this great Christian teacher is one who may well be trusted — who may be confided in upon any question of Christian casuistry: we imagine that the most religious individuals of the most religious of all countries, might give themselves up, without caution, to his guidance when ancient observances are in debate.

To what extent, in fact, Chalmers' living influence, and his writings have had effect in breaking up, and in mellowing the religious soil of Scotland, we do not know, nor shall we risk a conjectural answer to the question. But we may venture so far as to express the opinion, that his Sermons, his Essays, his Expositions, and his Institutes, might, to very good purpose, be looked into, and explored by the younger ministers of religion in Scotland, *for the single purpose* of gathering into one the scattered indications which they contain of his strong feeling and deep conviction on this subject — namely, the too determinative character of the Christianity of Scotland; or that exterior rigidity which gives it an aspect differing, by a shade or so, from the breadth, and the moral beauty of the Christianity of the Gospels.

But Chalmers' mind and soul — if not his logical faculty, carried him forward even

further than this point, and brought him near sometimes to the making a protest not *against* certain peculiarities in the national theology, but in behalf of those counter principles which it overlooks.

Here again, there may be challenged for him, in the most ample terms, a loyal, a sincere, and a Churchman-like attachment to the “Confession;” for, if you ventured in his presence to indicate any repugnance toward the national creed, or toward any portions of it; his reply was prompt, and emphatically Johnsonian: “As to that, sir, we have no sympathy with you.” We do not know that his writings contain so much as a single passage, conveying an *explicit* dissent from those copious and elaborate canons of belief — the Westminster Confession and the Larger Catechism. If, as to some of these articles, he would have worded them otherwise than they are worded, yet never did he hesitate to stand to, or to subscribe them. We should, in his behalf, resent the supposition, that this adhesion was perfunctory merely; or that it was given with any mental reservation. Nevertheless, Chalmers' genuine religious instincts carried him forward at times where his theologic reason refused to go on; or where it stumbled in the path. There were doctrines to which, in all sincerity, he made a customary obeisance as he passed; but toward which when he chanced to look at them from a distance, he felt some involuntary misgiving. On a subject like this, where it is so easy to be misunderstood, and so difficult to convey a meaning that shall be at once distinct and *inoffensive*, we should speak with all care. Chalmers did not disallow (so far as we know) any one of the doctrinal elements of the Genevan Faith. But he felt, though he did not clearly apprehend the fact, that, as the articles which are the distinctions of that faith are worded *polemically*, they are therefore, although true — true rather in a controversial sense of an age of eager and desperate contention, than in a sense purely biblical.

When Chalmers is contending with “infidel” opponents, he thinks he can never say too much about the “Baconian Philosophy;” and he strenuously insists upon the application of its principles to the argument between himself and these “gain-sayers.” “We,” who profess to be the well-trained disciples of Bacon and Newton, ought to hold ourselves bound by the axioms of “Modern Science,” in all cases to which they may apply; and to abide by the issue, be it what it may. Yes, indeed, so it ought to be! But if so in fact it were — if always Bacon's initial rule were brought to bear

upon the systematic theologies of the Reformation era, what havoc might it make among them! Those theologies were composed upon principles which *then* were universally admitted as sound and unquestionable; but which, in our times, have been (in matters of philosophy) universally discarded as false and delusive.

We must acknowledge that, in reading those passages in Chalmers' writings which we have now in view, a misgiving has come over us. Quite right is he, as a Christian advocate, while contending with unbelievers; but, as a Christian theologian, is he not liable to be slain by his own weapon? When the time shall come—and it will come—when the initial axiom of *Novum Organum* shall be applied to the interpretation of Scripture, as it has been applied to the interpretation of nature—then will Christianity return upon the world in its power. The creeds and the confessions of the Reformation era were, indeed, with scrupulous care, based upon the authority of “Holy Scripture,” and, looking at them simply as they stood related to the manifold corruptions of the twelve centuries preceding, they might well claim to be Scriptural. But in what manner had they been framed? *A certain class of texts* having been assumed as the groundwork of Christian belief—then a scheme of theology is put together accordingly, whence, by the means of the *deductive logic*, all separate articles of faith are to be derived. As to any passages of Scripture which might seem to be of another class, or which do not easily fall into their places in this scheme, they were either ignored, or they were controlled, and this, to any extent that might be asked for by the stern necessities of the syllogistic method.

A Christianity which should indeed be *INDUCTIVE*—and not *Deductive*—which should, in its methods of proof, be *Baconian*—not *Aristotelian*, how unlike to any such controversial canons of Faith would it appear, and how unlike would it be! If Holy Scripture is to be heartily accepted as true throughout—and as trustworthy, and if it is to be followed as our sufficient guide in religious belief—system or no system—then we shall take it just as we find it:—and we find it to be a specific testimony;—we find it to be a Revelation “in part”—we find it to be a conveyance of certain needful, but disjointed elements of Heaven's entire truth:—it is such a conveyance as will never yield itself to our plastic hand, to be moulded at our pleasure into form, even as we deal with a humanly devised philosophic scheme. In the world of nature, as often as facts come before us which are

inexplicable on any known theory—what do we do?—do we turn aside from those obdurate facts, as if we had a quarrel with them? Surely not. Rather than take so insane a course, we put a note of doubt upon the very best of our own, hitherto, accepted Philosophies.

How then should it be with our Biblical interpretations, if they were carried forward in good faith, and in fearless compliance with the guiding principle of our Modern Philosophy? We are not called upon to say how it would be; for we are not teaching *Christian Theology*;—but we say these two things, both of which are pertinent to our immediate subject;—*first*, that Chalmers would have been less frequent than he was in his references to the “*Baconian Philosophy*,” if he had understood what would be its bearing upon those Reformation Confessions which he still adhered to;—and, *secondly*, that his genuine religious feeling, and his instinctive mistrust of dogmas which he saw to have an unchristian aspect, impelled him, on various occasions, to border upon an expression of his inward uneasiness. From certain doctrinal neighbourhoods he always drew off:—at certain spots he stood back:—he excused himself from advancing where his predecessors had boldly rushed forward, and he did so on the plea of the inscrutable mysteriousness of the subject; and he thought it enough to say, that, at such points we are touching upon the boundaries between what is lawful and what is unlawful in religious speculation. This is true; and it is the proper course to be taken by ordinary Christian teachers, in their stated expositions of Scripture. But Chalmers stood before his country in a position which would have warranted his pursuing an exceptional course.

In what direction then might such a course have led him forward?

Not—and let us say it with emphasis—not in the direction which, to so little purpose, has of late been taken by distinguished men who have largely influenced the religious mind in England and America. Chalmers was not the man either to lead or to follow in *this* track; for there was nothing, in the constitution of his mind, of the feeble and the petulant; there was nothing of vacillation, nothing inclining him to resort to subterfuge, or which could have stooped to equivocation; and, need we say it?—there was in him no want of religious humility, or of devout conscientiousness. Chalmers therefore had no qualification fitting him for the task, or inciting him to undertake it, of labouring to win over the philosophic unbelief of these times to Christianity by compromises and by large concessions. It was not in his moral

temperament—it was not within the range of his intellectual faculties, to employ himself in the nice operation of chipping, and filing, and edging away Christian truths until they shall square themselves to their places in modern philosophies. This man of deep convictions, and of high moral courage—this Theologian, unfeignedly regardful as he was of the solemn obligations of a Christian teacher, could never have been induced to pay court to Atheism, or to fawn upon antichristian Deism, by showing that Christianity when “liberally interpreted,” means very little, or nothing more than this last, and that it may (in the abstract) walk side by side with the first.

Not so. What then is it which we might have wished Chalmers to do more than he has done? What is it which one who had his ear might have suggested to him to undertake? It was this:—we could have wished him to loosen by a little the tightness of those logical theologies which, framed as they were in a disputatious age, have now the effect of debarring us from the free and fearless enjoyment of Holy Scripture—even if the entire sense of every verse of it—whether it be consistent, or inconsistent, with our foregone conclusions. What we need is not that *minimum* of belief which some ill-judging writers are now inviting us to accept; but that *maximum* of belief which an ingenuous submission to the entire meaning of Scripture would give us.

This result Chalmers honestly and fervently desired, of which desire the indications are frequent throughout his writings; and to a few of these we shall now make a reference. But he did not, as we think, clearly discern what those hindrances are, connected with systematic, polemical, and logical theology, which stand in the way of our thus obtaining possession of Christianity in its amplitude of meaning.

It is not needful to classify the references we are about to make. We note them just as they occur in the three volumes now before us—namely, the *ninth* of the *POSTHUMOUS WORKS*, which we first take up; and the *first* and *second*.

In the Prelection on Butler's Analogy, page 4, the lecturer affirms, as well he may, that “it is immensely arrogant in the creatures of a day to pronounce of the Unseen and Everlasting God—that He never does, or can act in a particular way—that He never has adopted, and never would adopt, such or such a method of administration;” and yet, as he affirms, “it is on an implied acquaintance with the principles of the Divine government, in all the vastness of its extent, and throughout all the endless variety

of its manifold and multiform processes, and on such an implied acquaintance with the Infinite and the Everlasting, that a great part of our infidelity is based.” This is quite true; but a thorough-going equity would demand that a counter-statement should be attached to this allegation against infidelity—namely, that it has been upon a similar arrogance, and an arrogance less excusable, that a “great part” of our Logical Theology has been based; and especially those articles in this theology which have given a handle to infidelity.

At page 26 of the same Prelection, Butler's “meagre and moderate theology” is called in question, on the ground of his attributing too much to human ability in spiritual matters. An apologist for Butler in this instance might retort upon the lecturer, and affirm that the ultra orthodox are wont to “keep out of sight,” or to evade the force of those passages of Scripture to which their Arminian antagonists make their appeal. An exuberant or luscious orthodoxy is one extreme, of which the “meagre theology” of the moderates is the other extreme: our protest is for Christianity derived from a whole Bible.

In many places of these Prelections, as also of the Institutes, Chalmers expresses his faith in the doctrine of Necessity, and his unexceptive acquiescence in the “Essay on the Freedom of the Will.” It is but justice to him to admit his high merit in these instances—namely, that he renounces, and denounces too, all those inferences, whether Atheistic or Antinomian, which have been alleged to spring from that doctrine. Nothing can be more soundly practical and wise than are the cautionary paragraphs which are appended to these avowals of his philosophic creed. This is enough, or should be thought enough, to screen this sound-minded Calvinist from all criticism or remark. But if Chalmers had lived on to this present time, and if he had watched the course of religious opinion, he would have seen that a sophism so irrelevant as is that of Jonathan Edwards, has already had its day; and that it is now coming to be regarded simply as a signal instance of an ingenious and astute abstraction—parallel with the nihilism of Hegel, and which disappears, as a mist, when human nature comes to be treated of, not logically but physically, and as a reality in the great world of life.

When Chalmers eulogizes Butler, as he does so warmly, comparing the service which he has rendered to Christianity, with the service rendered by Bacon to philosophy, as at page 76, he sets forth what we

are perfectly sure was his genuine feeling, and what would have been his explicitly expressed conviction, as to Biblical Interpretation—namely, that it should pursue its course—regardless of systematic theology regardless of Confessions of Faith. This would have been his deliverance on the subject; and we give him credit for it, often and again, where we do not find it, in words, on his pages.

In the Prelection on Paley's Evidences, we beg to direct the thoughtful reader to the Lecturer's cautious observations at pages 106, 107; they curiously exemplify the unconscious influence of a speculation, already authenticated on the side of orthodoxy, in checking the course of a speculation to which Scripture itself gives more than a shadowy support. We ask the reader, whom we are supposing ourselves just now to have at our call, to look at page 129, as an instance of mingled caution and honesty, in treating the subject of Reward; or, as we should say, the rewardableness of good works under the Christian economy. On this ground, where the polemic theology of the Reformation has made such awful havoc of the plainest Scripture teaching, Chalmers shows that he had a sense of the mischief; although he had no clear discernment, either of the source or of the extent of it. When we shall have wound up our controversy with Rome, we may feel ourselves free to listen to Bible evidence, as it stands, without abatement, on this and other subjects. That this independence—this freedom from the entanglements of by-gone polemics, was ardently desired by him, and that he looked forward to an era when it shall prevail, there are many bright evidences in the course of his writings. We have now before us page 169, to which a special reference ought here to be made; but which we need not cite.

Two pages forward, a passage occurs which also claims a word of notice. We have ventured to designate this great man's order of mind as unexplorative and non-critical. In the place now in view, he urges his Class to the use of the Shorter Catechism, and the Confession, and the Larger Catechism—as presented in those editions which have the Scripture proofs at length. This advice cannot be found fault with; but, when given from the chair, it would seem to ask for an accompanying caution; for how can these Scripture proofs be *now* accepted, at large, as proofs of the doctrines stated at the top of each page, when—if the unquestionable methods of our modern criticism be applied to them, very many of these citations must be rejected as utterly irrelevant to the

matter in hand; or perhaps, as proving the very contrary?

Again, we have ventured to affirm of Chalmers' doctrine of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, that it is crude, inadmissible, unintelligible. This is not all; for it is such that, if it be insisted upon, we must needs give in to the frivolous cavils of writers like F. Newman, and most admit them to be conclusive against the Divine origination of the Bible. Let the reader consider the entire paragraph, page 174. If we misunderstand the lecturer, we shall gladly acknowledge the error. The affirmation that "Marcus was sister's son to Barnabas," is there allowed to be one which is wholly unimportant *in itself*, as related to our religious state of mind:—*Nevertheless*, a rejection of it (or hesitation in admitting it—"the want" of this belief) may indicate another want of fearful magnitude and effect, for it may indicate "the want of a full and settled faith in Scripture." Herein comes out the dangerous consequence of an assumption which is unwarrantable in itself, and which is not only *liable* to be broken up in the course of a young man's critical studies, but which inevitably *must* be broken up at an early stage of his acquaintance with biblical criticism. It is painful to think of the case of a timid and conscientious student, who, having yielded himself without question to the guidance of such a teacher as Chalmers, meets with evidence—irresistible evidence—which must lead to his coming to doubt the truth of a Biblical assertion, like the one above mentioned. Is it not high time that we should know what we mean when we affirm that the Bible is God's book? We think we do not misunderstand Chalmers; and, in support of our supposition as to his meaning, we refer to a passage on page 188, beginning, "There are articles of information in Scripture." If once we yield ourselves to this tremendous dogma, that a Christian man's safety for eternity is put in peril by his entertaining a doubt of the historical accuracy of the canonical books in any single instance, then, what is his position?—what is his alternative? He must, with alarm, put far from him every means and material of biblical criticism; he must cease to read and to think, and then how is he to rebut the taunts of the infidel who says—"You hold to your Bible in wilful blindness:—you dare not inform yourself concerning its contents." We do not know in what way Chalmers would have reconciled his own doctrine of Inspiration with his own often-repeated exhortations to his class—to prosecute biblical criticism. We have looked through chap. ix. in the

Institutes, in which so much is said in commendation of critical proficiency—supposing that a paragraph might therein occur, throwing some light upon this difficulty, but have not found one. The question does not seem to have presented itself to the mind of Chalmers in any distinct manner.

In that chapter of the Institutes, as indeed throughout the writings of this large-minded champion of the truth—such unquestionably he was—we are met, far too frequently, with those terms of reprobation and scorn, applied to “infidels,” “heretics,” “gainsayers,” which have come down from a furious and fanatical era, and which, so long as they are indulged in by teachers and writers of repute, will not merely serve to foment the worst passions, and to indurate the narrowest prejudices, but will effectively shut out from the view of “the orthodox” of “us, who are in the right,” those inveterate infatuations, those overweenings of personal arrogance, which still stand in the way, as they have so long stood in the way, of an honest and ingenuous acceptance of the entire sense of Scripture. In a page now before us—215, of the notes on Hill’s Lectures, there is an admission that the tendency to indulge lawless speculation, whence have sprung heresies, has “misled even the Church and the orthodox into lamentable extravagances of speculation, and laid open the whole subject of the Trinity, in particular, with its cognate and correlative topics, to the ridicule of the profane, to the merciless satire and severity of the infidel.” True, indeed, but it is a part only of the truth.

Expressions such as the following—p. 217, do not suit our taste; they grate upon the ear:—“But while I prefer this charge against many of the heretics, I cannot acquit the Church altogether of blame in the matter either.” Now we would venture to transmute the terms of this admission in some such manner as this—“But while we prefer this charge against the Church (that of attempting to be wise above what is written) we cannot acquit the ‘heretics’ altogether of blame either.” Chalmers’ candour in this and similar instances resembles that of some modern Romanists, who, when alluding to the intolerance and the ferocities of past times, are generous enough to say, “While we prefer this charge of truculent intolerance against Lollards, Huguenots, Puritans, and the like of them, we cannot acquit the Church of Rome altogether of blame either.” Very candid are such admissions!

P. 221.—“It is to the credit of the wisdom of the Church of Scotland that, in its Confession of Faith, there is no deliverance upon the subject—an *regnum mediatorium*

Christi in æternum sit duraturum?” It might have been further to the credit of that Church, if, in her “wisdom,” she had, like her sister, and like the ancient Church, abstained from any deliverance upon subjects which are still less cognizable by the human mind!

Chalmers, as a wise ruler in the Church—as a man of action, conversant with human nature, and singularly gifted with tact for dealing with its weakness, has shown himself ready enough to rid Scottish Christianity of its scrupulosities and its formalities; and, in several places that might be cited, he has proved himself to be master of an enlightened forbearance with each other in the circumstantialities of worship; in contrast with the “furious intolerance and zeal which characterized, and, at the same time, disgraced a former age,”—p. 231. All that we would have asked of him, as due to his own enlargement of mind, would have been this—to lead the way in delivering his country at once from a false intensity of feeling in matters of worship and observance, and from the dogmatic arrogance of that same past age of “furious intolerance.” These words are *his*, not ours. We should refer to pp. 394, *et seq.*, as relating to the same subject.

We have alluded to the bearing of Chalmers’ writings upon the three Theologies, which now stand in view of our British Christianity—namely, the superannuated Logical, the modern Philosophical, and the future Biblical. Toward the *first*, he exhibits himself as personally undergoing the process of clearing himself of its trammels. He is seen to be working himself forth from the slough. Toward the *second*, he shows a determined hostility, and he would have denounced it still more loudly than he did, if he had lived on to these times. As to the *third*, although we do not see that he had come to any determinate perception of those principles of interpretation whence it must spring, it is certain that his heart was right toward it. He would have hailed it with all his soul if it had been fairly presented to him for his judgment and approval. As our warrant in so confidently saying this, we refer the reader to the closing paragraphs of book iii., pp. 232–3, and still more pointedly to the long paragraph which fills page 297, and again to page 312.

The scheme of doctrine which Chalmers describes and denounces, p. 257, *et seq.*, under the designation of “the Middle System,” agrees, to some extent, with the more recent development of the same tendencies in England, and which we have referred to above as—“Modern Thought.” This chapter therefore may be taken as containing,

substantially, his protest against it; and as such we refer the studious reader to it. Citation is not needed. The same reader will give his attention to pages 283-4, in which he grapples, as in the dark, with some of the difficulties that attend his notion of the Inspiration of the Scriptures. But whether clear in his views on this subject or not, his strong good sense, and the healthiness of his religious sentiments, never failed to bring from him a vigorous protest against those extravagances "*even of the orthodox*," to which logical Theology has given encouragement: we must cite the following—p. 317. "The simple majesty of truth, as propounded in Scripture, has often undergone sad desecration at the hands, I will not say of merely unphilosophical, but of most unsavoury and untasteful theologians, whose speculations on this subject are often absolutely hideous." Further on, speaking of the perplexities with which ministers of the Gospel have gratuitously surrounded themselves, he says, "It is thus that clergymen, manacled and wire-bound in the fetters of their wretched orthodoxy, feel themselves impeded and restrained in the exercise of their functions as the heralds of mercy to a guilty world." To this strongly-worded protest we should only append the remark, that the "wretched orthodoxy" here referred to is the proper consequence of an adherence to logical Theology. Nevertheless—logic or no logic, Chalmers is always right when the practical aspect of a doctrine presents itself clearly in his view. On this ground—which was his proper ground—that of evangelic action—who is it that can have any controversy with him? Look to the Christian wisdom which illumines the pages onward from 325; and we must point attention also to pages 343, 358, and 377, where, in the last place especially, he draws near to a statement of the principle of a genuine, and therefore a non-logical—or what he calls "a complete and harmonious view of divine truth."

INSTITUTES OF THEOLOGY.—To the ninth chapter, on Scripture Criticism, we have already alluded. Several passages therein occurring we had marked, as noticeable, but shall refer to one of them only, p. 305, where we find illustration of what we have affirmed, that Chalmers had not brought his own mind into close contact with those branches of biblical scholarship which touch the question of the inspiration of the canonical writings. When, appealing to Campbell's Gospels, and to Bloomfield's *Recensio*, he anticipates comparatively unimportant results from the further prosecution of such studies, he must be understood as thinking only of those

great truths with which the popular teacher has to do; and which, as he truly says, will stand where and what they are—criticism or no criticism; and which the uninstructed reader of the English Bible, or of any other version, if he be honest and devout, will gather for himself therefrom. If a living writer, taking up Chalmers' position as to inspiration, were to screen himself from the application of a free and thorough-going criticism, by aid of passages such as the one to which we here refer, nothing would be more easy than to rend from him this illusion. Chapter tenth, on Systematic Theology, is open to much remark; but we will say a word only in directing the reader's attention to it—which is this—that Chalmers' fondness for instituting comparisons between the methods and principles of Natural Philosophy, and the rules of Scriptural exposition, has here, as elsewhere in his writings, led him, as we think, into some misapprehension of facts. In Natural Philosophy (as it is now prosecuted) when we meet with phenomena *apparently* suggesting contrary conclusions, or which seem to overthrow a hitherto accepted generalization, we patiently wait until we get further light;—or even if we never get it, we still rest in the conviction that Nature is consistent with herself, whether we see it or not, and that the seeming inconsistency is attributable wholly to our own ignorance, or to our inability to carry our methods of inquiry far enough. But in the region of Theology a very different feeling has always prevailed; and it is a feeling which has impelled expositors to take a course which is utterly at variance with the rules of modern science. When texts of *one class* stand opposed, in their manifest import, to texts of *another class*, what has been done (scarcely with an exception) by system-makers in Theology, has been to force them into some sort of agreement, any way and at the cost of grammar, and of reason, and of common honesty. It is this practice—the folly and impiety of which we will not designate—which has brought this Theology into disrepute, or we might say into contempt. Why not consent—in the spirit of humility, to leave *unadjusted* that which, by fair means, cannot be reconciled? This surely were becoming on the part of those who profess to receive the Bible as an inspired volume; and who know that the great economy of the Divine government is *not* therein spread out to our gaze. But it has been supposed, on all such occasions, that we are called upon, as Chalmers here states it, p. 329, "to make sure of a sustained and unexcepted harmony between

them (antagonist texts) or of there being no such contradiction as might prove fatal, not only to the doctrine in question, but even to the general truth of revelation." Thus it is that so wise and strong-minded a teacher as Chalmers, yielding himself to the guidance of antiquated maxims, first stakes our faith in the Scriptures upon the truth of such an assertion as this, that "Marcus was sister's son to Barnabas," and then stakes it again upon the success or the failure of our endeavours to reconcile apparently contradictory doctrinal passages! "One unlike phenomenon," p. 335, "does not contradict another. One unlike text may; and a decisive example of such a contradiction would create a painful embarrassment in our minds on the consistency and authority of the record." Not so to those who, in perusing Holy Scripture, are free from superstitions, and are untrammelled by operose and wordy articles of Faith.

While we so speak it would be most inequitable not to make a specific reference to some of those bright passages, and they are frequent, in which Chalmers, disdainful of trammels, utters his genuine convictions, in his own manner; as thus—"No two things can be imagined of more opposite character and complexion, than the lessons sometimes set forth in the pages of our controversial divinity, on the right side of the question too, (?) and the lessons as read by many a shrewd and intelligent observer, both in the tablet of his own heart, and on the face of general society."—p. 374. We should refer also to p. 467, as containing similar expressions of feeling.

These incidental references have extended only to the end of the first volume of the Institutes; and there are in the second volume, many passages of a still more significant kind, which we had proposed to cite; but we refrain from doing so, not merely because this article has already exceeded its limits; but because it would be extremely difficult to bring forward the passages alluded to, and not to get ourselves entangled among questions that are properly theological, and which are beyond our province. The purpose we have had in view will have been sufficiently secured, if the reader—we mean the younger studious reader, has been led to renew his acquaintance with Chalmers' theological writings, keeping in view these following specific objects:—namely, *First*, To assure himself of the adherence of so powerful a mind to those characteristic doctrines of the Christian system which result *always* from a religious perusal of the Scriptures, when we hold them in reverence as "given of God" for our sufficient guidance

and support. Regarded in this light, Chalmers' writings stand now, and they will long stand, as a protest against the flimsy and ever-varying schemes of Christianized Philosophy, which are proffered to the acceptance of the younger ministry, as well in Scotland as in England.

Secondly, the reader, availing himself of the few references we have now made, may trace the binding and the narrowing influence of the controversial theologies of a past age, upon a mind so robust, and so honest, and so independent, as was that of Chalmers.

And, *thirdly*—and we should, indeed, be pleased if warranted in thinking that we had so far realized our intention—let the student, in perusing anew these volumes catch from them an inspiration which shall animate his endeavours to derive from the inspired books the whole of their import, whether or not the credit of ancient modes of teaching can, at the same time, be sustained.

And now a word in acquitting ourselves of our task. It may have seemed to some of the admirers of this great man—justly entitled as he is to the affectionate and reverential regards of Christian people of all Protestant countries—that, on some counts of the eulogy due to him, we have done him less than justice. Let it be so thought, and we shall willingly stand corrected by any who will come forward in this behalf, armed with reasons, and animated by a well-considered zeal, as his champion. None will so come forward more thoroughly impressed than we are with a sense of his high merits in all those departments within which he was most at home.

More than this—we have a feeling in thinking of Chalmers of which exceedingly few among the illustrious dead could be the objects. We think of him wistfully, as if we believed that, various and large as were his labours, and great as were his actual achievements in behalf of the Church and the world, there was yet a something more which, with faculties so eminent, he might have done for our benefit.

Ordinarily, when a writer who has well served his time, and is gone, comes to be thought of as a contributor to the general stock of moral or religious literature, we dismiss him gratefully, accepting at his hand what he has done;—for it was his best, probably, in the employment of the talent that had been assigned to his care. But once or twice in a century, or not so often, when a distinguished man passes away from us, we think ourselves to be deprived of a further good, which might have been ours if he had longer lived. So it was

when, in the very midst of his course, ARNOLD was snatched from his place:—the Christian community lost, by his sudden death, the fruit of those mature years which we had supposed he would have given to its service. Chalmers, indeed; lived out the ordinary term of life, and of active labour; and yet his death, even at so ripe an age, was in this same way felt to be a loss.

It does not appear what homage more emphatic than this can be rendered to the memory of a great man, when it is said that the high estimate which the world had come to form of his powers and qualities—moral and intellectual—has outstepped the measure of his actual performances, so as that when at length he falls, although full of days, and worn with years of self-denying labour, we yet think that he is gone too soon, and has left a work unfinished which he only could well have done. It is thus that we think of THOMAS CHALMERS.

ART. II.—*A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.*
By J. A. FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London, J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 2 vols. 1856.

THERE appeared, a few years since, a "comic history of England," duly caricaturing and falsifying all our great national events, and representing the English people, for many centuries back, as a mob of fools and knaves, led by the nose in each generation by a few arch-fools and arch-knaves. Some thoughtful persons regarded the book with utter contempt and indignation; it seemed to them a crime to have written it; a proof of "banausia," as Aristotle would have called it, only to be outdone by the writing a "Comic Bible." After a while, however, their indignation began to subside; their second thoughts, as usual, were more charitable than their first; they were not surprised to hear that the author was an honest, just, and able magistrate; they saw that the publication of such a book involved no moral turpitude; that it was merely meant as a jest on a subject on which jesting was permissible, and as a money speculation in a field of which men had a right to make money; while all which seemed offensive in it, was merely the outcome, and as it were apotheosis, of that method of writing English history which has been popular for nearly a hundred years. "Which of our modern

historians," they asked themselves, "has had any real feeling of the importance, the sacredness, of his subject? Any real trust in, or respect for, the characters with whom he dealt? Has not the belief of each and all of them been the same—that on the whole, the many always have been fools and knaves; foolish and knavish enough, at least, to become the puppets of a few fools and knaves who held the reins of power? Have they not held that, on the whole, the problems of human nature, and human history, have been sufficiently solved by Gibbon and Voltaire, Gil Blas, and Figaro? That our forefathers were silly barbarians,—that this glorious nineteenth century is the one region of light, and that all before was outer darkness, peopled by "foreign devils," Englishmen, no doubt, according to the flesh, but in spirit, in knowledge, in creed, in customs, so utterly different from ourselves, that we shall merely shew our sentimentalism by doing aught but laughing at them?"

On what other principle have our English histories as yet been constructed, even down to the children's books, which taught us in childhood that the history of this country was nothing but a string of foolish wars, carried on by wicked kings, for reasons hitherto unexplained, save on that great historic law of Goldsmith's, by which Sir Archibald Alison would still explain the French Revolution,

"The dog, to serve his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man?"

It will be answered by some, and perhaps rather angrily, that these strictures are too sweeping; that there is arising, in a certain quarter, a school of history-books for young people of a far more reverent tone, which tries to do full honour to the Church, and her work in the world. Those books of this school which we have seen, we must reply, seem just as much wanting in real reverence for the past, as the school of Gibbon and Voltaire. It is not the past which they reverence, but a few characters or facts eclectically picked out of the past, and for the most part, made to look beautiful by ignoring all the features which will not suit their preconceived pseudo-ideal. There is in these books a scarcely concealed dissatisfaction with the whole course of the British mind since the Reformation, and (though they are not inclined to confess the fact) with its whole course before the Reformation, because that course was one of steady struggle against the Papacy and its anti-national pretensions. They are the outcome of an utterly un-English tone of thought;

and the so-called "ages of faith" are pleasant and useful to them, principally because they are distant and unknown enough to enable them to conceal from their readers that in the ages on which they look back as ideally perfect, a Bernard and a Francis of Assisi were crying all day long,—“O that my head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep for the sins of my people!” Dante was cursing popes and prelates in the name of the God of Righteousness; Chaucer and Boccaccio were lifting the veil from priestly abominations of which we now are ashamed even to read, and Wolsey, seeing the rottenness of the whole system, spent his mighty talents, and at last poured out his soul unto death, in one long useless effort to make the crooked straight, and number that which had been weighed in the balances of God, and found for ever wanting. To ignore wilfully facts like these, which were patent all along to the British nation, facts on which the British laity acted, till they finally conquered at the Reformation, and on which they are acting still, and will, probably, act for ever, is not to have any real reverence for the opinions or virtues of our forefathers; and we are not astonished to find repeated, in such books, the old stock calumnies against our lay and Protestant worthies, taken at second-hand from the pages of Lingard. In copying from Lingard, however, this party has done no more than those writers have who would repudiate any party—almost any Christian—purpose. Lingard is known to have been a learned man, and to have examined many manuscripts which few else had taken the trouble to look at; so his word is to be taken, no one thinking it worth while to ask whether he has either honestly read, or honestly quoted, the documents: It suited the sentimental and lazy liberality of the last generation to make a show of fairness, by letting the Popish historian tell his side of the story, and to sneer at the illiberal old notion, that gentlemen of his class were given to be rather careless about historic truth when they had a purpose to serve thereby; and Lingard is now actually recommended, as a standard authority for the young, by educated Protestants who seem utterly unable to see, that, whether the man be honest or not, his whole view of the course of British events, since Becket first quarrelled with his king, must be antipodal to their own; and that his account of all which has passed for three hundred years since the fall of Wolsey, is most likely to be (and, indeed, may be proved to be) one huge libel on the whole nation, and the destiny which God has marked out for it.

There is, indeed, no intrinsic cause why the ecclesiastical, or pseudo-Catholic, view of history should, in any wise, conduce to a just appreciation of our forefathers. For not only did our forefathers rebel against that conception again and again, till they finally trampled it under their feet, and so appear, *primâ facie*, as offenders to be judged at its bar; but the conception itself is one which takes the very same view of nature as that cynic conception of which we spoke above. Man, with the Romish divines, is, *ipso facto*, the same being as the man of Voltaire, Le Sage, or Beaumarchais;—he is an insane and degraded being, who is to be kept in order, and, as far as may be, cured and set to work by an ecclesiastical system; and the only threads of light in the dark web of his history are clerical and theurgic, not lay and human. Voltaire is the very *experimentum crucis* of this ugly fact. European history looks to him what it would have looked to his Jesuit preceptors, had the sacerdotal element in it been wanting; what heathen history actually did look to them. He eliminates the sacerdotal element, and nothing remains but the chaos of apes and wolves, which the Jesuits had taught him to believe was the original substratum of society. The humanity of his history—even of his “Pucelle d’Orléans”—is simply the humanity of Sanchez, and the rest of those vingt-quatre Pères, who hang gibbeted for ever in the pages of Pascal. He is superior to his teachers, certainly, in this, that he has hope for humanity on earth; dreams of a new and nobler life for society, by means of a true and scientific knowledge of the laws of the moral and material universe; in a word, he has, in the midst of all his filth and his atheism, a faith in a *righteous and truth-revealing* God, which the priests who brought him up had not. Let the truth be spoken, even though in favour of such a destroying Azrael as Voltaire. And what if his primary conception of humanity be utterly base? Is that of our modern historians so much higher? Do Christian men seem to them, on the whole, in all ages, to have had the Spirit of God with them, leading them into truth, however imperfectly and confusedly they may have learnt his lessons? Have they ever heard with their ears, or listened when their fathers have declared unto them the noble works which God did in their days, and in the old time before them? Do they believe that the path of Christendom has been, on the whole, the path of life, and the right way, and that the living God is leading her therein? Are they proud of the old British worthies? Are they jealous and tender of the reputation

of their ancestors? Do they believe that there were any worthies at all in England before the steam-engine and political economy were discovered? Do their conceptions of past society, and the past generations, retain anything of that great thought which is common to all the Arya races—that is, to all races who have left aught behind them better than mere mounds of earth—to Hindoo and Persian, Greek and Roman, Teuton and Scandinavian, that men are the sons of the heroes, who were the sons of God? Or do they believe, that for civilized people of the nineteenth century, it is as well to say as little as possible about ancestors who possessed our vices without our amenities, our ignorance without our science; who were bred, no matter how, like flies by summer heat, out of that everlasting dunghill which men call the world, to buzz and sting their foolish day, and leave behind them a fresh race which knows them not, and could win no honour by owning them, and which owes them no more than if it had been produced, as dunghill-flies were said to be of old, by some spontaneous generation?

It is not likely that any writer in this review will be likely to undervalue political economy, or the steam-engine, or any other solid and practical good, which God has unveiled to this generation. All that we demand (for we have a right to demand it) is, that rational men should believe that our forefathers were at least as good as we are; that whatsoever their measure of light was, they acted up to what they knew, as faithfully as we do; and that, on the whole, it was not their fault if they did not know more. Even now, the real discoveries of the age are made, as of old, by a very few men; and, when made, have to struggle, as of old, against all manner of superstitions, lazinesses, scepticisms. Is the history of the Minié rifle one so very complimentary to our age's quickness of perception, that we can afford to throw many stones at the prejudices of our ancestors? The truth is that, as of old, "many men talk of Robin Hood, who never shot in his bow;" and many talk of Bacon, who never discovered a law by induction since they were born. As far as our experience goes, those who are loudest in their jubulations over the wonderful progress of the age, are those who have never helped that progress forward one inch, but find it a great deal easier and more profitable to use the results which humbler men have painfully worked out, as second-hand capital for hustings-speeches and railway books, and flatter a mechanic's institute of self-satisfied youths, by telling them that the least in-

structed of them is wiser than Erigena or Roger Bacon. Let them be. They have their reward. And so also has the patient and humble man of science, who, the more he knows, confesses the more how little he knows, and looks back with affectionate reverence on the great men of old time,—on Archimedes and Ptolemy, Aristotle and Pliny, and many another honourable [man who, walking in great darkness, sought a ray of light, and did not seek in vain, as integral parts of that golden chain of which he is but one link more; as scientific forefathers, without whose aid his science could not have had a being.

Meanwhile, this general tone of irreverence for our forefathers is no hopeful sign. It is unwise to "inquire why the former times were better than these;" to hang lazily and weakly over some eclectic dream of a past golden age; for to do so is to deny that God is working in this age as well as in past ages, that His light is as near us now as it was to the worthies of old time. But it is more than unwise to boast and rejoice that the former times were worse than these; and to teach young people to say in their hearts, "What clever fellows we are, compared to our stupid old fogies of fathers!" More than unwise; for possibly it may be false in fact. To look at the political and moral state of Europe at this moment, Christendom can hardly afford to look down on any preceding century, and seems to be in want of something which neither science nor constitutional government seem able to supply. Whether our forefathers also lacked that something, we will not inquire just now; but if they did, their want of scientific and political knowledge was evidently not the cause of the defect; or why is not Spain now infinitely better, instead of being infinitely worse off, than she was three hundred years ago?

At home, too — But on the question whether we are so very much better off than our forefathers, Mr. Froude, not we, must speak; for he has deliberately, in his new history, set himself to the solution of this question, and we will not anticipate what he has to say; what we would rather insist on now are the moral ill effects produced on our young people by books which teach them to look with contempt on all generations but their own, and with suspicion on all public characters save a few contemporaries of their own especial party.

There is an ancient Hebrew book, which contains a singular story, concerning a grandson who was cursed, because his father laughed at the frailty of the grandfather. Whether the reader shall regard that story

(as we do) as a literal fact recorded by inspired wisdom, as an instance of one of the great root-laws of family life, and therefore of that national life which (as the Hebrew book so cunningly shews) is the organic development of the family life: or whether he shall treat it (as we do not) as a mere apologue or myth, he must confess that it is equally grand in its simplicity, and singular in its unexpected result. The words of the story, taken literally and simply, no more justify the notion that Canaan's slavery was any magical consequence of the old patriarch's anger, than they do the well-known theory, that it was the cause of the negro's blackness. Ham shews a low, foul, irreverent, unnatural temper toward his father. The old man's shame is not a cause of shame to his son, but only of laughter. Noah prophesies (in the fullest and deepest meaning of that word) that a curse will come upon that son's son; that he will be a slave of slaves; and reason and experience shew that he spoke truth. Let the young but see that their fathers have no reverence for the generation before them, then will they in turn have no reverence for their fathers. Let them be taught that the sins of their ancestors involve their own honour so little, that they need not take any trouble to clear the blot off the scutcheon, but may safely sit down and laugh over it, saying, "Very likely it is true. If so, it is very amusing, and if not—what matter?"—Then those young people are being bred up in a habit of mind which contains in itself all the capabilities of degradation and slavery, in self-conceit, hasty assertion, disbelief in nobleness, and all the other "credulities of scepticism;" parted from that past from which they take their common origin, they are parted also from each other, and become selfish, self-seeking, divided, and therefore weak; disbelieving in the nobleness of those who have gone before them, they learn more and more to disbelieve in the nobleness of those around them, and by denying God's works of old, come, by a just and dreadful Nemesis, to be unable to see His works in the men of their own day, to suspect and impugn valour, righteousness, disinterestedness in their contemporaries; to attribute low motives; to pride themselves on looking at men and things as "men who know the world," so the young puppies style it; to be less and less chivalrous to women, less and less respectful to old men, less and less ashamed of boasting about their sensual appetites; in a word, to shew all these symptoms which, when fully developed, leave a generation without fixed principles, without strong faith, without self-restraint, without

moral cohesion, the sensual and divided prey of any race, however inferior in scientific knowledge, which has a clear and fixed notion of its work and destiny. That many of these signs are shewing themselves more and more ominously in our young men, from the fine gentleman who rides in Rotten Row, to the boy-mechanic who listens enraptured to Mr. Holyoake's exposures of the absurdity of all human things save Mr. Holyoake's self, is a fact which presses itself most on those who have watched this age most carefully, and who (rightly or wrongly) attribute much of this miserable temper to the way in which history has been written among us for the last hundred years.

Whether or not Mr. Froude would agree with these notions, he is more or less responsible for them: for they have been suggested by his "History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth." It was impossible to read the book, without feeling the contrast between its tone and that of every other account of the times which one had ever seen. Mr. Froude seems to have set to work upon the principle, too much ignored in judging of the past, that the historian's success must depend on his dramatic faculty; and not merely on that constructive element of the faculty in which Mr. Macaulay shews such astonishing power, but on that higher and deeper critical element which ought to precede the constructive process, and without which the constructive element will merely enable a writer, as was once bitterly but truly said, "to produce the greatest possible misrepresentation, with the least possible distortion of fact." That deeper dramatic faculty, the critical, is not logical merely, but moral, and depends on the moral health, the wideness and heartiness of his moral sympathies, by which he can put himself, as Mr. Froude has attempted to do, and as we think successfully, into the place of each and every character, and not merely feel for them, but feel with them. He does not merely describe their actions from the outside, attributing them arbitrarily to motives which are pretty sure to be the lowest possible, because it is easier to conceive a low motive than a lofty one, and to call a man a villain, than to unravel patiently the tangled web of good and evil of which his thoughts are composed. He has attempted to conceive of his characters, as he would if they had been his own contemporaries and equals, speaking in his company; and he has, therefore, thought himself bound to act toward them by those rules of charity and courtesy, common alike to Christian morals, English law, and decent society; namely, to hold every man innocent

till he is proved guilty; where a doubt exists, to give the prisoner at the bar the benefit of it; not to excite the minds of the public against him by those insinuating or vituperative epithets, which are but adders and scorpions; and on the whole, to believe that a man's death and burial is not the least reason for ceasing to behave to him like a gentleman and a Christian. We are not inclined to play with solemn things, or to copy Lucian and Quevedo in writing dialogues of the dead: but what dialogues might some bold pen dash off, between the old sons of Anak, at whose coming Hades has long ago been moved, and to receive whom all the kings of the nations have risen up, and the little scribblers who have fancied themselves able to fathom and describe characters to whom they were but pigmies! Conceive a half-hour's interview between Queen Elizabeth and some popular lady-scribbler, who has been deluding herself into the fancy that gossiping inventories of millinery are history. . . . "You pretend to judge me, whose labours, whose cares, whose fiery trials, were beside yours, as the heaving volcano beside a boy's firework? You condemn my weaknesses? Know that they were stronger than your strength! You impute motives for my sins? Know that till you are as great as I have been, for evil and for good, you will be as little able to comprehend my sins as my righteousness! Poor marsh-croaker, who wishest not merely to swell up to the bulk of the ox, but to embrace it in thy little paws, know thine own size, and leave me to be judged by Him who made me!" . . . How the poor soul would shrink back into nothing before that lion eye which saw and guided the destinies of the world, and all the flunkey-nature (if such a vice exist beyond the grave) come out in utter abjectness, as if the ass in the fable, on making his kick at the dead lion, had discovered to his horror that the lion was alive and well—— Spirit of Quevedo! Finish for us the picture which we cannot finish for ourselves.

In a very different spirit from such has Mr. Froude approached these times. Great and good deeds were done in them; and it has therefore seemed probable to him that there were great and good men there to do them. Thoroughly awake to the fact that the Reformation was the new birth of the British nation, it has seemed to him a puzzling theory, which attributes its success to the lust of a tyrant, and the cupidity of his courtiers. It has evidently seemed to him paradoxical that a king who was reputed to have been a satyr, should have chosen to gratify his passions by entering six times into the strict bonds of matrimony, religiously ob-

serving those bonds. It has seemed to him even more paradoxical, that one reputed to have been the most sanguinary tyrant who ever disgraced the English throne, should have been not only endured, but loved and regretted by a fierce and free-spoken people; and he, we suppose, could comprehend as little as we can the reasoning of such a passage as the following, especially when it proceeds from the pen of so wise and temperate a writer as Mr. Hallam.

"A government administered with so frequent violations, not only of the chartered privileges of Englishmen, but of those still more sacred rights which natural law has established, must have been regarded, one would imagine, with just abhorrence, and earnest longings for a change. Yet contemporary authorities by no means answer this expectation. Some mention Henry after his death in language of eulogy; (not only Elizabeth, be it remembered, but Cromwell always spoke of him with deepest respect; and their language always found an echo in the English heart;) and if we except those whom attachment to the ancient religion had inspired with hatred to his memory, few seem to have been aware that his name would descend to posterity among those of the many tyrants and oppressors of innocence, whom the wrath of heaven has raised up, and the servility of man endured."

The names of even those few we should be glad to have; for it seems to us, that (with the exception of a few ultra-Protestants, who could not forgive that persecution of the reformers, which he certainly permitted if not encouraged during one period of his reign,) no one adopted the modern view of his character, till more than a hundred years after his death, when belief in all nobleness and faith had died out among an ignoble and faithless generation, and the scandalous gossip of such a light rogue as Osborne was taken into the place of honest and respectful history.

To clear up such seeming paradoxes as these, by carefully examining the facts of the sixteenth century, has been Mr. Froude's work, and we have the results of his labour in two volumes, embracing only a period of eleven years; but giving promise that the mysteries of the succeeding time will be well cleared up for us in future volumes, and that we shall find our forefathers to have been, if no better, at least no worse men, than ourselves. He has brought to the task, known talents and learning, a mastery over English prose almost unequalled in this generation, a spirit of most patient and good-tempered research, and that intimate knowledge of human motives and pas-

sions which his former books have shown, and which we have a right to expect from any scholar who has really profited by Aristotle's unrivalled *Ethics*. He has plainly examined every contemporary document within his reach, and, as he informs us in the preface, he has been enabled through the kindness of Sir Francis Palgrave, to consult a great number of MSS. relating to the Reformation, hitherto all but unknown to the public, and referred to in his work as MSS. in the Rolls' House, where the originals are easily accessible. These, he states, he intends to publish, with additions from his own reading, as soon as he has brought his history down to the end of Henry the Eighth's reign.

But Mr. Froude's chief text-book seems to have been State Papers and Acts of Parliament. He has begun his work in the only temper in which a man can write accurately and well; in a temper of trust toward the generation whom he describes. The only temper; for if a man has no affection for the characters of whom he reads, he will never understand them; if he has no respect for his subject, he will never take the trouble to exhaust it. To such an author the Statutes at large, as the deliberate expression of the nation's will and conscience, will appear the most important of all sources of information; the first to be consulted, the last to be contradicted; the Canon, which is not to be checked and corrected by private letters and flying pamphlets, but which is to check and correct them. This seems Mr. Froude's theory; and we are at no pains to confess, that if he be wrong, we see no hope of arriving at truth. If these public documents are not to be admitted in evidence before all others, we see no hope for the faithful and earnest historian; he must give himself up to swim as he may on the frothy stream of private letters, anecdotes, and pamphlets, the puppet of the ignorance, credulity, peevishness, spite, of any and every gossip and scribbler.

Beginning his history with the fall of Wolsey, Mr. Froude enters, of course, at his first step, into the vexed question of Henry's divorce: an introductory chapter, on the general state of England, we shall notice hereafter.

A very short inspection of the method in which he handles his divorce question, gives one at once confidence in his temper and judgment, and hope that one may at last come to some clearer understanding of it than the old law gives us, which we have already quoted, concerning the dog who went mad to serve his private ends. In a few masterly pages he sketches for us the

rotting and dying Church, which had recovered her power after the wars of the Roses, over an exhausted nation, but in form only, not in life. Wolsey, with whom he has fair and understanding sympathy, he sketches as the transition minister, "loving England well, but loving Rome better," who intends a reform of the Church, but who, as the Pope's commissioner for that very purpose, is liable to a *præmunire*, and therefore dare not appeal to Parliament to carry out his designs, even if he could have counted on the Parliament's assistance in any measures designed to invigorate the Church. At last arises in the divorce question, the accident which brings to an issue on its most vital point the question of Papal power in England, and which finally draws down ruin upon Wolsey himself.

This appears to have happened in the winter of 1526-7. It was proposed to marry the Princess Mary to a son of the French King. The Bishop of Tarbès, who conducted the negotiations, advised himself (apparently by special instigation of the devil) to raise a question as to her legitimacy.

No more ingenious plan for convulsing England could have been devised. The marriage from which Mary sprang only stood on a reluctant and doubtful dispensation of the Pope's. Henry had entered into it at the entreaty of his ministers, contrary to a solemn promise given to his father, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Canterbury. No blessing seemed to have rested on it. All his children had died young save his one sickly girl: a sure note of divine displeasure in the eyes of that coarse-minded Church which has always declared the chief, if not the only, purpose of marriage to be the procreation of children.

But more; to question Mary's legitimacy was to throw open the question of succession to a half-a-dozen ambitious competitors. It was, too, probably to involve England at Henry's death, in another civil war of the Roses, and in all the internecine horrors which were still rankling in the memories of men, and probably, also, to bring down a French or Scotch invasion. There was, then, too good reason, Mr. Froude shews at length, for Wolsey's assertion to John Casilis—"If his Holiness, which God forbid, shall shew himself unwilling to listen to the King's demands, to me assuredly it will be but grief to live longer, for the innumerable evils which I foresee will follow. . . . Nothing before us but universal and inevitable ruin." Too good reason there was for the confession of the Pope himself to Gardiner, "What danger it was to the realm to have this thing hang in suspense. . . . That with-

out an heir-male, &c., the realm was like to come to dissolution." Too good reason for the bold assertion of the Cardinal-Governor of Bologna, that "he knew the guise of England as few men did, and that if the King should die without heirs-male, he was sure that it would cost two hundred thousand men's lives; and that to avoid this mischief by a second marriage, he thought, would deserve heaven." Too good reason for the assertion of Hall, that "all indifferent and discreet persons judged it necessary for the Pope to grant Henry a divorce, and, by enabling him to marry again, give him the hope of an undisputed heir-male." The Pope had full power to do this; in fact, such cases had been for centuries integral parts of his jurisdiction, as head of Christendom. He was at once too timid and too time-serving to exercise his acknowledged authority; and thus, just at the very moment when his spiritual power was being tried in the balance, he chose himself to expose his political power to the same test. Both were equally found wanting. He had, it appeared, as little heart to do justice among kings and princes, as he had to seek and to save the souls of men; and the Reformation followed as a matter of course.

Through the tangled brakes of this divorce question, Mr. Froude leads us with ease and grace, throwing light, and even beauty, into dark nooks where before all was mist, not merely by his intimate acquaintance with the facts, but still more by his deep knowledge of human character, and of woman's even more than of man's. For the first time, the actors in this long tragedy appear to us as no mere bodiless and soulless names, but as beings of like passions with ourselves, comprehensible, coherent, organic, even in their inconsistencies. Catherine of Arragon is still the Catherine of Shakspeare; but Mr. Froude has given us the key to many parts of her story which Shakspeare left unexplained, and delicately enough has made us understand how Henry's affections, if he ever had any for her—faithfully as he had kept (with one exception) to that loveless *mariage de convenance*,—may have been gradually replaced by indifference and even dislike, long before the divorce was forced on him as a question not only of duty to the nation, but of duty to Heaven. And that he did see it in this latter light, Mr. Froude brings proof from his own words, from which we can escape only by believing that the confessedly honest "Bluff King Hal" had suddenly become a consummate liar and a canting hypocrite.

Delicately, too, as if speaking of a lady whom he had met in modern society (as a

gentleman is bound to do,) does Mr. Froude touch on the sins of that hapless woman, who played for Henry's crown, and paid for it with her life. With all mercy and courtesy, he gives us proof (for he thinks it his duty to do so) of the French mis-education, the petty cunning, the tendency to sensuality, the wilful indelicacy of her position in Henry's household as the rival of his queen, which made her last catastrophe at least possible. Of the justice of her sentence he has no doubt, any more than of her pre-engagement to some one, as proved by a letter existing among Cromwell's papers. Poor thing, if she did that which was laid to her charge, and more, she did nothing, after all, but what she had been in the habit of seeing the queens and princesses of the French court do notoriously, and laugh over shamelessly; while, as Mr. Froude well says, "If we are to hold her entirely free from guilt, we place not only the King, but the Privy-Council, the Judges, the Lords and Commons, and the two Houses of Convocation, in a position fatal to their honour and degrading to ordinary humanity:" (Mr. Froude should have added Anne Boleyn's own uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and her father, who were on the commission appointed to try her lovers, and her cousin, Anthony St. Leger, a man of the very highest character and ability, who was on the jury which found a true bill against her.) "We cannot," continues Mr. Froude, "acquiesce without inquiry in so painful a conclusion. *The English nation, also, as well as she, deserves justice at our hands*; and it cannot be thought uncharitable if we look with some scrutiny at the career of a person, who, but for the catastrophe with which it closed, would not have so readily obtained forgiveness for having admitted the addresses of the king, or for having received the homage of the court as its future sovereign, while the king's wife, her mistress, as yet resided under the same roof." Mr. Froude's conclusion is, after examining the facts, the same with the whole nation of England, in Henry's reign: but no one can accuse him of want of sympathy with the unhappy woman, who reads the eloquent and affecting account of her trial and death, which ends his second volume. Our only fear is, that by having thus told the truth, he has, instead of justifying our ancestors, only added one more to the list of people who are to be "given up" with a cynical shrug and smile. We have heard already and among young ladies, too, who can be as cynical as other people in these times, such speeches as "Well, I suppose he has proved Anne Boleyn to be a bad creature; but that

does not make that horrid Henry any more right in cutting off her head." Thus two people will be despised, where only one was before; and the fact still ignored, that it is just as senseless to say that Henry cut off Anne Boleyn's head, as that Queen Victoria hanged Palmer. Death, and death of a far more horrible kind than that which Anne Boleyn suffered, was the established penalty of the offences of which she was convicted; and which had in her case this fearful aggravation, that they were offences not against Henry merely, but against the whole English nation. She had been married in order that there might be an undisputed heir to the throne, and a fearful war avoided. To throw into dispute, by any conduct of hers, the legitimacy of her own offspring, argues a levity or a hard-heartedness which of itself deserved the severest punishment.

We will pass from this disagreeable topic, to Mr. Froude's life-like sketch of Pope Clement, and the endless *tracasseries* into which his mingled weakness and cunning led him, and which, like most crooked dealings, ended by defeating their own object. Pages 125 and *sqq.* of Vol. I. contain sketches of him, his thoughts and ways, as amusing as they are historically important; but we have no space to quote from them. It will be well for those to whom the Reformation is still a matter of astonishment, to read those pages, and consider what manner of man he was, in spite of all pretended divine authority, under whose rule the Romish system received its irrecoverable wound.

But of all these figures, not excepting Henry's own, Wolsey stands out as the most grand and tragical; and Mr. Froude has done good service to history, if only in making us understand at last the wondrous "butcher's son." Shakspeare seems to have felt (though he could explain the reason neither to his auditors, nor, perhaps, to himself) that Wolsey was, on the whole, a heroic type of man. Mr. Froude shows at once his strength and his weakness; his deep sense of the rottenness of the Church; his purpose to purge her from those abominations which were as well known, it seems, to him, as they were afterwards to the whole people of England; his vast schemes for education; his still vaster schemes for breaking the alliance with Spain, and uniting France and England as fellow-servants of the Pope, and twin-pillars of the sacred fabric of the Church, which helped so much toward his interest in Catherine's divorce, as a "means" (these are his own words) "to bind my most excellent sovereign and this glorious realm to the holy Roman See in faith and obedience for ever;" his hopes of

deposing the Emperor, putting down the German heresies, and driving back the Turks beyond the pale of Christendom; his pathetic confession to the Bishop of Bayonne, that "if he could only see the divorce arranged, the King re-married, the succession settled, and the laws and the Church reformed, he would retire from the world, and would serve God the remainder of his days."

Peace be with him! He was surely a noble soul; misled it may be, (as who is not when his turn comes,) by the pride of conscious power; and "though he loved England well, yet loving Rome better;" but still it is a comfort to see, either in past or in present, one more brother whom we need not despise, even though he may have wasted his energies on a dream.

And on a dream he did waste them, in spite of all his cunning. As Mr. Froude, in a noble passage, says:—

"Extravagant as his hopes seem, the prospect of realizing them was, humanly speaking, neither chimerical, nor even improbable. He had but made the common mistake of men of the world, who are the representatives of an old order of things, when that order is doomed and dying. He could not read the signs of the times; and confounding the barrenness of death with the barrenness of winter, which might be followed by a new spring and summer, he believed that the old life-tree of Catholicism, which in fact was but cumbering the ground, might bloom again in its old beauty. The thing which he called heresy was the fire of Almighty God, which no politic congregation of princes, no state machinery, though it were never so active, could trample out; and as, in the early years of Christianity, the meanest slave who was thrown to the wild beasts for his presence at the forbidden mysteries of the Gospel, saw deeper, in the divine power of his faith, into the future even of this earthly world than the sagest of his imperial persecutors,—so a truer political prophet than Wolsey would have been found in the most ignorant of those poor men, for whom his police was searching in the purlieus of London, who were risking death and torture in disseminating the pernicious volumes of the English Testament."

It will be seen from this magnificent passage that Mr. Froude is distinctly a Protestant. He is one, to judge from his book; and all the better one, because he can sympathize with whatsoever nobleness, even with whatsoever mere conservatism, existed in the Catholic party. And therefore, because he has sympathies which are not merely party ones, but human ones, he has given the world, in these two volumes, a history of the early Reformation altogether unequalled. In this human sympathy, while it has enabled him to embalm in most

affecting prose the sad story of the noble, though mistaken Carthusians, and to make even the Nun of Kent interesting, because truly womanly, in her very folly and deceit, has enabled him likewise to shew us the hearts of the early martyrs as they never have been shown before. His sketch of the Christian brothers, and his little true romance of Anthony Dalaber, the Oxford student, are gems of writing; while his conception of Latimer, on whom he looks as the hero of the movement, and all but an English Luther, is as worthy of Latimer as it is of himself. Written as history should be, discriminatingly, patiently, and yet lovingly and genially, rejoicing not in evil, but in the truth, and rejoicing still more in goodness, where goodness can honestly be found.

To the ecclesiastical and political elements in the English Reformation, Mr. Froude devotes a large portion of his book. We shall not enter into the questions which he discusses therein. That aspect of the movement is a foreign and a delicate subject, from discussing which a Scotch periodical may be excused. North Britain had a somewhat different problem to solve from her southern sister, and solved it in an altogether different way: but this we must say, that the facts, and still more, the State-Papers, (especially the petition of the Commons, as contrasted with the utterly benighted answer of the Bishops,) which Mr. Froude gives, are such as to raise our opinion of the method on which the English part of the Reformation was conducted, and make us believe, that in this, as in other matters, both Henry and his Parliament, though still doctrinal Romanists, were sound-headed practical Englishmen.

This result is of the same kind as most of those at which Mr. Froude arrives. They form altogether a general justification of our ancestors in Henry the Eighth's time, if not of Henry the Eighth himself, which frees Mr. Froude from that charge of irreverence to the past generations, against which we protested in the beginning of this Article. We hope honestly that he may be as successful in his next volumes as he has been in these, in vindicating the worthies of the 16th century. Whether he shall fail or not, and whether or not he has altogether succeeded, in the volumes before us, his book marks a new epoch, and, we trust, a healthier and loftier one, in English history. We trust that they inaugurate a time in which the deeds of our forefathers shall be looked on as sacred heirlooms; their sins as our shame, their victories as bequests to us; when men shall have sufficient confidence in those to

whom they owe their existence, to scrutinize faithfully and patiently every fact concerning them, with a proud trust, that search as they may, they will not find much of which to be ashamed.

Lastly, Mr. Froude takes a view of Henry's character, not, indeed, new, (for it is the original one,) but obsolete for now two hundred years. Let it be well understood, that he makes no attempt (he has been accused thereof) to white-wash Henry: all that he does is, to remove as far as he can, the modern layers of "black-wash," and to let the man himself, fair or foul, be seen. For the result he is not responsible: it depends on facts; and unless Mr. Froude has knowingly concealed facts, to an amount of which even a Lingard might be ashamed, the result is, that Henry the Eighth was actually very much the man which he appeared to be to the English nation in his own generation, and for two or three generations after his death, — a result which need not astonish us, if we will only give our ancestors credit for having, at least, as much common sense as ourselves, and believe (why should we not?) that, on the whole, they understood their own business better than we are likely to do.

The "bloated tyrant," it is confessed, contrived, somehow or other, to be popular enough. Mr. Froude tells us the reasons. He was not born a bloated tyrant, any more than Queen Elizabeth (though the fact is not generally known) was born a wizened old woman. He was, from youth, till he was long past his grand climacteric, a very handsome, powerful, and active man, temperate in his habits, good humoured, frank and honest in his speech, (as even his enemies are forced to confess.) He seems to have been, (as his portraits prove sufficiently,) for good and for evil, a thorough John Bull; a thorough Englishman; but one of the very highest type.

"Had he died," says Mr. Froude, "previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen this country. and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of the Black Prince, or the Conqueror of Agincourt. Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers, when a boy, to an unattractive woman, far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his cotemporaries. His State-Papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey, or of Cromwell,

and they lose nothing by the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful; and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age. He was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in shipbuilding; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology. He was 'attentive,' as it is called, 'to his religious duties,' being present at the services in chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and showing, to outward appearance, a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained, and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns, with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their sincere and unaffected attachment. As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted; he had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness. And it is certain, that if he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like the Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered, by posterity, as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity."

Mr. Froude has, of course, not written these words without having facts whereby to prove them. One he gives in an important note containing an extract from a letter of the Venetian ambassador in 1515. At least, if his conclusions be correct, we must think twice ere we deny his assertion, that "the man best able of all living Englishmen, to govern England, had been set to do it by the conditions of his birth."

"We are bound," as Mr. Froude says, "to allow him the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it, in interpreting his later actions." "The true defect in his moral constitution, that 'intense and imperious will,' common to all princes of the Plantagenet blood, had not yet been tested." That he did, in his later years, act in many ways neither wisely or well, no one denies; that this conduct did not alienate

the hearts of his subjects, is what needs explanation; and Mr. Froude's opinions on this matter, novel as they are, and utterly opposed to that of the standard modern historians, require careful examination. Now we are not inclined to debate Henry the Eighth's character, or any other subject, as between Mr. Froude, and an author of the obscurantist or pseudo-conservative school. Mr. Froude is a Liberal; and so are we. We wish to look at the question as between Mr. Froude and other Liberals; and, therefore, of course, first, as between Mr. Froude and Mr. Hallam.

Mr. Hallam's name is so venerable, and his work so important, that, to set ourselves up as judges in this, or in any matter, between him and Mr. Froude, would be mere impertinence: but speaking merely as learners, we have surely a right to inquire, why Mr. Hallam has entered on the whole question of Henry's relations to his Parliament with a *præjudicium* against them; for which Mr. Froude finds no ground whatsoever in fact. All acts both of Henry and his Parliament are to be taken *in malam partem*. They were not Whigs, certainly: neither were Socrates and Plato, nor even St. Paul and St. John. They may have been honest men, as men go, or they may not: but why is there to be a feeling against them, rather than for them? Why is Henry always called a tyrant, and his Parliament servile? The epithets have become so common and unquestioned, that our interrogation may seem startling. Still we make it. Why was Henry a tyrant? That may be true, but must be proved by facts. Where are they? Is the mere fact of a monarch's asking for money a crime in him and in his ministers? The question would rather seem to be, Were the monies for which Henry asked needed or not, and when granted, were they rightly or wrongly applied? And on these subjects we want much more information than we obtain from Mr. Hallam's epithets. The author of a constitutional history should rise above epithets; or, if he uses them, should corroborate them by facts. Why should not Mr. Hallam be as fair and as cautious in accusing Henry and Wolsey, as he would be in accusing Queen Victoria and Lord Palmerston? What right, allow us to ask, has a grave constitutional historian to say, that "We cannot, indeed, doubt, that the unshackled and despotic condition of his friend, Francis I., afforded a mortifying contrast to Henry?" What document exists, in which Henry is represented as regretting that he is the king of a free people?—for such Mr. Hallam confesses, just above, England was held to be, and was actually, in

comparison of France. If the document does not exist, Mr. Hallam has surely stepped out of the field of the historian into that of the novelist, *à la* Scott or Dumas. The Parliament sometimes grants Henry's demands; sometimes it refuses them, and he has to help himself by other means. Why are both cases to be interpreted in *malam partem*? Why is the Parliament's granting to be always a proof of its servility?—its refusing, always a proof of Henry's tyranny and rapacity? Both views are mere *præjudicia*, reasonable perhaps, and possible: but why is a *præjudicium* of the opposite kind as rational and as possible? Why has not a historian a right to start, as Mr. Froude does, by taking for granted, that both parties may have been on the whole right; that the Parliament granted certain sums, because Henry was right in asking for them; refused others because Henry was wrong; even that, in some cases, Henry may have been right in asking, the Parliament wrong in refusing; and that in such a case, under the pressure of critical times, Henry was forced to get, as he could, the money, which he saw that the national cause required? Let it be as folks will. Let Henry be sometimes right, and the Parliament sometimes likewise; or the Parliament always right, or Henry always right; or anything else, save this strange diseased theory, that both must have been always wrong, and that, evidence to that effect failing, motives must be insinuated, or openly asserted, from the writer's mere imagination. This may be a dream: but it is as easy to imagine as the other, and more pleasant also. It will probably be answered (though not by Mr. Hallam himself) by a sneer; "You do not seem to know much of the world, Sir. So would Figaro and Gil Blas have said, Sir; and on exactly the same grounds as you do."

Let us examine a stock instance of Henry's "rapacity" and his Parliament's servility, namely, the exactions in 1524 and 1525, and the subsequent "release of the king's debts," which a late writer,—in a Review conducted by University men, and therefore, one would have supposed, superior to the stale and dangerous habit of reviewing one book by another,—quoted the other day, second-hand, out of Hallam, as a "settler" to Mr. Froude's view of Henry and his Parliament. What are the facts of the case? France and Scotland had attacked England in 1514. The Scotch were beaten at Flodden. The French lost Tournay and Therouanne, and, when peace was made, agreed to pay the expenses of the war. Times changed, and *the expenses were not paid*.

A similar war arose in 1524, and cost

England immense sums. A large army was maintained on the Scotch border, another army invaded France; and Wolsey, not venturing to call Parliament,—because he was, as Pope's legate, liable to a *præmunire*,—raised money by contributions and benevolences, which were levied, it seems, on the whole, uniformly and equally, (save that they weighed more heavily on the rich than on the poor, if that be a fault,) and differed from taxes only in not having received the consent of Parliament. Doubtless, this was not the best way of raising money: but what if, under the circumstances, it were the only one? What if, too, on the whole, the money so raised was really given willingly by the nation? The sequel alone could decide that.

The first contribution for which Wolsey asked was paid. The second was resisted, and was not paid, proving thereby that the nation need not pay unless it chose. The Court gave way; and the war became defensive only, till 1525.

Then the tide turned. The danger, then, was not from Francis, but from the Emperor. Francis was taken prisoner at Pavia; and shortly after, Rome was sacked by Bourbon.

The effect of all this in England is told at large in Mr. Froude's second chapter. Henry became bond for Francis's ransom, to be paid to the Emperor. He spent 500,000 crowns more in paying the French army; and in the terms of peace made with France, a sum-total was agreed on for the whole debt, old and new, to be paid as soon as possible; and an annual pension of 500,000 crowns beside. The French exchequer, however, still remained bankrupt, and again the money was not paid.

Parliament, when it met in 1529, reviewed the circumstances of the expenditure, and finding it all such as the nation on the whole approved, *legalized the taxation by benevolences, retrospectively*; and this is the whole mare's nest of the first payment of Henry's debts; if at least, any faith is to be put in the preamble of the Act for the release of the King's Debts, 21 Hen. VIII. c. 24. "The King's loving subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, calling to remembrance the inestimable costs, charges, and expenses which the King's Highness hath necessarily been compelled to support and sustain since his assumption to his crown, estate, and dignity royal, as well for the extinction of a right dangerous and damnable schism, sprung in the Church, as for the modifying the insatiable and inordinate ambition of them, who,

while aspiring to the monarchy of Christendom, did put universal troubles and divisions in the same, intending, if they might, not only to have subdued this realm, but also all the rest, unto their power and subjection—for resistance whereof, the King's Highness was compelled to marvellous charges—both for the supportation of sundry armies by sea and land, and also for divers and manifold contribution on hand, to save and keep his own subjects at home in rest and repose—which hath been so politically handled, that when the most part of all Christian lands have been invested with cruel wars, the great Head and Prince of the world [the Pope!] brought into captivity, cities and towns taken, spoiled, burnt, and sacked—the King's said subjects, in all this time, by the high providence and politic means of his Grace, have been nevertheless preserved, defended, and maintained from all these inconvenients, &c.

"Considering, furthermore, that his Highness, in and about the premises, hath been fain to employ not only all such sums of money as hath risen and grown by contributions made unto his Grace by his loving subjects—but also, over and above the same, sundry other notable and excellent sums of his own treasure and yearly revenues, among which manifold great sums so employed, his Highness, also, *as is notoriously known, and as doth evidently appear by the ACCOUNTS OF THE SAME, hath to that use, and none other, converted all such money as by any of his subjects hath been advanced to his Grace by way of prest or loan*, either particularly, or by any taxation made of the same—being things so well collocate and bestowed, seeing the said high and great fruits and effects thereof insured to the surety and commodity and tranquillity of this realm—of our mind and consent, do freely, absolutely, give and grant to the King's Highness all and every sum or sums of money," &c.

The second release of the King's debts, in 1544, is very similar. The King's debts and necessities were really, when we come to examine them, those of the nation: in 1538–40 England was put in a thorough state of defence from end to end. Fortresses were built along the Scottish border, and all along the coast opposite France and Flanders. The people were drilled and armed, the fleet equipped; and the nation, for the time, became one great army. And nothing but this, as may be proved by an overwhelming mass of evidence, saved the country from invasion. Here were enormous necessary expenses which must be met.

In 1543, a million crowns were to have

been paid by Francis the First, as part of his old debt. And it was not paid, but, on the contrary, Henry had to go to war for it. The nation again relinquished their claim, and allowed Henry to raise another benevolence in 1545, concerning which Mr. Hallam tells us a great deal, but not one word of the political circumstances which led to it or to the release, keeping his sympathies and his paper for the sorrows of refractory Alderman Reed, who, refusing (alone of all the citizens) to contribute to the support of troops on the Scotch border or elsewhere, was sent down, by a sort of rough justice, to serve on the Scotch border himself, and judge of the "perils of the nation" with his own eyes; and being (one is pleased to say) taken prisoner by the Scots, had to pay a great deal more as ransom than he would have paid as benevolence.

But to return. What proof is there in all this, of that servility which most historians, and Mr. Hallam among the rest, are wont to attribute to Henry's Parliaments? What feeling appears on the face of this document, which we have given and quoted, but one honourable to the nation? Through the falsehood of a foreign nation, the King is unable to perform his engagements to the people. Is not the just and generous course in such a case, to release him from those engagements? Does this preamble, does a single fact of the case, justify historians in talking of these "king's debts" in just the same tone as that in which they would have spoken of George the Fourth's or the Duke of York's? as if the King had squandered the money on private pleasures? Perhaps most people who write small histories, believe that this really was the case. They certainly would gather no other impression from the pages of Mr. Hallam. No doubt, the act must have been burdensome on some people. Many, we are told, had bequeathed their promissory notes to their children, used their reversionary interest in the loan in many ways; and these, of course, felt the change very heavily. No doubt: but why have we not a right to suppose that the Parliament were aware of that fact; but chose it as the less of the two evils? The King had spent the money; he was unable to recover it from Francis, could only refund it by raising some fresh tax or benevolence; and why may not the Parliament have considered the release of old taxes likely to offend fewer people than the imposition of new ones? It is, certainly, an ugly thing to break public faith; but to prove that public faith was broken, we must prove that Henry compelled the Parliament to release him; if the act was of their own free will,

no public faith was broken, for they were the representatives of the nation, and through them, the nation forgave its own debt. And what evidence have we that they did not represent the nation, and that on the whole, we must suppose, as we should in the case of any other men, that they best knew their own business? May we not apply to this case, and to others, *mutatis mutandis*, the argument which Mr. Froude uses so boldly and well in the case of Anne Boleyn's trial—"The English nation also, as well as . . . deserves justice at our hands."

Certainly it does: but it is a disagreeable token of the method on which we have been accustomed to write the history of our own forefathers, that Mr. Froude should find it necessary to state formally so very simple a truth.

What proof, we ask again, is there that this old parliament was "servile?" Had that been so, Wolsey would not have been afraid to summon it. The specific reason for not summoning a Parliament for six years after that of 1524, was, that they were not servile; that when (here we are quoting Mr. Hallam, and not Mr. Froude) Wolsey entered the House of Commons with a great train, seemingly for the purpose of intimidation, they "made no other answer to his harangues, than it was their usage to debate only among themselves." The debates on this occasion lasted fifteen or sixteen days, during which, says an eye-witness, "there has been the greatest and sorest hold in the Lower House, 'the matter debated and beaten;' such hold that the House was like to have been dissevered;" in a word, hard fighting (and why not honest fighting?) between the court party and the opposition, "which ended," says Mr. Hallam, "in the court party obtaining, with the utmost difficulty, a grant much inferior to the Cardinal's original requisition." What token of servility is here?

And is it reasonable to suppose, that after Wolsey was conquered, and a comparatively popular ministry had succeeded, and that memorable Parliament of 1529, (which Mr. Froude, not unjustly, thinks more memorable than the Long Parliament itself,) began its great work with a high hand, backed not merely by the King, but by the public opinion of the majority of England, their decisions are likely to have been more servile than before? If they resisted the King when they disagreed with him, are they to be accused of servility because they worked with him when they agreed with him? Is an opposition always in the right; a ministerial party always in the wrong? Is

it an offence against the people to agree with a monarch, even when he agrees with the people himself? Simple as these questions are, one must really stop to ask them.

No doubt, pains were often taken to secure elections favourable to the Government. Are none taken now? Are not more taken now? Will any historian shew us the documents which prove the existence, in the sixteenth century, of Reform Club, Carlton Club, whippers-in and nominees, governmental and opposition, and all the rest of the beautiful machinery which protects our Reformed Parliament from the evil influences of bribery and corruption? Pah!—We have somewhat too much glass in our modern House, to afford to throw stones at our forefathers' old St. Stephen's. At the worst, what was done then but that without which it is said to be impossible to carry on a government now? Take an instance from the Parliament of 1539, one in which there is no doubt Government influence was used, in order to prevent as much as possible the return of members favourable to the clergy—for the good reason, that the clergy were no doubt on their own side intimidating voters by all those terrors of the unseen world, which had so long been to them a source of boundless profit and power.

Cromwell writes to the King to say that he has secured a seat for a certain Sir Richard Morrison, but for what purpose? As one who no doubt "should be ready to answer and take up such as should crack or face with literature of learning, if any such should be." There was, then, free discussion; they expected clever and learned speakers in the opposition, and on subjects of the deepest import, not merely political but spiritual; and the Government needed men to answer such. What more natural, than that so close on the "pilgrimage of grace," and in the midst of so great dangers, at home and abroad, the Government should have done their best to secure a well-disposed House, (one would like to know when they would not?) but surely the very effort, (confessedly exceptional) and the acknowledged difficulty, prove that Parliament were no mere "registrars of edicts."

But the strongest argument against the tyranny of the Tudors, and especially of Henry VIII., in his "benevolences," is derived from the state of the people themselves. If these benevolences had been really unpopular, they would not have been paid. In one case, we have seen, a benevolence was not paid for that very reason. For the method of the Tudor sovereigns, like that of their predecessors, was the very opposite to that of tyrants, in every age and

country. The first act of a tyrant has always been to disarm the people, and to surround themselves with a standing army. The Tudor method was, as Mr. Froude shews us by many interesting facts, to keep the people armed and drilled, even to compel them to learn the use of weapons. Throughout England spread one vast military organization, which made every adult a soldier, and enabled him to find, at a day's notice, his commanding officer, landlord, sheriff, or lieutenant of the county; so that, as a foreign ambassador of the time remarks with astonishment, (we quote from memory,) "England is the strongest nation on earth, for though the King has not a single mercenary soldier, he can raise in three days an army of two hundred thousand men."

And of what temper those men were is well known enough. Mr. Froude calls them (and we beg leave to endorse, without exception, Mr. Froude's opinion,) "A sturdy high-hearted race, sound in body, and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews, which, under the stimulus of those 'great shins of beef,' their common diet, were the wonder of the age." "What comyn folke in all this world," says a state-paper in 1515, "may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England?" In stories of authentic actions under Henry VIII., (and we will add, under Elizabeth likewise,) where the accuracy of the account is undeniable, no disparity of force made Englishmen shrink from enemies whenever they could meet them. Again and again a few thousands of them carried dismay into the heart of France. Four hundred adventurers, vagabond apprentices of London, who formed a volunteer corps in the Calais garrison, were for years (Hall says) the terror of Normandy. In the very frolic of conscious power they fought and plundered, without pay, without reward, save what they could win for themselves; and when they fell at last, they fell only when surrounded by six times their number, and were cut to pieces in careless desperation. Invariably, by friend and foe alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe, (English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them;) and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance in which they lived, to the soldier's training, in which every one of them was bred from childhood.

Mr. Froude's novel assertion about profuse abundance must be weighed by those who have read his invaluable introductory chapter. But we must ask at once, how was

it possible to levy on such a populace a tax which they were determined not to pay, and felt that they were not bound to pay either in law or justice? Conceive Lord Palmerston's sending down to demand a "benevolence" from the army at Aldershot, beginning with the General in command, and descending to the privates.... What would be the consequences? Ugly enough: but gentle in comparison with those of any attempt to exact a really unpopular tax from a nation of well-armed Englishmen, unless they, on the whole, thought the tax fit to be paid. They would grumble, of course, whether they intended to pay or not—for were they not Englishmen, our own flesh and blood?—and grumble all the more in person, because they had no press to grumble for them: but what is there in the M.P.'s letter to Lord Surrey, quoted by Mr. Hallam, p. 25, or in the more pointed letter of Warham's, two pages on, which we do not see lying on our breakfast tables in half the newspapers every week? Poor, pedantic, obstructive, old Warham, himself very angry at so much being asked of his brother clergymen, and at their being sworn as to the value of their goods, (so like are old times to new ones;) and being, on the whole, of opinion, that the world (the Church included) is going to the devil, says, that as he has been "showed in a secret manner of his friends, the people sorely grudgeth and murmureth, and speaketh cursedly among themselves, as far as they dare, saying that they shall never have rest of payments as long as some liveth, and that they had better die than be thus continually handed, reckoning themselves, their wives and children, as despoilt, and not greatly caring what they do, or what becomes of them."

Very dreadful—if true; which last point depends very much upon who Warham was. Now, on reading Mr. Froude's, or any other good history, we shall find that Warham was one of the leaders of that party (which will always have its antitype in England) represented now by *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Standard*, and the *Morning Herald*. Have we, too, not heard within the last seven years, similar prophecies of desolation, mourning, and woe—of the Church tottering on the verge of ruin, the peasantry starving under the horrors of free-trade, noble families reduced to the verge of beggary by double income-tax? Even such a prophet seems Warham to have been—of all people in that day, one of the last whom one would have asked for an opinion.

Poor old Warham, however, was not so far wrong in this particular case; for the

"despoult" slaves of Suffolk, not content with grumbling, rose up with sword and bow, and vowed that they would not pay. Whereon the bloated tyrant sent his prætorians, and enforced payment by scourge and thumbscrew? Not in the least. They would not pay; and, therefore, being free men, nobody could make them pay; and although in the neighbouring county of Norfolk, from twenty pounds (*i.e.*, £200 of our money) upward, (the tax was not levied on men of less substance,) there were not twenty but what had consented; and though there was "great likelihood that this grant should be much more than the loan was," (the "salt tears" shed by the gentlemen of Norfolk proceeding, says expressly the Duke of Norfolk, "*only from doubt how to find money to content the king's Highness,*") the king and Wolsey gave way frankly and at once, and the contribution is remitted, although the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, writing to Wolsey, treat the insurrection lightly, and seem to object to the remission as needless.

From all which facts (they are Mr. Hallam's, not Mr. Froude's) we can deduce not tyranny, but lenity, good sense, and the frank withdrawal from a wrong position, as soon as the unwillingness of the people proved it to be a wrong one.

This instance is well brought forward (though only in a line or two by Mr. Froude) as one among many proofs that the working-classes in Henry the Eighth's time "enjoyed an abundance far beyond that which in general falls to the lot of that order in long-settled countries, incomparably beyond what the same class were enjoying at that very time in Germany or France. The laws secured them; and that the laws were put in force, we have the direct evidence of successive acts of the legislature, justifying the general policy by its success; and we have also the indirect evidence of the contented loyalty of the great body of the people, at a time when, if they had been discontented, they held in their own hands the means of asserting what the law acknowledged to be their right. The Government" (as we have just shewn at length) "had no power to compel injustice. . . . If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances, we should have heard of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them forward. Complaint was loud enough, when complaint was just, under the Somerset Protectorate."

Such broad facts as these (for facts they are) ought to make us pause ere we boast of the greater liberty enjoyed by English-

men of the present day, as compared with the tyranny of Tudor times. Thank God, there is no lack of that blessing now; but was there any real lack of it then? Certainly, the outward notes of a tyranny exist now in far greater completeness than then. A standing army, a Government police, ministries who bear no love to a militia, and would consider the compulsory arming and drilling of the people as a dangerous insanity, do not look at first sight as much like "free institutions" as a Government which, though again and again in danger not merely of rebellion, but of internecine wars of succession, so trusted the people, as to force weapons into their hands from boyhood. Let us not be mistaken; we are no hankerers after retrogression; the present system works very well; let it be; all that we say is, that the imputation of despotic institutions lies, *primâ facie*, rather against the reign of Queen Victoria than against that of King Henry the Eighth. Of course, it is not so in fact. Many modern methods, which are despotic in appearance, are not so in practice. Let us believe that the same was the case in the sixteenth century. Our governors now understand their own business best, and make a very fair compromise between discipline and freedom. Let us believe that the men of the sixteenth century did so likewise. All we ask is, that our forefathers should be judged as we wish to be judged ourselves, "not according to outward appearance, but with righteous judgment."

Mr. Froude finds the cause of this general contentment and loyalty of the masses, in the extreme care which the government took of their well-being. The introductory chapter, in which he proves to his own satisfaction the correctness of his opinion, is well worth the study of our political economists. The facts which he brings seem certainly overwhelming; of course, they can only be met by counter-facts; and our knowledge does not enable us either to corroborate or refute his statements. The chief argument used against them seems to us, at least to shew, that for some cause or other, the working-classes were prosperous enough. It is said the Acts of Parliament regulating wages do not fix the minimum of wages, but the maximum. They are not intended to defend the employed against the employer, but the employer against the employed, in a defective state of the labour market, when the workmen, by the fewness of their numbers, were enabled to make extravagant demands. Let this be the case, (we do not say that it is so,) what is it but a token of prosperity among the

working-classes? A labour-market so thin that workmen can demand their own price for their labour, till Parliament is compelled to bring them to reason, is surely a time of prosperity to the employed,—a time of full work and high wages; of full stomachs, inclined from very prosperity to “wax fat and kick.” If, however, any learned statistician should be able to advance, on the opposite side of the question, enough to weaken some of Mr. Froude's conclusions, he must still, if he be a just man, do honour to the noble morality of this most striking chapter, couched as it is in as perfect English as we have ever had the delight of reading. We shall leave, then, the battle of facts to be fought out by statisticians, always asking Mr. Froude's readers to bear in mind, that though other facts may be true, yet his facts are no less true likewise, and shall quote at length, both as a specimen of his manner and of his matter, the last three pages of this introductory chapter, in which, after speaking of the severity of the laws against vagrancy, and shewing how they were excused by the organization which found employment for every able-bodied man, he goes on to say,—

“It was, therefore, the expressed conviction of the English nation, that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live a profitless and worthless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the commonwealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline if the gangrene was not incurable; to be cut away with the knife, if the milder treatment of the cart-whip failed to be of profit.

“A measure so extreme in its severity was partly dictated by policy. The state of the country was critical; and the danger from questionable persons traversing it unexamined and uncontrolled was greater than at ordinary times. But in point of justice as well as of prudence, it harmonized with the iron temper of the age, and it answered well for the government of a fierce and powerful people, in whose hearts lay an intense hatred of rascality, and among whom no one could have lapsed into evil courses except by deliberate preference for them. The moral sinew of the English must have been strong indeed when it admitted of such stringent bracing; but, on the whole, they were ruled as they preferred to be ruled; and if wisdom can be tested by success, the manner in which they passed the great crisis of the Reformation is the best justification of their princes. The era was great throughout Europe. The Italians of the age of Michael Angelo; the Spaniards who were the contemporaries of Cortez; the Germans who shook off the Pope at the call of Luther; and the splendid chivalry of Francis I. of France, were no common men. But they were all brought face to face with the same trials, and none met them as the English met them. The English alone never lost their self-possession, and if they owed something to fortune in their escape from anarchy,

they owed more to the strong hand and steady purpose of their rulers.

“To conclude this chapter, then.

“In the brief review of the system under which England was governed, we have seen a state of things in which the principles of political economy were, consciously or unconsciously, contradicted; where an attempt, more or less successful, was made to bring the production and distribution of wealth under the moral rule of right or wrong; and where those laws of supply and demand, which we are now taught to regard as immutable ordinances of nature, were absorbed or superseded by a higher code. It is necessary for me to repeat that I am not holding up the sixteenth century as a model which the nineteenth might safely follow. The population has become too large, and employment too complicated and fluctuating, to admit of such control; while, in default of control, the relapse upon self-interest as the one motive principle is certain to ensue, and, when it ensues, is absolute in its operations. But as, even with us, these so-called ordinances of nature in time of war consent to be suspended, and duty to his country becomes with every good citizen a higher motive of action than the advantages which he may gain in an enemy's market; so it is not uncheering to look back upon a time when the nation was in a normal condition of militancy against social injustice,—when the Government was enabled by happy circumstances to pursue into detail a single and serious aim at the wellbeing—wellbeing in its widest sense—of all members of the commonwealth. There were great difficulties and drawbacks at that time as well as this. Of Liberty, in the modern sense of the word,—of the supposed right of every man ‘to do what he will with his own,’ or with himself, there was no idea. To the question, if ever it was asked, ‘May I not do what I will with my own?’ there was the brief answer, ‘No man may do what is wrong, either with what is his own, or with what is another's.’ Producers, too, who were not permitted to drive down their workmen's wages by competition, could not sell their goods as cheaply as they might have done, and the consumer paid for the law in an advance of price; but the burden, though it fell heavily on the rich, lightly touched the poor; and the rich consented cheerfully to a tax which insured the loyalty of the people. The working-man of modern times has bought the extension of his liberty at the price of his material comfort. The higher classes have gained in wealth what they have lost in power. It is not for the historian to balance advantages. His duty is with the facts.”

Our forefathers, then, were not free, if we attach to that word the meaning which our Transatlantic brothers seem inclined to give to it. They had not learnt to deify self-will, and to claim for each member of the human race a right to the indulgence of every eccentricity. They called themselves free, and boasted of their freedom: but their conception of liberty was that of all old nations, a freedom which not only allowed of discipline, but which grew out of it. No people had less wish to exalt the

kingly power into that specious tyranny, a paternal government; the king was with them, and always had been, both formally and really, subject to their choice; bound by many oaths to many duties; the minister, not the master of the people. But their whole conception of political life was, nevertheless, shaped by their conception of family life. Strict obedience, stern discipline, compulsory education in practical duties, was the law of the latter; without such training they thought their sons could never become in any true sense men. And when they grew up, their civic life was to be conducted on the same principles, for the very purpose of enabling them to live as members of a free nation. If the self-will of the individual was curbed, now and then, needlessly, (as it is the nature of all human methods to caricature themselves at times,) the purpose was, not to weaken the man, but to strengthen him, by strengthening the body to which he belonged. The nation was to be free, self-helping, self-containing, unconquerable; to that great purpose the will, the fancy, even, if need be, the mortal life, of the individual must give way. Men must be trained at all costs in self-restraint, because only so could they become heroes in the day of danger; in self-sacrifice for the common good, because only so would they remain united, while foreign nations and evil home influences were trying to tear them asunder. In a word, their conception of life was as a warfare; their organization, that of a regiment. It is a question whether the conception of corporate life embodied in a regiment or army, be not, after all, the best working one for this world. At least, the problem of a perfect society, howsoever beautiful on paper, will always issue in a compromise, more or less perfect, (let us hope more and more perfect as the centuries roll on,) between the strictness of military discipline, and the Irishman's *laissez-faire* ideal, wherein "every man should do that which was right in the sight of his own eyes, and wrong too, if he liked." At least, such had England been for centuries; under such a system had she thriven; a fact which, duly considered, should silence somewhat those gentlemen who, (not being of a military turn themselves) inform Europe so patriotically and so prudently, that "England is not a military nation."

From this dogma we beg leave to differ utterly. Britain is at this moment, in our eyes, the only military nation in Europe. All other nations seem to us to have military governments, but not to be military themselves. As proof of the assertion, we appeal merely to the existence of our mili-

tia. While other nations are employing conscription, we have raised in twelve months, a noble army, every soul of which has volunteered as a free man; and yet, forsooth, we are not a military nation! We are not ashamed to tell how, but the other day, standing in the rear of those militia regiments, no matter where, a flush of pride came over us at the sight of those lads, but a few months since helpless and awkward country boors, now full of sturdy intelligence, cheerful obedience, and the manhood which can afford to be respectful to others, because it respects itself, and knows that it is respected in turn. True, they had not the lightness, the order, the practical ease, the cunning self-helpfulness of the splendid German legionaries who stood beside them, the breast of every other private decorated with clasps and medals for service in the wars of seven years since. As an invading body, perhaps, one would have preferred the Germans; but only because experience had taught them already, what it would teach in twelve months to the Berkshire or Cambridge "clod." There, to us, was the true test of England's military qualities; her young men had come by tens of thousands, of their own free-will, to be made soldiers by her country gentlemen, and treated by them the while as men to be educated, not as things to be compelled; not driven like sheep to the slaughter, to be disciplined by men with whom they have no bond but the mere official one of military obedience; and "what," we asked ourselves, "does England lack to make her a second Rome? Her people have physical strength, animal courage, that self-dependence of freemen which enabled at Inkerman the privates to fight on literally without officers, every man for his own hand. She has inventive genius, enormous wealth: and if, as is said, her soldiers lack at present the self-helpfulness of the Zouave, it is ridiculous to suppose that that quality could long be wanting in the men of a nation which is at this moment the foremost in the work of emigration and colonization. If organizing power and military system be, as is said, lacking in high quarters, surely there must be organizing power enough somewhere, in the greatest industrial nation upon earth, ready to come forward, when there is a real demand for it, and, whatever be the defects of our system, we are surely not as far behind Prussia or France, as Rome was behind the Carthaginians and the Greeks whom they crushed. A few years sufficed for them to learn all they needed from their enemies; fewer still would suffice us to learn from our friends. Our working-classes are

not, like those of America, in a state of physical comfort too great to make it worth while for them to leave their home occupations; and whether that be a good or an evil, it at least insures us, as our militia proves, an almost inexhaustible supply of volunteers. What a new and awful scene for the world's drama, did such a nation as this once set before itself, steadily and ruthlessly, as Rome did of old, the idea of conquest. Even now, waging war as she has done, as it were *ἐν παρρησίᾳ*, thinking war too unimportant a part of her work to employ it on her highest intellects, her flag has advanced, in the last fifty years, over more vast and richer tracts than that of any European nation upon earth. What keeps her from the dream which lured to their destruction, Babylon, Macedonia, Rome?"

This: that, thank God, she has a conscience still; that feeling intensely the sacredness of her own national life, she has learnt to look on that of other people's as sacred also; and since, in the fifteenth century, she finally repented of that wild and unrighteous dream of conquering France, she has discovered more and more that true military greatness lies in the power of defence, and not of attack; in not waging war, but being able to wage it; and has gone on her true mission of replenishing the earth more peacefully, on the whole, and more humanely, than did ever nation before her, conquering only when it was necessary to put down the lawlessness of the savage few, for the well-being of the civilized many. This has been her idea; she may have confused it and herself, in Caffre or in Chinese wars; for who can always be true to the light within him? But this has been her idea; and therefore she stands and grows and thrives, a virgin land for now eight hundred years.

But a fancy has come over us, during the last blessed forty years of unexampled peace, from which our ancestors of the sixteenth century were kept, by stern and yet most wholesome lessons; the fancy that peace, and not war, is the normal condition of the world. The fancy is so fair, that we blame none who cherish it; after all, they do good by cherishing it; they point us to an ideal which we should otherwise forget, as Babylon, Rome, France in the seventeenth century, forgot utterly. Only they are in haste (and pardonable haste too) to realize that ideal, forgetting that to do so would be really to stop short of it, and to rest contented in some form of human society, far lower than that which God has actually prepared for those who love him. Better to believe that all our conceptions of the height to which the human race might attain, are poor and pal-

try compared with that toward which God is guiding it, and for which he is disciplining it by awful lessons; and to fight on, if need be, ruthless and yet full of pity, (and many a noble soul has learnt within the last two years how easy it is to reconcile in practice that seeming paradox of words,) smiting down stoutly evil, wheresoever we shall find it, and saying, "What ought to be, we know not; God alone can know: but that this ought *not* to be, we do know, and here, in God's name, it shall not stay."

We repeat it: war, in some shape or other, is the normal condition of the world. It is a fearful fact: but we shall not abolish it by ignoring it, and ignoring by the same method the teaching of our Bibles. Not in mere metaphor does the gospel of Love describe the life of the individual good man as a perpetual warfare. Not in mere metaphor does the apostle of love see in his visions of the world's future no Arcadian shepherd paradises, not even a perfect civilisation, but an eternal war in heaven, wrath and woe, plague and earthquake; and amid the everlasting storm, the voices of the saints beneath the altar, crying, Lord, how long? Shall we pretend to have more tender hearts than the old man of Ephesus, whose dying sermon, so old legends say, was nought but—"Little children, love one another;" and yet could denounce the liar and the hater and the covetous man, and proclaim the vengeance of God against all evil-doers, with all the fierceness of an Isaiah? It was enough for him—let it be enough for us—that he could see, above the thunder-cloud, and the rain of blood, and the scorpion swarm, and the great angel calling all the fowl of heaven to the supper of the great God, that they might eat the flesh of kings and valiant men, a city of God eternal in the heavens, and yet eternally descending among men; a perfect order, justice, love, and peace, becoming actual more and more in every age, through all the fearful training needful for a fallen race.

Let that be enough for us: but do not let us fancy that what is true of the two extremes, must not needs be true of the mean also; that while the life of the individual and of the universe is one of perpetual self-defence, the life of the nation can be aught else: or that any appliances of scientific comforts, any intellectual cultivation, even any the most direct and common-sense arguments of self-interest, can avail to quiet in man those outbursts of wrath, ambition, cupidity, wounded pride, which have periodically convulsed, and will convulse to the end the human race. The philosopher in his study may

prove their absurdity, their suicidal folly, till, deluded by the strange lull of a forty years' peace, he may look on wars as in the same category with flagellantisms, witch-manias, and other "popular delusions," as insanities of the past, impossible henceforth, and may prophesy, as really wise political economists were doing in 1847, that mankind had grown too sensible to go to war any more. And behold, the peace proves only to be the lull before the thunder-storm; and one electric shock sets free forces unsuspected, transcendental, supernatural in the deepest sense, which we can no more stop, by shrieks at their absurdity, from incarnating themselves in actual blood, and misery, and horror, than we can control the madman in his paroxysm, by telling him that he is a madman. And so the fair vision of the student is buried once more in rack and hail, and driving storm; and, like Daniel of old, when rejoicing over the coming restoration of his people, he sees beyond the victory some darker struggle still, and lets his notes of triumph die away into a wail,—“And the end thereof shall be with a flood; and to the end of the war desolations are determined.”

It is as impossible as it would be unwise, to conceal from ourselves the fact, that all the Continental nations look upon our present peace as but transitory, momentary; and on the Crimean war as but the prologue to a fearful drama—all the more fearful because none knows its purpose, its plot, which character will be assumed by any given actor, and, least of all, the *dénouement* of the whole. All that they feel and know is, that every thing which has happened since 1848 has exasperated, not calmed, the electric tension of the European atmosphere; that a rottenness, rapidly growing intolerable alike “to God and to the enemies of God,” has eaten into the vitals of Continental life; that their rulers know neither where they are, nor whither they are going, and only pray that things may last out their time: all notes which one would interpret as proving the Continent to be already ripe for subjection to some one devouring race of conquerors, were there not a ray of hope in an expectation, even more painful to our human pity, which is held by some of the wisest among the Germans; namely, that the coming war will fast resolve into no struggle between bankrupt monarchs and their respective armies, but a war between nations themselves, an internecine war of opinions and of creeds. There are wise Germans now who prophesy, with sacred tears, a second “thirty years' war” with all its frantic horrors, for their hapless country, which has found two centuries too short a time wherein to recover

from the exhaustion of that first fearful scourge. Let us trust that if that war shall beget its new Tillys and Wallensteins, it shall also beget its new Gustavus Adolphus, and many another child of Light; but let us not hope that we can stand by, in idle comfort, and that when the overflowing scourge passes by, it shall not reach to us. Shame to us were that our destiny. Shame to us, were we to refuse our share in the struggles of the human race, and to stand by in idle comfort while the Lord's battles are being fought. Honour to us, if in that day, we have chosen for our leaders, as our forefathers of the sixteenth century did, men who see the work which God would have them do, and have hearts and heads to do it. Honour to us, if we spend this transient lull, as our forefathers of the sixteenth century did, in setting our house in order, in redressing every grievance, reforming every abuse, knitting the hearts of the British nation together by practical care and help between class and class, man and man, governor and governed, that we may bequeath to our children, as Henry the Eighth's men did to theirs, a British national life, so united and whole-hearted, so clear in purpose, and sturdy in execution, so trained to know the right side at the first glance, and take it, that they shall look back with love and honour upon us, their fathers, determined to carry out, even to the death, the method which we have bequeathed to them. Then, if God will that the powers of evil, physical and spiritual, should combine against this land, as they did in the days of good Queen Bess, we shall not have lived in vain; for those who, as in Queen Bess's days, thought to yoke for their own use a labouring ox, will find, as then, that they have roused a lion from his den.

ART. III.—*Les Ouvriers Européens, Etudes sur les Travaux, la Vie Domestique, et la Condition Morale des Populations ouvrières de l'Europe, précédées d'un Exposé de la Méthode d'Observation.* Par M. F. LE PLAY, Ingénieur en Chef des Mines, Professeur de Métallurgie à l'Ecole des Mines de Paris. Paris: Imprimé par l'Autorisation de l'Empereur à l'Imprimerie Impériale. 1855.

ONE of the most difficult and pressing questions of the present day is how to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, without so disturbing the present order of things that the violence of the remedy would be worse

than the original evil; without merely shifting the burden of injustice, and substituting one class-wrong for another. The numerous theories now flooding the world, from the imperfect and fragmentary science of the so-called political economists, to the impossible philanthropy of more amiable dreamers, indicate a wide-spread feeling of the need of reformation in this quarter of society. But it has been only of late years that the evil complained of has taken a strict class definition. In Rousseau's time, and others', it was the poor man generically that was to be protected—it was humanity at large, not merely an isolated wrong that was to be reformed. Now the question has narrowed itself to more positive limits: it is the adjustment of labour and capital that involves all the rest. For the reformation of matters as they stand each man has a different theory according to his temperament. The political economist, who cares for law rather than for humanity, proposes entire self-control, the annihilation of all natural instincts, and profound acquiescence in the present state of things, as the labourer's only means of salvation and advancement; the socialist, who venerates humanity as God's greatest earthly creation, and who doubts of the sacredness of an opposing social code, would destroy the last to give the first free play; the liberal politician would enlarge the representative basis, and cure all by wider powers of self-government; the believer in the Divine institution of social castes, would throw back the workman to the same dependent condition as that in which he lived in the old feudal times, and think he had secured his well-being when he had deprived him of his liberty;—the most deceiving and plausible, but least dangerous, of all the false lights hung out to show the way men are *not* to go. Contravening, as this theory does, the grand and divine law of progress, politicians could not long impose it on the world; any more than they could arrest the course of germination, and force back the bursting seed into its former state of torpor and undevelopment. The thing next best to truth is the impossible lie. But this is the theory, the perfection of which M. F. Le Play has written his massive folio to prove and uphold. Judged only by its own merits, his work, ambitious in design and pompous in execution, does not deserve much serious attention: faulty in facts, false in reasoning, and retrograde in principle, its sole importance is the manner of its publication. Though of little value in itself, yet as the expression of the French Emperor's opinions, at least by sanction and adoption, it takes an importance, and will have an influence, none the

less real because not intrinsic. From this point of view, therefore, it is a work deserving critical study and impartial judgment; for the subject is one of such vital importance to society, that any theory whatever, sanctioned by the executive power of a great country, claims attention and demands investigation.

The spirit in which M. Le Play begins his task seems to us incorrect. Writing of men, he has written as if classifying dried leaves in an herbarium, or marking chippings of stone in a cabinet. In attempting to be rigidly scientific, he is philosophically imperfect. Passions, instincts, the disturbing influences of individual and national tempers, of various physical organizations, of different educational circumstances, in a word, all that complexity which makes humanity so difficult to legislate for and to govern, M. Le Play passes over without remark. His work is arithmetical, not humanitarian; his object, the establishment of a certain theory of political economy, not the discovery of such laws as would be best for the needs and nature of man. And in this distinction between theory and fact, political economy and human nature, lies his weak and faulty point: for the science of political economy will never be true nor perfect while divorced from the necessities of human nature, and refusing to recognise their right—while assuming that men and women are mere machines to be wound up and set going according to a given diagram, and not centres of vital forces with an inherent direction that nothing can destroy, and only long-continued pressure modify. Their passions, their instincts, their very weaknesses are stronger than the most perfect theory; and those who would discover the laws of a true science, and apply eternal rules—who would really solve our present social difficulties, and not merely touch them by quackery—must acknowledge the force, and the right to recognition, of these passions, and must legislate for and with them, not against them. Man's theories have no power to crush God's laws into a new shape; and humanity, as it is, must be the point round which the practical philosophy of the world must revolve.

M. Le Play tells us, that for twenty years "he has been devoted to metallurgic studies," and "from his position well able to study the condition of the manufacturing population of France." The nature of his profession led him even into Asia, as well as into every country in Europe, and "enabled him to observe the different types of workmen formed under the influence of varying social organizations." M. Le Comte A. de Saint Léger accompanied him in most of

his travels; at one time going alone to Germany and some distant French provinces: but recently both travelled together to Russia and Siberia, to study more particularly the three types found there, of nomadic, emigrant, and stationary peasants. One broad result of these studies is, that the North, East, and Centre of Europe, are found to be in a state of complete social quiescence; it is only in the West and South that society is restless, dissatisfied, confused, and seeking to solve the problem of its inequality. In those countries where the patriarchal régime is still maintained, men live quietly and contentedly. They know nothing beyond their own sphere, they desire nothing beyond their present possessions; they are types of family union and domestic wellbeing. But arts, manufactures, civilisation, and science, are dead among them, and their peace is the peace of ignorance and sleep. They are essentially behind the present age; they are what we were in our old feudal times, before the middle class had struggled into existence, and when society was composed but of the privileged and the oppressed — when the workman was the villain and the peasant was the serf, and when the seigneur stood between law and justice and held back both from his people. It is useful, therefore, to know exactly how they live, and what is their condition, that we may understand our own past and justly appreciate the present.

M. Le Play proposes in this work to give an abstract of the condition of the whole working classes of Europe; of their morality, intellectual cultivation, religion, earnings, expenditure, amusements, furniture, and wardrobes; taking one family in each district touched on, as the type of the whole. This method of investigation cannot be considered as scientific, in spite of the paraphernalia of ciphers, columns, variously sized type, and learned nomenclature, which give such an imposing air to these "monographies." Every one knows how widely families differ even in the same district, under the same social and hygienic circumstances, and working at the same trade. John Smith, the drunken, dissolute weaver, with a slatternly wife and eight or ten uncared-for children, is no fair representative of John Smith the sober weaver, with an industrious wife and a well-educated family. Their moral and intellectual culture, their social well-being, and their domestic happiness, will be no more alike than one of M. Le Play's own Bachkirs is like his Sheffield cutler. And if the drunken Smith be taken as the type of the community to which he belongs, all the sober Smiths will be of course misrepresented. But this is what M.

Le Play has done in setting forth one family as the portrait of the community. The resemblance at best can be but general. And in that case what need is there for such minute data as he has given?—what need to give the inventory of the wardrobe and of the furniture, down to a wooden settle and a torn duster, when this inventory could hold good but for that one particular household? Such affectation of accuracy looks like charlatanism; it is putting manner in the room of matter, and confusing the judgment by partial lights. On the questions, then, of accurate method, of observation, of approximation, and average, the learned engineer has decidedly missed his way.

Three conditions or régimes of labour are given as the three systems under which all European engagements are ranked. The *first* is that of "permanent forced engagements," or slavery and serfdom; which throw all responsibility on the master, and leave the workmen no free-will or independence; as in Russia, the Slavonic provinces of Turkey, and in Central Europe. Our author takes pains to impress on his readers that this system is highly acceptable to the peasants and ouvriers themselves, and is advantageous to their best interests. The *second* régime is that of "voluntary permanent engagements," a state implying a certain *theoretic* development of individual liberty, and in principle recognising the fundamental truth of European society—the right of each man to his own time and labour. This régime is to be met with chiefly in Austria and Hungary,—some of its forms being close guilds, hereditary apprenticeship, and the system of patronage. The *third* is that of "voluntary temporary engagement," as in England, France, Belgium, in three Swiss Cantons, in Norway, and in many Spanish provinces. In these last countries the change from a more primitive and feudal system has been gradually introduced without any shock to national prejudices, and without disturbing the order of society. In France we all know through what a baptism of blood the people passed to their freedom, and the same baptism seems to be preparing elsewhere. This is the system which the learned engineer deprecates as most disastrous both in its moral and social consequences. As, for instance, in the fluctuating population which gathers round the coal and mining districts, where the engagement between employers and workmen is entirely temporary, and involves no moral obligation on either side—where the workman takes up the life and habits of the earliest type, the nomad; but without the simplicity, frugality, contentedness, or virtuous

principles of his original—and where the employer thinks only of how he may best obtain the largest amount of labour for the smallest amount of wages, and troubles himself in no wise with the moral or social well-being of his men. Certainly this state of things, as at present existing, is essentially evil; but the remedy is not to be found in the state through which we have already passed, and which we have left behind us. Society must go onward to get clear; it can never go back to a former condition which it left because it was insufficient for its needs.

After specifying the various conditions of labour, M. Le Play proceeds to offer a definition of the *ouvrier* as follows:—

“Les personnes exerçant un travail manuel, autre que le service personnel du maître, participant plus ou moins de la condition de propriétaire ou de chef d'industrie, ayant pour principal moyen d'existence la rétribution accordée à ce travail.”

Starting from this definition he then classes the workmen themselves under seven heads,—“1. *Les ouvriers domestiques*; 2. *Les journaliers*; 3. *Les tâcherons*; 4. *Les ouvriers ayant en outre les qualités de tenanciers*; 5. *De chefs de métier*; 6. *Ou de propriétaires*; enfin, 7. *Les propriétaires travaillant principalement pour leur propre compte.*” Of these, of course, the nearer the grade reaches to independence, the better it is for the workman. The workman who, in the quality of proprietor or chef de métier, works without the intervention of any third person between himself and his customers, is better off and in a higher position every way, than he who works for hire for the profit of another. The piece-worker, again, is better off than the day-labourer, if the former be a skilled worker; and the tenant living in a rented house is better off than the house servant living in his master's house. In everything the nearer a man approaches to liberty, the right of self-control, and independence of existence, the higher he stands socially, and in general the nobler he is morally; for neither want of liberty, nor work for hire, allows the best qualities of a man room for growth. But according to M. Le Play there is a greater difference between the classes of *ouvriers* than between the terms of labour.

In the manufacturing districts the family of the workman is supported by wages only, without the addition of anything like privileges, or as M. Le Play calls them, subventions. In the agricultural districts, on the contrary, the right to certain aids—such as house-rent free, free pasturage, the use of common lands, wood, game, fish, wild fruits, &c.,—gives a certain character of proprietorship to the workman, while adding to his

means in a way certainly more desirable than charities or even benefit societies. But where, as in Central and Northern Europe, these agricultural privileges are carried into the heart of the manufacturing districts, social characteristics elsewhere so distinct become mixed and confused; and the subject of work and wages, always difficult, becomes still more so by the gradual abolition of the old boundary lines. The two ranks are no longer kept clear; agriculture mingles with manufacture; but the political economist overlooks this peculiarity of central Europe when writing of these two régimes of labour, and so produces imperfect and unsound results. All this M. Le Play sets forth as preface to the announcement that he alone has appreciated this nice distinction, and has alone been able to gain the confidence of the people whom he addressed; that his facts, therefore, are correct, and his conclusions valid.

Workmen must live by masters: be those masters associations where they all labour for a common end, or men hiring them to execute tasks for their customers; or be they customers directly employing them, without any kind of intervention. In other words, labour must find a market. Let us examine the question of associations. There are two kinds of associations—corporate and communistic. Corporations or guilds are societies where all the members are bound together by special and collective interests, which, by their very nature, are restrictive and exclusive. Communities are associations where all work for a common fund and with common means, and where the spirit is essentially helpful and fraternal; but also, as well as with guilds, where the first law is the abolition of individual free-will. Corporations are protective, communities helpful; corporations are like armed bands in the midst of enemies, communities like generous friends in a foreign land; and corporations and communities alike can only exist with the sacrifice of free-will and independence. But corporations have now almost entirely subsided into mere benefit societies, invested with a few unimportant political rights, which preserve their members from the misery attendant on illness, dearth, or want of work, but which retain none of those ancient characteristics which made them at one time important elements of the State. As for communities, the experiment has been so seldom tried under anything like fair or equal circumstances, that, save in one or two exceptional cases, we can scarcely speak of the result. The primitive type—the patriarchal system—is the real root of communism; but between this primitive

type existing only with profound ignorance, total absence of commerce, and the want of all energy and ambition for improvement, as in the nomadic races and the highest ideal of unselfishness, Christian charity, refinement, and universal civilisation, there does not seem to be much chance for a communistic success. It is not an experiment likely to succeed in a transitional state of society. And as the society of the present day is eminently and undoubtedly transitional, as we are passing from the old form into new and untried paths—it is not possible that an experiment requiring harmony in the surrounding relations, and perfect accord in its own organization should succeed. Society follows certain rules, and passes through certain phases—as surely as chemical substances undergo certain transformations, and as heavenly bodies obey fixed but progressive laws. And communism, even when voluntary, does not come in as one of the intermediate phases. In Russia, and among the nomads and half-savages subject to her, among the “paysans, fondeurs, and forgerons” of Sweden, Westphalia, and the Bergamasque country—until lately even in the agricultural country of the Bas Nivernais in France—the communistic principle is in full force. But carried to the utmost extent of tyranny: no longer a voluntary, helpful, generous association, but the forced yoke-fellowship of slaves, the prevention of individual development, the annihilation of personal freedom, the destruction of hope, energy, ambition, and improvement. It is not the communism which western philanthropists have imagined for the workman, nor that which could possibly accord with the present conditions of commerce and science. It is the primitive régime as seen in half-barbarous countries, and, as such, stands quite apart from the only communism possible to the Western world. Even M. Le Play confesses that civilisation cannot borrow so much of the forms of barbarism; fond as he is of looking back, not forward, and of seeking of the past the answers to the difficulties of the present. He speaks thus of the communistic principle in its two distinct phases of nomadic communism and of forced engagements, both of which spring from the “family organization of society:”—

“En résumé, le système des nomades et celui des engagements forcés lient partout en Europe à une puissante organisation de la famille; dans les deux autres systèmes sociaux, le cercle de la famille et l'autorité de son chef s'amoindrissent en général en mesure que les individus jouissent plus complètement de leur libre arbitre. Il y a cependant, sous ce rapport, des limites qui ne peuvent être impunément dépassées: on le constatera

souvent dans la suite de cet ouvrage, les meilleurs constitutions sociales sont celles qui conservent, en les pondérant avec sagesse, tous les grands principes auxquels la civilisation Européenne a demandé, jusqu'à ce jour, la stabilité ou le progrès; celles, en particulier, qui concilient, avec un développement considérable de la liberté pour tous les individus, la plus grande somme possible de l'autorité paternelle.”

From the early type of patriarchal communism to the intermediate stage of corporations, society has gradually passed onward to the most perfect exercise of free-will, halting occasionally at the system of mastership or patronage to which we alluded above.

In Sweden, Central Europe, and Western Germany, the system of patronage is in the fullest force. Without any formal bond, servants and workmen remain with their masters all their lives; not from affection, nor yet only from the force of habit, but most commonly from pecuniary obligation. In many districts, the ouvriers are bound to remain with their master until they repay the loan with which he generally establishes them in life; and this can never be done before quite mature age; consequently, not before the stationary and unadventurous age. This is the system of “voluntary permanent engagements,” which, according to Le Play, has come the nearest to solve the “great question of the day—the conciliation of individual liberty with security of existence.” It is also another form of the patriarchal system; abandoning the communism of the Nomadic tribes, and preserving only their parental authority, and the abrogation of individual liberty. Our author asserts that this system is both advantageous to the best interests of the working classes, and much loved by all who live under it; but when we come to speak of the *abrok*, we shall shew that as many, as can, escape from the very régime which, according to this reasoning, they regard as their happiness and salvation.

The third method is, when a workman, preserving the character of a “chef de métier” or “propriétaire,” works directly for his customers without the aid or intervention of a third party. This system was much followed in the western countries especially in England and Scotland, until the erection of machinery changed the whole face of the working world. It still, however, obtains in rural districts and small country towns, where large manufacturing companies have not yet established themselves, and where consumption and produce are both limited and isolated. It gives decidedly the most dignity to the workman,

as well as insures him individually the largest amount of personal well being; but if the present conditions of labour do not admit of this system—if the accumulation of capital, and consequently of power, has destroyed this small independent class—if machinery has changed the character of human labour, and large associations swamped individual efforts—if all these new phases are in positive existence, then the solution of our present difficulties must be made to agree with our present circumstances; we must find a remedy for the existing evil that shall accord with the existing régime.

The greatest difficulty of all perhaps lies with the working classes themselves. Their improvidence, extravagance, want of foresight, and love of gross sensual pleasures, render any outward attempt at amelioration of their condition very sad and very hopeless. Until they will aid themselves by moral elevation—which can only be brought about by a wide-spread and most liberal education—no one else can aid them. Yet we must be just. We must not expect from ignorant, or at best half-educated men, the moral virtues others of high intelligence and liberal teaching do not often shew. We must not expect that fabulous amount of self-control—the total subjection of the natural instincts and inclinations. It is very easy to say that the poor ought to be this and that; that if they were reasonable and frugal, such and such benefits would accrue to them in their old age. But this is flagrant injustice; and this is the imperfect side of political economists. The good we seek must accord with human nature, society must change and right itself into harmony with natural laws. All that ignores, stultifies, and mutilates the full force of human life—always in due and noble proportion—is a false and a vicious theory. It is only another mode of preaching subjection to tyranny, and resignation to wrong. If we have not found the true answer to this terrible social enigma yet, we must not accept false guesses as the truth, and be contented with them. Still, while pleading earnestly and warmly for the recognition of natural laws, for the dignity and sacredness of human instincts, we must not forget the grand question of proportion, nor allow of excess, which is vice, because total abnegation is not virtue. The working classes owe it to themselves, as well as to society, to make the best of their condition; and the best is not made by ruining themselves and their prospects by sensual and profligate extravagance. Economy, frugality, industry, self-denial, all are virtues, whether exercised by rich or poor; doubly virtuous where, as in

the case of the working classes, the prosperity or the misery of the future depends on their exercise or neglect. Le Play cites the following, as instances of the greatest amount of industry and economy to be met with in Europe.

“Les portefaix et les bateliers émigrants de la Russie centrale, le marchand de grains de l'Oural, le fondeur d'Hundsruke, le métayer de la Vieille Castille, le mineur émigrant de la Galicie, le Penty de la Basse Bretagne, le moissonneur émigrant du Soissonnais, le mineur de l'Auvergne, le maréchal ferrant du Maine, le maître blanchisseur de la banlieue de Paris.”

In Spain, the best and the most frugal workmen are to be found among the mountains of Galicia, the Asturias, and Biscay; in France, among the mountains of Limousin, de la Marche, and Auvergne; throughout Savoy generally; in Italy, in the high valleys of Piedmont, Lombardy, the Venetian States, the Tyrol, and in all the chain of the Appenines. Combined with local habits and tendencies, this love of saving and desire to possess property are found among the muleteers and waggoners of Spain; that is to say, in several provinces, but not nationally as a professional characteristic always evident: among the market-gardeners and cow-keepers of the suburbs of Paris; among the reapers of Picardy, Normandy, and the Soissonnais; among the hemp and linen carders of Franche Comté; among the chimney sweepers (poëlier fumistes) who come from the valley of the Domo d'Ossola—the blacksmiths of Luequois, and the Bergamasque country—the emigrant woodmen of Bohemia—the waggoners and boatmen of Northern Germany and Scandinavia—the fishermen of the Mediterranean and the North Seas—the waggoners of South Russia and of Siberia—the farmers and horse-rearers (éleveurs de chevaux) of the valley of the Don—the boatmen of the Volga and the Kalma—the hunters of the north forests and of Russia. This somewhat lengthy list is given as the roll-call of the most economical and industrious workmen in Europe. Our country does not figure there at all.

M. Le Play divides the workman's income into four sources; “*propriétés, subventions, travaux spéciaux, industries domestiques.*” This last, by the way, includes an absurd calculation of the worth of a woman's—wife or mother—work in the house, duly set down as so much in the balance-sheet, figuring there among the receipts in kind, not money. The simplest form of property—after a man's wardrobe—is his house. In

the east it is a tent. Then comes a garden, an orchard, fields, meadows, special crops, and finally, granaries, work-rooms, and stables. The term "proprietor" does not always include the same tenure of property. In France and England, a landed proprietor, small or great, is a man holding land in his own right, or at a lease, without intervention and without collateral claims, so long as his lease shall last. With the eastern nomads proprietorship is communistic; the pasture grounds belong to the whole tribe alike, and therefore are not to be included as the private property of any; while the mixed character of communism and individual privileges among the stationary peasants of Russia, disturbs the accuracy of our definition in another direction. The heads of houses enjoy there, under their seigneurs and by the laws of the community, special advantages which give the character of proprietorship to some in the midst of the communism of others. In general, the land in Russia is re-divided among the peasants once in every fifteen years; but in some districts, as among the Ural mountains, the land is transmitted from generation to generation, always as the seigneur's property, held in trust and for consideration; but the holder can neither sell nor yet mortgage it to a stranger. It is simply his to cultivate, and he may enjoy the fruits of his cultivation, after he has satisfied the claims of his seigneur. In Turkey, land is held under different terms again. A distinction is made between "terres mortes" and "terres vivantes." The first are the lands, such as garden, field, orchard, &c., which, lying round the house, are cultivated by the spade. The second are the farms and fields worked by the plough. Theoretically, all land in Turkey belongs to God; next under him to the Sultan, as senior tenant, who receives a certain tithe or tax in recognition of this tenantry: the usufruct is the cultivator's—the person who, being in possession, cultivates it well, and pays his dues to the State and to the Mosque. If the land is suffered to fall into neglect for three years, it then lapses to the State. In Hungary, and in many parts of Europe, the peasant's tenure is the same as in our old feudal times; by a service-fee paid to the lord. This service-fee is sometimes redeemed by a certain sum of money, paid once for all for a term of years, or paid yearly, as our rent would be. Or it is redeemed by the peasant hiring a substitute; when, in Russia, a man is said to be living *à l'abrok*. The same law of tenure and service held good in France before the first Revolution; and by its crying injustice, by the tyranny, oppression, wrong, and crime,

that it caused, was one of the principal causes of that Revolution.

Animals are a simpler kind of property; they belong more entirely to the nominal owner; and even in communistic tribes, some animals are held as individual property. Cows are the most valuable of all to a family. In some countries they are treated as veritable housemates; and share, equally with the children, in the care and affection of the household. Every one knows what his mare is to the Arab, and what a large place in his wellbeing his camel fills; and every one has heard of the Irish pig and the Irish cow. Our author gives rather too much moral weight to the fact of this possession; assuming that forethought, prudence, economy, self-sacrifice, and most other moral virtues, follow on the peasant's keeping of animals.

The highest kind of property is of course money accumulated and put out to interest: this is the last form, and naturally the one most seldom met with among the ouvriers. In Turkey, where interest is forbidden by law, and in Russia, where property is never more than a long loan from the seigneur to the serf, the peasant saves only for what he wants to buy: he does not save to accumulate capital and obtain interest. In Russia, there are certainly instances of great wealth among the serfs *à l'abrok*. One of the richest men of our time, and the husband of an Imperial Princess, is said to be a royal serf *à l'abrok*. But the general rule in Russia is, that the lower orders do not save, simply because they have no motive for doing so. Why should a man deny himself present pleasures to swell the future joys of his lord? Where property is not secured to the holder, what reason is there for sacrifices to obtain it? In other countries, other causes stand between the workman and a saved competency; but the result is always the same, that working-men as a class do not save. To induce this habit, savings banks and benefit societies have been undertaken by Government and by private speculation. These institutions have done much good in relieving distress, and in inducing habits of economy. They threaten, however, from their increasing numbers to become the source of great evil, by affording an excess of help. Le Play asserts that speculations of this nature—savings banks or benefit societies—succeed only when undertaken by the masters and employers—that the workmen fail when they attempt these or other such matters by themselves; an assertion not sought to be supported by proof, and in England refuted by many striking instances to the contrary.

But as the design of this folio is to shew that all which the working-classes attempt for and by themselves—all and every manifestation of free will or independence, is hurtful when not useless—we must accept mere assertions with caution, and even qualify the facts set down. Masters, by this author's theory, should be the supreme controllers of the whole business of life: the *ouvrier* should be as a child, attempting nothing on his own responsibility. He calls this solidarity; we call it want of freedom. He upholds the necessity of the workman's tutelage, and the value of the master's tutorship—he paints the evils which have sprung from the liberty, free-will, and want of solidarity among the working-classes of the west, but he does not look forward to a possible time when labour shall be more justly rewarded than at present, and when the skilled and educated workman shall be able to win a higher species of recognition from his masters, and from society, than he does to-day. Yet this would be a better state of things than any return to feudal dependence, even if dignified by the name of solidarity.

Subventions, or privileges beside and beyond wages paid for a certain amount of labour performed, assume large dimensions in the systems of Central Europe. In North and East Scandinavia, in Russia, and in Turkey, subventions assume a purely domestic and exceptional character. There servants often enter their master's households by marriage, and thus become part of the family while still acting as servants—giving their time and labour for equivalents paid neither in wages nor in separate subventions—forming an intermediate state between right and privilege.

This belongs to the patriarchal order of society; and is a state expressed by a word or words wholly wanting to the western languages—as these have terms for hired and salaried workmen wanting to the eastern tongues. In many of the French provinces, subventions or privileges are still largely allowed. One of the best and wisest is that accorded to the peasant of Basse-Bretagne—the *Pen-ty*, or day labourer living in a house of his own. The *Pen-ty*, when he enters service, may place two heifers among the flocks of his master, to be nourished for two years *à titre gratuit*. After this time they are sold at a certain profit, which profit constitutes the first substantial foundation of a fortune that often ends in some thousands of francs. There is also the *saunier lettrier* of Saintonge. He is the privileged salt-maker who makes salt in the marshes of Saintonge on his own

account, and who is entitled to so much free pasture as he can find in the extent of marsh assigned to him for salt-making. Even when the land passes into other hands, and though the proprietorship may be subdivided *ad infinitum*, nothing touches the rights of the *saunier lettrier*. Wild fruits, game, fish, free pasture, common lands, firewood, and many other privileges of the same nature, are the chief ameliorating circumstances in the condition of the *ouvrier* in North, South, and Central Europe. Benefit societies and charities take the place of these in Western Europe; especially in Great Britain, and in France. Common windmills for grinding corn, common ovens for baking bread, are also very generally met with, especially in Servia; and in fact subventions are the principal means of livelihood in many districts; direct wages for direct work forming but a small part of the family income.

The “*travaux spéciaux*,” as a means of income, of course cannot be more than indicated; they vary with each man's individual capability, education, and goodwill; sifting themselves into classes not only distinct from each other but distinct and varying in the numbers of each. Thus, in a special trade, working at the same class and kind of work, two men will earn different sums according to the individual habits of each; while the general result, even of a fixed system, and of fixed rates of remuneration, though outwardly more uniform, will in reality be modified and disturbed from the same causes. The “*travaux spéciaux*,” therefore, can only be spoken of in a tabular summary, or when giving the budget of an individual, or of one family. As a general source of income, they are too vague and wide to be fixed into rules.

Of domestic labour we have not much to say, though M. Le Play always includes this as one of his sources of income. But it is a very unstable item; difficult to calculate, and more difficult to define. When you come to the money value of a woman's washing the floor of her kitchen, or mending her children's socks, you enter into regions so vague and so vast, that none but such a mind as M. Le Play's would venture to give the faintest outline, still less the exact form and manner and worth as he does. The labour of a family may be divided, certainly, into principal and secondary. The principal is that of the father or head of the house, including perhaps his eldest son or sons; the secondary is that of the mother and her younger children. But even this

definition holds good only for Europe. For in the east men do many things, which, in the west, are wholly appropriated by women. They work with the needle, wash, iron, and do other things which we have been accustomed to regard as especially feminine labour. Even in our own Indian colonies, a lady's dress-maker and embroiderer is a man; and the tailor—or what would be in the west the workwoman—is part of the regular establishment. One great “domestic labour” also in the east, is the manufacture of the family wearing apparel; from the first spinning of the raw material to the last embroidery stitch of the perfect garment. Here, owing to the cheapness and rapidity of machine productions, it is rare for even knitting or spinning to be carried on in a family; and unhappily almost as rare for the material to be made up at home. Few mothers of families among the working classes in England, can make even the most ordinary clothes for themselves or their children. The dress-maker who goes out to work by the day, is a positive “institution” now; and a most disastrous one; the cause of many evils, as it is the result of many, of which the creation of the class itself—of a class so miserable and so nearly approaching destitution as the work-woman of England—is not the least nor the lightest. We buy both labour and material into our families; buy them with money earned by often the most toilsome and monotonous kind of work, which might be diversified and lightened if we mixed in this home work, now “farmed out” to another. This sameness of labour in manufacturing districts, which has no interest in itself, no artistic beauty, and which is chiefly mechanical, not requiring intellect or fancy—this work, which is simply a dull means of livelihood, and oftentimes a very poor one, certainly does little for the happiness or elevation of the worker. It is morally and physically unhealthy, both for men and women; but as it is the régime of the day, the changes that are to come must take place in this, and by this, not against it—the changes that are to come, and that are to ameliorate the condition of the workers, must be by further development, not by annihilation of the present system. We must still work by machinery and manufactories, but we must work more healthfully and under more natural conditions. For instance, it is peculiarly bad for women and young girls to be employed in the factories. Long hours passed in constrained postures, a vitiated atmosphere, dull labour, the absence of interest or change, the breaking up of home

ties, are all singularly evil conditions both morally and physically for women. Women, as a class, ought not to be employed out of the house in any kind of labour not immediately connected with domestic life. Still less ought they to be employed in unhealthy occupations, kept in confined atmospheres, or forced to remain in constrained or sedentary positions. Of course, there are individual cases where women can be employed abroad healthfully and advantageously. We would not circumscribe the sphere of their usefulness; for in acknowledging their capacity for labour, and in granting them the dignity which springs from this, we make the first steps towards placing them in their true and equal position. It is only cowards who fear the just emancipation of women. But still, —granting her the full liberty of labour as a rule—the sphere of a married woman's labour ought to be home, or in matters immediately connected with home. To care for the cattle, to attend also to the garden when in the country, to make the children's clothes and her own, and to mend them more than our unthrifty housewives often do now-a-days, to wash and iron and cook and bake; and if there be then any leisure left from all these duties, to read if she can, and as she ought to be able to do, to spend some portion of the day, however small, in the recreation necessary for the moral health of humanity; these are the occupations naturally fitted for women, and these are what they neglect when they follow their husbands to the factory or the mine. There are also other small handicrafts, such as lace-making, plain needle work, &c., which fit in well with the leisure-time of women; while harvest-time, and the gathering in of autumn fruits, form another source of income and legitimate employment. In the East, where several married sons or brothers live together, the labours of the ménage are divided and lightened. With us, what household aid is given or required is all hired and paid for. And though it may be urged that a woman's time is worth more to her in the factory than it is at home—that she can gain there more than she spends on the substitutes she hires to do her household work—yet the moral and physical effects are so bad, that no consideration of mere gain ought to be held to counterbalance their tremendous evil. As a question ranging far wider than the mere labour question, the out-of-door employment of married women is one which no political economist should be led into supporting. The systematic substitution of the wife and mother at home is one of the most grievous features of the

present system of labour. Whether the children are sent to infant schools, or confided to the care of young inexperienced girls, or of harsh unfeeling women, the system is equally bad. The mother is guardian of her young both by nature and by reason; and any substitution of that guardianship—except in special cases—must have a bad moral tendency. And most distinctly do we say that wages ought to be at such a level, that a man's work alone could support his family. Married women ought not to be obliged to leave their home where their duty lies, for the miserable purpose of earning their children's bread. It is for the man to earn—for the woman to guard and to distribute. And farther, as the health of woman is one of the most important subjects that a nation can consider—as from her strength and perfect organization springs the source of a people's prosperity in the energy, health, valour, and intellect, mainly transmitted by the mother—so does it become a nationally vital matter to abolish all such customs and habits as injure this, and, by injuring this, sap the life-blood of the race. What work soever has been proved injurious to the health of women, ought to be abolished from our customs, if we hold to seeing our men and our race stand among the foremost of the world.

Work undertaken at home by men on their own account, is a mode of labour in some points of view very advantageous. We grant the impossibility of this system now, and until machinery shall have attained far greater perfection, far more compactness, completeness, and home-manageableness than at present. But if we could develop our present materials of labour into likeness with our past modes of labouring, we should have solved the problem which now perplexes the whole economical world. For the past modes were undoubtedly good in some respects—for instance, this habit of working at home. The most superficial thinker must understand the probable happy results of this system. It would employ the old, the young, and the sickly;—it would give each an interest in the progress of the work, and develop the intelligence as it proceeded;—it would keep the family together—the young girl under the eye of her mother, the mother with her children, the husband with the wife. If the work were of any varying or artistic nature, the skill required to bring it to perfection would give it a charm totally unknown to factory and monotonous labour—and by that charm and interest, home itself would have a beauty denied to those families to whom home means simply the family meeting-

place for eating and sleeping; always supposing that the house is large enough for a work-room and the sleeping chambers; and that the work is well and sufficiently paid for. Else we have only to ask in Spital-fields among the handloom weavers there, what results home labour gives the indigent workman.

In all that he says of the sacredness and value of family ties M. Le Play speaks well and sensibly; laying too much stress, though, on certain favourite virtues, some of which, however admirable in the individual, would not be so advantageous in the mass. For instance, he upholds parental authority to a bewildering and crushing extent, and confounds the rule of the old and the rule of the best literally together. Filial obedience he ranks as the highest virtue known: carrying it down to the simple obedience of all youth to all age. He is wrong in this—looked at in a broad light. To be old is not necessarily to be wise and virtuous. However great the honour proper to be paid to parents, this honour is not to fall on mere length of years, without natural claims. If the young want the experience of age, the old want the vigour of youth;—if the young commit follies, the old never attain success. This great country of ours would never have risen to its present height without the emancipation of our youth. Had a rigid system of parental authority subsisted, our colonies would never have been founded, India would not be ours, our trade would not be so adventurous, our national prosperity not so extended. Had we been ruled by our old men, we should not have shared in the triumphs of our young ones. To the blood and sinew and daring of youth most countries owe all that they possess; and those who would repress the freedom of youth would put out the fire of a nation.

In the enumeration of the circumstances and expenses of the working classes, the question of food comes in as one of primary importance. Where the food is bad, of innutritious quality, or of insufficient quantity, the health, physical development, intellectual power and moral nature, all suffer alike. Men, for instance, who live chiefly on vegetables, or even on cereals, are seldom as strong, and never so perfectly organized, as those who live on a mixed diet of meat, &c. Yet even this is not always an invariable rule; as witness the strength and daring of the Highlander, classed among the number of those *ouvriers* who eat the least amount of meat. But the Highlander supplies the animal warmth, which else he would have got from meat, by alcoholic drinks: a more temporary but still efficient, and in due pro-

portion desirable and healthful means ; more dangerous than meat because of its intoxicating properties and strangely powerful fascination, but necessary in some countries—in all damp, cold, and depressing climates, while hurtful in southern latitudes. Potatoes are insufficient as the chief article of food ; as is fish. The Irishman in his own country, living on potatoes alone, says M. Le Play, is not so strong as the Bergamasque blacksmith fed principally on maize ; and the fishing populations of the seacoasts are seldom as hale, hearty, intellectual, or light-hearted as the more variously fed populations inland. In Europe the workman's staple article of food is cereals—wheat, oats, rye, barley, &c. Le Play says that these cereals comprise two-thirds of the whole amount of nourishment taken by the European workman ; a statement to be accepted with caution, especially as he makes the scale diminish to the tenth or twelfth part, when speaking of a higher class of society. Less meat is eaten in France, Spain, and Italy, than in any other countries in Europe, (how about Scotland and Ireland ?) Frequently, only once in the year, on the fête-day of the Patron Saint of the village, does the *ouvrier* eat flesh-meat. Yet, as the consequence, no one would cite the workmen of these countries as types of animal strength. They are enduring, but they have very little muscular development ; they can undergo privations which would destroy the British Life-Guardsman, as unhappily we have proved to our cost of late, and they can work long ; but they cannot work hard, and they do not work well. But, indeed, no question of economic science is simple. So many extraneous causes disturb our calculations, that very few rules can be laid down as unalterable. Quoting the Highlander again living on oatmeal and potatoes,—see the energy, daring, strength, which for ages he has been famed for possessing. Take him at a curling match, at wrestling, at a fight, and where is the best-fed man of all Europe who can stand against him ? Thus, this one opposing instance destroys all our former reasonings, even in so simple a matter as food. Climate, race, extraneous circumstances of every kind, all modify rules ; and the law which would hold good for the Highlands of Scotland would be utterly inappropriate among the Highlands of Spain. The animal warmth to be supplied by meat or alcohol in the one country, must be tempered and subdued in the other by vegetable diet and cooling drinks. Still, we may lay down this as a broad and incontrovertible principle ; the *ouvrier* should be fed in every country according to the best physical conditions of that country ; his labour should give

him such quantity and quality of food as would best develop his strength, preserve his health, and satisfy man's natural craving for good nutriment. In many of the manufacturing districts in England this craving becomes an excess—a positive and hurtful vice. Any rise in wages—any piece of good luck—means only a more expensive diet, and the addition of sensual luxuries ; often of unwholesome ones. Drunkenness, riot, and gluttony, are too often the correlatives of high wages among our artisan population : and the English workman is known generally for greater luxury in food, for more unthrift and gluttony than any other workman in Europe. This low sensualism, together with other cognate vices, will be greatly diminished if not wholly abolished, only when education has spread among our people, and when mental refinement has sprung out of it.

But while we deprecate the over-sensualism of our English workmen, we cannot desire to see them live in the want and penury of many of their continental confrères. A work recently published by M. Ducpétiaux on the Belgian *ouvrier*, gives but a melancholy picture of his physical condition. By many degrees worse off than the Belgian prisoner, the tables set forth in M. Ducpétiaux's pages are full of suggestions of the most frightful destitution among the best, the most industrious, and the most important members of the State. And what is true of Belgium is equally true of England. Take the Dorsetshire labourer and the favoured inmate of a model prison, and which condition, think you the artisan would most envy ? It is a sad lesson which society is so diligently teaching its lower classes, that poverty is verily a crime, and that industry is not practically a virtue ; that the felon is better cared for than the pauper, and that while punishment is so swift, prevention and reward are so tardy. What practical atheism is worse than this, now being taught the working classes—that a man's labour, that all his life, and energy, and power, and soul, cannot support him as a Man should be supported—that, in a word, his virtue, frugality, industry, be they ever so great, profit him nothing ? If married, and with young children to support, he can never be otherwise than on the verge of destitution. Under the present condition of things, a hard selfish celibacy is the only possible means by which a working man can attain a competency for the future.

The second article in the expenses of the working classes is the habitation. A house, as we have said, is generally the first possession coveted by the *ouvrier* ; and with the

house a little land to follow. Many of our workmen—in spite of their miserable earnings—might live in houses of their own, who now pass their lives uncomfortably in lodgings, if they had had moral courage enough to save the money they spent in folly and riot. But not one man in ten has sufficient self-control to keep and put out to interest such small sums, as, spent on the moment, would only give perhaps an extra joint of meat in the week, and which, saved, seem as unprofitable as piling up a mountain out of sea sand. Yet the habit of saving, and the fact of self-gained proprietorship, are two things of incalculable moral benefit to the *ouvrier*. Few workmen made suddenly rich without exertion or previous moral training, fulfil their new duties. The greatest disaster that can happen to a man is often a sudden accession of fortune; for the mind of every one must be trained by self-education before any new state can be well or properly supported. The possession of a house—this first essay of independent property—is also one of the most pleasant and the most beneficial. The sad, dull, ignorant Russian peasant, whose life passes like a sick man's dream, finds one of his highest pleasures in beautifying his house—though his only to a certain point—his to live in, to adorn, and to be inhabited by his children after him, but not his to dispose of nor to mortgage. Yet his house is almost the only thing of pleasure he has, and the beautifying and improving it one of his dearest occupations.

In other countries, houses are held in as many different ways as land. The Hartz miner buys his nominally from the Administration of his mines. Every now and then, when tenements fall due, the Administration calls together all heads of families not lodged in houses of their own; and offers them houses at a certain rate, to be paid off, together with interest, by fixed yearly sums. This mode of obtaining a house does not seem to be bad, if the workmen are content to rest always in the same place and under the same Administration. To a restless and wandering nature it would be misery, because it would be enforced fixity. But in a state of society where the desire of change and the wish of enterprise have not yet arisen, it is a good and kindly plan enough; and what M. Le Play says is very likely true, that it is one which tends to raise the workman in his own estimation, and to give him the dignity as well as the feeling of a proprietor. An instance is given of an old man, married but childless—a miner living in the village of Clausthal, who, when he was thirty-four years of age, received

a house from the Administration worth 1480 francs, for which he had ever since paid four per cent. and a certain annuity, to rub off the purchase-money; all coming out of his wages. Twenty-six years had now reduced the debt to 280 francs; but in the meantime he had repaired, renovated, and improved the house, and made it worth much more than it was at the beginning. This mode of letting to the poor, adopted by us in some districts in our allotment gardens, might not be disadvantageously employed in the letting of houses as well. Four per cent. is good interest in these days, and what we are doing by our building-societies (for this is the same system as that of most building-societies) our landlords might advantageously do for themselves.

Light is the expense set down immediately after that of the dwelling-house. The farther we go from manufactures and the present condition of (western) commerce, the more barbarism do we find in this small, and apparently necessarily uniform requirement of life. A wick plunged in fish-oil lights the people of the Polar Sea; resinous wood cut into torches, the dwellers in and about the Northern forests; animal grease fashioned into candles more or less rude, the people of central Europe; and vegetable oil in lamps lights the Southern now as in old classical days. People are as obstinately wedded to their particular form and material of lighting, as they are to their particular cereal. Light and bread are the two domestic circumstances most difficult of all to change. In the Irish famine it may yet be remembered that starving men emptied sacks of Indian corn on the highway rather than eat what they deemed food fit only for pigs. And as to light, so distinct and unchangeable are local customs, that in the North and East of Europe territories and boundaries are often marked by the form and material of the torches or fragments of burnt wood found not ten feet apart. In France, near Bretagne, a little candle made of resin mixed with animal grease, and called *oribus*, is used among the peasantry. In England the poor make use of the most nauseous and inferior kind of grease; in Spain and Italy classic-shaped lamps burn pure white oil; while the rich of every country import and interchange productions, which by length of transport become luxuries.

After light come clothes. The Easterns manufacture and make all their clothes at home. Indeed, there, where money cannot be put out to interest, and where every man fears the reputation of being rich, it is a safer mode of investment than most others.

It furnishes employment likewise to men and women who would else be dozing lazily by the side of a fountain, and it gratifies the taste and the pride while offering tolerable security of "placement." It also gives a certain dignity to a man, to feel himself the possessor of beautiful clothes—clothes that he has wrought and embroidered himself, and that represent so much real property. What a wide difference there must be between the feelings of such a one and those of a miserable, flaunting wretch who has dragged from the depths of the old clothes shop second-hand finery, dirty, worn, and greasy, that leave him neither the honourable distinction of a workman, nor give him the appearance of a higher condition; "the garb of intemperance" truly—one of the many painful instances of aping the class to which we do not belong, which pervades the whole of our English society. Certainly, the clean white cap of the house servant, and the national blue blouse of the *ouvrier*, give a mark of respectability and dignity which our flounced housemaids and milk-women with old velvet bonnets, our workmen in second-hand clothes that have passed down from lords and their footmen, never can obtain. In France no man is ashamed of his condition; the *ouvrier* does not attempt to appear a bourgeois; the bourgeois does not give himself the airs of the aristocrat. The one is simply the *ouvrier*; the other unmistakably the bourgeois. Each is to proud of himself to feel lowered by his *état*. In England, on the contrary, we all strive to appear what we are not. The peasant dresses like the shopkeeper, the shopkeeper like the gentleman. The absurd national vanity which sinks the "shop" as "low," has ended in confounding us all in a mass of confusion and masquerading, in which no man is content to appear what he is, and all wish to be taken for what they are not. Speaking of clothes, our author naturally comes to the article of washing those clothes, as one item of domestic expenditure. And in touching on this, he could not but notice the newly established institution of public baths and wash-houses.—Disapprovingly. He questions their utility in any way, and then asserts their immoral tendency. This establishment he says, "*constitue un nouvel envahissement de l'industrie manufacturière sur les travaux de ménage: elle a d'ailleurs pour effet, d'agglomérer les femmes en grand nombre, et de les soustraire momentanément à la tutélaire influence du foyer domestique.*" When M. Le Play wrote this inflated speech, did he reflect from what discomfort and impossibility of cleanliness this new institution withdrew those poor women who made use of its advan-

tages? Did he think of the real meaning of those grandly sentimental words, "*le foyer domestique,*" and see the small, dark, damp kitchen, where a few half-washed rags hung mouldering rather than drying, where the smoke and the soot spoiled all as soon as it was done, and where the cost of fuel to heat the miserable supply of water, made the "grand wash" a greater luxury than necessity? If he had ever really seen with his own eyes what he has dared to write about with all the ignorance of a savant, and all the precision of a theorist, he would never have cast contempt on two of the most valuable institutions of our western cities—the public baths and wash-houses, and gratuitous hospitals. Granting, gladly, that the workmen ought to be in such a position as to require no extraneous aid, yet in common justice and humanity begin by making him independent and then withdrawing your charities, not by first denying or abolishing these charities, and then, by the slow course of events, leaving him to grow independent afterwards as he can. M. Le Play, like other imperfect political economists, falls foul of all the aids of misery, instead of the causes which produce that misery and so necessitate those aids. At best, in a humane and civilized country, charities are degrading, and we have too many of them; tender-hearted individuals with more money than reason are also national grievances; but for all that, we must not let the poor man die without care and live without aid, if we deprive him of his inborn right to live well by his labour. The poor-laws, again, our author brands with his displeasure, as legalizing the Socialists' dogma that poverty has a right to help. In a word, all manner of help *independent of the master's will*, he repudiates for the workmen: from *his* hand, especially coming in the shape of a loan or subvention that practically includes servitude for life, he finds it ennobling and beautiful. He calls it *solidarité*, and the workman's dependence he calls love. Hospitals are bad, as breaking the link between master and workman; poor-laws are bad, as recognising the right of helplessness to help, the right of poverty to bread; baths and wash-houses are bad, as withdrawing women from home influence, and congregating them together in larger masses than he thinks advisable. But he never thinks of the misery from which all these are but so many imperfect means of escape; he never reflects on the seething mass of agony and wretchedness that he would leave festering at the jewelled feet of his idolized aristocrats, were these righteous aids to be withdrawn;—righteous now in the unrighteous state in which we live.

But we are free to confess that we believe in the possibility, and future establishment, of a better state of things, where charities will be no longer necessities.

The fourth and last domestic expense is that of recreations, in general not a very large item in the budget of the working-man. Tobacco, women talking together, in the West the gin-shop and the cabaret, in the South the village green, dances and games, and lately with us a higher class of amusements, established first by the Mechanics' Institute—such as lectures, public readings, prize essays, &c.—this is the list of European pleasures customary among the working-class. But as we have said before, the want of amusement in England—of mere mindless, purposeless, pure amusement—is one great cause of our working-man's depravity, of his brutal habits and his love of gin. It has become the fashion to decry such pleasures as we are now alluding to, as unintellectual and unworthy the dignity of manhood, and many of our leading classes have sought to substitute the most jejune, flat, and insipid kind of pseudo-intellectuality instead: we may be sure, however, that men need positive amusement as much as children do, and that pleasures, innocent and exciting, are the greatest foes vice can have.

We come now to the examples in M. Le Play's *Atlas, or Monographies*—the first being that of the *Bachkirs* or demi-nomads of Eastern Russia. A wandering, ignorant, pastoral people are these *Bachkirs*, doing little else in life but strike their tents once or twice in the year, to move off to fresh pastures as the old ones are exhausted; sometimes waking out of their lazy dreams to bring down a head of game, or gather a handful of wild fruit in the forest; drinking large draughts of *khoumouis*, or fermented mare's milk, which acts like opium, and wraps them through all the long hours of the precious working-day in a fool's paradise of sleep and dreams. Shutting up their wives as good Mussulmans should; buying another wife as they grow richer, as Westerns would buy another hound or a second hunter; such a wandering, ignorant, useless people as these, whose place might be empty to-morrow and the world no loser and civilization no farther off, we should hardly have taken as the type of human wellbeing in any of their arrangements. We look to those on the deeds and thoughts of whom rolls the great car of human history, whose influence sways the doctrines of the present, and by whose light the world walks, as the types of present society. A nomadic tribe of Eastern Russia, without mark or influence on the

world, we should hardly accept as any pattern for the rest. Yet M. Le Play finds so much to admire and to recommend to the Western workman's imitation, among the drowsy shepherds of the Ural valleys, that if we believed his impressions we must name all our own boasted civilization but a myth and a delusion. The confinement of the women pleases our author; the abject respect of the young to the old, of the son to the father, of the lower in social grade to his superior—the want of manufactures, and the circumscribed existence generally—the ignorance, inducing a brute content—all seem to the learned engineer to contain so many of the primary conditions of the poor man's happiness. Ambition, education, and social elevation, he would remove out of the workman's reach as he would keep poison from the hand of a child. He regards the present classification of society as of divine necessity, and it seems to him as if men warred against the gods when they attempt to diffuse the light of intellect handed down from heaven to some. Ignorance, content, animal satisfaction, and the strictest conservatism—as with the *Bachkirs*—these are the alphabets to his dictionary of the *ouvrier's* best means of wellbeing.

The *Bachkirs* live chiefly on subventions; of trade there is none, and not much of home manufacture. Summer pasture, firewood from the forests, game, fish, wild fruits, &c., which the individuals of the community enjoy only by right of their membership, form their principal means of existence. But in their communism—which is rather patriarchal than communistic—the chief enjoys the lion's share of all, and is king and irresponsible head over all. The young people of the same village, or of the same nomadic horde, never marry. They wisely abstain from all danger of consanguinity, and its result—an enfeebled and sickly offspring. The higher class of *Bachkirs*, chiefs and such like, sleep all day long, only rousing themselves for more tobacco and more *khoumouis*, or for a draught of *airhan*, or curds and whey, if they are already sufficiently soothed by the *khoumouis*. They have grand days of associated labour for their chiefs, and even for each other if haply such are needed, which they call *heummin*; institutions like the *grandes journées* of *Bearn*, the *devès-bras* of *Basse Bretagne*, and the *pomotech* of the *Oremburg Steppes*.

The agricultural peasants and wheelwrights of the *Terre Noire* of the *Oremburg Steppes*, form the next monography. They are Russians of the Greek religion, and for the most part, live under the system of *abrok*. The meaning of the *abrok* is this:—The peasant

owes two-thirds of his time to the seigneur. To redeem this time, and to be able to employ it for himself and his family, he pays either a certain sum of money once for all, for his life-redemption, if he can afford it; or he engages a substitute at a lower rate of wages than he can make by his independent and unfettered labour. Sometimes a whole community or village does this; when they portion out the common lands among themselves, and work them without hindrance or intervention. But at all times the seigneur can claim their savings, whether *à l'abrok* or not: They never do so, however, according to M. Le Play—a statement, the truth of which we are inclined to question. Human nature is the same all over the world, and cupidity is unfortunately one of its most salient characteristics. Russian seigneurship we do not believe to be different from any other.

The patriarchal system is in full force among these bleak Oremburg Steppes—descending from the Czar to the seigneur, and from the seigneur to the village elders—fathers, masters, old men, and so on. Age, paternity, and social superiority are all absolute here; but even here, the fact that the *abrok* is a privilege eagerly sought for, and that it is a system which gives more dignity to the character and more worldly wealth to the possessor, refutes all our author's assertions respecting the good and the sanctity of obedience and dependence. Everywhere men kept in leading-strings struggle to be free; and everywhere freedom brings advancement.

It would be endless to go through all the types set down in the Atlas. We can take only such salient points or special institutions as distinguish some above the rest. For instance, the institution called *artèle*, peculiar to some of the Russian workmen. A number of men, chiefly from the valley of the Oka, emigrate yearly to St. Petersburg as boatmen, porters, wheelwrights, and handy day-labourers generally. The term of their emigration is from April to November. About sixty or seventy join together in this association; they form the *artèle*—placing themselves under the control of an *artelchick*, a cloutchnick, and two *starchi*. The *artelchick* is the business man of the troupe, he finds the work, and regulates the price of payment, &c.; the cloutchnick is the treasurer, he keeps the accounts and the cash, pays the bills, markets for the *artèle*, and does all that the housekeeper would do in large families; while the *starchi*, men of weight and experience, are the magistrates of the association, controlling the *artelchick* and the cloutchnick, settling disputes, calm-

ing passions, and doing the work of citizen priests. These emigrant workmen do all the rough handy jobs in St. Petersburg. They are the porters and ironworkers, they load and unload boats, saw and deliver firewood, shape and drive in the stakes for the foundations of buildings, and rough-dig gardens in the city and the suburbs. But their favourite employment is iron work—this being the best paid. They take their food in brigades of from thirty to thirty-five; the expenses are paid out of the common fund, and generally cost about fourteen francs a month each. Sometimes a woman is hired by the *artèle* to do the cooking—sometimes, and most generally, a *traiteur* supplies them with certain meals at so much a head. Tea, brandy, clothes, and private luxuries are paid by each out of his own private purse; but not much is generally spent in that way; all else is paid by the association. Sixteen days are given to each member during the campaign for extra work, to be paid by extra wages, and at the end all the money is divided. It generally comes to about one franc sixty centimes a day, or thirty-six francs eighty centimes a month. Fifteen generally start together from the same village, making their own commencement. They borrow, says M. Le Play, 240 francs from a peasant in good circumstances, for which they pay no interest. But the peasant indemnifies himself by selling them a horse worth ninety francs, at the sum of 115 francs. Each takes with him a certain amount of coarse meal or bread, and they go from twenty-five to thirty miles a day. They keep the horse for a week at St. Petersburg, at the common expense, and then sell him for thirty-five francs. All this time the wife stays at home with the father, or the eldest brother, if the father be dead. When the husband goes home again, rich for him, he buries his money in the woods. Untold heaps of wealth lie at this moment buried, no man knows where, in the forests of the Oremburg Steppes; for as each man must be secret as the grave, for fear of pilferers and robbers, it often happens that the grave closes over his secret; and that his hard-earned gold lies to this hour mouldering in the ground.

These workmen of the Oremburg Steppes never marry with the servants or *dvarovie* of the district. The young men marry early, to have some one to take care of their linen, says M. Le Play, and their social and moral condition he affirms to be perfect; though the seigneurial rights are so unbounded that serfdom, and the right of seizing the savings of those *à l'abrok*, are the fundamental laws of society. The recruiting system he men-

tions as only so much diminution of the lord's property—the same as he would speak of the escape or death of the slaves of America. He does not seem aware of the fearful import of his own words. The Orenburg peasant drinks a great deal of variously-made beer. Quass, braga, and souslo, drunk in summer with ice—for each peasant has an icehouse and a bath among his dependencies—are the names of the three principal drinks, the foundation of which in each alike is barley must.

The Iobajjy or agricultural peasants of Hungary, are also *à la corvée*. The corvée is a due of 104 days' labour to the lord for a whole sessio of land. Sometimes they have only a quarter of a sessio, when they have only twenty-six days' labour to give. A peasant, if he can, employs a substitute for his corvée, gaining one franc sixty centimes himself for his day's labour carried either to his own farm or elsewhere, while paying his substitute forty-one centimes only. If they have the means they can also buy off their corvée for life, and take land by one of these three means:—1. By paying half the produce to the lord; 2. By mowing as much hay for the lord as lies on twice their extent of land; 3. By paying a certain sum of money down at once and for all. The Iobajjy are of the Roman Catholic religion, are simple, gay, and virtuous; dance and sing and sport whenever they have a moment's leisure; neither game nor drink, and know nothing, absolutely, of a broken marriage vow, nor of children born out of the marriage law.

Passing from the extreme condition of recognised serfdom and seigneurial absolutism, M. Le Play's next monography is that of the "*Forgerons des usines à fer à Danemora, Suède, tûcherons sous la système des engagements volontaires permanent.*" Here begins the system of patronage, which yet is practically that of serfdom, sweetened or embittered according to individual temperament, by the mockery of theoretical free will. These Swedish iron-founders at Danemora owe their first start in life to their master. He advances them money, to enable them to marry, and they in return dedicate their whole lives to his service, and pay him back with all their time. Old age must overtake them before even the most industrious can have worked off the life-debt contracted in early manhood. In Sweden, says our author, all the men are moral, and all the women virtuous. The women stay much at home, and take no active part in life; the men are too gallant to suffer them to do heavy work. They wear gloves, and are noted for their beautiful hands. There is

no sort of ambition, competition, hurry, or enterprise among these iron-manufacturers. Such usines as are established are kept at work, but the establishment of new ones is prohibited, and the produce of the old limited by law. Hence the total want of motive for ambition, and of the power of enterprise. Yet in spite of this deathlike state of society, which Le Play strangely persists in confounding with morality—placing the negation of passion in the room of active virtue—the men are given to the sin of drunkenness, and though there are temperance societies in abundance, there are more drinking ones.

Forgerons des usines à fer à Samakowa, in central Turkey, are under the same kind of system. They are of the Greek religion, are ignorant, unlettered, unintellectual; and they, like their brethren of Danemora, mortgage their labour to their patron, for help afforded by him in their early life. They have large common lands for firewood and pasturage; and private lands they hold under peculiar conditions. It is a Turkish maxim, that all the land belongs to God, the usufruct to the lord or the State, who may transfer his right on payment of a certain yearly sum from the cultivator. So that under a very long paraphrase, they come round to the simple conditions of landlord and tenant. The *terres mortes* are such lands as, lying round a house, are cultivated by the spade; the *terres vivantes* are those under plough cultivation. The *terres mortes* belong to the peasant living in the house attached, and cultivating them; so long as he continues to do so; if he leaves his place and they fall into neglect, after three years of such abandonment they lapse anew to the seigneur and the State. Often a peasant places them under the care of a *mosquée*, who for a few pence (M. Le Play says ninety-one centimes) inscribes them in the books of the commune, either under his own name or that of some institution. This insures the recognition of the present tenantry, in case of sudden death or disputed heirship; for the tenancy of the *terres mortes*, as of the *terres vivantes*, is hereditary. The seigneur obliges the cultivators of the *terres vivantes* to stay where they are; and as all are under debt to the seigneur—agricultural as well as manufacturing peasants—his will is practically as paramount as if there were no such farce between him and his serfs as the empty name of freedom. The women of Samakowa, as indeed all the Bulgarian women, wear long garlands of pieces of money; long in proportion to the wealth and stability of the family; and their love of dress and ornament generally is a marked local characteristic.

Fondeurs Slovaques des usines à argent de Schemnitz (Hongrie) are again day-labourers on the system of voluntary permanent engagements; and with them, as with the others before enumerated, the seignorial feeling is in as full force as in the confessedly serf states of Russia. But amongst the iron-founders at Schemnitz, more seems to be done in the way of charities than we have hitherto seen. A doubtful good at the best. The administration gives the right of gathering fire-wood in the domanial forests, keeps a gratuitous school for the young, gives free pasturage to one cow for six months and a half in the year, asks only two francs sixty centimes a year for another cow, if the family chooses to keep a second, and allots a plot of potato-ground at low price. The men work in spells of twelve hours each, sometimes by day, sometimes by night. They have about a month altogether of "off-work" in the year, which they employ on their potato-ground, and in repairing, painting, beautifying their houses. The women stay much at home. They make lace, and are light porters when they have time; and our author enumerates as about the only recreation they have, that of talking with each other. Generally the house of one workman has various lodgers. A large room is let to a whole family; another smaller one to two unmarried workmen; the third belongs to the master of the house; and there, during winter, all the lodgers assemble both during the day and in the evening, paying amongst themselves the firing of six weeks, in return for the accommodation. Le Play says that this is the only instance of a communistic life to be found in Europe;—he means of house-communism among strangers. They marry young, and begin young to labour; when old and infirm, they are taken care of by their masters. They are protected by a complete system of institutions, partly supported by communal privileges, partly by the laws of the ancient mining corporations of Germany. For instance, in the matter of bread: The price of bread is fixed by the Hungarian and German mining administrations, either by arranging the workman's salary in proportion to the price of bread, or by keeping wages and all else at a fixed point, and supplying the men with bread from the storehouses of the administration. At Schemnitz the price is fourteen francs eighty centimes for a hundred kilogrammes of wheat. When the outside markets supply cheaper bread, the workman may buy his there if he will; but as wheat is sometimes twenty-three francs for a hundred kilogrammes, it is not in general his interest to go to the outside markets. The quantity of bread sold

by the administration to each workman is limited—forty-six kilogrammes to each able-bodied ouvrier, twenty-three kilogrammes to each woman and child. A special account is opened for each workman at the store; and, subject to the above restrictions, the wife is allowed to take the household bread when she will, as so much advance on her husband's wages. Austria, Hanover, and other kindred nations, exercise the same kind of truck system, which certainly, if it be as perfect in the working as its panegyrist makes it appear, throws our disgraceful efforts into still deeper shade, and makes our masters and administrators appear still more cruel and infamous than the law itself decided they were. With us, the truck system was merely an organized system of robbery and cheating, and the disclosures which led to its prohibition by Act of Parliament, were such as to make every master manufacturer blush before man and God for the infamy he had supported and upheld.

The cabinetmakers' close guild at Vienna—otherwise, "*le compagnon de la corporation fermée* (Innung) *des menuisiers à Vienne*," are also by theory somewhat independent, while by practice they are little less free than the serf and the vassal. But they have decided advantages in their guild; and though we would see all men free and able to take care of themselves, yet it is an incontestable good when, in a hostile state of society, there are laws made to protect them, unprotected else. A great deal is done in the way of charitable aids for the menuisiers. When ill they are sent to the hospital, where the guild has always a certain number of beds to dispose of, and, during any such period of sickness, the wife and children are taken care of by the commune. The ouvrier has another means of sanitary aid, when his case is not so grave as to require hospital attendance. He goes to the "section of his quarter," and there gets a certificate of indigence, declaring that he has habitually received charity; and by this is entitled to the gratuitous attendance of the doctor of the quarter, who visits him at his own home for so long as may be necessary. His medicines are delivered to him gratis by the chemist, on receipt of orders signed and countersigned by the doctor and the curé. In this case, also, the family is supported by the commune. A great deal of indiscriminate charity takes place at Vienna, as in all large cities; but it seems almost below the dignity, and the positive accuracy, of scientific monographies, to set down, as M. Le Play does, an old hat or coat, a faded cotton gown, or a chance penny given to the children in the streets, as dis-

tinuous sources of income and recognisable subventions. The cabinetmakers' guild at Vienna is composed of apprentices, (*lehreungen*), companions, (*gesellen*), and masters, (*meister*.) The number of apprentices, who are generally the sons of the masters, is limited; eleven years of age is the usual age when they are admitted. When sufficiently instructed they are raised to the rank of companions, when they begin their *Wanderjahre* or travels, assisted by the office of their guild, established in every city in Germany. Before they can be masters, they must execute a *chef-d'œuvre*, or *Meisterstück*, which is submitted to the committee of masters, and, if deemed worthy of being the production of one of them, the *Gesell* is made a master on the payment of certain fees, varying from 600 francs to 5200, according to the annual benefice obtained by the last master admitted, and according also to the importance of the city where the reception takes place. No companion may work directly for a bourgeois. If he does, and is discovered, as he is sure to be, he is arrested by the police, and brought before the council of the guild. For the first offence, his tools are taken from him, and he is fined rather more than thirty-three francs; for the second, the fine is doubled. In case of persistence, he is banned against all the workshops of the guild—a sentence equivalent to depriving him of his profession, and too often of all honest means of livelihood. Each companion subscribes to the sick-fund from five to ten francs a-year; a small tax compared to the immense advantages derived therefrom. No man can marry without one certificate, stating that he receives so much—the minimum allowed—by his labor, and another certificate stating him to be of good morals. These two requirements, especially the first, naturally delay a man's marriage far into mature age, and naturally create and necessitate a state of things the very opposite to morality. Yet by law illicit unions are sternly and strictly prohibited. Le Play finds this "difficult to reconcile with the laws of morality, and the just rights of human dignity;" though it is but one phase of that arbitrary power which he rejoices to see in the hands of some European masters, and which he would willingly extend to all alike. Yet in spite of all these rules and interferences, illegitimate children abound in Vienna; and perhaps nowhere is it more easy to conceal and dispose of them with every certainty that they will be well cared for. Many will regard this as a result of the rigidity of the law.

In the corporation of the quicksilver mines of Carniola, in Austria, this question is treated in a very different manner. There

also marriage is deferred until a certain grade is obtained, which grade cannot be obtained before the age of thirty-two at the earliest; but in return every one lives openly in a state of concubinage, and natural children are more plentiful than legitimate ones. No one thinks this a reprehensible state of things. The unmarried wife lives with her parents who take care of the children; and when the man has attained the desired grade he marries, and joins his wife at her father's house. Just the reverse arrangement to that usual in Russia, where male parental authority is only second to the divine authority of the Seigneur and the Czar. The right of membership in the corporation is one much prized; and as the number of members is limited this is one cause of the great restriction on the increase of their families.

The cotton-spinners of the Rhine, near Bonn, task-workers under the system of temporary engagements, have a singular custom. Three days before the feast of Saint John they may have all the hay which their whole family and cattle can get in that time from a certain canton fixed by the forest guards. The commune and public domain give here the charitable aids left in other places to the seigneur to bestow.

Of all the workmen mentioned by Le Play the watchmaker of Geneva holds the highest place. Sober, industrious, intellectual, finding his chief pleasure in reading, attending lectures, and the cultivation of flowers, he stands forth as one of the model workmen of Europe,—a little like the Scotch both in moral character and in spiritual leanings, but without that terrible stain of drunkenness which unhappily marks the Scotch. Side by side with the Genevese watchmaker, equal to him in sobriety and forethought, is the agricultural peasant of old Castille, the most entirely democratic in his habits and in the constitution of his society of all the European ouvriers. This is owing to the long domination of the Moors in that part of Spain, which knit together Christians of every rank in the one indiscriminating brotherhood of religious faith. The green plains of Andalusia, La Manche, and the two Castilles, belong to large proprietors, who sub-let them to farmers, or "*entrepreneurs sédentaires*." In harvest time, all through the centre and south of Spain, especially in Sierra Morena, troops of nomadic reapers come down from the mountains, where in winter they keep their flocks, and in troublous times carry on the terrible guerilla war. A brave and independent people are they, industrious and frugal to a proverb, honest, proud, and manly, the source of some of the boldest

blood of Spain. There are large common possessions in Spain, called *dehesas*, where the thinly scattered population make a living out of their flocks and bees, helped somewhat by the game they kill and carry to market. In Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, land is subdivided into minute portions, which system creates our author's bugbear of "indigent proprietors;" in Andalusia, on the contrary, the law of primogeniture obtains, with mainmort to convents, so that large properties accumulate as we have seen, which are let out in smaller portions to farmers, or tilled by nomadic workmen.

We come now nearer home. A London cutler, living in Whitefriars, a little way off Fleet Street, to be near his master in Oxford Street, is the first British monography given in this marvellous Atlas:—marvellous for its pretension and its inaccuracy. The children of our London cutler go from six to eight in the evening to play in the neighbouring garden, called the Temple Garden, which is their only place of exercise. If they do not go there they do not go out at all. Our London cutler is totally devoid of religious instruction, never enters a church; which indeed he could not well do, seeing that, according to M. Le Play, there are two hours of service, one for the rich and one for the poor, and but very few churches where the poor can go at all. This is in reality painfully like the truth, though enveloped in a form so positive as to make it look like falsehood. Our London cutler lives in a small house, in a narrow street between the Thames and Fleet Street, where he pays 11f. 25c. weekly for rent, including water-rate. He lives in the kitchen or cellar, and lets a room on the third storey to his brother for 1f. 25c. a week. He has furniture in mahogany, "assez élégant," but not so much linen as would be found in France and Germany in the same class; yet he has twenty-four towels; which most of our readers—all those at least who understand the habits of our working classes, will think rather a goodly provision. His furniture is 663f. 25c.; his utensils are worth 80f. 18c., including two umbrellas at 6f., a boiler at 2f. 50c., a white metal teapot at 3f. 13c., a pail and two buckets for water at 10f., and three irons at 2f. 80c., with other things of the same character. Irreligious as is our London cutler—he and his pale sickly wife—they are very sober, and frugal in the item of amusements. Twice in the year they go to Greenwich, once to the theatre, and every Sunday, when it is fine, to the parks. Their journeys to Greenwich cost them 6f. 11c. Their Christmas goose and plum-pudding, together with a few toys for the children, cost 2f. 50c.,

their theatres 4f. 38c., making altogether a total of 12f. 99c. for amusement in the year. The wages of our cutler amount to 2497f. 80c. in the year, or £100, 6s. 4d. The husband, according to our author, spends yearly on his wardrobe 63f. 23c., and the wife 71f. 50c. The items of both wardrobes are given in great minuteness; but there is not one particular that a practical man who knew our workmen in their own homes, would say was correct. Similar minuteness and inaccuracy pervade the monographies of the Sheffield cutler and cabinet-maker.

Some of the Parisian workmen offer the fairest specimen of all the French monographies of the Atlas. The *maître blanchisseur de la banlieue de Paris*, is the most steady and the most thriving. As a proof of the well-being of this profession, its members have meat twice a day—in the country, farmers and day-labourers eat meat once, twice, or six times in the year—they belong to benefit societies, and by extreme industry and economy generally amass a fortune, and leave their heirs not only the example of virtue, but its fruits. A somewhat suspicious circumstance is mentioned, that they have always large quantities of very fine and beautiful linen; taken, says Le Play, as retribution for bad debts, &c., but of ugly suggestion to those whose shirts, handkerchiefs, and stockings, slowly disappear at "the wash," like grains of sand through a sieve, without their being able to mark the moment, or the manner, of such disappearance. He makes nearly two hundred a year—in our author's pedantic precision, his earnings are set down as 4957f. 83c. Of this he is stated to save 247f. 30c. yearly: the 30c. being far too good a thing to be forgotten. From Wednesday to Wednesday he toils incessantly, his only amusements being fine clothes, and an occasional visit to a fête outside the barrière. Le Play says nothing of the fact, that the grisettes, and the young ladies who dance the *cancan* at Mabilles and the Château des Fleurs, are, many of them, the "washerwoman's girls," and that they have about the lightest reputation of any young ladies in Paris.

The *maraischers*, or market-gardeners of the banlieue, are also favourable specimens of condition and morals; and the *nourrisseur*, or cow-keeper, comes into the same honourable category. Most of the emigrant workmen who flock to Paris are likewise estimable and industrious. But these have specialities which demand a special notice.

The *porteurs d'eau* to a man are Auvergnats—from the mountains of Auvergne. Their trade is a lucrative one; in 1853 it was calculated that it produced a net revenue to

each, working on his own account, of 2100f. a year, at least. Their number in Paris is about eight hundred, and the admission of a new member to their body is a privilege guarded with extreme jealousy and care.

We may even calculate for ourselves the probable lucrativeness of the trade, when we know that the rich houses which address themselves directly to the City of Paris, pay a subscription of which each 30c. would have mounted up to 5f., if the water had been supplied by the Auvergnat carriers. The masons are another class of emigrant workmen, from the centre of France. They generally live in *chambrées* in the quartiers Maubert, Saint Marcel, the Cité, and the Hotel de Ville. These *chambrées* are large rooms, holding about twenty people, where they sleep two in a bed; all masons of the same company. A chair by the bedside, and a shelf for clothes, &c., are the only articles of furniture. These lodgings cost from 6f. to 9f. a month, including "a soup" for supper, and the washing of one shirt a week. The room is not warmed at all, and lighted only by one tallow candle, which each pays for in his turn. When the evenings are long, those who are not at the cabaret assemble in the kitchen for warmth and company. The food costs 38f. a month each; the wages are 4f. 25c. a day for the mason,—for the stone-cutter, who is one grade higher and slightly more skilled, they are 4f. 50c. The stone-cutters are from the same districts as the masons, but are under peculiar regulations which form them into distinct classes or guilds. Some are the children of Solomon, and some of Maître Jacques. Solomon's children punch the heads of Maître Jacques' children whenever they have the chance, and Maître Jacques' hopeful family abuse and maltreat those of the Père Soubise. And they all howl and cry, and make mad noises like the possessed, which however have intelligible significations among themselves, and turn their quartier into a perfect pandemonium when they fight. But they are a sober and an honest set, for all their village feuds and trade vendette; and if they are rougher than the polished Parisian, they are also worthier. They are generally the sons of some Auvergnat or Limousin farmer, who in his young days had been an emigrant-mason to Paris. As soon as they are old enough to carry the hod—those of the sons who choose the mason's life in preference to the farmer's, and who have drawn the lucky number in the conscription, come to Paris as *aide-maçons*. In their first campaign they earn about one franc and a half a day; from which earnings they take home a sum of about 70 francs,

and in the next *belle saison* begin again. After several seasons passed in progressive increase of gains and corresponding increase in savings, the young workman marries: always one of his own *payses*, and never a Parisienne, with whom he rarely or never contracts engagements less stable and less virtuous. At forty-five he has a house, land, a cow, and six or ten thousand francs. He then sends out his young sons as he went before them; and is a country proprietor for the rest of his life. We have given the generic term of masons for them all, but the sketch comprises masons, stone-cutters, and paviors.

The carpenters are something analogous to the masons in their way of working. They also belong to two companies or families those of Solomon and Le Père Soubise. The members of the Soubise are called *compagnons devoirants*, or *roulants*—those of the Solomon; *compagnons de liberté*. Their nom d'amitié is that of *bon drille*, used exclusively among each other, and each section is recognised by its "grande canne à grosse tête noire, et au ruban de couleur vive qui entore le chapeau, et retombe en flottant sur le devant de l'épaule gauche." Each company has its agent, whom they call *La mère* and who, like the several chiefs of the Russian *artèles*, is "un guide, un conseiller, un entremetteur pour les engagements, un arbitre dans les contestations, et un prêteur dans les mauvais jours." The *compagnons devoirants* live on the right bank of the Seine; those of *la liberté* on the left. The centre of the first is the Faubourg Saint Martin, and their "mother" lives at Villette; the centre of the second is the Faubourg Saint Germain, and la Rue des Boucheries is the home of their mother. There are some freebooters, who have neither mother nor company, who prowl about on all sides and pick up any work they can get. They are called *renards*, and must look out for hard knocks if they are caught. There are others again, neutrals, who live at the Faubourg La Râpée, and the Garé d'Ivry, who, called *mixtes*, are of both parties and of neither. They can work with either of the factions, and are recognized as not to be molested. In the slang of the workshop, the patron or master is the "singe," the chief d'atelier the "gâcheur," and the "lapin" is the apprentice.

The chimney-sweepers come exclusively from Domo d'Ossola: and, among the nomadic or emigrant workmen in Paris, we may count the commissioners, small coal and wood-merchants, (*charbonniers*), *chiffonniers*, second-hand-clothes-men, and others of like trades. The *chiffonnier* is the lowest

class of all. There are four thousand of them, and they must have a police permit for their trade. They guard their "walks" as jealously as monarchs guard their empires, and wo to the rag-fox who should prowl out of bounds! They live chiefly on what they pick up—on vegetables found by the gardens of the suburbs, and on fish and meat cast out of the market-stalls. They smoke the half-consumed cigars found in the streets, and they drink water flavoured with vinegar. They are a wretched, destitute, socially degraded class, and the sooner a good system of drainage swept them out of Paris the better.

From the large mass of evidence collected by M. Le Play but one conclusion can be drawn; that, from some cause or causes, the whole of the western working world is in a painfully unjust and disjointed condition. We may differ from our author as to the causes of that condition; we may differ still more as to their remedy; but we cannot deny the fact, that such a state of things exists as is discreditable to our civilisation, and a practical disproof of our Christianity. The eastern and northern artisans, with whom is neither enterprise nor ambition, neither extended commerce nor individual liberty, are far better off for all material comforts than our own, in the heart of our rich, free, powerful countries. Seeing this, M. de La Play finds it the shortest way to lay the blame of his indigence on the liberty of the workman; partly under cover of desiring to see a more friendly hand extended to him by his master, partly with the expressed opinion that the liberty of the people tends to the evil of a nation. In a word, he would throw society back into its past conditions, and restore the systems proved by experience to be insufficient. He makes the pauperization of the lower classes in France to rest on the infinite division of land, on universal suffrage which gives undue political importance and awakens unhealthy political excitement, on the love of pleasure, and on the decay of subventions or privileges. In England, it is the isolation of the people from the upper classes, public charities, the poor-laws, large families, and sensuality, that he takes as the concrete cause of all our ill. In these items he is right, though even then imperfect. The isolation of the people from the upper classes is not to be bridged over by the condescending kindness of patronage or by the re-establishment of seigneurial rights; and charities, whether supported by private donations or recognised by the laws, are not to be abolished until something better is set

up in their stead. They are wrong because they are unjust and insufficient; because men who work ought not to need charity; because almsgiving to those who by nature and right ought to be independent of all but their own industry, is in itself an engine of demoralization and the confession of a social wrong. The low rate of wages, the low range of education, the non-recognition of the divine truths that labour has the right to its full reward, and that men have the right to labour, the setting up of present social conditions as of unchangeable force, and the preferring to continue a natural crime rather than disturb artificial arrangements—these are the real causes of our present evils; and until we have courage to attack them boldly, we shall see no amelioration. We cannot return to the effete systems of serfdom, patronage, close guilds, and other forms of dependence on the one hand, and of power on the other. The workman is now free, and will not allow the chains he has shaken off to be laid on his strong right hand again. Our only remedy now is to raise his social and intellectual condition into parity with its political importance, and to make him worthy to exercise the influence which belongs to him by right. We ought not to have said "to raise him," but rather to give him space and power to raise himself. For though much is talked of the perfect political freedom—if not always political power—of every man in England, we all know what stringency our social laws possess, and how difficult it is for any man to overcome the prejudices or the fashions of the day. The workman is not yet recognised in his true and distinctive class, as, in the birth-hour of the old burgher class, he to-day, as they then, is met by the full resistance of all existing prejudices. When he shall have overcome these, he will have found his true place in the world.

We subscribe to the necessity of the noblest amount of self-control; yet we repudiate the belief of our present partial political economists, that the subjugation of every instinct, the denial of every natural desire, can alone elevate the artisan. This is what justice demands should *not* be necessary; the free full life, under proper regulations, that nature meant all men to live, is what we claim for the artisan as for the aristocrat. It is not just that a man should deny nature in order to exist on this earth; that he who supplies the lives of others should himself be destitute. The enormous power of capital is again a matter needing thought and regulation—for liberty must be respected with one as with the other.

But when our machinery shall have still further developed itself and assumed powers undreamt of now, when men shall be able to go back to the same conditions, with improved accessories and larger powers, as gave them honour and independence before, then we shall find that this unhealthy preponderance of capital will subside, and that the diffusion of power will lead to the diffusion of wealth. Does not this phrase—taking it as educational, political, or social power—contain the whole enigma?

We grieve that M. Le Play should have written his book, or rather have published it under such imposing auspices as those under which it has appeared. Containing, as we believe, radical and dangerous error, we lament that the Government of such a nation as France should have leant it the colour of its sanction and adoption. The theory which France has spent so many years and spilled so much of her best blood to solve, has not been solved therein; no return to feudal tutelage will save the workman of the nineteenth century. Onward—improving our present material—making machinery subservient to intelligence, not only to capital—the wide gulfs lying now between our various social castes bridged over by greater equality in education—the true, radical, entire elevation of the workman, not his degradation—these are our only means of getting out of our present difficulties; and these are the means which M. Le Play decries and disbelieves:—to uphold Russian serfdom and Austrian tutelage instead.

ART. IV.—1. *Vision in Health and Disease; the value of Glasses for its Restoration, and the Mischief caused by their Abuse.* By ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S., Surgeon to the Bank of England, &c. Lond. 1847. 8vo. Pp. 64.

2. *The Eye in Health and Disease; with an Account of the Optometer for the Adaptation of Glasses for Impaired, Aged, or Defective Sight.* By ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S., &c. Second Edition, to which is appended a Paper on the Stereoscopic and Binocular Perspective. Lond. 1854. Pp. 99.

3. *Théorie de l'Œil.* Par L.L. VALLEE, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Polytechnique, Officier de la Legion d'Honneur, &c. Paris, 1844-1846.

Or all the Five Senses—the sight, the hearing, the touch, the taste, and the smell, by which we acquire our knowledge of the ex-

ternal world, the form, the colour, and the other properties of matter, the sense of sight is the most important, whether we view it in reference to the extent of its range, the value of its lessons, or the structure of its organs. With the senses of Touch and Taste, we are brought into immediate contact with the objects of our examination. With the organ of Smell, we inhale from a short distance the radiating or the floating effluvia. The sound of the troubled ocean, or of the gale which disturbs it, or the thunder which rolls above, is heard from afar: But the eye carries us to the remotest horizon around, glances upward beyond the voiceless air, through the planetary regions where worlds are but stars,—through the sidereal zones where suns are too small to be seen, and to that more distant bourne where Imagination droops her wings, and Reason ceases to be our guide. But even in these distant realms, where the intellectual eye becomes dim, the human eyeball exerts its powers,—describing and describing what is there; and if a limit has been assigned to the physical creation, it may yet convey to the human brain the impression of the remotest ray which streams from the very verge of space.

Our visual powers still maintain their pre-eminence, when we study the organizations of the microscopic world,—the form and functions of atomic life, or the larger structures of the creations around us. The human ear is deaf to the cry of that life which we crush beneath our feet, and to the joyous sounds of the living myriads which sport in the sunbeam. The senses of Taste and Smell give us no information respecting the animalcular world; and the rude touch of man, could it reach the invisible atom, would fail to disclose either its outline or its properties. The sight alone pierces into the dwellings of animalcular life, expands the material atom into a world,—lays open the prolific cells of vegetable and animal organization, and displays to the astonished inquirer the structure of those wonderful tissues which cover the fountains of intellectual and animal life.

Nor does the superiority of Sight to the other *four* senses seem less striking, when we consider what would have been the consequences had we been limited to one. A great modern poet has described a state of the world, in which

"The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless
air."

BYRON.

But he has not ventured to conceive a world tenanted with sightless occupants, or revolving in space which no ray could traverse. Were our food and our drink tasteless, and no fragrance breathed from the plant or the flower, hunger and thirst would still be assuaged, and the lily and the rose would delight the eye. Were the chords of the lyre struck in vain, and the voice which soothes or alarms us mute for ever, the harmony of colours would replace, however imperfectly, the harmony of sounds, and the expression of the human face would still utter, however inarticulately, the language of reproof or of love. Without the ear man could have held communication, and interchanged his labour, with his fellow, however distant he might be. Though the rattle of the iron wheel were inaudible, and the watchman deaf to the shriek of the steam-pipe, the coloured beacon would have guided him in his flight; and the pilot might have conducted his ship round the globe, though he heard not the howl of the gale which shattered his rigging, nor the roar of waters which threatened to engulf him.

It is difficult to imagine the condition of a world where space is impervious to light, or man insensible to its impressions. In such an inquiry the poet might be as safe a guide as the philosopher, and we would not lose much did we rest satisfied with the general idea in the poet's exclamation, though it was not intended to convey it:

"Oh what were man—a world without a sun!"

Without any knowledge of the form or size of his own world, or of the worlds beyond it, like the Proteus of the subterranean lake, or the mole working in the dark, man might subsist on the spontaneous productions of the soil, plucking the fruit which he did not plant, and gathering the seed which he did not sow, but his sustenance would have been more precarious than that of the world of instinct as now placed under his power. With the cunning of his fingers, and the grasp of his hand, and the vigour of his arm, and the force of his intellect, he might have sheltered himself from the elements within walls of stone, and defended himself against enemies, rational or irrational, and equally helpless with himself. His houses might have been grouped into cities, his cities into communities, and his communities into nations. His reason might have led him to a knowledge of the great first cause, and though he had neither sun nor moon nor stars to represent the beneficence which surrounded him, he might have deified the most gifted of his race who had pierced deepest into the

darkness around, or whose genius and industry had procured new powers or new luxuries to their race. But whatever might have been his advances, either in material or intellectual progress, the useful arts would have been slowly and imperceptibly developed, and his highest pleasures would have been derived from the luxuries of music, and the productions which administered to the senses of Taste and Smell.

From these speculations, which, however uninstrusive, sufficiently establish the value and superiority of the sense of sight, we proceed to give some account of the organ by which it carries on its operations,—of the optical changes to which it is subject,—of the means by which they may be corrected,—and of the remarkable phenomena, normal and abnormal, which the eye exhibits either by the direct action of light, or by those other agents which exercise an indirect influence over the seat of vision. In discussing these various subjects, we mean to address ourselves to the general reader,—to consider the eye simply as an optical instrument, and to avoid all questions anatomical, medical, or surgical; and we shall not gain our object if we fail in making our observations popular, and of considerable advantage to those who value their sight.

While the eye surpasses all the other organs of sense in the extent of its range, it enjoys the exclusive privilege of seeing very distant objects long after they have ceased to exist. If a fixed star is destroyed, or ceases to give light, it will, according to its distance, continue visible for years or for centuries, till the last ray which it has projected has conveyed to our eye the fact of its disappearance, or of the extinction of its light. Nor are these powers of observation dependent on the magnitude of the eye-ball, or of any of its parts. The minutest eye of the minutest animal, which itself requires a microscope to make it visible, contains in the invisible image which is painted on its retina, a representation of the external world,—of the earth, and of the ocean, and of the planetary and starry firmament, as distinct and as large when transferred outwardly by the laws of vision, as that which is seen by the eye of man, or by that of the elephant or of the whale.

While the human eye has been admired by ordinary observers for the beauty of its form, the range and quickness of its movements, and the variety of its expression, it has excited the wonder of philosophers by the exquisite mechanism of its interior, and its singular adaptation to the number of purposes which it has to serve. The eyeball is nearly globular, being of a spheroidal form

like an orange, its smallest diameter being that which we direct to objects when we wish to see them most distinctly. It moves in a socket elegantly prepared for its reception, and lubricated by a peculiar secretion, which entirely removes the friction, and consequently, the irritation with which its motions would have been otherwise accompanied. By means of six muscles attached to it, it can direct itself, without moving the head, to almost every point of a hemisphere; but when the motion of the head or body is combined with that of the eyeball, it can command almost a continuous picture—a panorama of everything around it.

The ball of the eye, about nine-tenths of of an inch in diameter, is formed externally by a tough and opaque membrane, called the *sclerotic coat*, which forms the *white* portion. Into this coat, and in the front of the ball, and slightly raised above it, is inserted a circular transparent portion like a small watch-glass, which is called the *cornea*, and though as transparent as glass, it is like the sclerotic coat, so tough in its nature as to resist powerfully any external injury. It is composed of several firmly adhering layers of equal thickness, and is very nearly half an inch in diameter. Within the cornea, and in contact with it, is the *aqueous* humour, a transparent fluid, which has received its name from its resemblance to water. It has the form of a plano-convex lens, the convex side being the inner surface of the cornea, and the plane side the visible surface of the *Iris*, a flat circular membrane, with an aperture in its centre called the *pupil*. The colour of the eye resides in this membrane, and the pupil has the remarkable property of contracting in strong lights from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch, and of expanding again when the light is diminished. This membrane divides the interior of the eye into two very equal parts, called the *anterior* and the *posterior* chambers. The anterior chamber, which is in *front* of the iris, contains the aqueous humour, and the posterior chamber, which is *behind* it, contains the *vitreous* humour and the *crystalline* lens. The vitreous humour, which resembles the white of an egg, fills up a great portion of the eyeball, and keeps it in a state of distension, resisting pressure like a bladder, or an India-rubber ball filled with water. It is contained in a capsule or bag divided into several cells or compartments, the humour occupying each cell as honey does the cells of the honey-comb. The *crystalline lens* occupies the front of the vitreous humour, and is suspended at its circumference by the *ciliary processes* fixed to the sclerotic coat. It is a *double convex lens*, more convex behind

than before, and is placed in a thin capsule or bag immediately behind the *iris*; the pupil or opening of the iris being opposite the central part of the lens.

The *crystalline lens* is a beautiful piece of mechanism, and merits a particular description. In its perfect state it is as transparent as a drop of water, and yet it consists of a great number of coats like an onion, each coat or lamina being composed of an immense number of fibres, with teeth on each side, like those of a saw, the teeth of one fibre entering into the hollows between the teeth of the adjacent fibres, so as to bind them together. These fibres, which are of equal length, taper from each end to their middle, and they are so combined that the lens is most dense in the centre, becoming less and less dense towards its circumference. In the human lens the structure of the fibres, and their arrangement, is not so distinctly seen as in the lenses of fishes and quadrupeds, and therefore we shall describe generally their structure and arrangement in these animals. In the lens of a cod, four-tenths of an inch in diameter, there were, according to the observations of the writer of this Article, who first discovered the existence of teeth in the fibres, the following number of coats, fibres, and teeth:—

Fibres in each lamina or spherical coat,	2,500
Teeth in each fibre,	12,500
Teeth in each spherical coat,	31,250,000
Fibres in the lens,	5,000,000
Teeth in the lens,	62,500,000,000

Or to express the result in words, the lens of a small cod contains five millions of fibres, and sixty-two thousand five hundred million of teeth, exhibiting a specimen of mechanism which may well excite our admiration.

In the cod and some other animals, the fibres terminate in two opposite poles like the meridians of a globe; but in the salmon and hare they terminate in two septa or lines oppositely situated at each pole, while in quadrupeds they terminate in three septa inclined 120° to each other, the septa at one pole being inclined 60° to those at the other.

Behind the vitreous humour, but not next to it, and lining the inner surface of the sclerotic, is the *choroid coat*, a delicate membrane, covered on its posterior surface with a black pigment, and immediately within this pigment, and close to it, is the *retina*, which is the innermost coat of all, next to the vitreous humour. It is a delicate reticulated membrane, consisting of several layers of different structures, the ex-

act nature and use of which have not been determined, although the membrane which they form is that which receives the images of external objects, like the grey glass in the camera obscura. If we draw a line through the centre of the pupil and the centre of the crystalline lens, it is called the axis of vision, or the optical axis of the eye, and the point where it touches the retina is called the extremity of the axis. About one-tenth of an inch from the extremity of this axis, in a horizontal direction, the retina is slightly raised, and this is the place where the optic nerve from the brain enters the sclerotic coat, and expands itself into the retina. At the extremity of the axis there is a small spot with a yellow margin, which, though called the foramen centrale, may not be a real opening, but merely a spot more transparent than the rest of the retina, owing to its being free from the soft pulpy matter of which the retina is principally composed. This spot, which exists only in man, monkeys, and some lizards, is from the thirtieth to the fiftieth part of an inch in diameter, and subtends an angle of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ degrees at the centre of the eyeball, or the centre of curvature of the retina.

Before we proceed to show how vision is performed by an eye thus constructed, we must state three facts ascertained by experiment. 1st, Rays of light proceed in straight lines and in all directions, from every point of visible objects, and illuminate with their own colour any colourless body or surface on which they fall; 2d, If we suppose a soldier to be dressed in a *red* cap, a *yellow* waistcoat, and *blue* trousers, rays of all these three colours will fall upon a sheet of white paper held in front of him; but the paper will appear neither *red*, *yellow*, nor *blue*, because every part of the paper is illuminated with all the colours; 3d, But if we place the soldier in the street, and opposite the window-shutter of a dark room in which there is a small hole, and hold a sheet of paper a foot or two behind the hole, we shall see on the paper a picture of the soldier inverted. The *red* rays from his cap will pass through the hole, and fall upon the *lower* part of the paper, the *blue* rays from his trousers will fall upon the *upper* part of the paper, and the *yellow* rays from his waistcoat will fall upon the *middle* part of the paper, thus painting a rude picture of the soldier. If the hole be so small as that made with a pin, the picture will be very distinct, though dark; but if the soldier were illuminated with the light of a bright sun, a photographic picture of him might be taken in this manner.

From these observations it will be seen,

that if we take an opaque hollow hemisphere the size of the eye, and after making a pin-hole in front of it, replace the back of it with a piece of grey glass or oiled paper, inverted images of all objects in front of it, when strongly illuminated, will be distinctly painted upon the glass or paper. If we now take the eye of an ox, of the same diameter as the radius of the opaque hemisphere, and pare away with a sharp knife the white sclerotic coat till it becomes semi-transparent, we shall see painted upon it inverted images of all objects in front of it, and having nearly the same size, though more luminous and distinct, as those formed by the pin-hole in the artificial hemisphere.

Let us now see how an inverted image, in the human eye, is necessary to show objects erect, or in their natural position. When rays proceeding from an object enter the pupil of the eye, they necessarily fall in different directions upon the retina; but it is a law of vision, determined experimentally, that whatever be the direction in which the ray strikes the retina at any point, it gives us the sensation of vision in a direction perpendicular to the retina at that point. This law is called the *Law of visible Direction*, and enables us to explain all the phenomena of inverted vision, and of vision with one and two eyes, in the most perfect manner.

In the case of the artificial eyeball, where the rays always fall perpendicularly upon the ground which receives them, the point of the object from which they issue will be seen in its true place, along the very line of the ray; but, in the human eye, on account of the refraction of the lens, a ray proceeding from any point of an object is not referred back from the retina to the very point from which it came; but the difference is so small that we see every point of an object very nearly in its true place. Hence it follows, that the cap of the soldier must be painted on the lower part of the retina, and will be seen upwards in the direction nearly in which the ray from it struck the retina, while the trousers of the soldier will be painted on the upper part of the retina, and will be seen downwards in the direction nearly of the ray which came from them. The difficulty which has been generally experienced in understanding how we see objects erect when the pictures of them on the retina are inverted, has arisen from the erroneous notion that the mind contemplates the inverted picture. But we know nothing about the mind or its position in judging of sensations, and we must be content with the indication of the law established by experiment, that any part of an object is seen in a direction perpendicular to the portion of the

retina upon which it falls, that is, the lower part of the image is seen above the middle part of the object, and as this is true of every point of the image, the object will appear erect from its inverted image.

The best way of studying the phenomena of vision, is to consider objects as made up of points like a stippled engraving. Every point will have its image on the retina. The points in the upper part of the object will have their image on the lower part of the retina, and *vice versa*, and those points will, by the law of visible direction, be seen forming the upper part of the object. The direction, therefore, of a line drawn from any point of an object through the centre of the pupil, would be accurately the direction of the sensation, if the centre of the pupil were the centre of curvature of the retina, or, what is the same thing, all the points of the object would be seen in their true place. From this approximate coincidence of the direction of the issuing ray, and the line in which the sensation is returned, objects seem to be fixed* when the eye ranges over any object.

Although, on looking at any object, we obtain distinct vision of it, yet we do not see every part of it at the same instant equally distinct. When we wish to see any point of it, for the purpose of examining that point, every other part of it is indistinct. The reason of this is, that we direct the axis of the eye to the point seen distinctly; and the image of that point is formed upon the *foramen centrale*, or central point of the retina already mentioned, while the images of all other points are formed upon points of the retina more or less distant from the *foramen*. This indistinctness does not arise from any want of focal adjustment, but it is a property of the retina, arising, perhaps, from the membrane being less pulpy, or having a finer surface at the *foramen*, or elsewhere; or if the *foramen* is really an aperture, and the choroid coat behind it the seat of vision, the rays which fall upon the choroid at other parts must pass through the retina, and thus be made less distinct.

But though the retina gives less distinct vision on the parts of it away from the *foramen*, it is much more *sensitive* to light in those parts; and hence it is remarkable that, when we wish to see an object hardly visible when we look at it directly, such, for example, as one of the satellites of Saturn, or a very faint star, we see it most

distinctly when *we look away from it*, that is, when we look at a point distant from it several degrees. This singular affection of the retina will be better understood from the following experiment:—At the distance of ten or twelve feet, look steadily at one of two candles placed at the distance of about a foot from each other. In a short time, the candle not looked at, but seen indirectly, will increase in size, and will be surrounded with a bright ring of *yellow light*, the light of the candle itself having a *pale blue* colour. If, in the same manner, two objects not very luminous, such as two pieces of paper, are placed upon a darkish ground, the one not looked at directly will vanish and reappear—a fertile source of illusion when faintly illuminated bodies are seen in a dark night. When the light of an object is extremely faint, it will disappear and reappear in irregular succession, even when the eye is turned fully upon it, or when it is seen directly by the most sensitive part of the retina. The eye is thrown into a state of painful agitation, and we attempt in vain to obtain sustained vision of the object.

We have already referred to the *foramen centrale* as the spot where vision is most distinct; but this is not its only optical property. The writer of this article found that it could be rendered visible, and its diameter measured in the following manner:—If when the eye has been for some time closed, and, as it were, refreshed by protection from light, we direct it to a faint white surface, such as that of a sheet of paper illuminated by a wax candle at the distance of ten or twelve feet, there will be seen on the paper a *dark brown* or *reddish* circular spot, shading off into the light of the paper. It quickly disappears, and may be renewed by again closing the eye for a few minutes. This spot is, therefore, in the normal condition of the eye, *less* sensitive to light than the other parts; that is, it takes longer time to receive the impression of light from the white paper. If the sensibility of the retina has been previously reduced by a long exposure to light, or by an exposure to much light, the circular spot is *white*, shading off into the light of the paper. In this abnormal state of the retina, the *foramen* is more quickly affected by light than the rest of the retina. Hence it follows that, when the general retina is in the best state to receive luminous impressions, it receives them more quickly than the *foramen* part of it, if it is not an opening; and that when the general retina is fatigued, or less capable of receiving luminous impressions, it receives them more slowly than the *foramen* portion. The angular diameter of the circular spot is about

* There is a slight motion arising from the refraction of the different humours. When we look through spectacles the motion is very great, owing to the refraction of the lenses.

41°, which corresponds with a foramen about the *thirty-fifth* part of an inch in diameter, as it has been found to be by anatomists. These experiments are best made in the morning when the eye has been long protected from the action of light, and in the evening when it has been most fatigued.

Another part of the retina, much larger than the foramen, is wholly insensible to light of ordinary intensity, and consequently all objects disappear when their images fall upon that part of it. This, however, is true only when we look with one eye, for in binocular vision the image in the other eye does not fall upon this insensible spot. The portion of the retina thus insensible to ordinary light, is at the entrance of the optic nerve. It is about the eighth of an inch in diameter, and is about 13° from the foramen on the side next the nose. In order to observe this curious phenomenon, place two wafers at the distance of three or four inches from each other, and, shutting the left eye, look at the left-hand wafer with the right eye, and when its distance from the wafer is about twelve inches, the right-hand wafer will totally disappear, the spot which it occupied being of the same colour as the ground upon which the wafers are laid. If, when the wafer is invisible, we open the left eye, it will reappear; or, if we alter the distance of the eye, one side of the wafer will come into view—the innermost side when we increase the distance, and the outermost side when we diminish it. The same results will be obtained if we shut the right eye, and look at the right-hand wafer with the left eye. In this case the left-hand wafer will disappear. But though the base of the optic nerve, or the portion of the retina which it forms, is insensible to the light which falls directly upon it, it is susceptible of receiving luminous impressions from the parts which surround it. If the wafers are laid upon a ground of any colour, the spot on which the wafer has disappeared will have the same colour as the ground on which it lies. But though light of ordinary intensity fails to make an impression on this part of the retina, yet when candles are substituted for the wafers the candle does not wholly disappear, but leaves a sort of faint nebulous light, which has no resemblance to the object from which it proceeds.

When we consider that the sensation of light is produced by a material impression on the retina, it might have been expected that luminous effects would be produced by pressure made upon the eyeball, and communicated to the retina. Sir Isaac Newton, accordingly, observed, that when we press the eyeball outwards, by applying the point

of the finger on the side next the nose, there will be produced “a circle of colours like those in the feather of a peacock’s tail.” He observes also, “that if the eye and the finger remain quiet, these colours vanish in a second of time; but if the finger be moved with a quivering motion, they appear again.” In observing the effects of pressure, we have found that a gentle pressure on the retina produces a circular spot of light. By increasing the pressure this spot becomes dark, and is surrounded with a white ring of light, shading off into darkness. When, in total darkness, the retina is subjected to pressure, it gives out light; when it is exposed to light, compression increases its sensibility to light; when it is dilated, under exposure to light, it becomes insensible to luminous impressions.

This property of becoming luminous by compression shews itself on many occasions. A sudden blow on the head or on the eye produces a bright flash of light. In sneezing, and in blowing air violently through the nostrils, two patches of light appear above the axis of each eye, and in front of it, while other two luminous spots united into one, appear about the point of the nose when the eyes are directed to it. In turning the eyeballs quickly by the action of their own muscles, the retina is pulled or pressed at the place of their attachment to the sclerotic coat, and a semicircle of light is distinctly seen opposite each eye, and towards the nose. These semicircles, in certain states of the retina, are enlarged, and are sometimes expanded into complete circles of light. In certain states of the stomach, accompanied by headache, a faint blue light floats before the eyes in total darkness, passing across the field of view, and sometimes becoming *green, yellow, and red*.

In rubbing the eyes, specks or points of light frequently appear, arising either from the pressure being felt on some parts more than others, or from those parts being more subject, from their nature, to the emission of light. That this last cause is the more probable one, may be inferred from a very curious phenomenon observed by the writer of this article. If when the eye has been for some time exposed to the light of a gas or any other flame, we suddenly extinguish it, there will be seen for an instant a great number, from fifteen to twenty, bright points of light like stars, arranged in a circle, the diameter of which subtends an angle of from 70° to 90°. In this case there is no pressure; and, therefore, the parts of the retina which emit these lights must have the property of retaining luminous impressions longer than the other parts of the retina.

It is probable that the points of the retina, possessing this property, are those at its margin, where it is in contact with the points where the cells of the vitreous humour have their origin behind the crystalline lens.

The subject of binocular vision has recently acquired much interest from its connexion with the stereoscope. That one eye is sufficient for the general purposes of life, is evident from the fact that many persons have spent a large portion of their life before they discovered that they were blind in one eye, and also that those who have lost the sight of one eye by accident or disease, can perform with the other almost all the operations which had been performed by both. Two eyes, however, were required to give symmetry to the human form, and no part of the animal mechanism is more interesting than the contrivance by which the two work harmoniously together, and give new powers of observation and inquiry. In vision with one eye the extent of the field of view is about 150° , while, with two eyes, it is about 200° , but this depends upon the position of the eyeball within its socket of bone, and upon the form and size of the cheek bones and brow. An eye much sunk in the head, has a much narrower field than 150° , while projecting eyes have a greater field than 200° . The left eye sees a larger field on the left than the right eye, and the right eye a larger field on the right than the left eye, so that each forms a dissimilar picture of the external world, just as they do in viewing solid objects or scenes in nature.

It was long supposed that with two eyes we saw *more brightly* than with one, or that the luminosity of objects was doubled. This, however, is a great mistake. Dr. Jurin has proved by experiments which we have carefully repeated and found correct, that the brightness of objects seen with two eyes, is only one-thirteenth part greater than when they are seen with one. We are disposed to modify this result, and to maintain that in the normal condition of the eyes, the brightness of objects in monocular and binocular vision is exactly the same. In examining the state of the pupil, and measuring its diameter in these two states of vision, we find it increased in such a degree as to admit as much light when one eye is shut as when both of them are open, so that in as far as the mere brightness of objects is concerned, the loss of one eye is no disadvantage.

While two eyes are necessary for the purpose of symmetry in the human face, they were required for other important purposes. They enable us to see solid objects in a higher relief, and all distances in nature more perfectly than one eye. With one eye we

see the direction in which any object or point of an object is situated, much more distinctly than with two eyes. We see the exact point where a near object strikes a more distant one, a thing which we cannot do with both eyes directed to it. When we see the near object distinctly, the more distant one is doubled; so that in shooting with a rifle or a musket, we cannot use both eyes. Some persons have the faculty of shooting with both eyes open, but when they do this they do not observe, or rather they pay no attention to, the second image of the muzzle of their fowling-piece. In monocular vision, when two objects are brought into the same line, they are not seen with the same distinctness; but this is easily remedied by looking at them through a small aperture, which will show them equally distinct. But though we cannot estimate distances with any accuracy by one eye, there are various means, called the *criteria of distance*, by which we learn to form a pretty correct estimate of distances, but particularly great distances. By these criteria, which are five in number, we are enabled in monocular vision to appreciate approximately the distance of objects.

1. The interposition of numerous objects between the eye and the object whose distance we are appreciating. A distance at sea appears much shorter than the same distance on land, marked with trees, and other objects; and for the same reason, the sun and moon appear more distant when rising or setting on the horizon of a flat country, than when in the zenith, or at great altitudes.

2. The variation in the apparent magnitude of known objects, such as man, animals, trees, doors and windows of houses. If one of two men, placed at different distances from us, appears only half the size of the other, we cannot be far wrong in believing that the smallest in appearance is at twice the distance of the other. It is possible that the one may be a dwarf, and the other of gigantic stature, in which case our judgment would be erroneous, but even in this case other criteria might enable us to correct it.

3. The degree of vivacity in the colours and tints of objects.

4. The degree of distinctness in the outline and minute parts of objects.

5. To these criteria we may add the sensation of muscular action, or rather effort, by which we close the pupil in accommodating the eye to near distances, and produce the accommodation.

With all these means of estimating distances, it is only by binocular vision, that

we have the power of *seeing distance* within a limited range.

In binocular vision short distances are seen directly by the convergency of the optic axes to the point observed. If the object is very near, it is very difficult to converge them without a great strain upon the eye. We feel this strain to be painful, and when we remove the object to greater distances in succession, the painful feeling is diminished. This uneasiness arises both from the great muscular action necessary to bring the axes of the eyeballs to converge upon an object near us, and from the contraction of the pupil and the simultaneous action of the eyebrows. When the object is withdrawn the optic axes open, the pupils expand, and the eyebrows rise. Distance is therefore really seen with two eyes, and it may be proved, in opposition to the conclusions of Dr. Berkeley and many other metaphysicians, that distance, whether represented by a mathematical or a physical line is visible in monocular as well as binocular vision.

But though relief, and distance as its representative, is best seen by two eyes, yet vision with one eye is in the following respects superior to vision with two.

1. When we look at oil paintings, paintings on porcelain or any other in which the surface is covered with a varnish, or have a gloss of any kind, the varnish or gloss reflects *to each eye* the light which falls upon it, from objects in various parts of the room, and consequently renders the picture indistinct. But when we close one eye, we shut out the quantity of light which entered that eye as reflected from a different part of the room, and we consequently render the picture more distinct.*

2. A painting, picture, or photograph, seen with one eye, is seen more perfectly from another cause. In these representations upon a plane surface every part of the surface is nearly equidistant from us, and when we view them with two eyes by the convergency of the optical axes upon them, it suffers no change, the muscles of the eyeball are not strained, nor the pupil alternately contracted and expanded in seeing objects at different distances, as is the case when we look at a living man, a statue, or a landscape, the eyes being now converged in rapid succession upon the nose, eyes, and ears, or upon the objects in the foreground, the mid-

dle, and the remote distances in the landscape. Hence, when we shut one eye, we have not the power of discovering that the picture is on a plane surface, and all its parts equidistant from us, and consequently the art with which the artist gives relief to the painting by light and shadow, or by the different magnitude of objects of known size, or by indistinctness of outline, and the other criteria of distance, exercises its whole effect in deceiving us into the belief that the picture, portrait, or statue is in relief.

This influence over our judgment is finely shown when we view with one eye photographic pictures either of persons, landscapes, sculpture, or machinery. After a little practice the illusion is perfect, and is aided by the correct geometrical perspective and *chiaro oscuro* of the daguerreotype and the talbotype. To this species of relief we may give the name of *monocular*, which is always inferior to the *binocular* relief in which we see the original, or which is produced in the stereoscope. The relation of these *three* kinds of relief, when we look at a plane picture, namely, *ocular* with two eyes, *monocular* with one, and *binocular* when we see the original solid or landscape, or its two pictures combined in the stereoscope, may be thus observed. Look at any one of the binocular pictures with both eyes, and they have very little relief. Look at them with one eye either in the stereoscope or out of it, and the relief is increased. Look at them when combined in the stereoscope, and the relief is perfect, and an accurate representation of the original solid or landscape, provided the binocular pictures have been taken at the proper angle.*

3. Monocular vision is superior to binocular vision, because it very frequently happens that the one eye is less perfect than the other, and occasionally that the one is of a different focal length from the other, that is, the two eyes see objects most distinctly at different distances. In the first of these cases, the imperfect image in one eye is so blended or united with the perfect image in

* The pictures in a room or gallery with side lights should always be viewed with the eye on which no light falls, as light diminishes the sensibility of the eye to the red rays, and therefore gives a false colouring to the picture, making all white colours of a bluish green tint.

* A large number of the binocular pictures now executed are not taken as if they were seen by two human eyes, but by eyes, five, ten fifteen, twenty inches, and even many feet apart! Such pictures are false representations of nature, and indicate the greatest ignorance, and if they are not ignorant, the greatest dishonesty on the part of those who execute them. The object of the artist is to produce a startling effect, and obtain a better sale for his pictures. The true method of taking binocular pictures for the stereoscope is described and demonstrated in Sir David Brewster's treatise, entitled, *The Stereoscope: its History, Theory, and Construction, with its application to the Fine and Useful Arts, and to Education*, chap. viii. London, 1856.

the other, as to give imperfect vision, and the only remedy for this is to shut or discontinue the use of the imperfect eye. If the image in the bad eye is very imperfect, and its degree of luminosity very small, the patient ceases to notice it, and sees tolerably well with both open. In the second case, when the eyes have different focal lengths, and are equally good, a large image is united with a small one, and the effect of this is sometimes to give double pictures of objects, owing probably to an effort to put aside one of the pictures. The only remedy for this defect, as we shall afterwards see, is to equalize the focal lengths of the two eyes by proper glasses.

When both eyes are in every respect equal and perfect, any imperfection in the muscular apparatus by which the eyeballs direct the optical axes to the same point is most injurious, and cases have occurred in which distinct vision was absolutely destroyed by an inability of the eyes to direct their axes to, and fix them upon, one point. This will be better understood after we have explained how we see only one object with two eyes. This question has been a fertile source of controversy among metaphysicians and optical writers, some of whom have sought for an explanation of single vision in a peculiar formation of the retina from two optic nerves. The two optic nerves, after proceeding from the brain, cross each other at their commissure, a place called the *Sella Turcica*, where each fibre of which the nerve is supposed to consist, decussates or divides into two half fibres, one of which goes to the right-hand side of the retina of each eye. The terminations of these fibres in the retina are called *corresponding points*, and Sir Isaac Newton supposes that when the image of a point is formed on any two corresponding points of the retina, the impression is conveyed along the optic nerves to their commissure where they unite into *one fibre*, and "concur after they have passed their juncture, and make one image more vivid than one eye alone could do."^{*} Newton adds that this theory explains "why though one thing may appear in two places, (that is, double) by distorting the eyes, (or pressing one eye aside,) yet two things cannot appear in one place. If the picture of one thing fall upon one of the corresponding points, and the picture of another upon the other corresponding point, they may both proceed to the commissure, but no farther. They cannot both be carried by the same fibre into the brain; that which is strongest or most helped

by phantasy will there prevail and blot out the other." This theory was to a considerable degree anticipated by M. Rohault,^{*} with this difference, that he does not suppose the nerves either to cross at the commissure or split into two. He merely supposes that the two optic nerves have their corresponding or sympathetic fibres, which unite in *one point in the brain*, and join their impressions into one, thus giving a single image from two formed on the retina. In this way he not only explains single vision with two eyes, but also the doubling of any object by distortion, and the impossibility of two things appearing in one place. In 1824 Dr. Wollaston reproduced the theory of Newton, and maintained that by this theory "we clearly gain a step in the solution; *if not a full explanation* of the long agitated question of single vision with two eyes."[†] We cannot admit the accuracy of this opinion. The theory here referred to is not merely unnecessary, but is positively contradicted by numerous facts, as the phenomenon of single vision can be perfectly explained without any theory whatever.

Our metaphysicians and physiologists have been as unfortunate in their explanations as our optical writers. When Dr. Reid maintains that objects appear single when their images are formed on corresponding points of the retina, and double in all other circumstances, he gives no explanation whatever of single vision. He merely attaches the name of corresponding points to those upon which the image falls when it appears single: And when Dr. Brown tells us that it is from association alone that we see objects single by means of double pictures, he merely asserts his ignorance of the cause, and his assertion is contradicted by numerous facts, and especially by the fact that the pictures in each eye are not similar. Dr. Alison is equally unfortunate in his views. After controverting the opinions of Reid and Brown, he maintains that images formed on corresponding points of the retina, *naturally* affect our minds in the same manner as a single image on the retina of one eye. This explanation is simply a truism; for if Nature had been so perverse as to produce *three* pictures in place of *one* from *two* eyes, the result would have been equally *natural*, though inexplicable.

The fallacy of all these attempts to explain single vision is occasioned by the false assumption that we actually see *an object* single with two eyes, whereas we only see one point of an object single with two eyes, every other point of the object being seen

^{*} Brewster's *Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton*, vol. p. 229.

^{*} *Traité de Physique*, 1671.

[†] *Phil. Trans.* 1824.

double. We have already stated that, when the image of a point falls upon the retina, it is seen in the direction of a line perpendicular to the retina at the point of its incidence. This is the law of visible direction. When an image of the same point falls upon the retina of the other eye, it is seen also in the direction of a line perpendicular to the retina at the point of incidence. Two images of the point are therefore seen at the same instant, at the extremity of the optical axis of each eye, or at the point of most distinct vision in the centre of the foramen; but the eyes instantly direct their axes, or converge them, to the same point till the two images of the point are coincident, and the distance of the point of convergence from the eyes is the *visible distance* of the point. Hence we have the law of single vision for points, and the law of visible distance.

The law of vision for *visible objects* is entirely different from that for points. A visible object cannot, in all its parts, be seen single *at the same instant of time*. If the object is a line *half an inch* long, we cannot see it single with both eyes. The two images cannot be made to coincide. When the right-hand extremities or points are coincident or seen single, the left-hand extremities are not, but are seen double; and when the axes converge upon the left-hand extremities or points, the right-hand extremities of the line are seen double. The line appears single from the rapidity with which the eyes carry the point of their convergence over the whole of the line. When the visible object is a plane surface, only one point of it is seen single and distinct, the point of convergence of the axes running over every part of it, and giving us the idea of space in two dimensions. When the visible object is a solid, or a body in relief, such as a cube, only one point of it is seen single and distinct, the two eyes converging their axes to the near and to the remote parts of it in succession, and thus giving an idea of the different distances of its parts by the varying angle of the optic axes. The law of vision for points, lines, and solids, furnishes us with the true theory of the stereoscope. It not only explains all the phenomena of vision, but enables us to calculate them with as much accuracy as the positions of the heavenly bodies.

As all visual phenomena with two eyes depend on the power of converging the optic axes upon every point of an object in succession, it is obvious that any defect in the muscular apparatus of the eyeball which prevents us from doing this, must be fatal to distinct vision. The two images will flutter, as it were, upon each other, and dis-

ting vision will only be obtained by shutting one of our eyes. A very remarkable case of this kind came under our observation about half a century ago. The two eyes could not fix their axes on the same point,—so that the patient, who was a boy at school, was unable to read, and obliged to abandon his studies. The oculists of that day supposed that it was an affection of the retina, or the commencement of amaurosis, and employed without any advantage the ordinary means of cure. When the boy was made to look through a telescope, which he did with one eye, he saw objects distinctly, so that it was obvious that there was no real disease in the eye, and that his inability to read or see distinctly, which he described by the term *dazzling*, arose solely from his being unable to fix the axes of his eyes on one point. He was sent to sea-bathing for a month or two, and returned to school perfectly cured.

Mr. Alfred Smee refers very generally to cases somewhat analogous to the preceding, where “the globes of the eye wander during illness, and are not directed to the same points of sight,” an “effect,” he says, “which is particularly distressing, as two or more representations appear to jump over each other. For this reason,” he continues, “bed-rooms are now frequently papered with a tertiary colour, without any distinct pattern, so that the overlapping may not produce any positive change. After railway accidents I have seen cases where this want of concert of the axes of the eyes has been very distressing to the patient, but the malady has not proved of any permanent importance.”*

If we rightly understand the preceding description, the author means that the axes are either converged to a point nearer or more remote than the papered wall, so that the images of the patterns did not coincide, but overlapped. This can hardly be called a want of concert. It is merely an inability in the muscles to obtain a single vision of objects at a certain distance, and it is singular that none of the persons Mr. Smee refers to, happened to separate the patterns on the paper-hangings so far as to unite the separated pattern with the one to which it approached, and thus make the wall appear to approach or recede from the patient according as his optical axes were converged to a point near or more remote than the wall. It is from this inability of the eye to fix its optical axes that drunkards see double, and that persons recovering from fever see the papered walls of their bed-rooms standing

* *The Eye in Health and Disease*, p. 79, Art. 101.

out, or approaching to them, or receding from them, and, when the axes are fixed at any distance, moving with every motion of the head.*

Having thus described the general structure of the eye, and the more important phenomena of monocular and binocular vision, we shall now proceed to describe the optical changes which take place in the sound eye, the phenomena which these changes produce, and the means by which their effects may be corrected or removed. In this inquiry we shall begin with the cornea.

The *cornea*, as we have already said, resembles a small watch-glass. It has a refractive power greater than water, or than the aqueous humour with which it is internally in contact. The form of the cornea has generally been considered spherical; but M. Chossat discovered, not many years ago, by projecting a magnified profile of it on the wall, that it was elliptical, a fact which had been observed by Sir Isaac Newton in the eye of the sheep, but which he had never published.† It is quite possible that the spherical form may not be the normal one, since cases of conical cornea have been observed, and also cases in which the form of it is cylindrical.

In the first of these optical diseases, namely, conical cornea, the cornea is extremely prominent, and has, when seen laterally, the form of a cone. When the patient looks at a luminous body, such as a candle placed at a distance, he sees several images of it more or less distinct. In examining, many years ago, the eye of one of Mr. Wardrop's patients, we found that the cornea, when carefully viewed in profile, had, in all its sections, a regular curvature, becoming more convex at the apex like a hyperbola, a form which could produce no derangement in the refraction of the rays of light. Conceiving, therefore, that the *surface* of it was not uniform, we found this to be the case by observing the image of a small taper reflected from different parts of it. The image suffered such changes in its size and shape, as to indicate the presence of a number of round eminences and depres-

sions, which sufficiently accounted for the broken and multiplied images of luminous objects. About this time the late Dr. Lyell published a thesis, in which he ascribed this disease to an extreme thinness of the cornea; in consequence of which, it was pushed outwards into a conical shape by the pressure of a superabundant quantity of aqueous humour, and he therefore proposed to cure it by evacuating that humour. Upon examining, however, as we had been requested to do by the late Dr. Henry, one of Dr. Lyell's patients, in the Manchester Infirmary, who had derived no benefit from having her eye tapped about forty times, we found that the cornea had not been protruded, but had the same irregularities which were seen in Mr. Wardrop's patient, and which we have since found in every other case that has come under our notice. In one of these cases, which was that of a woman from Morpeth, who came to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh for advice, the writer of this article was requested to contrive for her special glasses to enable her to make some use of her eyes, both of which were affected with this disease in its worst form. The cornea had a very irregular surface, like the scar of a wound, and also such a degree of convexity as to produce great short-sightedness. Concave lenses were, of course, employed to correct this last defect, and after finding out the smoothest portions of the conical surface, very small apertures were placed upon each lens of the spectacle opposite to these smooth parts, so to allow the images of external objects to be formed on the retina by these parts alone, without mixing with, and being injured by the imperfect images formed by the other parts. The patient was thus able to perform certain kinds of work which she could not do before.

As the unnatural convexity of the cornea necessarily produces short sight in this disease, Sir W. Adams conceived the idea of removing this part of the complaint, *by extracting* the crystalline lens, and in one case carried it into effect. The vision of the patient was no doubt improved, in so far as as short sight was concerned, but the effects of the corrugated surface still remained. The same result, however, would have been gained by the use of a concave lens, and it would be greatly surprising if any other oculist should adopt the principle of this extraordinary practice, and dig out the interior of our eyes to save the expense of a pair of spectacles. When we find one medical practitioner making *forty* demands upon the aqueous humour, and another extracting the crystalline lens to cure an incurable disease,

* Mr. Smee has certainly not seen a paper *On the knowledge of distance given by binocular vision*, published in the *Edin. Transactions* for 1844, vol. xv. p. 663, and reprinted in the *Phil. Magazine* for 1847, vol. xxx. p. 305, in which the effects of what Mr. Smee calls want of concert are described, and many singular phenomena explained. See this *Journal*, vol. xvii. p. 195, where a brief notice of them is given, and the remarkable case of Dr. Christison quoted.

† *Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton*, vol. i. pp. 218, 420.

we learn the value of the smallest sprinkling of optical knowledge in those to whom we confide the most precious of our blessings.

In extreme cases of conical cornea, where the patient is virtually blind from the irregular refractions of the corrugated surface, or where vision is necessary to his happiness, or to his maintenance, we venture to recommend a method of alleviating it, which has neither been tried nor suggested. Artificial eyes have been long used to hide an eye which has either been destroyed or disfigured by disease. The artificial eye, which is merely a concave disc of glass, imitating the iris and the pupil, is placed within the eye-lids, and partakes so completely of the nature of the eyeball, that, with the exception of the variation of the pupil, the imitation of the natural eye is perfect. If we then apply a transparent artificial eye above the conical cornea, and place between it and the corrugated surface a drop of thick fluid, such as albumen, or gelatine, or balsam, of nearly the same refractive power as the cornea, all the irregularities of refraction at the outer surface of the cornea will disappear, and good vision will be obtained. If there are irregularities in the inner surface of the cornea, they will produce comparatively little effect, being in contact with the aqueous humour, which approximates to the cornea in refractive power.

Another optical disease of the eye, and a very rare one, may be called *cylindrical cornea*, in which the curvature is different in a horizontal and in a vertical direction; and, therefore, the pencils of light incident in a horizontal plane will have their focus at a greater or less distance than those which are incident in a vertical plane. Vision consequently must, in such cases, be very imperfect. This irregular structure is recognised only in the imperfect vision it produces, and it cannot be corrected either by convex or concave spectacles. It is possible that it may exist in the crystalline lens alone, or both in the crystalline and cornea, but the determination of this point is of no practical importance, as the method of rendering the vision perfect is in this case independent of the locality of the imperfection. The most obvious method of correcting it is to look through a narrow linear aperture placed horizontally, if our horizontal vision is most perfect, or through the same aperture placed vertically if our vision in a vertical plane is the best, and it might be useful to try the effect of placing it inclined 45° to the horizon. This plan, however, would be advantageous only in those cases where the vertical or horizontal vision did not require the aid of ordinary

spectacles; but if the patient is long or short sighted, the remedy for cylindrical vision is to use cylindrical glasses, or glasses in which the horizontal and vertical focus is such as to correct the error and give distinct vision. Mr. Airy, our distinguished Astronomer-Royal, to whom astronomy and optics owe so many obligations, was the first who studied this imperfection of vision in consequence of discovering it in his own eyes, and he succeeded in curing it by a cylindrical lens, which, as he is short-sighted, required to be concave on one side, and cylindrical on the other. We have now before us two lenses of this kind, one for cylindrical and short-sighted eyes, viz., *concavo-cylindrical*, and another for long-sighted eyes, namely, *convexo-cylindrical*, which were constructed under Mr. Airy's directions, and presented by him to the writer of this article. A bottle or a test tube filled with fluid is a cylindrical lens, and two such bottles placed cross-wise are equivalent to a convex lens. In order, therefore, to examine preparations in a bottle, we should look at them through a cylindrical lens whose axis is at right angles to the axis of the bottle, or through another bottle of the proper size.

The cornea is subject to another disease very injurious to vision, namely, a partial opacity, forming one or more white spots either on its surface or between the laminae of which it consists. These spots vary in intensity from a slight nebulosity to a degree of white opacity almost impervious to light. When they are the result of local irritation or the effect of inflammation, or disease of the adjacent parts, they often disappear with the causes which produce them. In young persons they frequently grow less and less with the growth of the cornea: but when the membrane is really disorganized it is not easy to effect a cure.* When these spots are small and semi-transparent, the injurious effect on vision might be removed by placing opposite to them, on plane or other glasses, opaque spots of the same size, or by placing a small aperture of the same form as the good part of the cornea opposite that part.

The action of the cornea in refracting the rays incident upon it is often disturbed by the thickening of the secretion which lubricates it, and enables the eye-ball to move without friction in its socket. In certain states of the body this secretion is in such a viscid state that when the eye-lids move

* Dr. Smith of Cambridge says that he has been told that these opacities may be cured by blowing pounded glass every day into the eye!—*Treatise on Optics*, Vol. ii. p. 5, *Remarks*.

over the cornea, by that beautiful provision of nature by which it is kept smooth and clean, the lubricating fluid which is pushed into a ridge between the eye-lids, does not quickly recover a convex surface. This state of the cornea is incompatible with delicate microscopical observations, and especially with the vision of horizontal lines, and its existence and effect may be ascertained by viewing the expanded image of a luminous point* held close to the eye. After shutting the eyelids and again opening them slowly, we shall ascertain by observing the luminous ridge which crosses the expanded disc of light, whether the disc recovers its original uniform mottled appearance quickly or slowly. If the luminous line produced by the fluid, accumulated between the eyelids, continues to be visible, and the general surface mottled and spotted, the lubricating secretion should be excited by exposing the eye to the vapour of hartshorn, raised by pouring a few drops on the surface of hot water. The secretion will now flow copiously,—the cornea will be swept clean by the less viscid fluid, and the vision of the observer greatly improved. This moveable fluid on the surface of the cornea generates another imperfection of vision. When undisturbed by the eyelids, it descends in vertical lines by the action of gravity, and the minute ridges thus formed obliterate and render indistinct all horizontal lines seen by the eye, while they have a tendency rather to improve the vision of rude vertical lines. If we take a striped pattern, therefore, of any fabric, and bend part of it into a horizontal direction, while the rest remains vertical, the vertical part will always appear the most distinct. Hence in viewing in the microscope lined objects, such as the delicate scales of moths, &c., the lines should be placed parallel to the direction of the descending fluid, when the position of the observer's head is either vertical or oblique. If the axis of the lenses is vertical, and the eye looks downward, the lubricating fluid will collect irregularly at the apex of the cornea, and injure vision. If the axis of the lenses is horizontal, and the observer's head in its natural position, the fluid will descend in vertical lines; but if the observer lies on his back and looks into the microscope upwards, (a position not very favourable for research,) the fluid will flow equally in all directions, from the apex to the margin of the cornea, and the part of the cornea opposite the pupil will be smooth and well fitted for distinct vision. We may here notice

the beautiful contrivance not referred to by natural theologians, that the injurious effect of the vertical descent of the lubricating fluid is counteracted by the eyelids opening *horizontally*, and consequently effacing the tendency of the fluid to form *vertical* currents. Had the eyelids opened vertically, the vertical ridges would have been increased, and vision proportionally impaired.

Another optical disease of the eye, which has been little studied, arises from a change in the condition of the crystalline lens, which, if not carefully watched, often terminates in cataract. This change occasionally takes place at all ages, but especially at that period when the eyes begin to require the aid of glasses, and when its focal length is affected by a general change in the density and refractive powers of the lens. The laminae and fibres of which it is composed are kept in optical contact by a secretion supplied either by special vessels, or obtained by absorption from the aqueous humour. That the capsule of the crystalline freely absorbs distilled water, and also water from the *aqueous humour*, is a fact established by experiment, and we are therefore entitled to suppose that it is preserved in its healthy state by the water which it thus absorbs.

When this supply is properly regulated, the incident light suffers no reflexion in passing through its countless junctions; but if the aqueous humour should contain too much albumen, or too little water, then the supply will be too scanty, the touching faces of the teeth and laminae will separate, and if this change is general, a sort of bluish-white light, like the palest *opalescence*, will be reflected from the *lens*. If this *desiccation* of the lens is local, as it most frequently is, it will shew itself by prismatic colours, and irregular luminous images surrounding the candle, and produced by the reflexion and decomposition of the light by the separated faces of the laminae, and the action of the fibres. If we now take a plate of brass, with a *small hole* in it, we may so place the *hole* as to exclude all the light except what passes through the diseased part. When this position is found, the eye can see nothing, because the sound part of the lens is shut up. If, on the contrary, we take a *small-headed pin*, and place the head of it so as to prevent any light from falling upon the diseased part of the lens, while the sound part receives rays from any object, the vision will be perfect. Now, if this local affection extends itself through the lens, it will become dry and even indurated, and when seen from without, it will appear *white* from the light reflected at the separated faces of the teeth. The *lens* is now totally disorganized, and the

* The image of the sun or of a candle reflected from a small glass sphere.

only method of restoring the eye to its functions, is to remove the lens by extraction.

If, on the contrary, the *lens* is supplied too freely with *water* from the aqueous humour, it becomes a soft mass by the gradual absorption of the fluid, and swells and bursts its capsule. In this state it is equally unfit for vision, and requires to be removed as before. In order to study the change which an excess of *water* produces on the *crystalline*, we have placed the lenses of various animals in *distilled water*, and watched the progressive changes which they underwent. The *water* first passes through the capsule and surrounds the *lens* on all sides. Its refractive power is gradually increased by the albumen which it dissolves, and it is absorbed unequally by different parts of the surface of the lens. The surface thus becomes irregular with hollows at one place and heights at another; and in the living eye the consequence of this must be to form a broken image of the candle when it is placed at a considerable distance from the eye,—an effect which is invariably produced at a certain age, when the eye has begun to experience a change in its humours. As the absorption advances, these *irregular images* increase, and if the supply of water is not checked, the lens swells and bursts.

If these be the cause of *hard* and *soft cataract*, the first step towards the cure of the disease is to ascertain, by taking out a small portion of the aqueous humour, whether it contains *too much* or *too little albumen*, which the measurement of its refractive power will readily determine. In *either* case, it might be advisable, by a partial evacuation of the *aqueous humour*, to reduce the quantity of the diseased secretion, in the hope that a healthier one might be supplied; but if the disease should continue, distilled water, or a solution of *albumen*, should be injected into the *aqueous chamber*, to restore the *humour* to its proper condition.

These measures, however, should be resorted to only when a considerable degree of disorganisation has taken place. If the disease is attended to in its earlier stages, a cautious use of the eyes,—an attention to diet and general health, and local applications, such as *friction*, *galvanism*, and other *stimulants*, will, we are persuaded, seldom fail in effecting a cure.

We have had occasion to study a case in which the laminae of the lens began to separate, and produce a mass of prismatic colour round the moon, or any luminous object. During its progress, great attention was paid to the state of the stomach, and the eye preserved from strong lights; and the patient had the satisfaction of observing,

at the end of nine months, the disappearance of the prismatic colours occasioned by the laminae coming again into optical contact. The eye thus threatened with the disorganisation of its lens, has continued sound for nearly thirty-five years, and since that time done much hard work.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than notice the polarising structure of the lenses of man and other animals. In the human lens the optical figure produced in polarized light consists of four luminous sectors arising from the increasing density of the lens towards its centre. In the lenses of some animals there are *two* sets of luminous sectors, indicating *two* variations of density, and in other lenses *three* sets of sectors, indicating *three* variations of density. The optical effect of such a singular mechanical condition of the lens has not been investigated.

Another optical disease of the eye is one which possesses a very high degree of interest. Dr. Smith of Cambridge describes it in the following words:—"People," says he, "in growing old, are often troubled with the appearance of dark irregular spots continually flying before their eyes, *like flies*, especially in looking at bright objects, such as white paper, or the sky light." From the resemblance of these spots to flies, they have been called *muscae volitantes*, the name which is everywhere given to this disease.

M. De la Hire, in his work entitled *Differens Accidens de la Vue*, describes these *muscae* as of two kinds, some *permanent* and *fixed*, which he ascribes to small drops of *extravasated blood* on the *retina*; and others as *volatile*, or flying about and changing their place, even though the eye be fixed. These moving specks, which are the *true muscae volitantes*, he describes as resembling the knots of a deal board, some parts of them being very clear, and surrounded with dark threads, and accompanied with long fillets of irregular shapes, which are bright in the middle, and terminated on each side by parallel black threads. After shaking the head suddenly, and fixing the eye upon an object, the *muscae* appear to descend gradually. In order to account for these irregular fillets and spots, De la Hire supposes that the aqueous humour is "sometimes troubled with some little mothery ropy substance; some parts of which, by the figures of their little surfaces, or by refractive powers different from the humour itself, may cast their distinct images upon the retina. He supposes them in the *aqueous humour* rather than in the *vitreous*, because of its greater fluidity for a freedom of descent, and

because they will then appear to descend, as being situated before the pupil, or at least before the place of intersection of the pencils."* From these observations, it is obvious that De la Hire regarded the *muscæ volitantes* as a ropy substance in the aqueous humour, which being heavier than that fluid, moved about with the motion of the head, but finally descended. He was obviously unacquainted with the mode in which they throw what he calls their distinct images on the retina, or with the cause of the *parallel black threads* with which they are bounded.

Although a century and a half has elapsed since De la Hire's time, no new light has been thrown on this subject. Dr. Porterfield† has copied, without any acknowledgment, the statements and views of De la Hire. He describes the *muscæ* as resembling the knots of a polished *fir board*, and as accompanied with certain irregular *veins* which proceed from *each spot*, and which, as well as the *spots* themselves, change their *order and disposition*. He considers them as produced by small *dense diaphanous particles and filaments* that swim in the *aqueous humour* before the *crystalline*, and he regards the *distinct pictures* of them on the *retina* of *long-sighted persons* as produced by the rays which pass *through* the dense particles having suffered a greater refraction than those which pass by them, so as to be converged to foci on the retina. This explanation of the distinctness of the pictures is wholly inconsistent with optical principles, and shews that the author had no knowledge of the manner in which bodies placed within the eye-ball are seen as if they had an external existence. Mr. Mackenzie of Glasgow, in his able work on the diseases of the eye, has treated this subject at considerable length. He describes the *muscæ* as resembling *minute twisted semi-transparent tubes*, partially filled with globules, which sometimes appear in motion. These globules he considers to be blood passing through the vessels of the retina, or of the vitreous humour; but he maintains that all the motions of the *muscæ* "are merely apparent," and that they "possess no real motion independent of the general motion of the eye-ball," and hence he concludes that "they must be referred either to the *retina* itself, including, of course, the *three laminae* of which it is composed, or to the *choroid coat*. The probability is," he adds, "that the semi-transparent *muscæ* of a *tubular*

form are owing to a dilatation of the branches of the *arteria centralis retinæ*."*

The general phenomena of *muscæ volitantes* present themselves in the eyes of *every person* which we have examined, whether *young or old*. They may be seen in daylight by looking at the sky through a very small pinhole in a piece of brass or card; and at night by looking at a candle through a lens of short focal length. The luminous field will then be seen covered with what have been called twisted semi-transparent tubes or fibres of different sizes, and various little globules, sometimes separate, sometimes attached to the tubes, and sometimes apparently within them. These various objects have their centres or axes luminous, and on each side of the centre or axis are two black lines, beyond which coloured lines or fringes, parallel to the black ones, are seen in the larger fibres or tubes. All these bodies have a motion even when the eye is fixed, *some* of them moving *faster*, *some farther* than *others*. Some of the fibres are twisted as if several knots had been tied upon them, and at the various flexures of the knot black spots are seen corresponding with the parallel black lines already mentioned. The action of light upon the eye seems to stir them up as if they had been previously at rest in some fixed position; for the field of view is always most free from them when the eye is first applied to the hole or lens.

All these phenomena are generally invisible in *ordinary light*, excepting, perhaps, the *knots in the fibres*, which, when they are pretty large, are still seen when all the rest have disappeared. These *knots*, therefore, are the only objects which really obstruct ordinary vision, and are alone entitled to the name of *muscæ*. It is only in *diverging light*, such as that which diverges from a small aperture from the focus of a small lens, or from the convex cylinder of fluid which is formed when the *eyelids* are nearly closed, that the globules and transparent fibres are seen; and hence it is certain, that the black lines and fringes are the phenomena of the *inflexion or diffraction* of light which are never seen but in divergent rays.

But the existence of these *fringes* establishes a still more important fact. All *muscæ* accompanied with fringes must be situated at a greater or less distance from the *retina*, and are therefore entirely harmless. The black spots which have also been called *muscæ*, which have no fringes, and which never change their place, are *insensible spots in the retina*, and are justly sources of

* *Smith's Optics*, vol. ii. Rem. p. 5.

† *Treatise on the Eye*. 1830. Vol. ii. pp. 74-80.

* *Diseases of the Eye*. 1830. Pp. 748-750.

great alarm to the patient, as the frequent symptoms of amaurosis.

That the *muscæ* are situated in the *vitreous humour*, and at different distances from the retina, is evident from the different diameters, and different degrees of distinctness of their shadows and fringes in divergent light. If any existed in the *aqueous humour*, they would be invisible from the faintness of the fringes which they form, and hence they would be less injurious to vision even if they were to collect themselves into knots. In order to demonstrate these views by specific experiments, we have only to use *two beams* of divergent light, obtained from *two lights* placed before the eye, and observe the double shadows which are thus formed of all the *muscæ* in the field of view. Those in the front part of the *vitreous humour* have their double images very distant, those in the middle of it have their double images much nearer; while those near the retina have their two images almost overlapping each other. But if we measure the distance of the two lights from each other, and also from the eye when the two images of any of the transparent filaments or particles are just in contact, we may determine the size of the filament and its exact position as well as distance from the retina.

In making this experiment, we first determined that the angle of *apparent magnitude* of the shadow of a *filament* was 8', and consequently that it subtended this angle at the centre of the *retina*. We then found that the two images were in contact when the lights were five inches separate and forty-nine inches from the *retina*. Now, if we take the *radius* of the *retina* as 0.524 inches, the diameter of the shadow of the filament will be 0.00122, or 1-820th of an inch, and the distance of the fibre from the *retina* will be 0.0118, or 1-85th part of an inch.

According to *De la Hire* and *Porterfield*, the *muscæ* change their place, but according to Mr. Mackenzie these apparent motions are an illusion. We have found, however, from numerous trials, that the *muscæ* change their place, and that, when the head is kept steady, in different positions they always appear to *descend*,—that is, they in reality *ascend*, and consequently float in the *vitreous humour*. They shift their place with every motion of the head, and it is owing to this cause that the long slender filaments in moving up and down are thrown into *folds* or *knots* like a coiled snake.

As the *transparent filaments* and *small globules* which can be rendered visible in the youngest and healthiest eyes by using *divergent light* are absolutely invisible in *ordinary light*, they cannot properly be

called *muscæ*, which are, correctly speaking, nothing more than the accidental accumulation of filaments and globules into *knots* or *bunches* or *groups*.

We have already had occasion to mention that the *vitreous humour* is contained in separate bags or cells. The filaments or *muscæ* must have their motions limited to the cell in which they happen to be placed. The one which we have examined never quits the field of view, and is confined to a triangular space which just comes up to the axis of vision. By placing the head in various positions and observing the place of the *musca* when it has risen to the upper part of its cell we might ascertain pretty accurately the form of the *cell* itself, and the distance of every part of it from the retina.

It is not easy to form any rational conjecture respecting the cause and purpose of the numerous filaments by which the *muscæ* are produced. Were they fixed, or regularly distributed, we might regard them as transparent vessels which supply the *vitreous humour*; but, existing as they do in detached and floating portions, they resemble more the remains of some organized structure whose functions are no longer required.

Mr. Mackenzie informs us that "few symptoms prove so alarming to persons of a nervous habit or constitution as *muscæ volitantes*, and they immediately suppose that they are about to lose their sight by *cataract* or *amaurosis*." The preceding details prove that the *muscæ volitantes* have no connexion with either of these diseases, and are altogether harmless. This valuable result has been deduced from a *recondite property* of divergent light which has only been developed in our own day;—and which seems to have no bearing whatever of a utilitarian character. And this is but one of numerous proofs which the progress of knowledge is daily accumulating that the most *abstract* and apparently *transcendental* truths in *physical science* will sooner or later add their tribute to supply human wants, and alleviate human sufferings. Nor has science performed one of the least important of her functions, when she enables us, either in our own case or in that of others, to dispel those anxieties and fears which are the necessary offspring of ignorance and error.

A very remarkable optical affection of the eye has received the name of *hemiopsy* or half vision. Dr. Wollaston and M. Arago were occasionally subject to it, and we know many persons who have had it in a slight degree. The defect consists in

being able to read only *one half* of a word when the eye is directed to it. Dr. Wollaston, who experienced it twice after taking violent exercise, saw only one half of a man whom he met, and could read only —son the latter half of JOHNSON upon a sign. At another time the loss of sight was on the left side of the word, and had he looked at the same name he would have seen only JOHN—. At certain distances from the eye one of two persons should disappear, and by a slight change of place either in the observer or the person observed, the figure that had vanished would reappear, while the other would disappear in his turn. This possible case, which we published many years ago, has recently occurred to a patient of Mr. Smee's, who, when he "meets two people in the street, is only conscious of one being present, till he hears, to his astonishment, the other speak." A friend of Mr. Smee's "has often told him that during derangement of his digestive organs, he is subject occasionally for an hour at a time to a derangement of vision somewhat similar to that just mentioned. In reading, at such times, the *half inch of print directly in the line of vision is invisible*, so that he is compelled, as it were, to read a *little behind* his direct sight all along, and he tells me that the sensation is particularly distressing."

In this singular case it is obvious that the *foramen centrale* was insensible to light, while the surrounding retina possessed its usual sensibility. This phenomenon is exactly the counterpart of one which we described several years ago. In a case where the whole retina had been rendered insensible by a blow on the head, we found that vision was perfect over the space occupied by the *foramen centrale*. When a person was near the patient he could see only his nose or his eye, or a small portion of his face or figure, but he could recognise a friend at a distance when the whole of his face was included within the base of a cone whose angle was $4\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. In the case of Dr. Wollaston we are not distinctly told to what letter of JOHNSON he directed his attention, but we have no doubt that, in every case which has been described, it is either the retina, properly so called, or the *foramen* considered as an opening, or as a part of the retina free of several of its laminae, that is insensible to light. In the case of Mr. Smee's patient it was obviously the retina that was insensible.

Cases of double, treble, and multiplied vision have been described. Double vision often arises from want of power in the muscles to direct the optic axes to objects at certain distances,—from long or short sight when the object is small, in which case it is corrected by proper glasses,—or from imperfections in the structure of the cornea or the crystalline, in which case one of the images will disappear when we place a small opening before the imperfect part, or merely hold up the point of the finger in front of the eye till we find that it eclipses the imperfect portion which is diseased. Treble, quadruple, and multiplied vision necessarily arises from irregularities in the cornea or in the crystalline, and by the means already referred to we may obliterate one or all of the imperfect images, and make use of the best.

Having thus given a popular description of the human eye, and of the optical changes or diseases to which it is subject, we shall now proceed to explain how these changes may be counteracted by artificial means. We have already referred to various methods of producing distinct vision when the eye or some of its parts are in an abnormal condition, and we shall therefore confine ourselves at present to those conditions of the healthy eye induced by age, or by causes which do not injure the organ or any of its parts, but merely change their form, their density, or their refractive power.

In a perfect eye we can obtain distinct vision of objects at all distances from the eye, between four inches and the distance of the stars. This distinctness is obtained by *adjusting* the eye as it is called to the distance of the object which we examine, just as in using a telescope, or an opera-glass, we must make it longer, or pull out the tube next the eye, when we look at near objects, or make it shorter by pushing in the same tube when we look at distant objects. But as the eye has no tubes, this adjustment must be obtained by other means which have not yet been discovered. Some writers suppose that the muscles of the eyeball elongate the eye to see near objects, others than the crystalline lens is moved forwards for the same purpose, others that the lens is muscular, and becomes more or less convex, and others that the contraction and dilatation of the pupil produces the adjustment. From many experiments on the subject we have been led to the following results:—

1st, That the contraction of the pupil, when the eye is adjusted to near objects, does not produce distinct vision solely by the diminu-

* See Reports of British Association, 1848, pp. 48, 49.

tion of the aperture, but by another action which accompanies it.

2dly, That the eye adjusts itself to near objects by two actions, one *voluntary* depending on the will, and the other *involuntary* depending on the stimulus of light falling upon the retina.

3dly, That when the *voluntary* power fails, the adjustment may be effected by the stimulus of light.

Hence we have been led to infer that the mechanism by which we contract the pupil draws forward the lens, and removes it from the retina, producing, perhaps, at the same time, as M. L. Vallée thinks, a small advance in the cornea, and an increase in its curvature.

The whole subject of the construction of the eye, of the various modes by which the adjustment of it may be effected, and of the method by which it is made achromatic, or the colours produced by refraction reduced, has been treated by M. L. Vallée with great ability, though we cannot concur in many of his results. Several reports upon his book have been made by committees of the Institute, who, though they have controverted his opinions, have done justice to the zeal and talent with which he has carried on his investigations. Our limits will not permit us to give any analysis of M. Vallée's work, and we shall content ourselves with referring to one of the leading points of his theory, namely, the condition of the vitreous humour. He takes it for granted on very slight experimental grounds, the truth of which we do not admit, that the vitreous humour is not homogeneous, as all other writers have believed, but diminishes in density from the crystalline lens to the retina, thus furnishing the means of correcting the colours of refraction. In so far as experiments have been made, the density of the vitreous humour in the ox and other animals, has been found to be the same throughout, and if it is not so in man, M. Vallée is bound to show that it is not, by examining it when taken from different parts of the mass. It is now admitted that the vitreous humour is contained in cells like honey in the honeycomb, and in the phenomena of *muscæ volitantes* we have seen proofs of such a structure, which we consider quite incompatible with the idea of a density diminishing towards the retina, or of any regular change of density whatever. If the fluid is in closed cells, it is impossible that laminae of equal density could exist in each cell in curves concentric with the crystalline. But independent of this difficulty, the fibres and *muscæ* floating within the cells, would necessarily bring the fluid in each of them to the same homogeneous condition.

But whatever be the process by which we see objects at different distances, science has taught us how to see them at all distances, whether the power of adjustment has been denied to us at our birth, by giving us short or long sight, or has been lost by age or any other cause. Spectacles, and reading-glasses, and eye-glasses, are the valuable instruments by which we are able to read and work when we can see nothing distinctly within a yard of us. They enable us to see the faces of our friends in the same apartment or across a table, to enjoy the beautiful in external nature or in art, and to count the stars in the firmament when we can hardly see with distinctness a few inches before us, and are obliged to bring close to the eye every object which we examine. Those only can understand how miserable must have been the condition of the aged and the shortsighted before the invention of spectacles, who have themselves long experienced the great blessings which they confer.

Those who have had the good fortune to possess two eyes of equal power, and to have enjoyed distinct and undisturbed vision during the early half of their life, are the most likely to appreciate the benefit which is derived from glasses. Between the ages of thirty and fifty, such persons begin to experience a change in their sight, which generally shows itself in a difficulty of reading in candle light the smallest print in a newspaper. This change, which is the commencement of what is called *longsightedness*, from objects being best seen at a distance, arises from a change in the crystalline lens, by which its density and refractive power, as well as its form, are changed. It generally begins at the margin of the lens, and takes several months to go round it, during which the vision is imperfect, and receives no aid from glasses. While this change is going on, the eye requires to be managed with much care,—to be protected from strong and sudden lights, and to be used with moderation. The general health, also, should be attended to, in so far as healthful exercise and the state of the stomach can promote it. When the change has gone round the crystalline and reduced it equally from its previous plumpness to a flatter or less convex lens, the patient will derive immediate benefit from the use of convex glasses; and it now becomes an important act in his life to obtain those which have the most valuable properties, and are best suited to the state of his eyes, that is, which shall counteract the degree of flattening which has taken place in his crystalline lenses.

Spectacles should be made of glass of the lowest dispersive power, or, what is better

still, of *rock crystal*, (Brazilian quartz called pebbles,) which has a lower dispersive power than any kind of glass, and therefore gives refraction with less colour. The lenses should be as thin as possible, and to have no more thickness at their edges than is necessary to keep them firmly in their frames. The form of the lenses should be *double convex*, and the radii of the outer and inner surfaces as 6 to 1 in *glass*, and as 14 to 1 in *rock crystal*, in order to produce the least spherical aberration, and consequently the most perfect image on the retina. As the eyes are placed at different distances in different persons, it is a matter of essential importance to have the lenses at such a distance from each other that their centres shall be in lines drawn from a point, at the distance at which we wish to read, or draw, or work with them, to the centres of the pupils. In order to determine this, ascertain at what distance from the eye the lens will be placed when it rests in its proper position in its frame on the nose, and also the distance between the eyes, that is, the centres of the pupil when they are directed to a point at the distance at which we wish to use them. These three distances will obviously give the distance of the centres of the lenses from each other, which must always be less than the distances between the centres of the pupils. To find the distance of the centres of the lenses, draw an isosceles triangle, the two sides of which are equal to the distance of each pupil from the point to be seen distinctly, while the third side or base is equal to the distance between the pupils when the eyes view that point. Then set off on each side of the triangle, from each end of the base, the distance of the centre of the lenses, or of their frames, from the pupil, and the distance of these points will be the distance of the centres of the lenses required. Very little attention has been paid by opticians to this most essential point in the construction of spectacles, and we do not know one case in which it has been accurately attended to by means of the process we have mentioned. On the contrary, we have optical books before us,* in which the distance between the centres of the pupils and the centres of the lenses is made exactly the same. In this case each eye looks through the part of the lens on the inner side of the centres of the lens, so that *prismatic* or coloured vision will be the necessary consequence.

When these matters have been determined, or rather before they have been determined, we must find the focal length or pow-

er, or number, as it is called by opticians, of the glasses which we are to use. Till very lately, no accurate method of determining the proper number has been adopted. The optician takes up a book, with print of different sizes, and makes the purchaser try several pairs of spectacles, and decide upon those which appear to suit him best. He makes the trial, and generally decides for himself, though we have known cases where the optician decided for him, and insisted upon the purchaser taking a pair of spectacles which gave him pain in using, assuring him, of what never happened, that his eyes would get accustomed to them. The first person, in so far as we can learn, who constructed and used an apparatus, which he calls a *visometer*, for determining the focal length of *each eye*, was Mr. Salom of Edinburgh. He called many years ago upon the writer of this article with his instrument, and asked us to examine it. We did examine it, and did not scruple to say that it was an instrument which seemed to answer the purpose for which it was intended. The publication of this simple notice not only gave great offence to the opticians, but what was more strange, everybody who read it came to the conclusion that we had recommended Mr. Salom's spectacles! Since that time the attention of men of science, and of scientific opticians, has been called to the subject, and the method of Mr. Salom is now beginning to come into use both in England and on the Continent. The following extract from the admirable lecture "On the Philosophical Instruments and Processes as represented in the Great Exhibition," by Mr. Glaisher, who was not acquainted with what had been done in Scotland, will shew the value of the instrument which we recommended:—"Of spectacles a large number were exhibited, distinguished only in the British portion for their various mountings, without any attempt for the improvement of the lenses themselves as applicable to the peculiarities of vision. I beg here to be clearly understood, that I do not consider either short-sightedness, or the flattening of the eye by age, as *peculiar*. To meet such ordinary states of the eye, the glasses exhibited were ample; but I consider a malformation of the eyes *such, that one eye would require one form of lens, and the other eye another form of lens*, as *peculiar*. At the time of the Exhibition, I did not know one optician in London to whom I could refer any one so afflicted with any chance of relief. The Exhibition did not make such person known in England, but it has given the Jury the opportunity of making the want known, and gladly I avail myself of this opportunity to

* Dr. Kitchener, in his book entitled *The Economy of the Eyes*, figs. 1, 2, 3.

dwell upon it. I speak this from experience, and my personal acquaintance with gentlemen afflicted with peculiarity of vision, *who in London have found no relief.* Since the Exhibition, I have learnt that Simms pays some attention to these points. France furnished one exhibitor, Henri, who seems to have paid much attention to optical science and its application. I expect one of the good results of the Exhibition will be an endeavour on the part of some opticians in England to meet this want.*

Had Mr. Glaisher been acquainted with Mr. Salom's visometer, he would have given it his highest recommendation. An inequality in the focal length of the eyes is a much more common affection than is generally supposed; and therefore the first duty of an optician is to determine whether or not such an inequality in the eyes exists, and then to ascertain the focal length of the lenses required to equalize them. In a case of this kind, which came under our notice, the inequality was so great as to produce double vision of persons in the street,—an effect which was doubtless owing to an effort of the eyes to obtain distinct vision of one of the persons by getting rid of the other. We sent this person to Mr. Salom, who constructed spectacles with lenses of different focal lengths, so as to make the images in each eye equal, and we have learnt that the duplication of objects ceased to take place.

Although spectacles may be required for reading, or for every kind of work executed by the hand, they may not be needed for greater distances. In general, however, when spectacles have been used for ten or twelve years, and in advanced life, they may be required for examining pictures in a picture gallery, or public buildings, or even landscapes, whether within a short distance of us or more remote. In these cases one or two additional pairs of spectacles are required, and in all these the centres of the glasses must be more distant than those in the spectacles used for reading, but always less than the distance between the centres of the pupils. The spectacles for a picture gallery, or for viewing pictures in private houses, must have their lenses of a much greater focal length than those used for reading, and the same lenses should be used in looking through the stereoscope. In old age, a third pair of spectacles for viewing very distant objects, and having very long focal lengths, will be found particularly useful.

As almost every person with normal sight, that is, every person who is not short-sighted, must, with very few exceptions, require the use of spectacles, it is of importance to determine the time when they should first use them. It is a common practice with those who are unwilling to be considered old, to delay the use of glasses as long as possible. This is a great mistake, and one most injurious to the eyes. Spectacles should not only be used the moment they enable us to read or to work more easily, but as the eyes become more long-sighted with age, new and deeper glasses should be substituted. The eye is an organ of too delicate a structure to be rudely used, and it cannot with impunity be exposed every day to a constant strain, striving to see what is beyond its power, to pry into what is too minute, or to decipher what is indistinct or confused. There are many objects to which our attention is called, when our spectacles fail to give us their usual aid. In looking at maps, for example, a reading-glass is absolutely necessary, and if it is used along with our spectacles, it will be found to give a peculiar relief to the eyes, and will be often used in reading books in small type, for which our usual spectacles have not sufficient power. These reading-glasses must, of course, have a greater diameter than two and a half inches, and though each eye necessarily looks through the margin of the lens, there is no perceptible indistinctness in the vision. When used alone without spectacles, which we do not recommend, Mr. Smee has denounced them as extremely inconvenient in practice, "because," he says, "if both eyes are directed to the object simultaneously, it is either doubled or rendered very confused, because two eyes cannot regard an object through a lens without its appearing double. Sometimes indeed the impression of one eye is instinctively neglected, and then but one object is seen; nevertheless in all cases, and under all circumstances, if we really see any object through a lens with both eyes simultaneously, the two objects must appear in different places, and consequently double. In my peregrinations about London, I have been surprised at seeing lenses labelled 'Binocular,'* at some apparently respectable shops, which well indicates the knowledge possessed by even the better order of spectacle-sellers." This denunciation of "Binocular" reading-glasses is to us quite incomprehensible. They neither double objects, nor render them confused, and we found them, *when used along with spectacles, one of the most*

* *Lectures on the Results of the Great Exhibition of 1851, delivered before the Society of Arts, at the suggestion of Prince Albert.* P. 360. London: 1852.

* *The Eye, &c.,* p. 63.

valuable combinations which optical science has presented to the long-sighted community.

This method of using the reading-glass along with spectacles, is equally applicable to the short-sighted when they wish to see minute objects, and will be found a valuable auxiliary to persons of advanced age. Instead of producing magnifying power by reading-glasses, it may sometimes be more convenient to have one or two pair of spectacles with lenses much more convex than those we require for reading, or two pair may be used together. This mode of seeing very minute objects is particularly convenient when we require the use of our hands, and we would counsel the artist, as well as the student, never to command the use of his hands by grasping a magnifying glass with the muscles of his eyebrow.

The rectangular reading-glasses now made with two cylindrical surfaces at right angles to each other, an invention imported from France, are greatly to be preferred to those with spherical surfaces. With one exception* they are not described in any optical work with which we are acquainted, and Mr. Smee does not seem to be aware of their existence. We have now before us a lens executed for us, above forty years ago, by Mr. Peter Hill, optician in Edinburgh, and we have seen one or two very well made by the London artists.

The observations which we have made on spectacles for long-sight, are, generally speaking, applicable to the short-sighted. This species of imperfect vision is commonly congenital, or existing at birth. The eye, however, often suffers remarkable changes in its focal length during its growth, and persons who were short-sighted in early life recover from it at a greater age, while those who were short-sighted in infancy become so afterwards. Short-sight is most frequent in artisans who require to have their work brought near the eye, and in literary men who are devoted to reading; while shepherds and sailors, and labourers in the field, have their sight lengthened by their profession. Like the long-sighted, the short-sighted should have spectacles of various numbers, from those which they require to see their food, or their friends on the opposite side of the table, to those which they require to avoid danger in the street, to see pictures in a gallery, or to enjoy the near or the distant landscape.

In the preceding observations we have taken no notice of eye-glasses, which are seldom used, excepting by those who are ashamed to employ spectacles. To look at

any object with one eye, when we have two at our disposal, is to injure both—the one by too much work, the other by too little. In the occasional use of an eye-glass the eye cannot be much injured, especially if it is applied as often to the one eye as to the other, but no person who values his sight will employ it habitually even with this precaution. A pair of convex spectacles which fold into an eye-glass, will be found a very convenient form for out-of-door use, as the eye-glass, having twice the magnifying power of the spectacles, may be advantageously resorted to as a microscope of small power.

When we consider the varying intensities of light to which the eye is exposed, from the bright summer suns of the south, the dazzling white snows of the temperate and northern zones, to the twilight illuminations of winter, it is of great importance to the preservation of sight to protect the eye in the one case, and to aid it, if possible, in the other. During the last century green glasses have been employed to protect the eye from excessive light, and they are decidedly the best of all coloured glasses, as they absorb the extreme violet and blue rays, and transmit the red, thus producing a shorter spectrum, and consequently a more distinct image on the retina. Fashion, however, always the victim of ignorance, has introduced blue glasses, which, as they absorb different parts of the spectrum unequally, and transmit the extreme violet and blue rays, are more mischievous than useful. Science, however, the unwearied benefactor of an ungrateful community, has substituted for green and blue media, an opaque glass of no colour, by means of which we can moderate, in any degree we choose, the light which reaches the eye. In strong lights, and even in ordinary lights, when the eyes are tender, it is not enough to diminish the light of the objects which we see. It is of the greatest consequence to get rid of the light which enters the eyes at the temples, by opaque screens attached to the spectacle frame. We have now before us a pair of spectacles made and used by the inhabitants of Greenland, for preventing snow blindness. They are made of wood, and have no lenses. The light is transmitted to each eye through a slit about 2 inches long, and the 50th of an inch wide, and becoming wider at the ends next the nose. Immediately behind each slit, the piece of wood is formed into a small hollow box, the side of which press gently upon the temples, the eyebrows, and the cheeks, so as to exclude all light whatever, excepting that which passes through the slits. The great length of the slits is necessary to give the vision of objects to the extreme

* Art OPTICS, *Encycl. Brit.*, vol. xvi. p. 388.

right and left, when the eyeball is turned as far as it can be turned in these directions.

But while it is necessary to diminish light of high intensity, it is often as necessary to increase it. In parts of the earth where the nights are long, and the sun's light withdrawn even during the day, so that the inhabitants require the aid of artificial light, it is of importance to discover the resources with which science can supply us. We have long been of opinion that certain rays act more powerfully upon the retina than others, though their illuminating power be less. We have known cases in which the eye, in certain states, is more or less blind to particular colours, not only in persons who are colour-blind, but in persons of ordinary sight when the eye has been previously under the influence of light. We have, therefore, from observation as well as from theory, been led to believe that the yellow rays have a more powerful action on the retina than even white light, and, consequently, that yellow glasses might be advantageously used by those who require increased light either from the nature of their retina, from the profession which they follow, or the climate which they inhabit. When anything is lost in the dark, where no artificial illumination can be obtained, the enlargement of the pupil, either by waiting in the dark till it expands sufficiently, or by the application of belladonna, might enable us to find it, or by means of a lens we might condense the faint light to a certain degree, for it is light more than distinct vision that is required to find anything in feeble light.

In proportion to the assistance which we derive from spectacles, is the misery which we experience in losing or mislaying them, under circumstances where they cannot be replaced. On such occasions we are for certain purposes blind, and there are few persons advanced in life who have not frequently experienced this misfortune. In such a dilemma we may achieve a temporary recovery of our sight by looking, or even reading, through a pin-hole held close to the eye, by making an extempore lens with a drop of varnish, or wine, or even water, laid upon a clean piece of glass, or by placing it on the hollow side of our watch-glass; or what is best of all, by crossing at right angles two cylindrical bottles filled with water, and looking through the portion that is crossed.

If the reader has followed us intelligently throughout these pages, and has any faith in the results and deductions of science, he will not fail to watch over his eyesight as the

most precious of his blessings, and he will have saved himself many hours of anxiety, and many years of suffering, if he is so fortunate as to spend the last decade of his life with his eyes bright, and his vision unimpaired. In the ordinary diseases to which the eye, like the other parts of his body is subject, we may safely confide in the skill of the experienced physician; but in the diseases to which it is liable as an optical instrument, where optical science can alone direct us, we regret that professional assistance is difficult to be found. Guided by practice, the skilful oculist may dexterously extract the crystalline lens, or make an artificial pupil; but all the refinements of optical science are requisite in the practitioner to whom we commit the care of our sight; and we trust the time is not distant when men will be expressly educated for this branch of the healing art, and will exhaust in their practice the rich resources with which science can supply them.

ART. V. — *L'Angleterre au Dix-huitième Siècle; Etudes et Portraits pour servir à l'Histoire du Gouvernement Anglais depuis la Fin du Règne de Guillaume III.* Par M. CHARLES REMUSAT, de l'Académie Française. Deux Volumes. Paris, 1846.

THE majority of Englishmen who tacitly approve or carelessly defend the existing regime in France, commonly lay out of the account one of its most dangerous and (we fear) utterly irremediable results or concomitants — the exclusion from the public service of almost every trained politician, who, prior to December 1851, had given decided proofs of talent and integrity. To carry out the *coup d'état*, it was (or was deemed) necessary to place under temporary restraint, with peculiar circumstances of personal insult and degradation, between two and three hundred of the most eminent members of the Assembly which had just been dissolved by violence. Three-fourths of these were not even accused or suspected of intrigues or conspiracies. Their offence was their moral weight, their acknowledged respectability, and their apprehended influence over the popular mind, should they be left free to vindicate the outraged dignity of the constitution. For merely protesting against the illegal force put upon the representative body to which they belonged, or (in some remarkable cases) for merely

being of a temper and character that made such a protest probable, they were conveyed in convict-vans, like felons, to ignoble places of confinement; and several of the most distinguished were only released upon condition that they should remain in exile until the meditated despotism was consolidated and complete.

To bring their case home to English apprehension, let us suppose that, in the spring 1855, when representative government was at a discount, some scion of royalty, or any other reckless pretender, in combination with the cleverest frequenters of the Turf Club, had debauched the household troops by gratuities or promises, surrounded both houses of parliament, turned back all who attempted to enter, and packed off all who had ever risen above mediocrity in debate or acquired any hold on opinion in any way, to Newgate, Coldbath Fields, or the Millbank Penitentiary, in those gloomy vehicles which seem to combine the prison and the hearse. The parallel would be imperfect, unless Downing Street, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty had been simultaneously invaded, and unless all the heads of departments, civil and military, with a large proportion of their subordinates, had been replaced by adventurers, or by persons whose main title to confidence under the new state of things was their failure or rejection under the old.

Now, we should thereby have got rid of a good many of the abuses against which the administrative reformers have hitherto waged war in vain; and we should also have spared ourselves the trouble of hearing or reading many debates in which the speakers appear to have had no more exalted object in view than faction or self-display. The press, also, would not have enjoyed the proud privilege of libelling our army and discrediting our diplomacy, for the edification and encouragement of rival nations, which may speedily become our foes. Yet, for all that, most of us would not be sorry to have our old institutions, habits and liberties' back again, even at the price of being obliged to endure occasionally an indiscreet speech from a party leader out of place, or a mischievous communication from a newspaper correspondent. Then why should we rejoice over the political and intellectual degradation of our neighbours across the Channel, and contend that they have been rightly served, because one out of a hundred of the chief sufferers may have abused their former freedom of writing or of speech?

Take the case of M. Charles de Remusat, the distinguished author of the work named

at the head of this article. There cannot be a more convincing illustration of the injustice of our too prevalent mode of talking about France. He was recently described by an eminent northern cotemporary as the most passionless, philosophic, and unprejudiced of Frenchmen—a description which is verified by the whole tenor of his life. He has been more or less before the public for nearly forty years. He has written largely on a great variety of subjects—literary, artistical, philosophical, and political. The invariable tendency of his productions has been to purify taste, to diffuse and dignify truth, to elevate intellectual pursuits, to uphold principle, and preserve order. Both as an author and a politician, he has been invariably found co-operating with the most cultivated, enlightened, moderate, and respected amongst his countrymen. He was elected, with universal approbation, a member of the Academy in succession to M. Royer Collard in 1847; and if for his misfortune, it certainly was not to his discredit that he held the high office of Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe at the time when the present Emperor of the French effected his memorable landing at Boulogne. Liberal Conservative by opinion, he has constantly and consistently laboured to consolidate constitutional government in France; but he has resorted to no illegal or irregular method of enforcing or carrying out his views. Not so much as an irritating or ill-advised speech has been attributed to him. He was simply found at his post, along with all that was most venerable or estimable amongst Frenchmen, when the last representatives and defenders of French liberty were dispersed and outraged. Yet, without being ever charged with the semblance of a transgression against any known law, he is first hurried off to prison like a common malefactor, then exiled, and then excluded from public life as well as debarred from the unrestrained exercise of his faculties in other walks of mind.

A nearly similar destiny has been imposed on almost all who for more than half a century have been wont to take the lead in administration or debate. Should this state of things be prolonged, it can hardly fail to pave the way for another revolutionary crisis, and it is a standing menace to every liberal government in Europe whilst it lasts. But the imperial despotism must be credited with one good result. It has certainly prevented some of the most eloquent writers and profoundest thinkers in France from giving up to party what was meant for mankind. We are probably in-

debted to it for the completion of M. Thiers' History; for the republication, in a corrected and complete shape, of some of M. Guizot's most valuable productions; and for a new work on the never-failing theme of the first French Revolution from the conscientious and thoughtful pen of M. de Tocqueville. M. de Montalembert's brilliant essays tell their own story and explain their own origin; whilst we may be pardoned for suspecting that all M. de Remusat's fondness for the more refined and *belles-lettres* part of political controversy, would hardly have induced the extent of research into the inmost recesses of English history and biography which is exhibited in the book before us, had the animating arena of public life been left open to him and his friends.

The contents of these two volumes (1044 closely printed octavo pages) first appeared in the shape of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; which at present enrols amongst its contributors, regular or occasional, a large proportion of the writers of which modern French literature has most reason to be proud. The honour and advantage of first ushering M. de Montalembert's *brochures* before the world are also enjoyed by a magazine or review published twice a month, *Le Correspondant*. The circumstance is worth noting, because it indicates a remarkable change in the journalism of the two countries. During the first quarter of the century, the English reviews were confessedly the best existing; and every effort to rival them on the Continent confessedly failed. Thus the *Revue Française*, which started under high auspices and was admirably conducted, reached only a limited circulation; and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had a long period of comparative neglect and indifference to live through. The daily press of Paris long absorbed all the rising talent, and exercised a paramount influence and authority, which speedily became a mischievous and capricious tyranny. Impatience at its excesses caused its far more than counterbalancing benefits to be overlooked for a period; and the enemies of free discussion gladly profited by the passing and shortsighted popular prejudice to suppress it altogether in what they rightly deemed its most formidable shape. Reviews, which are addressed to a different class of readers and cannot follow up their blows by a rapid and telling succession, are regarded with less jealousy, and still manage to express or insinuate unpalatable truths. They, therefore, have become, in France, the chief refuge and resource of both writers and readers who are on the look-out for novelty. In England, the tendency has been

in a contrary direction. At least till very recently the newspaper press had been constantly rising in influence and reputation, and was rapidly gaining ground on the rest of our periodical literature, even in walks, like literary criticism, where it might have been expected that competition must prove hopeless. This, however, is not the place to speculate on the causes or consequences of the change. Having simply noted it as a curious and interesting fact, we return to M. de Remusat's "Studies and Portraits," in which a series of familiar topics are invested with an air of freshness, and rendered singularly attractive and instructive, by being seen from a foreign point of view and through the medium of a peculiarly trained and abundantly stored mind.

The first volume, after some preliminary reflections on the contrasted destinies of France and England in matters of government is devoted to Bolingbroke, His Life and Times. The second is occupied with Horace Walpole and Junius. Around the main figures are grouped almost all the statesmen and characters of note who figured on, or passed across, the stage of public life in England between the English Revolution of 1688, and the French of 1789. To suppose that a Frenchman could suggest nothing new on such a range of subjects simply because he is a Frenchman, would be a hasty and illogical inference. Bolingbroke has truly said, that history is read with different eyes at different periods of life. A reader of twenty carries off one set of impressions, a reader of thirty an additional set, a reader of forty a still larger one, and so on. The suggestiveness of a narrative is, of course, increased tenfold by practical experience, and the best interpreter of history is he who has lived it, or played a part in analogous scenes. The bare lapse of years, also, may supply fresh associations and original comments. Thus, every time the world is convulsed or shaken by civil commotions in a great central community, the history of each preceding revolution is perused and reperused with renewed and unabated zeal, in the hope of discovering some satisfactory solution of the problem. The preceding labours of Clarendon, Hume, Disraeli the elder, Godwin, Hallam, and Macaulay, have little, if at all, weakened by anticipation the interest taken in M. Guizot's Cromwell; nor, we think, with all due respect for the able work of Mr. Wingrove Cook, will it be the complaint of any candid critic, who may be induced to follow the tortuous career of Bolingbroke under M. de Remusat's guidance, that he has been wasting his time upon a beaten track or an exhausted field. Indeed,

the all-accomplished St. John is still an object of vague wonder to the many, and of enlightened curiosity to the well-informed few. He was Mr. Disraeli the younger's *beau idéal* of a British statesman, when that gentleman first began to attract attention as the leader and instructor of the select band of youthful admirers who exulted in the name of "Young England;" and no stronger illustration can be given of the baneful influence which he exercised, of the mischievous doctrines which he inculcated, of the false idols which he set up, or of the want of accurate knowledge on which he calculated. Dazzling as St. John's career and character undoubtedly was, it required no ordinary degree of boldness to represent him as a model to be imitated rather than an example to be shunned.

M. de Remusat's motives and object in such a selection of subjects may be collected from the following passage, which will also give a foretaste of his allusive and characteristic mode of associating them with recent or passing events.

"And then, why not admit it? It is imagined that those who have lived, for thirty or forty years, in the heart of the affairs of France, have learnt the language spoken by the history of England. The sentiments and thoughts that animate the actors or the witnesses of those scenes called Restoration or Revolution, the life of parties, the parliamentary world, are things that they ought to know, at least by experience. It may be at this present time very useless to know all this; but after all they do know it, and they are wanting in that flexibility of mind necessary to learn anything else. Perhaps they will be excused for daring to write upon what they think they understand, for making the best of an experience which it is said, must finish with them, and for speaking of what they remember before it is altogether forgotten. The men of to-day will be more fortunate: dispensed from a laborious apprenticeship, they will reap without having sown; their destiny will cost them no effort; they will enjoy the happiness of their country without being of any account in it, and will be astonished that, before their time, so much anxiety was wasted upon matters so indifferent as public affairs. Let us then endeavour to relate what was passing at the beginning of the last age in a nation condemned by Providence to that sort of hard labour (*travail forcé*) which is termed political liberty."

We are not about to follow M. de Remusat through the minute details of the birth, parentage, and early days of Bolingbroke, but we must enumerate the salient points and features, or his and our comments will be obscure or unintelligible.

Henry St. John, born October 10, 1678, at Battersea, entered life with every social advantage that could be possessed in an aristocratic country by one of the most favoured scions of the aristocracy. His descent

was noble: he was educated at Eton and Christchurch; and a family seat in Parliament was vacated for him by his father so soon as he was old enough to occupy it. His natural endowments were of the most enviable order, although, as is too commonly the case, the choicest of them, by exposing him to temptation, proved more a bane than a blessing in the long run. To a handsome face and figure, good voice, and elegant manners, he added unrivalled quickness of apprehension, a logical understanding, a lively fancy, and a memory so tenacious that he was wont to complain of it as an inconvenience, and to allege it as an excuse for limiting his reading to the best authors. On his entrance into the world, his grand ambition was to be pre-eminent in profligacy, to which the contrast with the asceticism, in which he had been nurtured under a puritan tutor, lent an irresistible zest. Long after his ambition had taken a more exalted turn, it was his pride "To shine a Tully and a Wilmot too." "His youth," says Lord Chesterfield, "was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasure, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and almost deifying the prostitute of the night, and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagances of frantic Bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition." They were never completely conquered except, as St. Evremont boasts of having conquered *his*, by indulging them to exhaustion, and they were then replaced by a set of evil spirits, darker, if not fiercer, than themselves. He entered the House of Commons as member for Wotton Bassett, about the same time (1700) with his old school-fellow, Robert Walpole; and immediately, as if to be opposed without delay to his life-long rival who joined the Whigs, he attached himself to the Tories.

Here M. de Remusat introduces a masterly sketch of the state of parties with their respective objects, about the time in question. We will assume that English readers possess enough of this sort of information to be able to follow the shifting fortunes of his hero, including those of another distinguished worthy with which for many years they remained inextricably mixed up. We allude to Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, whose right to the proud position he so long occupied amongst statesmen, men of letters, and wits, has been recently contested in a manner which cannot fail to render him a puzzle to posterity. Mr. Macaulay says:—

"His influence in Parliament was indeed out of all proportion to his ability. His intellect was

both slender and slow. He was unable to take a large view of any subject. He never acquired the art of expressing himself in public with fluency and perspicuity. To the end of his life he remained a tedious, hesitating, and confused speaker. He had none of the external graces of an orator. His countenance was heavy—his figure mean and somewhat deformed, and his gestures uncouth. Yet he was heard with respect. For such as his mind was, it had been assiduously cultivated. He had that sort of industry, and that sort of exactness, which would have made him a respectable antiquary of King-at-Arms. . . . He constantly had, even with his best friends, an air of mystery and reserve, which seemed to indicate that he knew some momentous secret, and that his mind was labouring with some vast design. In this way he got and long kept a high reputation for wisdom. It was not till that reputation had made him an Earl, a Knight of the Garter, Lord High Treasurer of England, and master of the fate of Europe, that his admirers began to find out that he was really a dull puzzle-headed man.*

No amount of ingenuity will satisfactorily reconcile this appreciation with the admitted facts. It is preposterous to suppose that a dull puzzle-headed man could have imposed himself on St. John for a subtle politician and a valuable coadjutor till the illusion was dissipated by their quarrel for supremacy, or on Swift for an agreeable and highly cultivated companion. From the commencement of their long intimacy till its close, their companionship, moreover, was of the most trying sort, by reason of its uncereemonious, playful, and almost boyish character; for nothing is more difficult than to conceal poverty of intellect from those with whom we habitually lay aside form and carry on a commerce of repartee and banter. *Vive la bagatelle*, the favourite exclamation of Harley, was never the watchword or motto of a man who felt that it would be fatal to his reputation to be seen without his mask. The universal distrust of his good faith affords the strongest indirect confirmation of the confidence placed in his capacity by those who were so long content to act under his leadership. We, therefore, submit that the French author's estimate of his character, which is also far from flattering, comes nearer to the truth than that of the great English historical painter.

"The situation (1704)," says M. de Remusat, "demanded a complicated system of political tactics. The frank toryism which walked abroad without disguise, already an object of suspicion to the Upper House, became so to public opinion. Something less decided was required—adroit and clear-sighted men, to whom all consistency was indifferent, to whom passion was unknown, who took for rule the interest of the moment, and

made of power the end and not the means—men who have not a cause to serve but an ambition to satisfy, and who, when occasion requires, govern as others conspire. Harley was named Secretary of State in the place of Lord Nottingham. He was attached to the High Church party without sharing in its frenzy; he was powerful in the Lower House, he was little compromised in it, since he presided over and did not speak in it. His understanding was prompt and flexible, his address conciliating, his experience consummate, his egoism kindly; but although courageous at need and persevering, his cast of mind was timid and uncertain; he adjourned everything, he neglected everything, spending much activity to avoid action, using all his ingenuity in intrigue, and condemned by his defects to an incomparable falseness.

"St. John was devoted to him, as much, at least, as St. John could be devoted. He was, by position, like the extreme right of Harley, but he was equally devoid of prejudices, and his mind was as supple, though his character was less so. The House had no greater orator. Harley made St. John Secretary of War. (April 1704.)"

Whatever doubts are, or may have been, entertained respecting Harley's talents, St. John's were beyond dispute. That the House had no greater orator so long as he sat in it, has passed into an axiom; and we are by no means sure that the vague sort of fame which is handed down by tradition for want of written or printed records, is not the safest and most enduring. Indeed, it is exactly in proportion to the deficiency of authentic proof that the authority of applauding cotemporaries rises step by step till it become unimpeachable. Basing our cavils on imperfect reports, we may venture to censure the theatrical tone of Lord Chatham, or the floridity of Sheridan's famous Begum effusion. But in the case of an orator like St. John, of whose speeches not a solitary sentence has been preserved, we can no more impugn the justice of the applause lavished on them in his lifetime, than we can contest Garrick's fame as an actor. M. de Remusat begins the first of his biographical chapters by the anecdote of Pitt, who, when the company were speculating what lost production of the human mind was most to be regretted, said, that if the choice were left to him, he should prefer a speech of Bolingbroke's. Without in the least disputing the excellence of his speeches, it is perhaps better for his fame that Pitt should have been heard wishing for their restoration instead of comparing them with his father's or his own.

St. John and Harley continued in the ministry till 1708, but neither the astuteness of the one nor the eloquence of the other, nor both combined, were able, in this, their joint undertaking, to unseat their Whig colleagues. The star of Marlborough was

* Vol. iv. p. 466.

still in the ascendant, and although the Queen had already gone the length of opening a back-stairs treaty with Harley through Mrs. Masham, she was obliged to dissemble and procrastinate. The scale was turned by the Duke of Somerset; and at the breaking up of the council, (February 1708,) which was expected to end in the triumph of Harley, he was dismissed. His fall involved that of his friends, — amongst others, of St. John; who also lost his seat at the ensuing general election, and vanished from the stage of public life for two years, during which he devoted most of his time to literature. The intervening period, limited as it was, sufficed for the dominant party, although it was headed by Marlborough and Somers and in uncontrolled possession of the ministry, to wear out both what remained to them of royal favour and popularity. With full knowledge of the Queen's character, and ample warning of Mrs. Masham's intrigues, they fell into the fatal error of despising them. "What could be effected by an obscure camarilla, a conspiracy of *femmes de chambre* against the policy of peers of the realm, defended in the senate by great orators, in the field by a great captain? This confidence bore its ordinary fruits. The ministers abandoned themselves respectively to their several defects."

The nation was beginning to tire of the war, and to suspect that it was needlessly prolonged for the profit of the great captain. His imperious duchess had come to a downright quarrel with her royal mistress in 1708. The impeachment of Sacheverel inflamed the public mind to the highest pitch against his prosecutors. "They," (the ministers,) wrote Bolingbroke, "had a parson to roast, and they roasted him at so fierce a fire that they burned themselves." "The game is won," exclaimed Harley, on hearing in the country, where he was dining with some friends of the Sacheverel affair; and, ordering horses immediately, he returned to London. In August 1810, the White Staff of Lord High-Treasurer was delivered to him, and within the ensuing month St. John was Secretary of State. These two were the soul of the new Cabinet, and their first care was to make sure of the effective support of the press.

"In free countries," remarks M. de Remusat, "public affairs simultaneously with their being carried on their genuine arena — in councils, assemblies, camps, congresses — are, as it were, repeated on another theatre, on that which the press sets up for the public. The piece is played twice over, or rather there is first the reality and then the representation, but the latter in its turn acts on the former by the ideas and the passions

that it gives to the public; and it thus sometimes becomes the first of state affairs. St. John knew this as well as Harley. The movement of opinion which had facilitated their return to power was the work of the pulpit and the press rather than of the tribune. Although justly confident in his oratorical power, St. John therefore did not neglect other aid. He armed his policy with pamphlets and journals, and perhaps no ministry had hitherto been more discussed and better defended. In merely analyzing the innumerable publications which appeared from the end of 1710 to the accession of George the First, we might bring to light again the whole series of events, the whole succession of affairs; and this piece of literary history would be a ready-made fragment of the history of the government; it would be the written drama, the *doublure* of the acted drama."

This is not exactly our notion of how the press works or worked at any time in England, whatever may have been the case in France so long as France had what can fairly be called a political press. At present, journalism may be described as the indispensable instrument of self (or popular) government, the medium through (or the stage on) which the nation discusses its affairs and transacts its business. It is a mistake to suppose that when popular opinion dictates to the legislature, it is formed and directed by a class of writers bred up to the vocation, or set apart for the purpose. The whole of the cultivated classes, and many who are not cultivated, participate in the movement. Everybody who knows or pretends to know anything of the subject, everybody who can write, or thinks he can, becomes a contributor to the discussion in some shape, if only by an epistle to the *Times*; and the chief influence of speeches, whether in Parliament or at public meetings, results from their being reproduced in the newspapers. To be jealous of these as they exist and are conducted in this country, therefore, is to be jealous of one another and of ourselves. They are what we make them, and whenever they try to set up on their own account as independent regulators of the national will, they fail; as the leading journal failed notoriously in its attempt to prevent the passing of the New Poor Law, in its more recent attempt to procure an important modification of the Income Tax, and in its desperate struggle to prevent the repeal of the so-called taxes on knowledge.

We need hardly add that this perfection of publicity, in which the antidote accompanies the bane, was unknown till long after Queen Anne's time; when, although the formal censorship had ceased, the law of libel was oppressively enforced, and the action of the Houses of Parliament on the

people was nullified, or nearly so, by the non-publication of the debates. Yet circumstances enabled political writers to exercise a more direct influence, and to occupy a higher social position than at any other period of our domestic annals. The majority of the nation were still floating between two opinions, and unable to make up their minds whether it was best to take back the Stuarts or to accept the Guelfs, — just as for half a century after the Reformation, they were constantly fluctuating between Protestantism and Popery. The controversial tracts which appeared during the latter part of the sixteenth century, would fill a library. As civil, like religious, revolutions, depend upon the masses, it was equally important at the beginning of the eighteenth century for the competitors for power to enlist as many popular writers as they could; and this necessity was the more urgent on Harley and Bolingbroke, because they had to return and neutralize the fire of the Whig organs, to which Steele and Addison were contributors.

"It was resolved, therefore, to found a new journal, and on the 3d of August, 1710, the *Examiner* appeared. It was St. John who conceived it. This is asserted to be the first time that a journal for political discussion was published under the auspices of the Government, and the liberties which it took from the beginning contributed to the liberty of all. Discussion became more frank, more direct; many of the byways and evasive contrivances in use were abandoned. St. John, who contributed to the first number, placed the *Examiner* at once upon a footing of animated polemics. A letter to the editor, in which he rudely attacks the Duchess of Marlborough for having laboured against the formation of the Government, provoked replies from Addison and Lord Cowper. The letter, addressed to Isaac Bickerstaff, the editor of the *Tatler*, a letter that may still be read; and it is curious to see how, under the mask of the anonymous, an ex-Chancellor and an actual Secretary of State aim at each other the weapon of the press. St. John soon abandoned the pen to the ordinary contributors, — to Matthew Prior, the poet, secretary of embassy Ryswick, and Doctor Atterbury, a theologian of the absolute school, a remarkable writer, a skilful preacher, destined for the mitre. Both were intimate with St. John, but it is doubtful whether the *Examiner* would have made a durable sensation, if a far more formidable combatant had not adopted it as his instrument of war."

This was the famous Dean of St. Patrick's, who, having been coldly and (as he thought) ungratefully treated by the Whig leaders, was easily coaxed and flattered into undertaking the editorship of the new Tory organ. He had already broken ground against his former friends by two satires,

the one against Wharton and the other against Godolphin.

The first blows were struck. On the 31st October, and the 1st November, Swift dined with Addison, and on the 2d November appeared the 14th number, with the future Dean's first article. It was on Thursday, he was invited to dine the day following with Harley; who engaged him again for Sunday. In the interval, the Saturday, he dined again with Steele and Addison at Kensington; but he was invited for the 11th to St. John's. These flattering attentions made him all their own; and thenceforth his *Journal* to Steele teems with expressions of exultation and delight at the footing of familiarity on which he was placed by the two master spirits of the period. In allusion to his first dinner with St. John, he dots down: —

"I dined to-day by invitation with the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John. He told me, amongst other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him; I knew this was a refinement, and so I told him, and it was so; indeed, it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me; but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet."

From subsequent entries it appears that, though their flattery made him theirs, it had not completely blinded him to more material considerations: —

"Feb. 17, 1711. — I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only Lord Keeper (Harcourt) and I were to be there, but he regarded me not, so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the Secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow: I told him I had no hopes they could keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so much, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures, and I believe you will find it so, but I care not."

Notwithstanding this seeming affection of Harley and St. John for one another, there was no great love lost between them at any time; and even the imminent peril, the almost certain ruin, of a breach could not keep them together long. The first marked symptoms of ill-will were elicited by Guiscard's attempt to assassinate Harley, who was thereby elevated into a most unmerited degree of popularity for a period, and who profited by this event, and by the death of

Rochester, to become Earl of Oxford and Prime Minister. St. John could not conceal his jealousy, and forthwith began taking steps to supplant his colleague. He had one indispensable advantage: he was the only member of the Cabinet who could speak French, and consequently the only one who could compass or facilitate the grand object of their distinctive policy, the peace. An indispensable preliminary was to displace Marlborough from his commands. This was effected through the confirmed dislike of the Queen to her quondam favourites, and the blow was followed by the expulsion of Walpole from the House of Commons, on a charge of malversation in 1708 and 1709. A people and parliament which sanctioned such steps might be relied on for still more decided and comprehensive measures; and negotiations were commenced in right earnest. The prime mover and manager throughout the whole of the extremely delicate and compromising proceedings that ensued was St. John. Much of what he did was done without communication with our allies, and amounted to a clear breach of international faith. But he was honestly convinced that the peace would prove a European blessing; in his lax morality, the end justified the means; and we agree with M. de Remusat, that there is no reason for suspecting him of ulterior designs of a deeper and more treacherous dye.

"If the party of the exiled dynasty crossed his path,—if, as might be expected, Jacobite interests and principles served his proposed system of policy at the same time that their views were promoted by it, he was not called upon to repel this sort of auxiliaries, he was not to be alarmed nor to blush like a boy at their co-operation. . . . At the moment of action, he might well call in to the aid of his ambitious or party schemes certain general ideas; this is a want of all times for distinguished minds; one likes to find the principle of one's actions; but it is probable that circumstances, parliamentary engagements, the state of the court, characters, tastes, antipathies, the doubts which still hung over the succession to the throne, the possibility of a counter-revolution discerned or sought, the interest of self-defence, the need of success, the desire of revenge, a thousand particular causes, eventually contributed more powerfully to determine both the language and the course of the cabinet."

This explanation may serve for many other situations as well as that for which it was intended,—and for many other statesmen besides St. John. His success in predisposing matters for a general pacification was rewarded (1712) by his elevation to the peerage with the title of Viscount

Bolingbroke, with remainder to his father and the heirs-male of his father, who, himself a *roué* and a wit, is reported to have exclaimed on the occasion,—“Ah, Harry, I always said you would be hanged, but now I believe you will be beheaded.” The prophecy was in a fair way to be fulfilled not long afterwards, and the peerage, by widening the breach between the new Peer and the Premier, increased their common danger. Bolingbroke never forgave Harley for depriving him of the earldom on which he had reckoned; and as soon as the peace was fairly completed, their smouldering dissensions broke out into open hostility, which all Swift's exertions were unable to calm down.

“In this state of things came on the general election (August 1713) after the year of the triumph of the ministerial policy. This is often a critical moment for a cabinet. A great affair to conduct, a great end to attain, may give strength to the government. It is then sustained, from the time when it is not overwhelmed by its task. It is more active, more united, better served; its party preserves discipline and is subordinate to its views. All this is changed when the game is won. It is then that the discontents, accumulated during the work, break forth; vanity and ambition throw off restraint; parties become exacting and ungrateful. If, above all, one of the ministers attributes to himself all the merit of the success which goes to advance the prime minister, the disruption is not far off, and that of the party precedes that of the chiefs. Such was the situation on which the government verged.”

All Bolingbroke's communications with his friends are henceforth filled with bitter complaints of Oxford, whose habitual defects of vacillation and procrastination, augmented and developed by power, were daily adding to the growing conviction of his inferiority. “Undecided, lying, indolent, he had only activity enough to dissemble his negligences, his perfidies and his faults. More brilliant, more decided, more alluring, Bolingbroke carried more loyalty into the details, and only deceived in greater matters. He used to say that a little trickery (*ruse*) was required in public business, as a little alloy is needed in gold or silver coin, but that the money becomes base, if the just proportion is exceeded.” In claiming the honour of the peace, however, Bolingbroke necessarily exposed himself to a proportionate share of the obloquy heaped upon its concoctors; and the Whig writers so exasperated him, that in 1713, he was guilty of the folly and inconsistency of declaring war against the press. It was at his instance that a Bill was passed for im-

posing a half-penny stamp on pamphlets and periodicals, which caused the discontinuance of several, and limited the circulation of many others; although it did not (as was asserted by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in the debate on the newspaper duty in 1855) stop or ostensibly injure the *Spectator*.

Another of Bolingbroke's proposals, fortunately rejected, was that each writer's name and address should be affixed to his article, a favourite measure at all times with all who dread and wish to limit the influence of the press. The proposed object is to check violence and personality. The probable effect would be to augment both, and thereby, as well as by other incalculable changes, to lessen the wholesome influence of journalism. The best-conducted journal invariably is that with which the greatest number of writers of talent, character, and position, are connected sufficiently to make them in some sort answerable for its tone. In all such cases the editor is responsible both to them and the public, and lets nothing appear that can reflect discredit or give reasonable umbrage; whilst the writers are checked by the consideration that they represent a party which they have no right to compromise. No one contributor who may have animosities to indulge, can claim to do so on the grounds that his signature makes him individually responsible. Withdraw the veil, and you at once compel numbers of occasional contributors, of the most desirable kind, to give up this description of writing altogether; yet it by no means follows that they do so because they feel the practice to be dishonourable. An eminent author or politician may have other and perfectly defensible reasons for not coming before the public as the avowed writer of an ephemeral composition, which might lead to a troublesome controversy. Nor is the *we* altogether a fiction or a gratuitous assumption of authority, and the journalist who holds the pen upon the usual conditions cannot be regarded as speaking solely for himself. The existing system involves personal responsibility enough to impose the desired restraint, if it could be imposed by such means. The principal metropolitan editors and writers wear their masks very loosely; and some of them are recognized members of the best circles in that capacity. The experiment of compelling the signature was actually tried in France, and had the effect of gradually deteriorating the French press, until the Emperor availed himself of its loss of authority to reduce it to its present state of comparative inefficiency.

Bolingbroke's intended restriction was

vehemently opposed by Swift. "If," he argued, "this clause had made part of a law, there would have been an end, in all likelihood, of any valuable production for the future either in wit or learning; and that insufferable race of stupid people who are now every day loading the press, would then reign alone—in time destroy our very first principles of reason, and introduce barbarity amongst us, which is already kept out with so much difficulty." All his own best writings were first composed for the emergency, and published anonymously; so that such a law might have deprived the world of the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Drapier's Letters* and *Gulliver's Travels*. It would also have silenced Addison, if not Steele, as a periodical writer.

On another important question of principle, Bolingbroke was in advance of his age. The commercial treaty which he meant to form part of the general pacification, was based upon the enlightened doctrines of free trade, and proceeded upon the assumption that nations might be simultaneously enriched by international dealings. Addison maintained the opposite, the Protectionist, creed, which was that of the nation at large; and the treaty was perforce abandoned after a ministerial defeat in the House of Commons; which M. de Remusat suggests, was no great mortification to Oxford, because it tended to lower Bolingbroke.

Their quarrel came to a head in the summer of 1714. Oxford was dismissed in full council, at which he paid back with interest the insults and reproaches heaped upon him, not sparing even the Queen and her favourite Abigail. Bolingbroke expected to obtain the Premiership thus vacated, and to keep it by aid of a coalition with the most moderate or most accessible of the Whigs. The Queen's death overthrew all his plans; and if amongst them was one for the restoration of the Stuarts, it was not ripe enough to be put in execution, and he refused to concur in the daring project of Bishop Atterbury, who volunteered, attired in his episcopal robes, to proclaim the Pretender at Charing Cross. Bolingbroke retained the seals of Secretary of State until the arrival of an order from Hanover for their surrender to Lord Townshend. His treatment by the new sovereign was far from reassuring; but he put a bold face on matters till the following spring, when he learned that Prior had landed at Dover, and had promised to tell everything. A private warning is also said to have reached him from the Duke of Marlborough. He then made his escape; and in the disguise of a courier,

with a mail-bag across his shoulder, he arrived at Calais on the 27th March 1715. Oxford remained to face his accusers, and the contrast thus presented was necessarily unfavourable to Bolingbroke; although he protested that the active part he had taken in making the treaty of peace, and his continuance in office after Oxford's dismissal, exposed him to greater obloquy and peril, without fairly implying conscious guilt. But besides his flight, there is his subsequent acceptance of office under the Pretender to be explained away—an act which has had upon his reputation much the same effect as Mary's marriage with Bothwell upon hers. It has, notwithstanding, been elevated into a historical doubt or problem, on which writers of no less eminence than Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Hallam, Lord Stanhope (Mahon,) and Lord Brougham, have pronounced after diligent investigation,—whether Bolingbroke really harboured treasonable designs during his tenure of office under Queen Anne. Our own impression is, that such designs occasionally crossed his mind as what circumstances might drive or compel him to execute, and that he held communications with the Jacobites of a nature to lead them to suppose him an accomplice or a friend. As those of his apologists who deny this, cannot deny that he afterwards joined the Stuart cause, and then again did his best to injure it, his character for truth and loyalty cannot be materially darkened or cleared by proof or disproof of the charge. The best defence is that which, assuming St. John's double dealing from the first, has been set up by M. de Remusat, who had evidently some of his own countrymen and cotemporaries in his mind's eye when the following just reflections suggested themselves:—

"It should be observed that notions of fidelity and political loyalty were not then placed so high, nor so solidly established, as they are at present—I speak of England. The principle of obligation towards the State and its actual constitution, may doubtless be attached to principles of universal morals; but it also depends on social conventions, which are in their nature variable. At epochs when events expose everything to frequent variations, when all those matters, law, constitution, dynasty, are subject to change—in a word, in revolutionary times, political duty, less distinct, is less stable and less inflexible. More lights are needed to discern where lies the right, where the public good, where the possible and the just; and the conscience is only engaged in proportion to the intelligence. A certain indulgence is therefore natural at like epochs, and even legitimate in the moral appreciation of political actions; we must acknowledge it, although our eyes may be wounded by the degrading consequences to which this relaxation may lead."

Resentment and despair of his attainer hurried Bolingbroke into his brief official connexion with the Pretender, which speedily convinced him of the hopelessness of a counter-revolution with such instruments. When he quitted it, he was accused of having betrayed the secrets of the mock court of St. Germain's, and of having misappropriated a part of its small revenues. "For my part," writes Lord Stair, "I believe that poor Harry's only crime was not being able to play his part with a sufficiently serious face, nor to help laughing now and then at such kings and such queens. He had a mistress at Paris, got tipsy at intervals, and spent on her the money with which he ought to have bought powder." In every point of view this hasty, ill-considered, and short-lived adhesion to a ruined cause, with which he had no genuine sympathy, was most unfortunate for his reputation. He continued to reside in France till 1723, when he sent over his second (reputed) wife whom he professed to have married in 1720, to negotiate for an amnesty. Walpole, then Prime Minister, proving inexorable, she was introduced by Lord Harcourt to the Duchess of Kendal, who undertook the commission for the modest remuneration of about £11,000 sterling. The utmost that could be obtained, however, was permission for Bolingbroke to reside in England, but without recovering his rights, his title, and his fortune. On arriving at Calais, on his way home, he met Atterbury, against whom a bill of attainder had recently been passed. "I am exchanged then," exclaimed the Bishop, on learning that Bolingbroke was there and about to embark for Dover.

He had an interview with Walpole, who coldly advised him to keep clear of the Tories, since his restoration depended on a Whig parliament; and, finding his situation far from comfortable, he returned to the Continent, where he lived till 1725, when a bill was passed restoring his proprietary and other civil rights, with the exception of sitting in parliament or holding office under the Crown. These limitations originated with Walpole, and were deemed by Bolingbroke of a nature to cancel any obligation he might otherwise have held binding towards the minister, whom, accordingly, he used every effort to displace. During the next ten years he was the constant assailant of Walpole through the press, and was the originator, as principal adviser of the opposition, of scheme after scheme for his overthrow. His principal organ in the press was *The Craftsman*, a bi-weekly journal founded by Pulteney in 1726, and edited by one Amherst, under the pseudonyme of

Caleb d'Anvers. Walpole retaliated with both pen and tongue. His pamphlet in reply to the letters of the *Occasional Writer* shows he possessed no mean talent as a controversial writer, and a speech of his in 1735 has been popularly cited as the cause of Bolingbroke's voluntary re-expatriation in that year. Bitter as it was, and formidable as was the implied menace of a renewal of the old charge of traitorous correspondence, we suspect that Bolingbroke was too case-hardened and too familiar with this description of threat, to be driven away by it, had there not been other motives for retreat.

After the meeting of the new parliament (January 1735) he saw the hopelessness of continuing the contest; he was anxious to get as far as possible from the political stage, which agitated whilst it tempted him; his wife's health began to fail, and his fortune enjoined economy. Yet he must have abandoned Dawley, and have broken off or suspended the ties and habits he had formed or indulged there with deep regret. Amongst the most constant of his visitors had been Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. When Swift came to England, much of his time was devoted to the fallen statesman; and Voltaire, during those two years' residence in England of which so little is known, is supposed to have been influenced more than he subsequently cared to admit, especially in his religious and philosophical views, by constant communication with the same daring and suggestive mind. The most graphic account of Bolingbroke's way of life during his rural retirement is given in one of Pope's letters to Swift:—

"I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate, between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts that he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm. Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for £200 to paint his country hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm."

Such scenes, coupled with Swift's description of his own familiarity with Ministers of State, and added to what we learn from other sources of Addison's reception by the great, constitute a valuable commentary on a popular theory thus ingeniously illustrated

by Moore in his *Life of Sheridan*. "By him who has not been born among the great, this (equality) can only be achieved by politics. In that arena which they look upon as their own, the legislature of the land, let a man of genius, like Sheridan, but assert his supremacy—at once all these barriers of reserve and pride give way, and he takes by right a station at their side which a Shakespeare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy." Yet Burke and Sheridan, who shone conspicuously on this arena, were supposed to have been excluded from the higher prizes by their want of aristocratical advantages; whilst, on the other hand, Swift was never a member of the legislature, and Pope kept uniformly aloof from politics. The truth is, that any congeniality of taste, or community of pursuit, strongly felt and eagerly followed, will cause original difference of rank to be laid aside or forgotten; and no man of independent mind will live long in familiar intercourse with the great except on a perfect footing of conversational equality. But given equal talent and equal knowledge, the balance of influence will necessarily incline to the side of birth, rank, and fortune.

One very remarkable fruit of Bolingbroke's familiar intercourse with men of letters was the famous *Essay on Man*, to which he is understood to have contributed the metaphysics and the philosophy. He is imperishably connected with it by the opening couplet:—

"Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings."

Whatever his influence with Voltaire, it was almost unbounded with Pope, who avows a belief that so great a man must have been placed here by mistake, adding that, on the appearance of the last comet, it might have been supposed to have come for the express purpose of transporting him from our system into its own. So implicit was the poet's trust in his adviser and guide, that he never was at the pains of studying or ascertaining the true tendency of the doctrines which he had undertaken to circulate in the most attractive of all forms, until he was committed to them beyond recall. His surprise was on a par with his mortification when he found himself set down by half of the Christian world as a deist; and the warmth of his gratitude to Warburton, for helping to vindicate him from the reproach, may be taken as the measure of his fears. "It is indeed," he wrote, "the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified."

Bolingbroke was far from pleased by what he termed this weakness and want of moral courage in his disciple. Unluckily for Pope's peace of mind, he, Bolingbroke, and Warburton once met at a dinner given by Lord Mansfield (then William Murray) at his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The conversation turning on the divine attributes, Bolingbroke let fall some expressions which led Warburton to develop his profession of faith. This provoked Bolingbroke, who replied with vivacity, and there ensued a sufficiently warm dispute, which left Pope extremely agitated, for he was obliged to be of the opinion of each, the one being his master, the other his apologist: the one thinking, the other answering, for him. This happened the year before Pope's death, which brought to light an act of bad faith on his part, and materially altered the feelings with which Bolingbroke had hung over the dying poet in his last moments.

Some years before, Pope had been intrusted with the confidential commission of getting a few copies of the *Idea of a Patriot King* printed for private distribution. After his death it was discovered that he had caused 1500 additional and (it seems) garbled copies to be struck off for his own profit in the case of his surviving the author. They were brought by the printer to Bolingbroke as the lawful proprietor, and he immediately lighted a large fire on the terrace at Battersea, and consumed the whole of them. To complete his revenge by staining Pope's memory, he gave a genuine and corrected copy of the work, together with his "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism," to Mallet, with directions to publish them, with a preface (written by Bolingbroke) detailing the circumstances of the transaction. A war of pamphlets ensued. Warburton again appeared as the apologist of the poet, and was answered by the noble philosopher in the "*Familiar Epistle to the Most Impudent Man Living*."

We have anticipated by several years to follow the connexion with Pope to its unfortunate and discreditable termination. After quitting England in 1735, Bolingbroke resided in France till 1752, and contrived to be—what the men who make most noise in their time always may be if they set about it in right earnest—unnoticed and almost forgotten by the world. "His presence in France," says M. de Remusat, "produced no effect. He remained there seven years without being mentioned in the memoirs of the period, rare enough in truth. He had no connexion with the French Court, where the Cardinal Fleury, a great friend of Walpole's, reigned: no connexion with the Stu-

arts, who were no longer in France. It is not known whether he renewed his acquaintance with the Parisian world. His former society was dispersed. Voltaire, at this epoch, is no longer occupied with him: he was living at Cirey, Luneville, Brussels, the Hague, Berlin, and seemed to forget the Cato and the Mæcenæas that he had admired." It is, then, really in retreat that Bolingbroke lived this time: work alone animated his solitude. When, after the fall of Walpole in 1742, he ventured home again, he had the mortification to find that his worshippers, as well as his enemies, had diminished with the lapse of time. He was grown out of fashion both as a writer and a politician. Chatham called him a pedantic and turbulent old man who quarrelled with his wife. Chesterfield sought and delighted in his conversation, but took good care not to follow his advice or be mixed up in his intrigues. It was his misfortune also to be always cultivating the favour of those very members of the Court circle who had least interest in it. Indeed, in the maturity of his judgment, he had fallen into the mistake—of which Lord Chesterfield, with all his boasted penetration, was also guilty—of fancying that the mistress of a royal personage must necessarily have more influence than the wife, and that the back stairs were the best preparation for the front. Every one now knows that Queen Caroline favoured George the Second's intercourse with "my good Howard" upon a well-founded conviction that he regarded and treated her as a puppet, endeared to him rather by habit than by affection.

Lady Bolingbroke's death in March 1750, was a deep blow to her lord, who, twenty-seven years before, had written to Swift—"the love that was wont to scatter with some profusion on an entire sex has been for some years devoted to a single object." In the epitaph he inscribed on her tomb, he calls her "the honour of her sex, the charm and admiration of ours." The mystery that hung over their marriage involved him in a good deal of troublesome litigation, and was not cleared up till after his death, which took place on December 17, 1751, in his seventy-fourth year.

The immediate cause was a cancer in the face. He bore the excruciating tortures of this complaint with fortitude, but died, as he had lived, a deist, and refused to communicate with a clergyman. His will begins thus:—"In the name of God, whom I humbly adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the order of whose Providence I am cheerfully resigned." The most noteworthy of his bequests was that

by which he assigned to Mallet, after reciting the printed works of which he was the author,—“the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings,” which he had written or composed, or should write or compose, and leave at the time of his decease. The intention, as understood by the legatee, was the publication of a complete edition, and he refused to listen to Lord Hyde (Cornbury) to whom the letters on history had been addressed, and who earnestly pressed the omission of the Scriptural parts. Mallet was so confident of the value of his legacy, that he refused 3000 guineas for his copyrights, and put forth, in 1754, an edition in five quarto volumes on his own account. The sale sadly disappointed his expectations; for the political tracts had lost their interest, and the philosophical essays were mainly indebted for the notice they attracted to the scandal which they caused. The popular feeling was not materially overstated by Dr. Johnson when he thundered out:—“Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward—a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not the resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.”

Bolingbroke is now read exclusively for his style, which is clear, flowing, idiomatic, attractively coloured, and judiciously ornamented. He is ranked by Pope above all the other writers of his time, but posterity will except Swift and Addison, although his works contain passages in which, if equalled, he is certainly not excelled, by either of them. We agree with Mr. Cooke that amongst his peculiar merits must be named the beauty and propriety of his images and illustrations—as in the passage of the Letter to Windham, beginning:—“The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our government, and the pilot and the minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their port by means which frequently seem to carry them from it.” Or in the “*Spirit of Patriotism*”—“Eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry all the rest of the year.” English is so essentially a spoken language, and so susceptible of idiomatic and irregular graces, that an orator had better write as he talks, instead of imitating Fox, who in his excessive zeal to avoid diffuseness, has fallen into the opposite and more fatal error of dryness. But still we must admit to M. de Remusat, that Bolingbroke as a writer too

frequently conveys the notion of the orator, and the following estimate is just in the main:—

“It seems to us that, to take men in general, Bolingbroke has elevation, although he does not attain to the sublime,—a mind bold and active, but affecting singularity,—views rather than principles,—more elegance than grace,—animated and brilliant talent without a powerful imagination, without genuine originality. His diction is sustained, ornamented, by no means cold, but monotonous; by no means obscure, but wanting in those luminous traits which throw a sudden day over the thought. His spoken eloquence must have been dignified, easy, abundant; he must have had warmth and movement, but neither the communicative attraction of sincere passion, nor that dialectic power which subdues conviction. In attack he must have wounded by disdainful sarcasms rather than have overwhelmed by invective; and what is told of his manners, his countenance, and his mode of speaking, place him amongst the orators whose eloquence resides greatly in action, and these are not the least worthy of the tribune. In him, the writer and the orator are in our eyes above the rest,—the politician and the man fall below them. The two last had only the show of greatness, and it is always fortunate that true greatness should be wanting where there is neither goodness nor virtue.”

The second volume is devoted to Horace Walpole, Junius, Fox, and Burke. These, if more familiar, are certainly not exhausted or easily exhaustible subjects. So long as the study of morals and manners shall possess attractions for the philosophic speculator, Horace Walpole will be eagerly read and emulously quoted; and French writers will find many points of sympathy in those very tastes and opinions of his which are least calculated to command assent or conciliate goodwill in England,—as when he says that he should like his country well enough if it were not for his countrymen.

Many years have passed since Mr. Macaulay declared the chain of presumptive evidence by which Junius had been identified with Sir Philip Francis to be complete; but presumptive evidence cannot be deemed complete so long as the circumstances can be reconciled with any other hypothesis; and several theories of the authorship have subsequently been promulgated, which have kept the final judgment of criticism suspended. No literary problem was ever better calculated for the display of learning and acuteness, and the interest in the inquiry, which recommenced on the publication of Woodfall's annotated edition in 1817, has continued unabated to this hour.

The extent to which the names of Burke and Fox are associated with the early stages of the French Revolution of 1789, and the

influence they respectively exercised on its direct results, naturally render them objects of earnest and improving investigation and discussion to foreign politicians, who are still practically suffering from, or contending with, the more remote consequences of that terrible and momentous epoch. We need hardly add, therefore, that Horace Walpole, Junius, Burke, and Fox, are each made the occasion for some thoughtful and suggestive chapters by M. de Remusat. But want of space compels us to rest satisfied with recommending the second volume as little, if at all, less valuable and interesting than the first. The distinctive qualities of both are judgment and good taste. The entire book is emphatically the composition of a statesman, an accomplished man of letters, and a gentleman; and the author will be allowed on all hands not to have excited groundless expectations, when he led his readers to look for something which should speak of experience in state affairs, genuine admiration for tempered liberty, and hopeful if patient patriotism.

ART. VI.—1. *Perversion; or, the Causes and Consequences of Infidelity. A Tale for the Times.* Smith, Elder, and Co. London, 1856.

2. *The Daisy Chain, or Aspirations.* By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." J. W. Parker and Son. London, 1856.

3. *Loss and Gain; or, the Story of a Convert.* Third Edition. Dublin, 1853.

AN original and able writer on "the relation of novels to life," has defined a novel as a fictitious biography. He complains that novels do not fulfil the conditions of biography, as they dwell so exclusively on certain phases of life—as, for instance, on the passion of love, and omit most of the other objects of interest that occupy men. He also makes it a ground of censure, that the characters in novels are thrown much more together, and have much more influence on each others' fate, than they would have had in real life. These objections would hold good, if a novel were intended to be an exact imitation of ordinary life in all its aspects; but it seems to us to be the critic's part to determine what the definition of a novel should be from actual specimens of what it is, not from *a priori* ideas of what it ought to be. If we look at the great majority of novels, we find that they aim at representing certain critical phases of life,

which, in the present day, give scope for most novelty and adventure, and which generally call out for the time, if not permanently, whatever is most passionate and enthusiastic in character. We find, also, that the novelist, like the dramatist or any other artist, limits his materials, selects those which are most suited to his purpose, and intensifies their action somewhat beyond the actual results of experience. This seems to us to be required by the necessary distinction between art on the one hand, and life and nature on the other. The artist must be more or less of an idealist. Still if modern life is to be represented in an ideal form, the novel must approach the character of a fictitious biography, and it is in this respect mainly that it differs from the drama. The drama presupposes the characters already formed, and depends for its interest on one great action, to which all its personages contribute. The novel represents a course of life, or one phase of life spread over a considerable time, and many exhibitions of character are introduced into it, which do not immediately influence the main event. The novelist often interests us by making us intimate with his characters, independently of the importance of the actions which they perform, or of the incidents which happen to them. We hold then that the purpose of a novel is not to imitate life exactly, but to present, in an artistic shape, and yet in one which is felt in the main to be true to nature and experience, those aspects of life and phases of character that lay hold on the general sympathies of men.

This function of the novelist is often though not necessarily combined with those of the humourist and satirist. He may thus stand in the same relation to his age as the comic dramatists, the poetical satirists, and the prose essayists of former times. The novels of the day will be referred to by future historians, as throwing the fullest light on the manners and lighter pursuits and occupations of the present time. In our own language, the best novelists are also great as humourists. The greatest of our names in modern fiction are undoubtedly those of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Thackeray; these writers interest our higher feelings by their power of representing the romance or the pathos of life; but it is to their genius, as humourists, that we award our most unqualified admiration. We should consider that the difference between a pure humourist and a satirist consists in the moral feelings that each awakens. A humourist excites some feeling of kindness and sympathy for the character or the object he delineates. The satirist appeals to our love of

ridicule, and our feelings of contempt and scorn. Meanness, pretension, and affectation; petty hypocrisy, selfishness, and baseness; many kinds of vulgarity, and even of dulness, when associated with moral defects; anything offensive in social life,—are proper objects for the wit and irony of a satirist. Abstract analysis is, however, more suited for pure satire than concrete representation. Vices and follies may be denounced in pointed lines, or may be analysed in an essay, but a purely satirical representation of individuals is apt to degenerate into personifications of abstract vices and follies. No great novelist would represent his leading characters, those which he professes to depict in their most real colours, in a purely satirical spirit; if he treats them satirically at all, he will redeem them by some traits of human-heartedness, or cast around them something of a tragic interest, or he will sometimes regard them with the more genial eye of a humourist, and so gain for them some share of his readers' sympathy. Pure contempt may be justly entertained for certain follies and for certain acts and aspects of character, but cannot consistently with a right or happy feeling be maintained permanently towards persons whom we know in real life; and hence we think that a novelist errs both in art and in good feeling, who, in the representation of his leading characters, aims at exciting solely our ridicule and contempt. Could we believe a creature, so absolutely unredeemed from baseness as the hero of "Ten Thousand a Year," possible, we yet could not conceive either the use or the pleasure of delineating him, or of reading the delineation. We should expect that the satire of a novelist should either be limited to representing superficial qualities, or occasional acts and aspects of individuals; or that it should verge into a humorous and not unkindly representation.

The true object of the novel then seems to be to "hold the mirror up to life;" to present varieties of character, serious, humorous, wise, and foolish; acting, speaking, and unfolding themselves in the world; to show their destinies, as influenced by one another and by circumstances, in accordance with the natural course of events, as presented to us by experience. Many works of fiction in the present day are written with didactic or controversial objects, to enforce some theory or doctrine, social, political, or religious; and in attempting this, they seem to us to pass out of their proper province. A novel may, however, call attention to social questions; may bring to light realities of suffering and oppression, not generally known; and may thus promote useful prac-

tical ends, without falling under that class of novels which we should call didactic or controversial. An author, who has felt keen sympathy with the sufferings of any class, who has observed their habits closely, and is personally acquainted with their virtues and vices, may represent the manners and occupations of that class in a work of fiction, and may thus excite interest in their behalf. Gifted women, with their keen sympathies, quick observation, and dramatic power of representation, may in this way initiate measures of social amelioration, while in general they are unfitted for close, considerate, and systematic reasoning on such questions, for the labour of investigating facts, collecting details, weighing evidence, balancing opposite statements, and the like; processes all necessary as preliminary measures to any practical reform. Such novels, beginning with actual sympathy and observation, and aiming at truly representing a particular kind of life, need not necessarily be didactic or controversial — though it must be confessed that they are in general tinged with the spirit of partisanship, and in danger of merging their purpose of dramatic representation in the advocacy of a theory. Still the creative genius of a writer may preserve him from sacrificing the truth of life, and the natural forms of his imagination, to the exigences of a logical view and practical end. The purely didactic novel, on the other hand, starts with some theory about life; propounds a view of the causes of certain social or moral conditions, of the tendency for good or evil of certain general principles, advances schemes of improvement, and finds characters, plot, conversation, and circumstances to fit in with these schemes and theories. The representation of life is an end quite secondary to the advocacy of a particular view. The author writes a novel in preference to a philosophical disquisition, either because he believes that the public will be interested in the one and neglect the other, or because he wants to relieve his mind with what seems the lighter work of making a story, instead of the close and continuous labour of reasoning out a theory; or, perhaps, because he believes that the truth of his principles can be better brought out by being applied to an individual case, than by being stated generally. He may further wish to excite contempt and indignation against the opponents of his own views, by representing them as men whose general character and conduct deserve to excite such feelings; or he may wish to give vent to those personal jealousies and animosities, which the courtesy of modern life will not allow to be relieved

in any other way. We confess to a strong conviction, founded on internal evidence, that some of our earnest religious novels owe their birth quite as much to this impulse as to zeal in behalf of truth. It is a favourite device of controversial novelists to invent mean and ridiculous names for the characters towards whom, as their opponents, they desire to excite as much contempt as possible. This device, the logical weight of which is not easily appreciated by ordinary minds, is used with great effect in "*Ten Thousand a Year*" to establish the moral and intellectual superiority of the Tory party. The didactic novelist is, in short, almost invariably a partisan and a very one-sided one — he is not unfrequently a satirist, an inventor of nicknames, and a very broad caricaturist.

The objections against this mode of advocating any theory, seem to us to be pretty obvious. Whatever dangers to truth may arise from indulging in personalities, and arguing from the supposed consequences of holding certain opinions, is, in this way, intensified to the highest pitch. There may be force in showing that the maintenance of a certain class of doctrines actually has led to particular results on character and conduct, and that the holders of such doctrines are men who, in other points, are not entitled to authority and respect; but the whole force of such an argument surely depends on the actual result, and the proved connexion between the opinions held and this result. Where both the results and the characters are purely imaginary, an unfair advantage may be taken by working on the sympathies of the reader, ridicule may be excited against a fictitious opponent, his opinions may be caricatured and expressed in a form which no real person holding such views would adopt, a chain of circumstances may be invented, connecting the maintenance of these opinions with consequences fatal to the person holding them; and it may require considerable reflection on the part of the reader (if the novel be skilfully constructed) to perceive how uncandid and untrue all this is, and how easily the same device might be adopted to raise ridicule and indignation against the writer's own opinions, and to exalt those to which he is opposed. Perhaps the same objections apply to some extent to the mode of conducting controversy in the form of dialogue, viz., that the opponent of the views upheld is almost invariably represented as supporting his opinions in a manner more weak, or inconsistent, or audacious, or arrogant, than a real opponent would do; and the controversialist thus raises ridicule or indig-

nation against the opinions he opposes, by this representation of a fictitious opponent. By embodying the opinions in an imaginary personality, he excites a stronger feeling against them than by stating them abstractly; and he may thus insinuate some further flaw in them than he can prove by the ordinary mode of conducting controversy. It may, we think, be rightly urged, as an objection against the use of the dialogue in controversy, that it makes unfair use of the personal argument; and if this personality loses some of its offensiveness by being directed against a man of straw, it at the same time loses much of its weight, whatever that may be. But, in the dialogue, the character and intellect of the imaginary opponent appear only in connexion with the opinions he holds; in the controversial novel his whole conduct and destiny are in a very arbitrary way made to depend upon the views of which he is the representative. Far more real feeling is excited towards a person whose actions we follow through three volumes, than can be towards the shadowy Mr. B. of the dialogue. If the dialogue makes an unfair use of the personal argument, it does not make any use of the argument from practical consequences, on the arbitrary use of which rests the main strength of the controversial novel.

Further, a novel, written with a controversial purpose, fails for the most part in giving a truthful and interesting picture of life. By aiming at two incompatible objects, the author does not succeed in attaining either. The tendency to discussion, to logical and consecutive thinking, is not often found combined with the creative faculty, and with skill in exhibiting concrete representations of life. The two kinds of faculty are both originally very distinct from one another, and are fostered by widely different circumstances and modes of education. The creative faculty is fostered by entering keenly, joyously, and sympathetically into life; by feeling its manifold interests and influences, without exclusive devotion to any one class of them; the faculty of abstract thinking is fostered by a long course of study or continuous devotion to some particular calling, which, except in a few gifted with unusual freshness of feeling, is apt to chill and wither the sympathies with the natural and ordinary manifestations of life. The great creators have, in general, been, like Sir W. Scott, men deficient in reflective power; or where, like Shakspeare or Goethe, they have been also among the greatest thinkers, they have not shown themselves devoted to, or advocates of definite or systematic views on the great

questions of human destiny. If we may use the terms here, while the inductive faculty by which we form general reflections on life, is frequently manifested in great power by the novelist, as, for instance, by Fielding and Mr. Thackeray — there is no scope in his calling for the exercise of the deductive faculty, which traces the logical connection between different ideas, and follows a thought into all its consequences. A writer, who attempts to form a tale of life to illustrate some general principle, is apt to forget that his principle is abstracted from many individual cases of living beings, each acted on by manifold other influences, so that in any one case the action of the principle he means to illustrate may be scarcely perceptible on the whole tenor of the life. Thus, for instance, it may possibly be true (we are very far from thinking so) that a belief in certain doctrines of political economy may have a hardening effect on some of the relations between rich and poor; yet, to represent, as a didactic novelist might do, this belief as the mainspring of a whole life, involving the destinies of many individuals, would undoubtedly imply an oblivion of the truth that no man or society can be gauged by the application of any single principle. Thousands of people hold, and would practically act upon, some such doctrine; yet how little of their conduct through life would be influenced by it solely, and what manifold influences of feeling and character, all prompting to act, would still remain to check and modify its action! The novelist, who starts with a theory, seems to us almost invariably to give an impersonation of abstractions, not of life.

Where, on the other hand, we find a really good and interesting novel, drawing attention to social questions, we see that it originated not in a theory, but in living sympathy; and where it becomes theoretical, and attempts to find the causes of the evils with which it deals, or to suggest a remedy for them, it falls into feeble argument, and untruthful and uninteresting representation.

The "Religious Novel" appears to us to be liable to these objections, as well as to others, which do not apply to the Novel that advocates a social or political theory. Religious novels are sometimes controversial and satirical, sometimes almost entirely earnest and serious in tone. Not unfrequently we find in them a mixture of these different styles; the religious life and doctrines favoured by the author, are exalted and associated with whatever in intellect, character, and social station, is attractive to the sympathies, and productive of respect on the part of the reader; while the views

to which he is opposed are associated with intellectual weakness, religious hypocrisy, or social vulgarity.

Many earnest and serious people object entirely to the application of ridicule to religious differences. Religious writers, preachers, and teachers, they think, while amenable to logical criticism, deserve, from the earnestness of their aims and the nature of their subject, to be spared from that warfare of ridicule, to which politicians and other public men are fairly exposed. We do not altogether agree with this view. Unfortunately the religious world, or we should say, those who come prominently before the public in a religious capacity, are no more than politicians, exempt from arrogant assumption, weak and inconsequent reasoning, bad taste, illiberality, insincerity, and other vices and defects of intellect and character, which are the fair objects of satirical criticism. Religious pretenders to learning, eloquence, fervid feeling, or moral severity, enjoy among some classes an undeserved respect and admiration; if ridicule serves any just and useful purpose, it may be exercised in reducing such men to their natural level, and depriving them of their ill-earned and ill-used influence. But in all subjects ridicule requires to be guarded and tempered by the spirit of wisdom, of candour, and of charity, from the claims of which religious controversialists are least of all exempted. To expose, without exaggeration, what has actually been done and said by an opponent is legitimate, and may be a duty. Deliberately to create a character, to invent a set of circumstances, to furnish an imaginary opponent with feeble arguments, to put forward an extreme statement of his views in an offensive form, possibly to publish under the forms of fiction unauthenticated gossip about private persons, do not appear to us candid or charitable in religious or any other kind of controversy. The form of the controversial novel, where circumstances, characters, and arguments are purely the creation of the author, and yet profess to imitate a state of things actually existing, is peculiarly adapted for misrepresenting an opponent's opinions, and for venting all the bitterness of sectarian animosities. If, as not unfrequently happens, such misrepresentation and ridicule are found side by side with idealized types of character, representing the opinions and religious life which the author approves, the effect, intended by him, is likely to be marred by the sense of unfairness and also of the incongruity between the two kinds of spirit actuating him, which is forced upon the reader. We doubt whether, in any case,

those themes, which naturally inspire awe, reverence, and humility, are in harmony with the natural accompaniments of a modern novel; many people surely are shocked when they find them in combination with the levity, the flippancy, and bitterness of a controversial satire.

Our principal objection, then, to one common class of religious novels is the unfairness and bitterness of its satirical representation. The natural tendency to satire and caricature on the part of the writer is whetted by the stimulus of controversy; the form of the novel gives scope, and presents the temptation to a misrepresentation of an opponent's views, such as could not be attempted in a discussion, founded on facts, and addressed to the understanding. Further, we urge that the intellect, gifted with powers of cogent argument, and trained to the study and mastering of great speculative questions, is not often, either by nature or circumstances, fitted for presenting interesting and truthful pictures of living beings. We believe, too, that those who have most earnestly studied disputed questions of doctrine and philosophy, who have felt the serious duty of rightly and honestly using their reason in the pursuit of truth, who have learned to despise sophistry and rhetoric on moral as well as intellectual grounds, would not, even had they the power, condescend either to trifle in this way with their deepest convictions, or to take advantage of the idle hours and weaker susceptibilities of their readers.

The object of a religious novel need not however be directly controversial, and there are works of this kind, which cannot be charged with bitterness and ill-nature. They may aim at exhibiting under a fictitious form the struggles and changes of feeling and thought, the sacrifices and temptations, which an individual undergoes in his search after religious conviction, and his endeavour to lead an earnest and consistent life. Such novels originate in real experience and observation, not in abstract theory; they are thus more likely to be truthful and interesting, than the other class to which we have alluded. If the proper object of a modern novel be to exhibit, under a fictitious form, those passages in the life of individuals, that call out the greatest passion and enthusiasm of character,—such incidents and experiences as break through the routine and monotony of ordinary existence, and reveal what lies beneath the surface,—such phases of life, as appeal to the hearts and sympathies of readers, it might seem at first sight that the conflict between faith and doubt, the struggle between the temptations of the world and

the highest aspirations, the strange way in which circumstances and the influence of other people mould a man's religious life and convictions, could not fail, when thus exhibited, to be at once beneficial and interesting. But the same argument would apply to dramatic representations. People do not go to theatres merely to be amused; they see there subjects of the deepest and most tragic interest presented to them, and the effect of such presentation must be to make many feel with more reality and ponder with more depth, than they are wont to do, the great interests of human life. The ancient drama was essentially religious; the two greatest masters of Greek tragedy exhibit in all their dramas a relation between the visible and invisible worlds; they aim at shewing the action of divine law upon mortal destiny. The feelings of all Christians however would be shocked at seeing a religious subject treated on the stage; however tragic and awful the interest may be, it is felt that its temporal side can alone be presented; what further is involved in it, must be left to the silent thoughts of the spectator. There are many reasons, which would account for this feeling, some of which, we think, apply with nearly equal strength to the exhibition of religious experience in a novel. While it is an undoubted truth that the only true religion is that which moulds the whole life, tempers the slightest act, and controls the most trivial conversation, it seems equally true that good taste, which in this case is but another name for true reverence, will confine the expression and outward manifestations of religion to certain times and places. We condemn the impropriety of feeling, if we do not altogether doubt the sincerity of those, who mix up religious expressions and appeals with their business and amusement. Novel-reading, where it is not a mere idle waste of time, is a refreshment and a recreation; the mind of the reader is unbent, he puts aside for a time his own cares, the thoughts and business of the actual world, and shares in the joys and sorrows, the fears and hopes of an unreal world. There is nothing wrong in such a mood of mind, any more than in the temper that seeks innocent amusement after work, or in the strong interest that must necessarily be felt in following any business or profession. But this mood of relaxed energy, and this state of temporary separation from real life, are not surely fitting for the reception of the deepest questions and our highest interests. If a religious novel produced in a reader the feelings that an impressive sermon might awaken, its effect

ought to be to make him put it down, when half read, from a feeling that his new mood was one incompatible with that desire for light interest and amusement with which he took up the work.

Further, while love, adventure, and the struggles by which success in life is attained, naturally fall within the domain of fancy, the sobriety and truthfulness of religion appear to us to demand a strict adherence to reality. The interest of novel-reading arises from our tendency to put ourselves into imaginary situations. We become for the time the hero of the adventures which we are reading. It seems to us neither natural nor healthy to pass, even for a few hours, through imaginary religious experiences. It is undoubtedly most interesting and useful to enter into the religious life of others; but the benefit we derive from such insight depends on our conviction, that what is presented to us is true and real. To attempt to idealize religion seems to us to palter with the majesty of its truth, and the reality of its interests. The actual records of the lives of good men will satisfy the desire we feel to understand the spiritual condition of others. We feel, moreover, that the ordinary devices by which the novelist keeps us under his spell, are out of keeping with interests so real and paramount. This class of works is for the most part wearisome to the ordinary novel-reader, who finds himself cheated of the interest which he seeks. The more serious class of readers will find that the element of fiction greatly diminishes the value of the religious experience, thought, and feeling, which are presented to them.

Having stated our general objections to the didactic and controversial novel, as well as to that which presents imaginary religious experiences, we propose to examine shortly a few of the most remarkable of those works which come under the class we are considering. Looking at the matter simply as novel-readers, without regard either to the logical ability displayed, or to our agreement or disagreement with the religious views of the writer, we should have no hesitation in assigning the highest place in this questionable class to the author of the "*Heir of Redclyffe*." We are far from denying the ability, the fine and truthful delineation of character, the thoroughly gentle and amiable tone of feeling, displayed by the author of "*Margaret Percival*;" but a writer who finds little in life valuable or interesting except a devotion to the narrowest type of Anglicanism, can scarcely look for ardent admirers beyond the class whose sympathies are confined within the same circle. In the "*Heir of Redclyffe*," and the other works of

its gifted authoress, we certainly do find a narrowness of religious sympathy, and many of what opponents regard as the moral and intellectual defects of the high Anglican school of writers; but, on the other hand, she displays very remarkable power of delineating that kind of life with which she sympathizes. There is a true adherence to nature and great dramatic skill displayed in the exhibition of character: whether we like her personages or not, we feel that we thoroughly know them, and that they are no conventional reproductions, but like the men and women we may meet any day in ordinary life. If they hold a standard of religious duty, which we do not altogether accept,—if we are thus prevented from liking and appreciating them as the author would have us do, yet we feel that they are not mere impersonations of such opinions, but living beings, with the passions, cares and pursuits, that are common to all. She does not give us a controversial treatise, under the form of a novel, nor does she present us with a mere record of religious experience, but she brings before us the ordinary pursuits, and interests, and characters of persons, conforming their lives according to a certain religious standard, and submitting themselves to a recognised religious authority. We do not accept the author's view of life, and duty, and truth; yet we acknowledge her skill as a creative artist, and only deduct from that acknowledgment, that the materials out of which she creates would be more valuable, if her sympathies were wider. We should wish to see the same creative power, and the same earnestness and purity of feeling, dedicated to some of the broader interests of humanity, and not limited to the exhibition of characters, forming their aspirations, controlling their conduct, and building their hopes, according to a type of doctrine that narrows and isolates the sympathies, and restrains all freedom of thought and action. There is little or no satirical representation of those holding opposite views; they are simply ignored. We can make no charge against the author of injustice or misrepresentation. There is nothing that can give positive offence to those entertaining different views. We can only say, that with her power of truthful and natural representation, and with her fine observation and thoughtful insight, she still wants a wider sympathy with the varieties of human character, and with the manifold interests of life, to enable her to rank with the foremost of our female novelists.

Of the religious novels that are specially controversial, the two most remarkable that have appeared for the last few years are

"Loss and Gain" and "Perversion." Of the former, which first appeared some years ago, we need not say much at present. Its ability is undeniable; the conversations are throughout conducted both with great logical acuteness, and with much dramatic skill; the gradual development of thought and feeling, that leads the principal character of the story to his change of faith, is most skilfully brought out; the satire is in general fine and subtle; there are occasional passages in the book of remarkable eloquence and poetic beauty; as a striking picture of one phase of university life, during a most critical period in the English Church, the book possesses a value which may preserve it from oblivion. On the other hand, the faults of the book are so obvious, that we do not wonder that it had on some the effect of dissolving for ever that wonderful spell of personal influence which its reputed author once exercised by the power and genius and fervour of his preaching. It is not only that the argument of which so much of the book consists is perfectly powerless except against the few, who, admitting the writer's premises, shrunk from following him to their necessary conclusions; it is not that it addresses itself to only those weak consciences that cannot bear the burden of their liberty; nor is it merely the intellectual incongruity between the logical power displayed in following premises into their consequences and the weakness in forming these premises; but it is above all the moral incongruity between the devotional enthusiasm and rapture on the one hand, and the cold mockery and even flippant levity on the other, which pervade the book. The strongest argument to many against adopting the writer's conclusions, would arise from contemplating the tone of almost inhuman scorn, which one who can feel so earnestly and tenderly, adopts towards the pursuits and struggles of his fellow-men.

The novel of "Perversion" requires a longer notice, not, certainly, from its greater ability, but from its bearing on questions both of much more general and of much more recent interest. It is written, the author tells us, to illustrate the causes and consequences of infidelity. The causes he represents as being "in the deliberately wicked a depraved will, eager to cast off moral restraints. In better natures it is occasioned sometimes by the inconsistency, extravagance, or hypocrisy of those who call themselves Christians; sometimes by the doubts of a sceptical understanding, or the difficulties inherent in the substance or the documents of the Christian Revelation. The consequences which result from infidel-

ity are moral deterioration, and the loss of happiness and peace."

Had the author originally constructed his story from his interest in observing human life, and the imaginative impulse to form into a new creation the results of his observation (which we take to be the mental process necessary for all successful art) the moral enunciated in his preface might have been fairly deducible from the work, if it faithfully embodied his experience of life, and might have forced itself most strongly on the mind of a reflective reader. Still, if it were true to nature, it must have suggested other lessons too, since no human life can be thoroughly understood merely from one point of view. In the conception of the scheme of enforcing the lesson enunciated in the preface, there appeared to us to be a departure from the truth of life and of human nature, from which we were prepared to expect partial and inadequate representation of events and character. The actual result has gone far beyond our anticipations. We find that nearly all the objections which we have brought against the satirical, the controversial, and the specially religious novel, apply with unusual force to this work.

Our objections are almost equally strong on literary and on moral grounds. We shall first briefly state what appear to us to be the merits of the author. He is evidently a man of intellectual vigour and scholarlike education; he is gifted with considerable powers of sarcasm; he appears to be animated by strong religious zeal, as well as by less worthy motives; though the average writing of the book is not much above the tone of the circulating library, yet there are in it passages of strong impressive writing, (though frequently marred by coarseness and bad taste,) and others which are written with considerable freshness of feeling.

We think the author has entirely mistaken his vocation in attempting to write a novel. Whatever literary ability he possesses (and we have even in this book indications that it is considerable), he appears to us entirely devoid of the faculty of dramatic representation. We never feel that we are in contact with real persons, but either with impersonations of abstract qualities, or with mere lay figures, or puppets. His ability is purely that of a theorist, of a talker, of a man who has "views" about things, who is fond of discussion, and who can present the worst and the weakest side of an opponent's opinion, but he shows no faculty whatever for creating and animating the personages of his story. He intro-

duces them to us with a long or generally not very complimentary analysis of their characters, but we never become better acquainted with them after the first introduction. They act in a particular way, because it conforms with the author's theory of the tendency of their opinions, that they should do so; or because he has got up some information, which he wishes to introduce, or because it gives him an opportunity of introducing some one of his foolish anecdotes, or of making use of some of the topics lately brought before the public by the newspapers. They talk and write to one another, to enable the author to bring in his good things or his ill-natured things, or to give the most ridiculous aspect to the opinions which he opposes. The whole power of the book consists in saying strong sarcastic things, and in showing up, by means of broad caricatures, the very numerous kinds of character and varieties of sentiment that are distasteful to the author.

As a satirist or painter of the superficial follies and vanities of men, he fails; not from want of knowledge of evil in others, but from his total want of creative genius, from his inability to conceive a character as a whole, and from his extreme tendency to caricature. Often, when we should be inclined to join him in denouncing and exposing certain modes of vanity, pretence, or hypocrisy, and when we applaud his detective talent, our sympathies are for the time turned in favour of the offenders, by the vehemence and savageness of his attack. Whether it arises from real violence of animosity, or, as we think more likely, from the author's inability to create natural characters, and from the absence in him of all tact and fineness of touch, every one of his satirical representations are libels on the most extravagant forms of human folly and weakness. Even if they were all founded on fact, we should still hold that the concentration of so much that was weak and bad, without any redeeming points of goodness or common sense, on so many personages introduced into these volumes, was utterly untrue to nature and consequently uninteresting.

While admitting the author's powers of sarcasm, we cannot say much for his general humour. He has the power of making his personages ridiculous, but he fails entirely in making them amusing. He abounds in anecdotes, some of which he must know were widely diffused before they appeared in his pages; but even the good things that he has taken from the common stock of anecdotes, are spoiled by the pointless way in which he introduces them,

or the ill-natured application which he gives to them. We should be surprised to hear that any good-hearted man had really laughed at anything in the book.

We object further on moral grounds to the utterly debased view of human nature which this author sets before us; to the evident satisfaction with which he riots in his attempts to delineate sordid villany, selfishness, baseness, hypocrisy, and folly; to the absence from his pages of every trait of human kindliness; to his utter want of sympathy or sorrow for the errors he describes; to his misrepresentation both of the opinions and of the motives and conduct of other men; to the spirit of religious bigotry which he displays, divorced from religious charity and humility. He seems to recognise only one type of religious duty and of human nobleness. We are willing along with him to pay all honour to this type, but not at the expense of thinking so unworthily or so miserably of nearly all the world.

The following is the outline of the story:—Charles Bampton, the hero, is sent to a private school, from which, after undergoing all kinds of persecution and tyranny, especially at the hands of an older boy of the name of Armstrong, he runs away, and after much suffering is brought home to his family in Cornwall. He stays at home for two years under the care of a weak mother and a German tutor. The chief charm of his sojourn at home arises from the affectionate intimacy that exists between him and his younger sister Clara, who had hitherto, owing to weak health, being educated by an aunt at Bath. From home he goes first to Eaton and thence to Oxford, where he meets his old persecutor, who was so much changed in appearance, that his old school-fellow did not recognise him. Armstrong, after being expelled from school, had entered the army, eloped with his Colonel's mistress, intending to deceive her by a false marriage, but had unwittingly been really married to her. After fighting a duel with his Colonel, and consequently being obliged to leave the army, he goes to America along with his wife, becomes connected with the Mormonites, and finally disposes of his wife to one of their leading elders, who carries her off to the distant settlement of Utah. Armstrong, in the mean time, succeeds to a small property, changes his name to Archer, and enters the University of Oxford, preparatory to making a fresh start in a new profession. Here he devotes himself to study, well-regulated dissipation, and the corruption of under-graduates. Entertaining a vindictive feeling towards

Bampton, as the cause of his expulsion from school, he forces himself on his intimacy, undermines his religious belief, and finally marries his favourite sister Clara, whose religious opinions had been much shaken by sharing her brother's confidence, and by witnessing very unfavourable specimens of the most opposite schools of religious opinion. Archer's former wife makes her escape from Utah—he is convicted of bigamy and perjury. Clara commits suicide by taking chloroform. Bampton, after much wretchedness, is converted again to Christianity, and dies at Scutari.

On this thread of incident are strung the author's views of social life, and a number of descriptions of various classes of religionists and infidels. He introduces a great variety of personages; or rather impersonations of the abstract qualities of vulgarity, selfishness, worldliness, and hypocrisy. The villain of the piece is not a living character, but a mere caricature of wickedness and the mouthpiece of offensive opinions. The work of his "perversion" is very easily accomplished. With some slight hints from the Socinian friends of one of his brother officers, and after reading their organ the "Progressive Review," and the writings of their favourite author, Mr. Neulicht, he passes at once into the most advanced stages of atheism—and calmly puts before himself the idea of getting rid of his wife in the following simple and natural language.

"Death!" he said to himself: "yes, death may part us, after all. And why should I shrink from the idea? I have no superstitious objection to avail myself of any natural laws which may carry out my will: I do not tremble at adopting the proper means for arresting the circulation of the animal fluids. What is it, after all, *more than the performance of any other experiment in animal chemistry?*"

Pretty strong sentiments these, as the fruit of the first year of the perversion! We are surprised to find a young man, with ideas so matured, satisfying himself two or three years afterwards with the petty excitement of playing vulgar and boyish tricks on college tutors and freshmen, and using all the subtlety of his intellect to shake the religious faith and moral principles of the weakest under-graduates. Does the experience of our readers coincide with what is put forward by the author, viz., that sceptics and infidels become at once filled with a burning desire of proselytizing, and leading other people astray? The weaker

sort do undoubtedly for a time weary and harass their friends by disburthening themselves of their doubts and difficulties; and the coarser sort have a pleasure in shocking and offending what they consider the prejudices of the orthodox. Those who doubt, and feel the pain of doubting, bear their own secret in silence; the indifferent pursue their pleasure and their business, without taking unnecessary trouble to alienate the respect and sympathy of their fellow-men. We cannot help, in spite of the teaching of our author, believing that the pure love of corrupting others seldom acts as a motive even on the most immoral infidel.

It may be proper to refer briefly to some of the sketches of manners and characters, to which we are introduced in the course of this work, with a view to show that our representation of its character is well founded. The first chapter brings before us a picture of school life, in which we find cruelty and brutality represented as the general characteristics of the boys, and cant, incapacity, and injustice of the master, who, having written some anti-tractarian pamphlets, and published a volume of sermons, had become "a favourite in prophetic circles," and consequently secured for his school a high reputation.

The next attractive heading of one of his chapters is "The German Teacher." He is called "Gottlieb Shrecklich," and is a member of "the Stiletto Club, that philanthropic association founded by the fugitive Italian patriots." The author gives us his opinion of the German nation. He wonders that "a people so helpless in all matters of practical life, and so easily bewildered in the misty labyrinth of metaphysics, should yet, by the dogged determination of their intellectual will, conquer difficulties that no other nation can overcome, and be the teachers of accurate knowledge to the world." This phenomenon he explains by the fact that the German literati "almost entirely abstain from society, and from all indulgence in the amenities of life." Shrecklich is represented as a sound scholar, and a well-informed man, but certainly not fitted for the amenities of life. His only accomplishment is carving, which he had acquired, while *serving as a waiter*, between the time of his quitting the gymnasium and entering the university. What a truly noble and Christian sneer, and how worthy of an educated English gentleman! The tutor is further represented as "awkward and uncouth in manners, shabby in dress, dirty in face and hands, with chin and throat buried in a mane of rusty red." Of course

he is a pantheist, eats peas with his knife, elaborates "mists of cloudbuilt speculation out of the fumes of his matutinal meersch-chaum," wears a greasy stock and no shirt, and finally forms a sentimental attachment to one of the sisters of his pupil. We perceive that the author reserves the right of translating his work, to allow, we presume, the despised foreigner to obtain a truthful picture of English life. If he carries out his enlightened intention, we can fancy the Germans contemplating this sketch of one of themselves, with the same respectful admiration which Englishmen feel on seeing themselves portrayed in some of the minor French plays or novels.

Shortly afterwards we come upon a sketch of "Life in Barracks," for which the author has prepared himself by studying the accounts of some of the military scandals that came before the public two or three years ago. We find only the worst features of barrack life presented to us, and these evidently not ascertained by personal observation, but simply adapted from the reports of the newspapers.

After giving an account of Mormonism at New Orleans, we are introduced to life at Oxford, which, from certain expressions and other indications, we feel confident was not sketched from personal familiarity with it. The author introduces a foolish story of an under-graduate being asked in his divinity examination at his Little-go, whether he had ever been baptized, and answering that he believed he had been vaccinated. If an examiner could have been so silly and impertinent as to put such a question, he could not have done so at the "Little-go," as divinity does not form a part of that examination. Again, Oxford men never use the expression of "sitting for a fellowship." The lifeless and coarse caricature of University life in these volumes, appears in very unfavourable contrast with the subtle satire and vivid painting in "Loss and Gain."

We have first a chapter headed, "Tutors and Under-graduates." Two specimens of College tutors are brought before us: the first described as a learned and good-hearted man, but awkward, shy, and utterly unfitted for practical life. He is the laughing-stock of his pupils, chiefly in consequence of two love affairs: the first with Miss *Stumper*, daughter of the warden, (who, of course, is narrow-minded, pompous, and egotistical,) and secondly with his scout's daughter, whom he educates to occupy the vacant place in his affections. We may here remark, that the passion of love does not receive much indulgence at the hands of so stern a moralist. On this subject his tone

is either disagreeably flippant, as in the chapter headed "Academic belles," or else bordering on indelicacy.

The second College tutor is described as a fussy little personage, with great ideas of his own importance, combined with singular credulity. Owing to the weakness of his character, he is made the victim of all kinds of practical jokes, from which a reader, unacquainted with Oxford life, must form singular notions of the ordinary relations subsisting between under-graduates and the authorities who superintend their education. Archer, our old acquaintance, finds leisure, in the midst of prosecuting his own schemes for advancement, promoting the cause of Mormonism in England, and corrupting the moral and religious principles of his friends and enemies, to refresh himself with the cheerful and manly pastime of calling under his windows, "Lewby is a drunkard." Bampton is "too much of a gentleman to indulge in such coarse practical jokes," but he is not saved by his gentlemanly prejudices from writing an anonymous letter, informing the credulous Lewby that he has been promoted to a vacant bishopric. This affords the author an opportunity of representing a silly man as making a fool of himself,—one of the pleasures that he frequently allows himself, after the severer labour of lashing the vices of the age.

Having shewn us the practical energies of the youth of Oxford, unfolding themselves in drunken supper parties, and in such dignified relations with their tutors, he gives us another chapter, professing to be a picture of "Free thought at Oxford." We are introduced to a literary debating society, calling itself "Licht-freunden." The friends of light meet in each other's rooms, read essays, and discuss speculative questions. We enjoy the pleasure of attending one of these meetings, and listening to great part of an essay on "The injurious effect of Christian Asceticism on the Morality of Youth." The subject is not a very delicate one for general readers, and we cannot say that the essayist has triumphed over the difficulties of this kind, inherent in his subject. Of the logic and rhetoric of the essay, (which we are to believe is applauded and approved by the most intellectual of the Oxford youth, and which corrupts Bampton's principles,) we can only say that we do not like to insult the common sense of boys by applying to them the epithet of puerile.

We must pass over the various types of clerical character to which we are introduced. We have specimens of Evangelicals, Puseyites, a wordly-minded parson of the old

school, and a Roman Catholic pervert. It is really a kind of comfort to laymen to find that the clergy are no better than themselves. The infidels in the book are, we think, not so bad as many of the professedly religious people. An infidel might have written a considerable part of the book and called it "Hypocrisy, or the causes and consequences of religious belief." We know of no work, written by an enemy of Christianity, that presents us with such unfavorable pictures of religious preachers and teachers. On the whole, we prefer Archer to Mr. Mooney, the fashionable Evangelical, (author of the *Armageddon Almanac*), or to Archdeacon Morgan, and his Puseyite son.

The author goes out of his way (at least we cannot see how it bears on his religious argument) to sketch commercial society in "Cottonham, the great metropolis of manufactures." Here, as in many of his other sketches of character, he probably has hit upon some of the worst characteristics of the society; but the effect of his representation is entirely marred by its broad and unqualified style. Many of the men may be too much absorbed in their money-getting, and many of the women may be too slavish in their idolatry of county aristocracy, but these two characteristics do not exhaust their whole human capabilities; nor do they ever appear in such glaring and unrelieved colours as they do at "Mrs. Smeythe's" dinner-party at Cottonham.

An aggressive and unjust satire on human nature justifies us, we think, in expressing our opinion more strongly, than if we were dealing with a mere literary failure. But if the author of this work would, on moral grounds, temper the tone of his satire, and from a knowledge of his own literary strength and weakness abandon the field of fiction,—we feel confident, from the evidence which the last half of his third volume affords, that his earnestness and zeal might yet do good service in the cause of religion, and his impressive writing make itself felt in other departments of literature.

ART. VII.—*Memorials of His Time*. By HENRY COCKBURN. Edinburgh. 1856.

THE title of this book is a misnomer. A work which refers only incidentally to the public events of the most stirring half-century in the history of mankind, can scarcely be called *Memorials of the Times*. Injustice is done to the author of a delightful col-

lection of personal sketches, and of Scotch—above all, of Edinburgh society and Edinburgh manners, by a title which bears no relation to the contents of the volume. The author made no pretensions to, and had no peculiar qualifications for, the office of a general historian. He was not a Macaulay or a Gibbon; but in felicity of personal portraiture, and in pointed, terse, and vivid power of anecdote, he has few rivals, and scarcely any superiors. He is not the author of a diary like Evelyn and Pepys. He is not a Boswell, detailing with graphic fidelity the opinions of other minds, nor a mere caustic observer, like Horace Walpole, of the society in which he mingled. But possessing many of the qualifications which have secured for these writers their enduring popularity, he adds to them the sagacious wisdom of a superior mind, guided by the experience he had gathered from having mingled largely and acted his part well, in the troubled times which now belong to history.

As one reads the book in the dull cold print, how keenly we feel the absence of the speaking eye, the expressive gesture, the tone and manner which gave life to the anecdote as he used to tell it! The spirit is evaporated, and the residuum is left. But there still remain so much of picturesque detail, and such delightful traits of sociable garrulity, that animation and grace are given to even obsolete anecdote. In dealing with common things and the doings of obscure men, the author has the power of trifling without being undignified or mean. He joins in delightful union wit with wisdom; and has given us a book which, with all its imperfections, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the time,—an animated delineation of those persons and that life which have just passed away; a keen, but never a malicious satire; and the reflections of an intellect which could appreciate the merits of an opponent, unbiassed by personal antipathy or party warfare; the whole being joined together in a narrative which, though it changes its hero at every page, is not disjointed, and never drags.

The book was commenced in 1821, and it treats of persons who had figured on the stage at the end of the last century. Much of it necessarily must therefore be at second hand, and much of what is original must have been the result of dim and imperfect recollection. To many of its statements the rules of rigid evidence cannot be applied. Its author frankly tells us, that, before 1821, he "had never made a single note with a view to such a record." Warned by this, we are not surprised at the im-

perfections of several of the statements,—at the tasty rendering of a few matters-of-fact, which a fresher recollection would have prevented; and, what was scarcely to be expected, the failure to convey the clinch or the antithesis, the epigram and the point of the joke. Whether the world has been furnished with all that Lord Cockburn had written, the editor has failed to tell; although it may be fairly deduced from the baldness and inconsecutiveness of various portions of the work, that a heavy hand has been used in pruning down severities to suit the conventionalities of the day, and to avoid wounding the sensibilities of living vanity. How far this has been successful will be seen hereafter; but in judging of the finish of the picture, we cannot overlook the fact that a process has been resorted to by which the literary fame of the author has not benefited. The work is incomplete, too, in reference to the time at which it closes. Professing to be a memorial of his times, it closes with the year 1830, and the author died in 1854, the interval being that during the greater part of which Lord Cockburn had the best opportunities for digesting his reflections upon mankind; freed by his elevation to the Bench from the jostling cares and anxieties of professional labour at the bar, and forbidden by his position to mingle in the public events which had previously engrossed him. That, during this period of comparative leisure, the busy hand had ceased to write, and the shrewd head had no more wise imaginings, we will believe only when it is stated as a fact. Till then we must live in the hope that there exists another lively chronicle of the twenty-four years of his judicial career, which sketches with as sparkling vivacity the virtues, the follies, and the shams of our own day, and which, when this generation has followed him to his rest, will amuse and instruct posterity. Meanwhile, let us partake of the feast before us, and not envy our successors that they perhaps may have a better. If the book wants the relish which personalities would give it, it has a point in raciness that cannot be found in the generalities of history,—not that the writer was in a condition to depone to everything he tells, but being contemporary with the events, he was also familiar with the leading actors, bore a leading part in the transactions, was a keen observer, and imbued with that feeling and knowledge that only a contemporary can possess.

Lord Cockburn began life with advantages possessed by few of his contemporaries. His mother's sister had married Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, the man who possessed a despotic sway over Scotland for

many years. The appointment to all the Scottish offices in the gift of the Crown was in his hand. He made and unmade placemen at his pleasure; persons recommended by nothing but their family or their political zeal, destitute of abilities as of character, were placed in offices of trust,—on the judgment-seat as elsewhere; and no one dared call in question the wisdom of the decree. Henry Cockburn thus entered life under circumstances that would have led him, had he been a less conscientious man, at an early period of his professional career, to all the distinctions of professional success. In this respect none of his contemporaries could bear the least comparison. Cranston and Jeffrey, and Thomson and Gillies, were, besides being destitute of effective patronage, weighed down with that which, if it was not a crime, was at least inconvenient—poverty. The early lives of successful lawyers are generally a narrative of straitened circumstances overcome by self-denial bearing ultimate fruit in the acquisition of those habits of industry and perseverance that ultimately lead to fortune. Thurlow's advice to a father who asked his opinion as to the best education for his son, intended for the bar, was this, "Let your son spend his own fortune, marry, and spend his wife's,—then let him be called to the bar; he cannot fail to succeed." The lesson was capable of being acquired by means less expensive. It is only necessary to read the history of the early struggles of some of the men we have just named, to find that the virtues consequent upon a want and poverty that might be called pinching, might be acquired without the previous career of dissipation. The life of Thomas Thomson, the greatest antiquarian lawyer whom Scotland has known since Lord Hailes, has recently been written by Mr. Cosmo Innes, and printed for private circulation, and certainly affords a lesson to the penniless lawyer of encouragement and hope. Mr. Innes' interesting biography contains letters which passed between Thomson and his father, that do honour to the memory of both. Thomson had no means of livelihood except the pittance which his father, the *Minister of Dailly*, could afford to give him from the scanty stipend of £105 a year; and after doing all this, the minister lived respectably, and entertained his neighbours: and after educating his family, and seeing them established in life, he died without a farthing of debt. "The thing," says Mr. Innes, "is still so common in the manse of Scotland, that it would be impertinent to praise the virtuous economy, the rigid self-denial, that it requires to live like gentle folks, and educate a family on £105 a-year."

Thomson, preparing to come to the bar, does so in this spirit :—

"If, for a few years at first, I should be unable to support myself completely, I hope a moderate additional assistance would be sufficient. Except in the article of dress, no extraordinary expense is necessary, as there is no rank to support; and it will be very difficult to starve a man who can live on bread and milk."

The minister asks him kindly,—

"How are ye provided for victuals? Have ye clothes enow? Have ye good fire? Do you take care to change your shoes when they are wet? Your finances will, I think, from your account of unavoidable expenses, need some supply. Acquaint me freely. You know my willingness. My stock is not yet exhausted. I have sent ten guineas. Though I have entire confidence in you, I shall be glad to see a state of what you call the national debt; chiefly that I may be able to conjecture what may be necessary for the service of the year. I can suppose that your money affairs make you uneasy; but I hope to relieve you from all this distress, and I hope we shall all be so wise as to use every wise and prudent precaution of avoiding what may be avoided."

The stately Cranston interests himself largely in Thomson's domestic concerns. Lord Cockburn's portrait of Cranston is not flattering; it leaves the impression of a stilted and artificial personage, whose blood was torpid, and heart cold to all the ordinary infirmities of humanity. If such was his character (which we do not admit) in his later life, the few letters of his early days that we possess, which are printed in this Biography of Thomson, have a pleasant freshness about them. A joyous letter to Thomson thus concludes :—

"Erskine is engaged, but I have seen him and Clerk, and they send you their love. Mrs. May has hired a lass for you,—a decent sober woman, and an excellent cook. She was last with Mr. Cleghorn, the coachmaker, and had been sixteen years in the family. Wages £5 per annum, and £1, 10s. for tea. She is very anxious that there should be a girl in the house, not to assist her, for she thinks herself up to all the work, but because it is dangerous to live in a house alone with you young men! Eight strikes. Yours for ever, G. C."

Cranston's circumstances are described by himself as by no means flourishing. In a letter to Thomson of 5th of June 1789, he says :—

"You are now enjoying in perfection the *otium cum dignitate*,—*otium*, walking, fishing, lounging, chattering, love making, eating and sleeping,—*cum dignitate*, with a master of arts cap! What a happy man are you; what would I give to ex-

change situations. . . . When we parted, you, like myself, had formed no resolutions about your future schemes in life; indeed every profession is, to us poor men, beset with so many and so insurmountable difficulties, that it is almost impossible to determine. As for myself, I believe I shall never come to a resolution; but as you are confined within narrower bounds than me, (I mean there are fewer lines which you can have in view,) therefore it will be more easy for you to make a choice."

Jeffrey was the son of a Deputy-Clerk of Session, and had the advantage of Thomson in an Edinburgh connexion and an Edinburgh home. Yet at the time he married he had only an income of £100, derived from business obtained through his father, and all of which, as he pathetically states in one of his letters, would have disappeared if one or two persons had died, or gone mad, or if he had the misfortune to offend them by his frivolity, or a difference of opinion. In 1794, he says, in one of his letters to his brother :—

"I will tell you truly that my prospects of success are not very flattering. I have been considering very seriously, since I came last here, the probability of my success at the bar, and have but little comfort at my prospect; for all the employment I have has come entirely from my father, or those with whom I am otherwise connected." He dreams of some other occupation where he might have some prospect of employment. Being "determined," he says, "that I will not linger away the years of my youth and activity in an unprofitable and hopeless hanging on about our Courts as I see not a few doing every day."

He adds with great truth, as many who have come after him can sadly testify, who have paced the weary boards of the Parliament House waiting for that employment which never came,—“Besides the waste of that time which can never be replaced, the mind becomes at once humiliated and enfeebled in such a situation, and loses all that energy which alone can lead it to enterprise and success.” Yet there is a delightful buoyancy in Jeffrey's heart, marrying, as he did, on his £100 a-year.

"Life went a-maying,
With nature, hope, and poesy,
When he was young."

"You would not marry," he says to his brother, "in this situation, and neither would I, if I saw any likelihood of its growing better before I was too old to marry at all, or did not feel the desolation of being in solitude or something worse than any of the inconveniences of poverty. Besides, we trust to providence, and have hope of dying before we get into prison."

Certainly ideas have altered much since Jeffrey's day,—perhaps not to the increase of happiness. There was one virtue in the public opinion of fifty years ago, when it allowed a professional man, having the social status of an advocate, to marry upon an income so limited, and to preserve his position and his independence, though he took himself and his wife to the airy altitude of a third story, and furnished his rooms for £40.

Of Cockburn's own pecuniary circumstances we are told nothing in any of the publications which bear his name. That he was exempt from the miserable pinching which gave many an uneasy hour to Thomson and Jeffrey, and, indeed, was in a position that may be considered affluent, may be well believed, when it is remembered that his father was one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. This, of course, was a disadvantage according to Thurlow's view; but if there was any delay in the attainment by Cockburn of independence, it cannot be easily traced to this source. It indicates great modesty to find so little about himself, in works which speak so much about others. His powers in the field of literature were only exhibited to the public as his career was about to close. To the general world he was known as the successful advocate, and the famous Whig politician, who in evil times had fought the battle of freedom unawed by opposition, unseduced by the ties of relationship or the temptations of office. As an advocate he never had his equal at the Scotch bar in addressing juries. Though he lived in daily competition with Clerk and Cranston, and Moncreiff, and Jeffrey, there was not one of them all who united in himself the same forensic power. He was a man of note even among the Anakim. Much of this was due to the natural qualities of the man, apart from anything acquired by study or experience. He had a homely,—apparently unstudied mode of expression; he delivered himself in a tone so modulated, as to appear to jurymen not to use the trained oratory of a hired advocate intent to lead them to his own conclusion irrespective of the truth, but to state the conscientious suggestions of a man like themselves, who put the case in a way so simple that they could not misunderstand it, or avoid yielding their conviction to the speaker. He knew intimately the Scottish character. He identified himself with the feelings and prejudices of his hearers. He was never hurried by the ambition of eloquence, into soaring above their heads, and yet his homely and apparently artless but artful touches, had all the effect of the most brilliant and successful oratory. Some of his

efforts as an advocate read tamely in the recollection of the impression they created at the time; not from any poverty of thought or deficiency of vigour in expression,—but, because along with those, he possessed the power of a great actor, who could transpose his whole soul into the scene, and by a look or a change of tone, deepen the impression of his declamation or his argument.

When all this is admitted in reference to Cockburn, we have admitted all which can be considered remarkable in his qualifications as a lawyer. Unfortunately he was infected with that same indolent and careless love of enjoyment by which Thomson threw away his powers, and which in the case of Cockburn left him at no high place as a lawyer either at the bar or on the bench. While his employment was extensive and varied in all matters of fact requiring to be determined by a jury, it was otherwise in reference to questions which involved merely points of law to be argued before the courts. In such practice he was surpassed by men far his inferiors in natural talent, but who had the industry to acquire that professional knowledge of the law which Cockburn never did. The drudgery was too much for one who gave up study when he entered life. This was a great misfortune on his own account, and on that of suitors. Had he resigned the habits of indolent indulgence, consequent upon the keen enjoyment of external nature, he might have taken as high a place in forensic legal discussion with judges as with juries. Logic, clear and connected; expression homely but nervous and emphatic, would have rendered a legal argument in his hands a formidable weapon. He was contented, however, with his enjoyment, for which he was willing to pay the price of moderate employment and modified fame. The same defect accompanied him to the bench, and if possible became intensified there. Not urged on by the spur of opposition, and the anxieties of clients, his duty seemed rather a plaything than the serious business of life. The law, the parties, the counsel, the agents, the miserable litigants, were puppets in a raree-show, out of which might be got the amusement of a smile. The great object of his horror was a lengthy bore. He set an example of a virtue which he wished others to practise, in being short in his orations. He must have studied Tacitus, and avoided Alison. At all events, there was no infliction so painful to his temper or his patience, as the oratory of an over-zealous and loquacious counsel. Thus it happened, that cases being impatiently heard, were imperfectly understood. The judgments that

he delivered were unsatisfactory and frequently reversed; and men forgot in the imperfections of the judge many of the invaluable qualities that endeared him as a man.

He complains in his Memorials, that in the old rough days at the end of the last century, when Braxfield and Eskgrove, and that race of judges were on the Bench, that there were no published reports of the opinions of the judges. The Court was a mob; their deliberations a wrangle; and the ultimate decision depended upon the whim or the caprice of the moment. Opinions, so formed and so delivered, would not have been of much service to posterity, and we cannot mourn for them as for the Decades of Livy. A gentleman of the name of Mr. Robert Bell was, however, desirous of perpetuating what wisdom there might be delivered from the Bench; and he commenced to publish a set of reports on the principle of giving the judicial dicta in detail. The proposal was revolutionary and Jacobinical, and received with alarm by the Bench. The reporter "was actually called into the Robing Room and admonished to beware." Eskgrove's objection was—"The fellow taks doon ma very words"—a great injury to his Lordship certainly. Time wore on, and a new spirit has animated the scene. Year after year there appear bulky tomes from London, New York, and Edinburgh, containing more printed matter than was sufficient previously for centuries of legislation, in which, in the smallest possible type, the bit of gold is beaten so very fine that sometimes it becomes invisible. Of course the only escape from this ponderous mass is that of passing it by. Except the unhappy reporters, there was never yet a human creature who travelled it through. A slave, convicted of murder, was offered the alternative of either reading from beginning to end Guicciardini's History of the Wars in Italy, or the galleys. He stood in suspense only for a moment—he took the latter. An alternative equally frightful might have been put to him had the modern publication of legal reports been at the time in existence. It is not merely the length, but the number and variety of judicial opinions—the result of the crudest as of the maturest thought,—which unsettle the law and imperil every decision when it afterwards comes to be reviewed. By express act of the American Congress, every judgment of the Supreme Courts of the United States must be pronounced in writing, and cannot be delivered on the same day on which the case was debated by counsel,—an admirable regulation, calculated to bring out the merits of

every question, and to put a bridle upon the rapidity of extemporaneous judgment.

In the midst of the chaos of English, American, and Scottish judicial opinions, (for all are quoted daily,) those of Cockburn are remarkable for one peculiarity. They are always short, pointed, and intelligible. If their brevity is sometimes unsatisfactory, as indicating imperfect attention to the case, yet, when he did enter into details, they never encumbered the lucidity of his expression. In matters of fact he was almost always, and in questions of law, he was sometimes right. Even when he erred, he is deserving of perusal from the faculty he possessed of placing before the mind some striking view or illustration, which threw an illumination upon all around, and either pointed the way to conviction, or served as the means for discovering the fallacy. No one can appreciate the merit of such an opinion so much as the miserable beings who, in the silent watches of the night, have to pore over numberless authorities for the morning's debate, and who,—wandering up and down through long opinions that, like the passages in some ancient tenement exhaust the victim by their endless maze,—at last, when driven nearly to insanity or despair, find a haven of rest in the short and clear statement in Cockburn's opinion. It was this simplicity of diction and clearness of style, this intelligibility of statement, in itself a power, which rendered his judgment, if reversed by the Inner Courts in Scotland, a most formidable thing to struggle with in the House of Lords. The utterly untechnical character of his mind made his judgments read in the eyes of a foreign lawyer with a force not due to their intrinsic merits; and hence it happened that decrees which had been reversed by his brethren in Scotland, were returned to in the House of Lords, and mainly in consequence of his argument. On the bench his demeanour was always conciliatory and forbearing, and only a harmless jest indicated the misery he suffered when subjected to the *peine forte et dure*, of interminable loquacity.

In the number for August last of the *English Law Magazine and Law Review*, there appeared an article which has been publicly attributed to Lord Brougham, and which bears undeniable traces of that fine Roman hand. In a previous number of the same Magazine, which has not Lord Cockburn for his text, but Lord Brougham himself, there are several characteristic notes written by a hand different from that which produced the text, and whose labours are in a different style. The text sometimes censures and hints a fault,—the notes never;

and in the latter there is found the most intimate acquaintance with the aspirations of Lord Brougham, and minute information in regard to his family history. One of the notes is deserving of notice, from whose hand soever it came :—

“Fully appreciating,” says the writer, “as we do the public and private virtues of Lord Cockburn, we could never erase from our own mind the impression that there ran a deep vein of selfishness through his nature, which he had profitably worked throughout a long life, and had not quite exhausted down to the day of his decease. He started in life as a Tory, but was soon drawn within the sparkling circle of young Whigs, who, as we have seen, towards the commencement of the century, gave their impress to the bar of Scotland.”—*Law Magazine*, Vol. 52, p. 15.

Upon what this is founded the anonymous author has not told, as he was bound to tell the public. There must be some obliquity of moral vision in a writer who could see in Lord Cockburn's nature the opposite of what it was, and who could deduce from his career a conclusion which none others have arrived at. We admit that he was indolent, and indolence is often the parent of selfishness; but that Cockburn was sordidly selfish for the promotion of any interests of his, is a statement that could only have been made by one who had not a proper appreciation of the force of his own language. Had he worked his “selfishness” for his own interests, what promotion at the bar of Scotland with such influence as his, would have been denied him! The relative of Henry Dundas had only to ask and it would be given him. But casting upon one side the honours and delightful sense of independence of a comfortable position, he walked on in one undeviating course of political consistency, faithful to the last. He bore with patience the scowls of political opponents, the estrangement of friends, and won his way fairly to honour. He was not a specimen of the patriotism that is the result of calculation of profit and loss,—for it was a losing game from the beginning. His patriotism was something more than the mere effusion of swelling words. It is hard that having fought manfully, and borne, through those long thirty years, the icy chill of exclusion from the honours of public life so plentifully showered upon meaner men, he should in his grave be refused simple justice. How he worked the vein it is impossible for us to tell. He was made a Judge because it was his due, and because no advocate of his time could prefer a claim equal to his. Lord Brougham says that Mr. Murray waived in 1830 his own pretensions in favour of

Cockburn, for the office of Solicitor-General; a statement that must be novel to that respected Judge, and who, so far as we can see, never had any appetite for place, though he once discusses with Horner the propriety of his taking a Sheriffship.

It is difficult to comprehend the course of conduct of a man whose judgment is dependent upon the inconstancy of his irritable temper. Yet no one can mistake the spirit which dictated such remarks as these :—

“Lord Cockburn's very indifferent life of Lord Jeffrey had given him but a moderate rank among biographers; not that there was more to be urged against it than the want of judgment; the political—that is, the party—prejudice under which the book was written, formed another ground of complaint; and the same objection may certainly be taken to the work before us. Our office keeps us from weighing all the defects or merits of the work, unless in so far as it deals with legal subjects; and we therefore shall not stop to remark upon the favour with which it has been received by the public, and which it owes chiefly to the insatiable desire of readers to see a page filled with proper names; a desire so strong with some, that we have known a person of great learning and eminence declare, he could read the ‘Court Guide’ with more interest than many of the books which are published.” (*Law Mag.*, vol. 55, p. 233.)

Lord Brougham's name occurs several times in the Memorials of Cockburn. We have three specific anecdotes, which, if they do not exhibit their subject in the most heroic light, are characteristic, and were told by Cockburn with the utmost good nature. They have not however been to the taste of his surviving “friend.”

One of them occurs in reference to the best sketch that Cockburn ever drew—that of Lord Eskgrove, one of the most ludicrous personages who ever sat even upon the Scottish bench—

“Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts, wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel, who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a Court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. ‘I declare,’ said the Justice, ‘that man Broom, or Brougham, is the torment of my life.’ His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence, by calling it or him, *the Harangue*. ‘Well, gentlemen, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this’ (mistating it); ‘but here, gentlemen, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.’”

The remaining anecdote told of the Harangue exhibits not his brusquerie, but a modesty offensive to his feelings. His admirers in Edinburgh gave him a public dinner in 1825, at which the chair was occupied by Cockburn.

"When the waiters were clearing the tables, and the talking-time was approaching, Brougham told me that he thought the most alarming moment of life was, when the speaker, after settling himself into his chair for an important debate, paused for an instant before calling up the mover; but that he would rather endure that a hundred times, than rise and address the audience before him, which, he said, was the largest he had ever spoken to under a roof. If this was the feeling of that practised orator, I need not be ashamed to confess that I felt very uneasy. However, it was, on the whole, a successful and impressive meeting."

This is not agreeable to the orator who had braved senates and bridled kings. Accordingly, he pronounces this story "of Mr. Brougham" to be entirely fancy; and he mentions that Mr. Brougham "a few days after the dinner had addressed (gallery included) above 700; a few weeks before, above 600, and on 22d June 1820, above 700;" and on none of these three occasions was he afraid. It is "ridiculous" to suppose that the difference of 100 could make the Edinburgh audience so much more formidable. It was not the number at which Lord Brougham was alarmed; it was "at speaking about nothing, speaking for mere speaking's sake, a horror of the epededeictic oratory which made Mr. Fox all his life incapable of uttering three sentences at an after-dinner discussion." It may be so; Cockburn, at least, candidly confesses that he was labouring under a nervous quivering, and he is scarcely to be condemned as an incorrect historian, if, without explanation, he attributed to the same cause the terror of his friend.

In the same style the rest of Lord Brougham's article proceeds. The memorials are filled with "exaggerations." The author is a "dealer in anecdotes," and "colours his facts," and from "party prejudice" and "love of recounting anecdotes," his statements are incorrect. He is guilty of bad taste, and has repeated as sober truth what he at first coined for merriment, and what repeated narration ultimately convinced himself to be real. At every ten lines, the words "colouring and exaggeration" are charged, as if the garrulity of age had so thoroughly overtaken the writer as to leave him in his passion only one idea. Cockburn's sketches are caricatures, and where not satirical are malignant; and pages

are filled with alleged inaccuracies, such as, that Principal Robertson did not speak national Scotch, as Cockburn affirms, which Brougham denies "*except in the pronunciation.*" But who is this Daniel come to judgment? As the *Spectator* says, — "No man ought to be tolerated in a habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait on him for bread." A severe censure is pronounced upon the practice exemplified by Cockburn and by Moore, of leaving their Diaries behind them, and making statements of fact in reference to personal character, the responsibility of which they throw upon their executors. Is it not equally reprehensible to find a man shielding himself under the anonymous, making the bold statements and giving the rude contradictions which disfigure Lord Brougham's review? Lord Braxfield, it seems, was a wise and humane judge "as every one knows." Cockburn is in error as to him, and as to Henry Erskine, and Hermand, and Principal Robertson, and as to what took place at the trials for sedition; and he colours, exaggerates, and misrepresents, "as every one knows," or, "as was well known in Edinburgh." And this unkind stab is given on such vague assertion, to an old friend's memory, and what is still dearer to the world — the principles of freedom involved in these old trials.

Brougham was one of Lord Cockburn's contemporaries; an Edinburgh Reviewer; a Whig politician; and so far as his inconstant nature would allow him, the friend of the band of lawyers who gave an impress to the time. It is curious, however, to trace the consistency of nature between youth and age. In the lives and letters of Cranston, of Jeffrey, of Horner, of Mackintosh, of Sydney Smith, there will be found a hearty, warm, and joyous outpouring of affection to one another. Not one kindly word, however, is ever said by one of them of Brougham. He first promises Jeffrey his support; he then becomes restive, and retracts; and again, after being soothed, he returns to duty. (*Horner's Life*, vol. i. p. 186.) He quarrels with Horner and reduces that gentlest of mankind to despair, because, being ignorant of any reason for a quarrel, Horner can do nothing towards a reconciliation. (*Horner's Life*, vol. ii. p. 74.) At last the fit passes off, and after several years of cold estrangement, he relents and admits to his old familiarity a man who had, perhaps, only offended his vanity. In short, Brougham appears to have been an erratic comet that scared them all — at once an object of alarm and admiration; and so through life he has been charac-

terized by the same unaccountable levity, vacillation, and incoherence, which has rendered him the sport of every petty passion of the hour.

No one would wish to speak otherwise than kindly of a man who, at least for twenty-two years, has tasted few of the glories and all the disappointments of ambition. Yet one who thrusts himself upon the public attention in the spirit of a gladiator, to fight at his own hand, and bear down opposition with the dictatorial tone of a conqueror, cannot complain, if, while assailing others, he is himself judged. When Lord Brougham attacks his friend for being a relator of anecdotes, why does he forget the bulky tomes which bear his own name, and which profess to give sketches, anecdotes, and portraits of the small and great of all lands and times? The difference between the two writers is, that the one confines himself to memoirs of persons that he knew, and writes in a style bright with immortality; while the other favours mankind with anecdotes and sketches of persons of all countries, all professions, all creeds, some of whom he knew, and some of whom he did not, in a style often energetic and eloquent, but always loose, disjointed, and diffuse. He belongs to the school which seeks effect from exaggeration or suppression, and which, though sometimes producing powerful passages, more frequently evaporates in fustian and rant. While many of his figures want the freshness and vigour of sketches from the life, they are destitute of the finish of historical portraiture. And, amid all, there is ever mingling the predominant vanity of the author, whose services to mankind, if not at all times directly insisted on, are ingeniously enforced by repeated notices of the most perfect type of character—a lawyer and a rhetorician. To be perfect, however, there must be the combination, in that exact measure which fills the outline with the figure of the retired statesman. The lawyer is insufficient if he be destitute of that noble rhetoric which enabled Henry Brougham to ascend without effort from the professional pleading to command the attention and applause of listening senates: the mere orator, again, is wanting if he possess not the perfect knowledge of men, and the practised aptitude for business which the contests of *Nisi Prius* always give. His opinion, too, of his own style, varies from that commonly received, and the light of Burke's genius pales before the brighter sun of his biographer. "The kinds of composition are various, and Burke excels in them all, with the exception of two, the *very highest, given to few*, and when

given, almost always possessed *alone*—fierce, nervous, overwhelming declamation, and close, rapid argument."* We are to find examples of this in the collected works of the great orator. We have sometimes an opportunity of comparison between Cockburn and his reviewer as to their relative skill in portrait painting. They differ very widely in the impression which they leave. Individuality, in the sketches of Brougham, is lost. We are looking upon costume figures where a blank is left for the face,—the personal identity eluding the grasp of fancy. Censure, admiration, and even personal qualifications are generalized, till they become common; and anecdotes intended to illustrate individual character, are not the best, and are often spoilt by the author's eloquence in the telling. Every quality of Mirabeau is dwelt upon but his oratory; diplomacy is scarcely mentioned in the sketch of Talleyrand; the life of Frederick the Great is a collection of the discreditable anecdotes of his private life,—his great achievements and his wonderful struggles being compressed into a few passages of depreciatory narrative. The fierce outburst introduced in the life of Wilkes as to the bad demagogic arts, of which he was *not* guilty, and the mean practices which he is admitted *not* to have followed, published twenty years ago by way of abusing O'Connell, and which now read so oddly when O'Connell, and Melbourne, and Althorp, and the appropriation clause are things of history, is reproduced in the new edition. All this passionate insinuation will be unintelligible to another generation. Alas! when writers compose biographical sketches according to their passions, what tortures are laid up for the future historian!

If, like Cobbett, Brougham is one of the most copious of writers, he is also like Cobbett one of the most inconstant that ever abused the liberty of the press. In his old age he writes the recantation of a thousand speeches. His fluctuating praise or blame of individuals or of parties, his defence or abuse of principles and systems, are all incidental to the personal feelings of the moment. For the doctrines themselves, the opinions, the measures he has alternately advocated and denounced, his pretensions to ordinary consistency are such as not to bear the hazard of a gratuitous appearance in Court. He upholds the horrors of the reign of terror in Scotland to-day, as if he were wholly unconscious of ever having written anything before.

* Brougham's Works, vol. i. p. 232. Ed. 1855.

Lord Cockburn's *Memorials* are filled with sketches of the troubled politics of the Scottish reign of terror. He recurs to the subject at almost every page, as one that had much occupied his mind; and truly the world has never had such a striking picture of it. Life was certainly not pleasant in those days, when not merely freedom of speech, but almost freedom of thought was a crime. There have been three periods in Scottish history more peculiarly unfortunate; and to have lived in them must have been a trial,—times like those under which the Italians are now living, when at every step, the air is tainted with the trail of a police spy. Over the fair fields of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, men of foreign language and of foreign mien bear down a sensitive race, proud of their traditions and their history. The materialities of life, though possessed in ample abundance, are no compensation for the want of that which gives to life its charm. So, when Baliol surrendered the independence of his country to Edward, and foreign legions spread from the Solway to the Shetland Isles, and the calm of despair settled upon a prostrate people, Scotland for a time felt in all its agony the miseries of conquest. So, when during the twenty-eight sad years which constituted the reign of the last Stuarts, all that was great and true-hearted was hunted from valley to mountain, and the scaffolds were deluged with the blood of martyrs, the people had another taste of the horrors of a scientific despotism. These were times when suspicion became proof, and when law was oppression. But the life of a nation outlives the life of man, and in its circuit comprehends that retributive or compensating award which is denied to individuals. The powerful oppressor is often followed to the grave with honour, and monuments are reared to his memory, and the good and the brave are cast upon the hill side, and receive justice only from history. To them the right reward comes too late; but a nation endures for ages; it creates a future for itself, and colours that future with its own character. The blood of martyrs is the seed of religion. From their tombs they speak a lesson of heroism and magnanimity to posterity; and the Scotland of this day is all the better that they lived and suffered.

It is not a pleasant duty to rake up the smouldering embers of ancient controversies—*Ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. A more agreeable duty would it have been to have dwelt upon many of the cheering pictures of old manners and times, and of modern improvement and civilisation, which Cockburn's *Memorials* afford us. The war is over and

its memories might expire. Lord Cockburn might have been indulged in the retrospect of sufferings borne and of triumphs achieved; but his ancient friend will have it otherwise, and he probes the old sore so that its ranking pains leave no rest to the sufferer. He seems to have a horror of the waters of Lethe, and will only bathe in Phlegethon. We live in an age of fresh ideas. The things which interested the youth of Cockburn and Brougham, have become to us wearisome and unprofitable. The old party shibboleths have lost their significance, and the faith which once could remove mountains, is, in the breast of a new generation, chilled and dead. A feeble reflection of that ancient spirit is exhibited by Cockburn, when professing to act as its historian, and by his friend when subjecting him to criticism.

The political trials of 1792–96 constitute the text for an elaborate commentary and moral. According to Lord Cockburn, the persons then condemned were guilty of no crime; and assuming them to be guilty of sedition, of which they were accused, the punishment was illegal. Upon both these points we have the shock of a point-blank contradiction; as we have also upon the merits and virtues of the Judge who tried them.

All who die are honoured with tears! The friend is lamented by his friend, the husband by his wife, the father by his children, and the apostle of liberty carries with him the regrets of mankind. Even Braxfield has now a coronach of wailing over his tomb. He was not a cruel magistrate, who abused power, and bent the laws to the oppression and misery of the land. He was not a brutal judge, coarse in his manners, inhuman in his treatment of the feeble; overbearing and insolent to serve his party or to gratify his passions; and whom no scruples of conscience kept back an instant from his object. If he has hitherto received a pre-eminent renown in infamy, he now deserves a more lasting one in our gratitude and commiseration. The world has hitherto been in error. His name ought not to be linked with Lauderdale and Mackenzie. He belongs to the category of which Duncan Forbes was the chief. He exhibits to mankind the splendid spectacle of great talents long exercised with difficulties, and high principles never tainted with guilt. Such is the sketch by this new historian who is to blot from our minds the fixed traditions and the burning memories of half a century.

The world sometimes admires the chivalrous devotion that runs counter to the current of history and the prejudices of the mass. It may arise from moral courage and real convic-

tion; more frequently from Quixotism of disposition, soured by disappointment and embittered by personal antipathy. The proud eagle does not here soar in his own meridian. He enters into a sphere where he has no superiority over others. Of the merits and character of Lord Braxfield, and of the merits and demerits of those proceedings which ended in the banishment of Thomas Muir and his unhappy compatriots, there are thousands as capable of judging and pronouncing an opinion as Lord Brougham.

Lord Cockburn says, "that no impartial censor can avoid detecting throughout the whole course of the trials not mere casual indications of bias, but absolute straining for convictions. . . . In every case sentiments were avowed (from the Bench) implying the adoption of the worst current intemperance. If, instead of a supreme Court of justice sitting for the trial of guilt or of innocence, it had been an ancient commission appointed by the Crown to procure convictions, little of its judicial manner would have required to be changed. . . . In order to find a match for the judicial spirit of this Court at this period we must go back to the days of Lauderdale and Dalziel."

All this is contradicted, and Braxfield, it now seems, was not blasphemous and arbitrary. When he damned a lady who was playing with him at whist, he did not, as Cockburn says, apologize to her by saying that he mistook her for his wife. He did not say, of course, to Horner's father, one of the jurors who tried Muir, "Come awa', Maister Horner, come awa', and help us to hang ane o' thae damned seondrels." Nor, when Gerald pleaded that our Saviour was a Reformer, did Braxfield retort, "Muckle he made o' that,—he was hanget." So far, too, from wishing convictions, he rather aided the accused, as is plainly seen from the State trials to which Cockburn refers.

It were well, when censure is thus so liberally administered, that the censor himself should be correct. So far from referring to the State trials as an authority, Cockburn says that the proceedings "are very faintly given" there. They do not exhibit the interruptions by Braxfield to the prisoner, and they give no account of the whole tone and spirit of the trial. Yet they tell how he was reprimanded and commanded to sit down, and how his witnesses were bullied, and how he was told more than once to make an end of his evidence, and, lastly, they give a summing up which, if it had been attributed to Jeffreys, would have found no one to dispute its origin. This is the charge of the impartial Judge:—

"As Mr. Muir has brought many witnesses to prove his general good behaviour, and his recommending peaceable measures and petitions to Parliament, it is your business to judge how far this should operate in his favour, in opposition to the evidence on the other side. Mr. Muir might have known that *no attention could be paid to such a rabble*. What right had they to representation? He could have told them that the Parliament would never listen to their petition. How could they think of it? A government in every country should be just like a corporation; and in this country it is made up of the landed interest, *which alone has a right to be represented*. As for the *rabble*, who have nothing but personal property, what hold has the nation of them? What security for the payment of their taxes? They may bundle up all their property on their backs and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye, but landed property cannot be removed."—(State Trials.)

What in the captain's but a choleric word, is in the soldier flat blasphemy. It was the right of a land-owner to exercise his privilege of freedom of speech; it was sedition in the landless or poverty-stricken yeoman. This was the view also of Dr. Samuel Horsley, a bishop of Pitt's creation, who at the same time gave it as his opinion in Parliament,—"that he did not know what the mass of the people in any country had to do with the laws, *but to obey them*." And the conclusion of the charge belongs to this school. "The tendency," said Braxfield, "of the panel's conduct was plainly to promote a spirit of revolt, and if what was demanded was not given, to take it by force. *His Lordship had not the smallest doubt that the Jury were like himself convinced of the panel's guilt, and desired them to return such a verdict as would do them honour*."—(Robertson's Report.)

Lord Braxfield may, in quieting discontent and allaying sedition, have intended to interpose the mediation of kind offices and temperate words. His object may have been to stop the descent of the iron flail, and satisfy even unreasoning and inconsiderate passion. His heart may have beat with the patriotic aspiration of merely discountenancing the untimely fervour which only gave to an affrightened Government a pretext and an arm of vengeance; and on the judgment-seat he might have only wished to curb, by the humanity of the law, that relentless vindictiveness which, though it punished, also brutalized a people. If so, his charge does not do him justice; and he has received hard mercy from posterity, which has sat in stern judgment on his tomb.

"This old Judge,
With one foot in the grave; with dim eyes,
strange
To tears, save drops of dotage; with long white

And scanty hairs, and shaking hands, and head
As palsied as his heart was hard, he counselled,
Caballed, and put men's lives out, as if life
Were no more than the feelings long extinguished
In his withered bosom."

The punishment of fourteen years' transportation for sedition was out of all proportion to the offence. We are told, however, by Lord Brougham, that Braxfield only pronounced the sentence which the law allowed him,—a statement made in contradiction to the notorious fact that that sentence has been condemned as contrary to law by every Judge who has had occasion to review it. It was law made for the occasion, and made by Braxfield, in whose hands the rest of the Judges were as potter's clay. It is unnecessary here to recite legal opinions. The whole question has been already discussed in this Journal by a learned Judge now upon the Bench, who had as large a practice as any contemporary Lawyer in the Criminal Courts. His opinion (*ante*, vol. iv. p. 315) we reprint. "It was not attempted to be justified either by the direct sanction of any statute enacting that punishment, or by reference to any precedent authorizing its infliction, but was rested on what was termed the inherent power, the native vigour of the Court. The principles evolved would lead, if followed out, to absolute despotism; and indeed the whole tone and style of the chapter (speaking of Baron Hume's work, who adopts Braxfield's law) is more suited to the jurisprudence of Russia than of Scotland." In truth, the law laid down at these trials was made then, or if it had any authority from precedent, it could only be obtained from times when the boots and the thumb-screw were instruments of justice. Lord Brougham knew all this, and suppressed it; or, if he did not know it, he brings to the discussion an ignorance of the subject not creditable to a Judge of the Tribunal of Appeal.

It is, moreover, admitted, that in England sedition was never punished with transportation, and this is glossed over by telling us that imprisonment was as hard to bear at that period, and that transportation was rather an advantage. "At that period," says Cockburn, (*Memorials*, p. 100,) "it implied a frightful voyage of many months, great wretchedness in the new colony, an almost complete extinction of all communication with home, and such difficulty in returning, that a man transported was considered as a man never to be seen again. Nevertheless, transportation for a first offence was the doom of every one of these prisoners." The convict ship and the convict settlement, frightful at any time, were still

more frightful then! Broken hearts and fortunes; high spirits still untamed, whose crime was that they were unsuccessful; minds in ruin and decay; good natures corrupted into evil; cheerful souls turned into bitterness; men of rank and education subjected to a slavery to the rude, the rough, the coarse, and the ignorant drivers of a convict settlement. With the evil association of the unfortunate with the wicked, the political offender joined with the murderer or thief, what could be expected but that the miserable creatures should become more embittered and exasperated? "It has been said," adds Cockburn, "that after these trials there was no more sedition. The same thing might be said though they had been tried by the boot, and punished by fire. Jeffreys and Kirk put down sedition for the day by their bloody assizes, but our exhibitions of judicial vigour, instead of eradicating the seditious propensity, prolonged its inward vitality. These trials sunk deep, not merely into the popular mind, but into the minds of all men who thought. It was by these proceedings, more than by any other wrong, that the spirit of discontent justified itself throughout the rest of that age."—(*Memorials*, p. 102.)

Why has the country since lost all its dangerous classes? and how have thousands of meetings been held in our unguarded cities without danger to the commonwealth? How, amid the privations that periodically occur, is there no political discontent, and no hatred of class against class? Is it not that this state of security has only supervened, when statesmen gave up the notion that they ought to extirpate sedition by the strong hand? They were determined to curb the excesses of the press, and the press grew wilder and more licentious. Full freedom of speech, association, and locomotion, are now the rule, and the result is, that every secret society, every scurrilous print, every doctrine inconsistent with the social rights and the religious feelings of the community have disappeared, or are promulgated in darkness or among the tombs. Every man is allowed to air his hobby and pet scheme for the perfectibility of mankind. The orator gets rid of his speech, and the theorist of his speculations, and society, if none the wiser, has at least had a subject for amusement. The chaff is blown from the wheat, and in the end public opinion either laughs at the folly, or adopts and acts upon a new truth. Principles, races, nationalities, constitutions, and theories, are the powers, the pretences, or the bugbears of this day. Yet thrones survive, and the world is grateful to, and has ceased to persecute, the men who forget private interest for public duty; who

busy themselves with the complexity of our social position, and undertake the duty of disentangling its embarrassments.

In those dreary days of terror the position of an advocate of Whig politics was gloomy enough. When we think of what has been, and now look through the Parliament House at what is, it is almost impossible to believe that such a change could have taken place within the compass of half a century. Young men who professed liberal principles in those times, which now would be considered somewhat antiquated, "were treated as the causes and the shields of the popular delusions; and belonging mostly to the bar, they were constantly and insolently reminded that the case of their brother, Thomas Muir, transported for sedition, was intended for their special edification."

"The progress of no young man could be more apparently hopeless than of him who, with the known and fatal taint of a taste for popular politics, entered our bar. But they were generally well warned. If not overlooked from their insignificance, a *written test* was for some years presented to them, and a refusal to subscribe it set a black mark upon him who refused. I have heard George Cranstoun say that the test was put to him, and by a celebrated Professor of Law acting for the Tory party. It was rejected, and Cranstoun found it convenient to leave the bar, and spend some time chiefly in Ireland, as an officer in a regiment of fencible cavalry, commanded by his friend the Earl of Ancrum."—(*Memorials*, p. 92.)

Brougham denies that the test was put to Cranstoun. Cockburn says that Cranstoun told him so, and therefore when both concur, the one in affirming the fact, and the other in stating that he told the tale as it was told to him, we must be pardoned if we cannot adopt the suggestion of Lord Brougham,—“That the written test is an invention of some party zealot who had imposed on Lord Cockburn.” In our day, when every man is free to express his opinion as he pleases, when public opinion awes senates with a moral supremacy which belongs to no other power; when personal independence does not bring in its train persecution, loss of friends, exclusion from office, and every impediment in the way of an honourable ambition, it is difficult to realize the state of misery and subjection in which the men of liberal minds at the Scottish Bar were held in the days of Braxfield. No public opinion, no press, no power derived from their number, as at the Bar of England; but a small coterie, strong only in their convictions, and conscious of their talents. Herding apart, communication with them was thought inconsistent with allegiance to the

Crown. Even Scott can speak of it as a thing of novelty, that he met Jeffrey at dinner. It is said that in England men suffered as much, and Cockburn is erroneously charged with representing Scotland as alone subjected to the reign of terror. It may be true that “Mr. Brougham,” as is carefully announced, was excluded from the honours of a silk gown, because he had done duty to his unfortunate client against the persecutions of the King. But it cannot at the same time be forgotten, that such exclusion redounded to the glory and honour,—nay, even to the worldly prosperity of “Mr. Brougham,” when he led the Northern Circuit in a stuff gown, many silks being obliged to keep their talents in abeyance. No one wishes to stand between a good man’s merit and his reward; but why obtrude sacrifices that are not forgotten, upon the attention of a world, which wishes to do tardy homage to the principles of freedom, in the persons of men who suffered upon a more obscure theatre, and who were not buoyed up by the acclamations of sympathizing multitudes?

“The state of politics in this country,” says Jeffrey, (vol. i. p. 98,) “and the excessive violence and avowed animosities of the parties in power, which have now extended to every department in life, and come to affect every profession, make the prospect less encouraging to one who abhors its intolerance, and is at no pains to conceal his contempt of its influence. . . . There are some moments when I think I could sell myself to the Minister or to the Devil, in order to get above these necessities. At other times I think of undertaking pilgrimages and seeking adventures, to give a little interest and diversity to the dull life that seems to await me; and when I am most reasonable, I meditate upon my chances of success at the English Bar or in India, to both of which resources I have been exhorted and recommended by some of my friends.” And even the philosophic Horner, whose political creed was never offensively urged, was obliged to betake himself to the South. “I become daily more averse,” he says, “to the practice of the Scotch Court. There are certain circumstances positively disagreeable, both in the manner in which business is conducted, and in the manner in which success is attained, and these disadvantages are rendered the less tolerable after comparison with the courts of the South.” (*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 173.) And he afterwards describes the mode in which official dignity at Edinburgh is to be obtained, (p. 353,) as “a long service to party cabals, party prejudices, and party disappointments.”

Yet in the hour of trial these men were

found wanting. Cranstoun and Jeffrey and Thomson were put to the test at an early period of their professional career, in reference to the motion for the expulsion of Henry Erskine from the office of Dean of Faculty, for presiding at a meeting to petition against the Seditious Meetings Bill. This man was the noblest Roman of them all; perhaps the most accomplished advocate that the Bar of Scotland ever knew; beloved personally, and consistent in his political career. The meeting he attended was for the constitutional purpose of petitioning Parliament against a measure that in our day would provoke a rebellion. It was conducted with sobriety and decorum. The language used was spoken with the bated breath of men who had the law of sedition expounded to them in such terms as to reduce freedom of speech almost to a name. Yet to the Faculty of Advocates it was sufficient to justify a motion for expulsion made by Charles Hope. And the motion was carried; and Henry Erskine, to the disgrace of the body whom he honoured, went out of office, and a Dundas reigned in his stead. Horner saw Erskine after his retirement from the Bar, which took place in 1807. "He is living," says Horner in 1812, "among the plantations he has been making for the last twenty years, in the midst of all the bustle of business. He has the banks of the River Almond for about four miles. He told me he had thrown away the law like a dirty clout, and had forgotten it altogether. It is delightful to see the same high spirits which made him such a favourite in the world, while he was in the career of ambition and prosperity, still attending him after all the disappointments that would have chagrined another man to death; such a temper is worth all that the most successful ambition could ever bestow." —(*Horner*, vol. ii. p. 122.)

When this man was put upon his trial, and the young Whig lawyers were subjected to the *experimentum crucis*, the whole of them but Moncreiff dishonourably took to flight. Cranstoun, and Jeffrey, and Thomson, if they did not vote against him, at least deserted their standard, and did not vote at all. For this they are excused, because it appears that every young man in those days came to the bar with a patron, who kept in his hands their conscience, and the intercourse between whom and them was like that of a man who is dancing upon wires. Jeffrey's patron was Lord Glenlee, Thomson had for a patron Lord Henderland, and Cranstoun the Duke of Buccleuch. To have voted in favour of Henry Erskine, would have offended these powerful persons,

and therefore when the hour came to make a sacrifice for principle, the victims were not forthcoming. All fled except Moncreiff, who, faithful amid the faithless, held the candles up for Henry Erskine at the meeting, and was at his post in the Faculty to record his vote for his friend, with that high moral courage, and conscientious sense of duty, which formed so prominent a characteristic of the man. Cockburn takes occasion so frequently, and with such detail, to excuse an act which may be forgotten, but not defended, that one can almost think he himself would, had he been at the Bar, have also proved a coward.

Yet, after all, the Whig lawyers of the Parliament House of that day alone preserved any apparent conflict with the ruling domination. They had, without experience and without position, to steer a previously untried life-boat in the darkest night that had ever spread despondency and terror over the hearts of men. All the Scottish representation was in the hands of Dundas; the town Councils were foci of corruption, intolerance, and ignorance; the laws were oppressive, and oppressively administered; the punishments were sanguinary; and liberty of thought, even in the peaceful domains of speculative philosophy, or in the quiet scenes of historical investigation, were denied to the genius of Dugald Stewart and Adam Ferguson. When young men arose, who dared to push inquiry into the theory of government, astonishment was succeeded by half-belief, and that by indignation, and that again by horror. It was in vain! Jeffrey and his coadjutors held on their own way; bastion, and fort, and battlement fell; and after every position was surrendered, and every relic of barbarous intolerance swept away, the British sun for the last time, having shone so long in the meridian, culminated to his decline. The repeal of the Test Act; the reform of the representation; the repeal of the Corn-laws; the opening of the universities to dissenters; every step which has been gained from the losing side of antiquated folly, has been made the occasion on which the British sun has set for ever. On each occasion we renounced irrevocably our place among the nations; and on the morning after the sad announcement, the glorious orb came forth from Pluto's dark realms, and our country shines resplendent under the sun of a regenerated policy.

All this violence was done to the principles of constitutional freedom, upon the impulse of a senseless alarm. The whole of the upper and middle classes of both kingdoms, the possessors of the wealth as the

holders of the real power, repudiated the doctrines of French republicanism. A few wild enthusiasts there were, scattered throughout the country, whose doctrines did harm to freedom by confounding it with the licence which reigned in Paris. Had they been let alone, their enthusiasm would have passed away from want of opposition to stimulate it. The missiles of political strife by speech and by the press, may, no doubt, be as mischievous, though less material than the sticks and stones of more primitive commonwealths; but amid the horrors which the atrocities of the French Revolution had excited, the government of this country might have been contemptuous with safety. They forgot, however, that "the right too rigid hardens into wrong." All hope or even desire for parliamentary reform had, for the time, passed away. Toryism rode triumphant on the wave; and the most diluted liberality of sentiment never fared so badly as when Thomas Paine proved that the rights of man lay in anarchy and atheism, and Gerald was declaiming against free states, patrician senates, and constitutional kings. Burke was anxious enough to magnify the terrors upon which he justified his apostasy. Yet, in the midst of the strife, he was not so much the victim of his excited imagination as not to feel contempt for the few enthusiasts who, throughout the country, endeavoured to excite a feeling of sympathy for liberality of opinion. In his *Reflections*, he treats the "society for constitutional information" as a charitable club; and the "revolution society" as a gathering of dissenters, who, if they had not been noticed by the French assembly, would never have emerged from obloquy; and in that other celebrated passage, he thus disposes of the new sect, whose voice it was thought would be sufficient to overthrow the institutions of a thousand years.

"The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue, of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of confidence in bustle and noise, and puffing and mutual quotation of each other, makes you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a general mark of acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shadow of the British oak, shew the cud, and are silent—pray, do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and

troublesome, insects of the hour. I almost venture to affirm that not one in a hundred amongst us participates in the 'triumph' of the Revolution Society."

If so, a dominant party might have safely left the inconsiderate reformers to the natural result of contempt and time. In the progress of a faction, the crisis inevitably returns when the good and the evil are separated—the enduring and perishable materials are resolved into their kindred elements; that which is malignant or foolish or impracticable becomes embodied in a small fanatical horde, whose outcries if left unnoticed gradually subside, and having no audience to applaud them, the evil that they produce only reacts upon themselves. That which is really patriotic and religious having shaken off the baser material, gradually leavens the whole community, and forms an enduring and natural alliance with the fortunes of the country. We can now hear and laugh at the dreams of well-meaning Republican theorists. We do not need a prosecution to meet a prophecy that society is doomed, and that nothing can stay the spreading corruption, except the realization of some great idea dimly shadowed forth, the universal recognition of some high principle, or the elevation to power of some impossible seers.

But men in that day took the measure of their opponents' power from their own alarm. The capricious ebullitions of popular sentiment were extinguished by the heavy arm of the law, stretched for the occasion by alarmist judges. In every instance in Scotland (it was not so in England), conviction followed upon prosecution, and the freedom and hopes of the nation only recovered after years of arrogant and insulting rule. The *ultima ratio* in the controversy was at once made the sword of authority or the force of resistance. The system of repression was continued at a later period in the Six Acts, and the Gagging Bills of Castle-reagh—fettering the press with heavy stamps and onerous securities; introducing the punishment of banishment for libels; empowering the magistracy to disarm the people, and subjecting the homes of freemen even to nightly visitations; restricting the exercise of the right of meeting to petition, and contracting to an alarming extent that personal liberty which Englishmen are educated to consider as their birthright. The bonds that bind society together snap asunder in the presence of such oppression. Education, religion, hope, fear, become mere words. Men are transformed into wild beasts, and like wild beasts stand at bay at last, and rend their pursuers.

But we leave with pleasure the irritating history of these wretched times, to say a few words of Jeffrey and Horner, and the Edinburgh of their day.

The modern theory of advocacy, which reduces counsel to the place of hired bravo, was never exemplified in the practice of Jeffrey. He did not think it necessary in the defence of his client, to prostitute his talents by an utter indifference to right, wrong, or conscience. He could bear the resentment of a hostile Court, and the vengeance of an exasperated government, but he never sacrificed his personal honour or the dignity of his profession. He was no doubt often obliged to defend the guilty, and to argue against his convictions, but he did not confound his representative with his personal character, and in the eager pursuit of victory forget that there were higher interests at stake. There is truth in the severe remark of Junius, that "the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong contracts the understanding whilst it hardens the heart." It obliterates much of the finer sensibilities, and certainly is the worst school in which to acquire the habit of philosophical impartiality. Right and wrong are in few cases so clearly cut as to entitle a man, on his own responsibility, to pronounce dogmatically his opinion; and this is not the purpose for which the trained skill of an advocate is sought. He is put as a legal bloodhound upon the scent, and hounded on to the pursuit with no other object and no higher motives than to pull down the prey. The merits of the case, except in so far as they may effect its management, must be matter of indifference. His first duty, if they are against him, is to set aside the truth,—to gloss over the facts which he cannot controvert, to bring into prominence any which his ingenuity may torture into a reply. Of course, a training like this, unless carefully guarded by conscience and liberality of mind, produces at the best a spirit of reckless partisanship, under the influence of which moral sensibility is lost. In theory, the profession which vindicates injured innocence, and interposes between the oppressor and his victim, is one of the noblest that can occupy the attention of men. Its Roman history, too, has a lofty origin. The patron and the client in old Rome were persons who stood to each other in the kindly position of a protector giving advice in return for service and gratitude. "The dread of shame," says Tacitus, "was not less powerful than the ambition which aimed at honours. To sink into the humiliating rank of a client, instead of maintaining the dignity of a patron, was a degrad-

ing thought. Men were unwilling to see the followers of their ancestor transferred to other families for protection." In modern days the advocate works for a more vulgar reward, and many things contribute to induce habits of mind not consistent with the highest theory of his craft;—over-zeal,—the "equivocal" character of cases,—the necessity of speaking so as to satisfy not the Court but the client,—the lowering essential to carry conviction to the commonplace minds of juries, and the claptrap requisite to rouse their prejudices or their passions. Then, too, while a divine has before him one undeviating argument, an advocate is obliged within an hour to resign all claim to consistency, and to reply in another case before the same audience, to the views he had just eloquently enforced; so that while the power of telling an effective statement is attained, truth and proportion, the great elements in all imitation or exposition of nature, are seldom reached. The one thing sought for is victory; and this would often pass to the other side, were the whole, or the essential properties which convey the whole, truth disclosed. All this drove Jeremy Bentham from the profession. It troubled the scrupulous mind of Horner; and has often lost to the bar conscientious men, who took the picture of it from its gloomy side.

As an expositor of the law, time, which levels all reputations, will not place Jeffrey on the pinnacle. His occupations were too various for excellence in a science so technical and engrossing. The difficulty of combining accurate with general knowledge, is illustrated in the case of one who possessed a versatility of intellect remarkable in an age of great men. His judgments are filled with fanciful and ingenious illustrations which imperfectly supply the want of profundity of knowledge; and though always suggestive and often striking, leave upon the mind the painful impression of superficiality. He was no exception to the rule that men must be contented to forego the knowledge of many things, to remain entirely ignorant of some things, and imperfectly instructed in others. It is the only alternative to a superficial smattering in all things. It is the necessary condition to unrivalled pre-eminence in any science, and particularly in that of law, which can only be mastered and retained by the undivided devotion to its pursuit of the most laborious lifetime. Yet the vigour of his intellect was such, that he threw illumination over the direst cases of feudal law, although few of his judgments retain a place as masterpieces of judicial wisdom.

As a judge he was the most incorrect speaker that ever delivered an opinion, not from the poverty but from the superfluity of his ideas. They came crowding upon him in such numbers, that in his haste he left the straggling sentences behind, and pushed on in pursuit of some bright conception which his fertile and brilliant fancy extemporaneously struck out. He spoke both for the counsel and the Judge, dislocated the argument by interruptions without end, and was only dissatisfied when there was nothing more to say. Except in the single case as to the legality of erecting, in a grave-yard in Edinburgh, a monument to the political martyrs of 1796, his judicial opinions were always extemporaneously delivered; but on that occasion, apparently afraid that his feelings would hurry him into warm expressions inconsistent with the serene atmosphere of the judgment seat, he reduced his opinion to writing, and delivered a brilliant article in which, while he discussed the legal merits of the question, it is impossible to discover his opinion as to the principles and the memory of the men who held a warm place in his heart. The versatility of Jeffrey was astonishing:—the Editor of a Review, an Advocate in great practice, and himself the most copious of reviewers. Articles upon all subjects came alike naturally to his fluent pen,—treatises upon the French Revolution, upon Poetry, upon Travels, upon Geology, upon the Huttonian Theory, upon the Classics, upon Biography, upon Legal Reform, upon Politics, down even to Sir John Sinclair's Code of Health and Pamphlets on Vaccination. Of course no human mind was capable of giving instruction on every branch of human knowledge; but there is nothing that ever Jeffrey wrote that does not deserve to be read, its chief defect being a too redundant diction, and the Irish defect of over-facile illustration. In Southey's Letters, recently published, we see how keenly he smarted under Jeffrey's biting reviews:—"Of Edinburgh society I think very little. Jeffrey is amusing for his wit; in taste he is a mere child; and he affects to despise learning, *because he has none*. I cannot feel angry with anything so diminutive; he is a mere *homunculus*, and would do for a Major in Gog and Magog's army, were they twice as little."—(Vol. i. p. 342.) And he is described as "œnunciating his words as if he had studied œlocution under John Thelwall, of whom indeed he is an Elzevir edition in better binding."—(Vol. i. p. 345.)

All Jeffrey's literary work was done at a time when he was engaged in the practice

of a profession calculated to tax the utmost strength of the human intellect. Not in vacation merely, but in the busiest season of his practice, he sends to the insatiable printer sheet after sheet of brilliant writing, and at the same time preserves in business-like order and discipline his unruly corps of reviewers. Only once does he appear to have lost his temper, when gravely rebuked by Horner for the spirit of the contributions, that did not square with the precise standard of that philosophic contributor. "I have a right," Jeffrey indignantly says, "I hope, to ask you to write for us; and you have a right, no doubt, to excuse yourself and to make your own apologies; but do not, if you please, announce to me so formally what 'you wish to be understood' on the subject of your contributions, nor fancy that I am to take your orders as if I were a shopman of Constable's."

He appears to have received little assistance from his friends at the bar. Thomson was exhausted with two articles—Cockburn did not contribute more than six, and Cranston and Mopereiff never found leisure or vocation for any other pursuit than their profession. Brougham and Horner alone, except occasionally, did not weary; and Sydney, until prosperity made him indolent, was always ready to furnish those gay articles of wit and wisdom that are read with satisfaction still, even when the immediate interest of their subject has passed away.

The biography of Jeffrey has done justice neither to him nor to his biographer. In many respects it is defective, not from what it has said, but from what it wants; and, delightful as it is as a piece of narrative, it leaves upon the mind a most inadequate idea of the Reviewer, Advocate, Statesman, and Judge. His life necessarily brought him in contact with literary men and the literary world for thirty years; and one would naturally look in his biography for a narrative of his intercourse with the cloud of literati by whom he was assisted, whose contributions he directed and suggested. And yet neither in the Life nor in the volume of letters, is there a word said upon what ought to be the most delightful chapter of his biography. Where are his own letters, for example, to Brougham? Were they ever asked for, or did that capricious reviewer carry his antipathy to the biographer so far as to do injustice to Jeffrey, by refusing to deliver them up? And where, in like manner, are the thousand other letters to the London, Oxford, and Dublin writers, whose papers fill the fifty volumes that he edited? Instead of these, we are furnished with a collection of epistles to

women and children, which remind one of the baby-talk of nurses rather than the writings of one of the departed great, who tracked the deep mysteries of knowledge by the light himself had kindled. And the hiatus is not supplied by anything told us in the "Life" itself, which contains a most imperfect appreciation of a long series of literary labours, which gave dignity and polish to the eulogy of a party, and added pungency to satire. The biographer disposes of labours during several years in three lines, after this fashion: "Nevertheless, besides the three articles just mentioned, he wrote during this period about thirty-six more, chiefly on literature, biography, and general history;" and so the matter is dismissed, and our craving curiosity is left unsatisfied. Nor have we much greater satisfaction in the history of his great forensic displays,—his parliamentary, or his judicial career. All this required reading on the part of Cockburn, and a knowledge of literature which he did not possess. He wrote his history in his old age, without collecting his materials,—a pleasant piece of biography it is, but it is not the biography of his illustrious friend. Had Empson written the literary portion, and left what was purely personal and social to Cockburn, a work worthy of the subject and the writers might have been produced; but as it is, it can only be looked upon as an imperfect sketch, and the biography of Jeffrey remains to be written.

But there is a graver defect still. There is nothing in the Life that would indicate that Jeffrey had any other hopes than those which bounded a pure and lofty human ambition. His life may have been that of a heathen philosopher, who looked with grim satisfaction to the midnight crossing of the Styx; or who ended existence in the still sadder gloom which oppressed the heart of Cicero with the hopes of an immortality that he could imagine, but which his reason disclaimed. And this, too, while his biographer knew how deep and sincere, as life drew to its close, were the religious convictions of Jeffrey,—convictions deepened and impressed upon his mind by many anxious conversations with Chalmers. It is all the more necessary that Jeffrey's character upon this point should be set right with the world, because he himself delivered up for publication several letters written to him by Sydney Smith, in which even he, who proved in his Essay upon missions that the extension of Christianity in India would give the death-blow to the British dominion there, charged Jeffrey with infidelity, and threatened to secede from the *Review* unless a tone more

consistent with the Christian sentiment of the community were adopted. In 1808, Smith warned him against the infidelity that he then had allowed to creep into the *Review*, (Smith's *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 41, 42); and ten years afterwards he still complains in language like this:—"I must beg the favour of you to be explicit on one point. Do you mean to take care that the *Review* shall not profess or encourage infidel principles? Unless this is the case, I must absolutely give up all thoughts of connecting myself with it." Sydney's motives for this rebuke are not of the loftiest. "Besides the general regret I feel from errors of this nature, I cannot help feeling that they press harder upon me than upon anybody belonging to the *Review*, which makes it perilous to a clergyman in particular to be concerned in it."—(Smith, vol. ii. p. 145.) When Jeffrey gave for publication letters which called prominent attention to a subject so important to his character, he surely trusted that an explanation would be given that would remove the painful impression they were calculated to leave. In Cockburn's hands the materials of explanation were placed, which he had no right to keep back. His duty as a biographer required above all things a frank explanation upon this. It would not have sunk Jeffrey in the estimation of mankind, that he was found to have abjured the hasty opinions of his youth; and that he gave nights of study to a religion which, if he was late of believing, he earnestly believed at last.

There was another Edinburgh Reviewer deserving of special notice,—one whose name is almost unknown even to reading men of this generation,—who died at the early age of thirty-eight,—who has a monument in Westminster Abbey, and was mourned for alike by opponents and friends. We allude to Horner. He had no ancestral greatness to give him place, nor popular eloquence, nor the genius that supplies the want of it. His power consisted in "a character that made him almost the representative of virtue itself;" or, as Sydney better expresses it, he had the ten commandments written in his face, and he might with impunity have committed any crime he liked, as no jury with that face would convict him. Cockburn says, that at the time he died, he was possessed of a greater public influence than any other private man. Yet now not merely the influence of his acts or words has disappeared, but his history, except for his admirable biography, would have been forgotten. The cause of this is found not in Horner, but in the temporary character of the subjects on which he wasted himself;

and he had in consequence his reward—from his contemporaries.

"Now," says Cockburn, "let every young man ask, how was this attained? By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relations ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and only for a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius. Cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke in calm, good taste, without any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable. By what then was it? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart,—qualities which no well-constituted good mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him; and this character, not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements by himself. There were many in the House of Commons of far greater ability and eloquence; but no one surpassed him in the combination of an adequate portion of these with moral worth. Horner was born to shew what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousy of public life."—*Memorials*, p. 312.

His Life, which has reached a second edition, has been written by his brother. It is composed chiefly of the diaries and letters of Horner himself, joined together by a few sentences of narrative, where that seemed necessary to complete the statement. It is a life the perusal of which is apt to sink the most buoyant enthusiasm, joined with the utmost powers of persevering industry, into despair. Almost from the time he left his nurse's arms, down to a few hours before his death in sunny Italy,—in the country, or in the town,—oppressed with business, or comparatively idle,—abroad or at home,—he was never happy unless he kept turning round for ever and ever, the weary mill at which he attempted to grind his own and human perfection. Powers of intellect originally admirable, were wasted in that foolish dream which has lost to the world so many admirable statesmen, scholars, poets, lawyers, and divines,—a dream as foolish as that of universal conquest,—that of attempting to master all sciences, all languages, all knowledge. The result, of course, often is, superficiality, presumption, and dogmatism of opinion, and no acquaintance with any single science or pursuit, accurate enough to enable the party to earn thereby his daily bread. Horner's journal is filled with entries of his successive attempts to master the Scotch law, and how he had at each time risen with disrelish from a task that seemed

so little speculative, so much a matter of memory, and so little calculated to stimulate the higher powers. After he had been above two years at the bar, he mourns over the infirmity of his nature that he was incapable, like Hale, of studying eleven hours a day, adding, with characteristic modesty, "I am conscious that from plodding and judicious diligence, I have the only chance of meriting excellence in any line." Had this diligence been directed to the study of jurisprudence with that acute intellect and high sense of duty, what a great judge he would have been, and what a fame he would have left! But "the composition of Session papers for the Outer-House sickens me to nausea;" and this judgment upon those pleasant compositions now no more, and which in a short time will be looked upon with as much curiosity as the fossil remains of the pre-Adamite ages, is repeated in letters and diaries without end. After he had been four years at the bar, he confesses that, "I can scarcely say that I have ever given a month's study to Scotch law, or to any law;" and the reason for that was one which is not in accordance with the predominant good sense of Horner, who had alone his profession to depend upon. It might be a more pleasant occupation to spend the hours in the study of the works of the great master spirits who have guided human thought, than in the weary drudgery of a pursuit always technical and not often relieved by gleams of sunshine. But if the pursuit of the law be a necessity, it becomes a duty; and if the mind must be brought down from soaring in the empyrean, it is difficult to follow the logic of a boast like this:—"I may flatter myself with the reflection of making an effort, at least, to preserve my mind untainted by the illiberality of professional character, if not to mould my habitual reflections upon those extensive and enlightened views of human affairs by which I may be qualified to reform the irregularities of municipal institutions, and to extend the boundaries of legislative science." In one of Sydney Smith's letters to Jeffrey, this kind of thing is thus hit:—"Playfair has suppered with me. Of Horner, business has prevented me from seeing much; he lives very high up in Gordon Court, and *thinks a good deal about mankind*. I have a great veneration and affection for him, and depend upon him for a good deal of my society—Yours kindly, Sydney Smith."

No man of sober intellect will, of course, give up study till the last hour of his existence; but when one is about to enter upon a career in Parliament, it is generally supposed that his school-learning, at least, has

been all accomplished. Yet, even at that time, Horner is occupied with severe reflections upon himself at supposed dilatoriness in study, and at the insignificant result in point of quantity of the acquisitions he had made; and through life this spirit of anxious improvement, which had the highest patriotic resolves for its stimulus, continued unabated. At the age of thirty-four when at the sea-side at Torquay, enjoying the repose of that delightful climate, he resolves to go through the Iliad; Macchiavel's Discourses on Livy; Montesquieu; Hume's Essays, and Burke's Tracts on the French Revolution, together with Playfair's Illustrations, and Paley's Natural Theology! Amid the bustle of a Circuit he occupies himself with reading Rulhière's History of the Troubles in Poland. At Turin, on his last journey, (having read through no less than five volumes of Sismondi's Republics,) his insatiable appetite was unappeased, and therefore, "being arrived in the capital of a great State, I sent round to the booksellers' shops for new publications, but the universal answer was—there were none." He even begged of a bookseller to tell him "if there were no pamphlets, no dissertations upon their trade or their manufactures, or their agriculture, or their new laws, or their old laws revised." Horner was willing to take anything; but the bookseller "crossed himself, and said it was forbidden." They had none of these things. There had not been a new publication in Turin he did not know the time. Yet this is the country of Alfieri and Lagrange."

O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane! And thus he goes on to Pisa to die; and six days before his death he writes a paper called "Designs at Pisa, 2d February 1817;" in which the unwearied student marks out for himself a course of study in philosophy, jurisprudence, history, and politics, sufficient to occupy the undivided time of the longest life; and there, too, are lists of books without end, looking very like the pages of a catalogue *raisonnée* of universal knowledge.

He died at Pisa, a few days after this magnificent scheme had been sketched; and so terminated his ambition! He does not appear to have had in his composition one particle of humour; and he is displeased when he happens to spend an hour in which men and women, with rational faculties and immortal souls, can speak otherwise than with gravity and like philosophers. The Edinburgh Society he considers "irrational;" and is not satisfied that Dugald Stewart was in the right path, because his conversation in society was of a rambling, light literary kind, and not "original or profound,

or so as to display those powers of observation which he possesses in an eminent degree." And even in London, at a dinner party which consisted of Mackintosh, Romilly, Whishaw, Abercromby, Conversation-Sharp, and Scarlett, he finds great defects in the dinner-talk; and why? "There was too little of present activity; the memory alone was put to work. No efforts of original production, either by imagination or by reasoning powers—all discussion of opinions was studiously avoided." And so the youthful statesman rises from his claret, dissatisfied because there was no sober discussion upon "first principles," and he retires to his own home to record his dissatisfaction and disappointment, which, he says, arose from "an erroneous fashion or taste in conversation."

Yet all men loved this man,—without humour, and so filled with gravity. He seems like an old Roman rebuking a frivolous generation, but so that they love his virtues while they do not follow them. A warm and affectionate heart, and an attachment that never changed, endeared him to men who honoured his talents. His life constitutes delightful reading, even though it leaves upon the mind the deplorable feeling that, hard as any one may toil, and study, and read, it is after all nothing. At the very best we have scarcely lost sight of the shore; there yet lies an ocean to cross,—the opposite shores of which are lost in the far horizon.

There is nothing so remarkable in Lord Cockburn's volume, as the history of the change of manners among the Scottish people. It is true that his remarks are more particularly confined to Edinburgh society; but they are applicable in a large measure to every quarter of the country. In Edinburgh Lord Cockburn saw the retiring features of one age, whose manners were different from those of the society of his youth, and which again were essentially different from that of his old age. Much of this is due no doubt to the march of that civilisation in which the whole empire has participated; but Edinburgh had causes peculiar to itself. Its learned class may be said to have stood foremost over others of the same character in the other Scottish cities. They were generally among the first to participate in, and to feel the advantages of intercourse with London; and then the strange phenomenon occurred of a migration from an old city of mediæval times to a modern capital, called at once into existence with all the improvements of modern civilisation. The people seized the true spirit and import of this new conjunc-

tion of circumstances, and acted up to the occasion.

Much of the history of Scotland is filled with a detail of sacrifices, originating in sentiment, with which the colder imaginations of posterity have only an imperfect sympathy. It is true that the battle of Bannockburn was fought for the reality of national independence, and the struggles of the Reformation, and the long persecution of the last Stuarts borne for religious freedom. But after independence was achieved, the history of the two countries was a history of interminable wars, which had their origin not in the common motives of ambition or lust of conquest, but in the sentiment of a national rivalry which provoked the sad day of Flodden, and gave to the chronicles of chivalry the stirring fight of Otterbourne. Another sentiment, more personal in its scope, long struggled against the tide, for the fallen fortunes of the Stuarts. That chapter of our history presents us with much that is daring and romantic. If the sentiment of Stuart loyalty produced no genius with the higher qualities of intellect that mark an age or a generation, nor any possessed of the moral heroism that astonished mankind with unselfish devotion to deserted principle, it furnished many examples of the lower virtues of fidelity and constancy even to rulers whose irritable feebleness inspired them with the most ignoble meanness in the moment of popular collision, and the most cruel vindictiveness in the moment of reactionary conquest. It ended as a source of physical hostility when the Highland army was scattered on the gory field of Culloden; but it existed still more purely as a sentiment, in the Jacobite literature of the half century which followed, until, meeting the shock of the fierce passions and too real events which began with the execution of Louis XVI., and ended with Waterloo, it passed away to the last receptacles of obloquy and oblivion.

It is in vain to despise sentiment, when it produces results that are not exhausted in the course even of many generations. It would be as philosophical to shut the understanding to the laws which control the storms of the physical world, as to creations of the mind not less rigid, stern, and overwhelming. Dr. Johnson put the case strongly, when he said, that that Scotsman must be a sturdy moralist who would not prefer his country to truth. They seem to love their country with a devotion which neither time nor change of scene ever lessens; and turn in imagination to her rugged landscapes with a fondness that only ceases

with existence. If their country has lost her sceptre, they have not lost the sense of their nationality. The feeling may perhaps degenerate into a contracted provincialism; but it has stamped its impress strongly on the national character, and has generated a sense of national and personal independence that has placed a people inhabiting a barren territory among the most conspicuous of nations. Accommodating themselves to their fate, after the extinction of their native Parliament, and the mimic pageantry of a native Court, they turned the energy which had wasted in the barbarities of feudal times, to that career of progressive improvement which has extracted from the fields of the Lothians, and the bleak moors of the north, riches more copious than the Spaniards ever took from the gold mines of Potosi or Peru. Her sons started with the English in the race of commercial enterprise, and won from Englishmen the prizes which England had proposed to the ambition of the united countries. A jumble of struggling authorities was transformed into the regenerated empire of a contented people. Wherever the imperial dominion extended, a Scotsman was at hand to receive the reward of successful ability. In the long list of generals that have raised up the glory and renown of England, are found the names of many Scotsmen; and among her ablest judges will be found an Erskine, a Wedderburne, a Murray, a Campbell, and a Brougham. Out of humble villages have sprung the great ports and manufacturing towns of Glasgow, Greenock, and Dundee, outstripping the metropolis itself in the energetic spirit, which is the life-blood of commercial success. Within a half-century—within the time when Cockburn's memorials begin and end, Scotland has achieved greater triumphs, obtained more real power and greater wealth than she had acquired during the six previous centuries of distracting wars, merciless persecutions, and polemic strife. Little of this was effected by, but in spite of, imperial legislation. The squalor and degradation which our modern rhetorical historian has described as the normal condition of a half-savage people, were only the fruits of that repressive and tyrannical government, of which the country had a taste during Braxfield's reign of terror. With security and freedom the people became industrious and happy. Younger sons acquired the wholesome lesson that a gentleman might stand behind a counter, and that there were nobler pursuits in life than that of an idle profligacy, and other means of living than the sacrifice of independence for government places. The restless energies

thrown away upon schemes vain, purposeless, and frantic, were gathered up and turned into pursuits which have covered the barren heath with verdure, and exhibited to the world the spectacle of a people enjoying the utmost freedom, with the most profound submission to the law. In the course of practical improvement, material wealth and substantial freedom, Scotland has far outstripped nations who could boast of a more congenial sun, and more fertile territory,—and she has the more reason to pursue her onward progress, when she sees the prostrate condition of other peoples, who, with less of liberty, were once more formidable rivals; and, with less experience, were better versed in the art of government.

Edinburgh, of course, as the capital, felt most prominently the successive changes which have swept over the country. The seat of government—the great focus of the law, and engrossing generally the best educational talent by her university chairs, she long held a pre-eminence—sadly diminished in our time. Before the building of the New Town, Edinburgh consisted of but one principal street, running along the ridge of the hill, leading from the Castle rock, under which the houses cowered for protection. From this street diverged others of inferior rank, covering an area, the smallest upon which the capital of a nation, settled for many centuries, had ever been built. Now, when Edinburgh has sunk down into the character of a provincial town, outstripped in population daily by towns that yesterday were hamlets, inhabited by no wealthy class, and deserted by her native nobility, she yet retains in the magnificent panorama of natural scenery around her—a source of attraction that no change of manners, fluctuations of trade, or imperial legislation can ever destroy. The architecture of the New Town may be, as Mr. Ruskin tells us, monotonous and in the worst taste; but he has only—to recover from the shock—to lift his eyes and view one of the most magnificent pictures of landscape scenery with which the lover of nature was ever gladdened;—hills and sea all around, followed by rich and cultivated plains, terminated in the far horizon by the dark, abrupt, and barren mountains of the Highlands.

In Cockburn's younger days, the population of the capital was congregated within the Old Town, crowded in the lofty tenements which now give an air of picturesque and mediæval grandeur to the deserted quarter; not one, but oftener twenty or thirty families of the higher classes of society burrowed tier upon tier, so that the High Street of Edinburgh in those days was inhabited

by a greater number of persons than could be found in any other street in Europe. Of course this contiguity produced an easy familiarity and a homely friendliness among neighbours. To read sketches of that old society, is now to read of things as strange to this generation as the customs of a foreign people. Much of it came from our intercourse with France, from which Scotland derived a great portion of her laws. Much of it was native—the growth of public events; and much of it had a local origin. Huddled together, within such a narrow space, the inhabitants of Edinburgh were acquaintances and friends; and thus the cultivation of the higher society inter-penetrated and influenced even the lowest. In the ordinary case, the educated portion of a people are far beyond the mass who are doomed to labour, or, as middlemen, are engaged in reselling the products of the craftsmen's industry. They appear frequently to be, not merely persons of a different nation but of a different race. The Plebeians who retired to the Mons Sacer at Rome from the oppressions of the Patricians, and the Athenian cobbler who listened to Demosthenes, spoke Latin and Greek no doubt very badly. To Cicero and Demosthenes they might with difficulty be intelligible. And so it has been with people of the same epoch at particular periods of their history. The difference was the same and of the same character between Macaulay's Highlander, who made his savage breakfast from the uncooked blood he had drawn from his cows, and the contemporary philosophers and literati who have made their names immortal.

Thus it is that up to a certain stage of every people, the history of one is the history of the rest. What Macaulay states as characteristic of the Scottish Highlanders, was observed by Bruce, as a peculiar custom among the savages of Abyssinia. The characteristics ascribed to a nation, are up to that stage peculiar and personal to a class, and not general and applicable to the whole community. The best-known men of a country, the most prominent spirits of the age in which they live, are erroneously selected as the types of a whole people; from the mass of whom they differ in the degree in which Sir Isaac Newton differed from one of Lovat's gillies. But there are times when, although French history reads like Scotch, the epoch or the event inevitably comes, which sends the nation away upon its own peculiar track, and leavens the whole mass of the people with an impress which gives them a character of their own. Some striking event that has stirred up society from its depths, some great crisis that has evoked the passions or aroused the torpid attention

of the most miserable serf whose fate con-signed him to a life of isolated labour, gives a direction and a bias which, of course, individual minds had begun, but which it re-quires little of individual interference to retain.

But the peculiarities of Edinburgh society were such, that the broad line which marks off one order of minds from another, was much obliterated. The professor found in the humble caddie of the street corner an in-telligent and rational being, for whom edu-cation did something, but for whom local peculiarities did more. Bartoline Saddle-tree, with his scraps of Latin and of legal wisdom, was a type of not a few of the Edinburgh shopkeepers. People lived huddled together in such a way that it was im-possible to preserve that absence of famili-arity which separates so widely class from class, in feelings and mode of thought. The lady of fashion in those days had her house in the third story of the tenement in which Saddle-tree had his shop; and it was difficult to inspire the mercantile mind with awe of the ancestral greatness or lofty position in life of his customer,—all whose vulgar wants and necessities were satisfied at his own door, and whom he familiarly met upon the common stair which took him, when his shop was shut, to his own dwelling in the thirteenth story.

Sydney Smith and Cockburn dwell with rapture upon the joyous entertainments of Edinburgh suppers; and Cockburn mourns over the revolution that has chased from civilized society what “has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast.” He sadly says, “that it is now falling into paltry wine and water in many houses. Supper is cheaper than dinner; shorter, less ceremonious and more poetical. The busi-ness of the day is over, and its still fresh events interest; it is chiefly intimate asso-ciates that are drawn together at that fami-liar hour of which night deepens the social-ity. If there be any fun, or heart and spirit in a man at all, it is then, if ever, it will ap-pear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been in the last re-past of the day.” But what of the morning headache! and what of the morrow’s work! and what of the unprepared counsel who, with hot and shaking hands and glaring eyes, unties for the first time in Court the strings of the case when he is called upon to open it. Judges and clients, and the professional con-science must have been easily satisfied in those old days when a counsel in full practice could state this fact: “I doubt if from the year 1811, when I married, I have closed above one day in the month of my town life

at home and alone. It is always some scene of domestic conviviality either in my own house or in a friend’s.” And this is the man who can envy the bibulous capacity of ancient Hermand, and that older school. Here is a solution of Cockburn’s scanty law. “When,” said Sydney Smith, writing from his Yorkshire parsonage many long years after he had bidden Edinburgh farewell—“when shall I see Scotland again! Never shall I forget the happy days I passed there amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlight-ened and cultivated understandings.”—(*Smith’s Life*, vol. ii. p. 115.) And they were the most hospitable of men. They judged a man over his meals. “Here’s a new man of genius arrived; put on the stewpan; fry away; we’ll soon get it all out of him.” Such was Sydney’s pithy view of it, as Moore records in his Memoirs.

We have fallen upon an iron age since then. We have, at least,—if we have not weaker heads,—undoubtedly more imperfect digestions, and contrive now to crush into one feast, over which dulness and formality preside, as much of eating and drinking, as would have procured for Cockburn and his merry set those delightful suppers for a twelvemonth.

We have got rid, however, of filth. A man may pass through the Edinburgh wynds, even in the lowest quarter, without fear, as Doctor Johnson found it, of seeing his full flowing periwig moistened into flac-cidity. It is an event now to hear of that which half a century ago was common. It is not the rule now for a gentleman to get drunk, even though he does not mean to re-join the ladies; and if he does go to a tav-ern, he preserves his fame for manliness even when he maintains his sobriety. Yet, says Cockburn, “To get drunk in a tavern seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an in-tended, consequence of going to one. Swear-ing was thought the right, and the mark of a gentleman. And tried by this test, no-body who had not seen them could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse tem-pered then than now. They were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. And the evil provoked its own continuance; be-cause nobody who was blamed cared for the censure, or understood that it was seri-ous, unless it was clothed in execration; and any intensity even of kindness or of logic that was not embodied in solid commination, evaporated, and was supposed to have been meant to evaporate, in the very uttering.”—(*Memorials*, p. 32.)

Lord Cockburn had little opportunity, till he himself became Solicitor-General, of rendering assistance to the cause of legal reform. There was, however, one subject in which he seems to have been greatly interested, and which is now deserving of particular attention—the Court of Appeal. Among the many things of which our favoured age has been able to pluck prolific fruit, there must be included the improvement of the law. On all sides we are surrounded with “earnest” men, who have a mission to accomplish, and who are ever ready to set theories against results. Indeed, there are few things in which there is so little thrift as in the zeal for law reform. It flows on unchecked by obstacles, though twisted into devious windings, to end, for want of good engineering, in a marsh. When its force becomes overwhelming, and obtains an occasional triumph, the result is the laying up in store for those who have to extract clearness from chaos, a burden that only use renders endurable. Each session now holds out its vernal promise, and ends with its autumnal fulfilment of it in the shape of new laws, which tear up by the root the old familiar landmarks, a knowledge of the bearing of which was the attainment of the slow labour of many years. In old age, the lawyer has every year to go to school. It is not merely the acquisition of new knowledge, but the more difficult effort to forget the old, that annually weighs him to the earth. When Cockburn and Jeffrey had read Erskine, they had acquired all the necessary law of their profession. When they shut the volume and laid it on the shelf, their legal studies were at an end. They had not an annual recurring volume of statutes, a volume of reports of civil cases, another of criminal cases, another of cases in the House of Lords, and finally, the decisions in the English Courts, which seem to be quoted as frequently in Scotland as our own. After all these have been read, digested, and noted up, there is little time either for the suppers that Cockburn delighted in, or for labour other than that bought with vulgar hire. It was a proposal of his, that all the books in law which we now possess, and particularly the infinite volumes of decisions, should be heaped together in one vast holocaust, and reduced to dust and ashes, so that we might all start the race afresh, *jus facere*, which is so much easier than *jus dicere*.

In Lord Eldon's days, the litigiousness of our ancestors was not less than that of their descendants. A master like that great Judge of the virtue of procrastination, without which Courts of justice would cease to be, he did much to save himself the la-

bour of Scotch Appeals. Three, four, and five years did cases drag their slow length along; and even then they failed sometimes to have execution done upon them, but were returned to the Court of Session, to begin upon a better tack. He ingeniously rid himself of appeals upon questions of fact, by getting the judgment of the Court of Session declared final. It was also proposed, with the view of preventing appeals, that an intermediate Court should be established in Scotland—a course which received the sanction of the Faculty of Advocates, which was taken up by the Whig Government of 1806, and which would have been inevitably carried had that Government lived. It received the support of Cockburn, although in his *Memorials* he condemns it; and it is fortunate for the country at the present day, that a scheme so absurd, ponderous, and expensive, as another Scotch Court, with a Chancellor at its head, was not inaugurated here. It would not have prevented a single appeal, while it undoubtedly would have been productive of irritation and public clamour, that would have reacted upon the law itself.

The House of Lords, as a Supreme Court of Appeal, is the most singular institution now existing in a country prolific of institutions which have outlived their usefulness. The great British community is but imperfectly described by any of the terms that refer it to the constructive industry and wisdom of man. There are few things in this country which have been the product of a peremptory decree like that which an autocrat, having to consider no will but his own, daily issues on the introduction of new reforms. The institutions of this country have grown *velut arbor avo*; and their growth has been spontaneous and irregular. They have come down to us from an antiquity more or less remote; and fulfilling their purpose well on the aggregate, they are seldom troubled by that audacious spirit of organization which has given to other countries a civil code, clear cut, to meet every exigency of human life, and to render legislation unnecessary for ever. It is only when public attention is aroused by a public scandal or in some other startling way, that an abuse becomes the subject of a popular outcry which will have its victim.

The crisis of the House of Lords recently seemed to be at hand. It did seem incongruous that the supreme tribunal of appeal of a great nation should be one in which not one of the proceedings, however fitted for a deliberative assembly, was suited for the administration of positive law,—a place where the Judges give their opinions as if they were upon the platform, and use

towards each other and to the Courts which they are reviewing the impassioned language with which, three hours later, they vilify the political conduct of each other,—where the whole atmosphere is charged with party spirit and party associations, and in which there has often been exhibited a fierceness of temper from the collision simply of opposing opinion, such as to take away all that respect that one would otherwise feel for a Court guided by exact habits of thought, and moving to its purpose in harmonious action. With regard to Scotland, a still more extraordinary spectacle is exhibited in the circumstance that this High Court of appeal is as ignorant of our laws as of the laws of Otaheite. The Bar of the House of Lords, when a Scotch appeal is on, is, to a Scotch lawyer, the most amusing place in London. The counsel who plead, the judges who hear, make such havoc not merely of the law but of the legal nomenclature, (which being of Roman origin ought to be intelligible to every person acquainted with general jurisprudence,) that in the hearing of it a Scottish lawyer can find such an amount of sober amusement, as renders it unnecessary for that day to search out farther diversion in the metropolis. The Scotch forms of process, the Scotch judges, their opinions, are treated in a fashion not complimentary to the national vanity or to our judicial dignity. Still, while overwhelming us with contempt, the House of Lords are found asking the meaning of ordinary Scotch legal terms, and rules and forms of process, of any counsel at the Bar acquainted with Scottish law. Of course the result is, that amid the chaos of unintelligible sounds which ring around the head of the devoted Chancellor, he takes refuge in that which he understands; and if the English law is applicable, he applies it. The battle of Bannockburn has been fought in vain! The Treaty of Union which provides that there shall be no appeal to the Courts of Westminster Hall, has been cunningly evaded! Scotia has become the bond-maid of her old enemy; and a conquest far more effectual has been achieved, not by legal astuteness but by legal ignorance, than was effected by all the arms of Edward.

And what is the result? What else could be expected than judgments directly at variance with the law of the country from which the case was brought? And yet take it with all its faults, with all its presumption, ignorance, and error,—it has proved one of the greatest blessings that was given to Scotland by the Union. Its very errors have leant to virtue's side. In many cases where it has thrust upon Scotland the English law, its decision has leant to common sense and

justice. A dog peaceful and artless in its usual demeanour, suddenly gets into bad company, or falls mad, and worries a neighbour's sheep. The law of Scotland says, that the dog's owner shall make reparation; the law of England, that the madness of the dog was an accident, for which its owner was not responsible; and the House of Lords reversed the Scotch Judgment, and gave us a better rule.—The law of Scotland says, that where a number of children born in different parishes become proper objects of parochial relief on the death of their parents, each shall be sent to his own parish,—one to Galloway, one to Shetland, one to Lanarkshire; and thus in their misfortune the sacred tie of brotherhood is severed, in all probability never again to be united. This may be law, but certainly it is not humanity. The House of Lords reversed it,—kept all the children together, and sent them to the parish of their father.—Sir George Mackenzie, in the last days of the Stuart dynasty, introduced into the Scottish Parliament that statute which has locked up the land of Scotland under the fetters of entails, under the operation of which vast tracts of country have been accumulated, and are yearly accumulating, in the hands of a few individuals, bringing in its train many great national and social evils. It was impossible for the Courts of law to repeal a legislative enactment, but they could modify its evils; and so the House of Lords introduced that principle of strict construction of these deeds, which treats the intention of the entailer as of no moment, and which has so often done justice by opening up an estate to creditors or a female line.—A master employs a hundred workmen, selected with care and judgment; they are all put at their various posts,—one to dig, another to carry, another to build, another to work the steam-engine; and at a particular moment, through the carelessness of one, his neighbour's life is lost. Shall the master, 100 miles away, be answerable pecuniarily to the dead man's widow, or shall it be the wrongdoer? The law of Scotland rejects the master's plea, that if he is made responsible for a thing he did not authorize, and which, if not contrary to his express order, was inconsistent with the regulations of his mill, it would be impossible, in the face of such responsibilities, to carry on with safety any of these manufacturing establishments, in which, from the carelessness of the workmen, there is an ever-recurring loss of life. The master is, according to the law of Scotland, liable. It is otherwise in England; and the case now waits reversal in the House of Lords.

Such are a specimen of these decisions

in which the supreme tribunal assumes to itself the power of legislative action. In every one of these cases, and indeed in every one of the reversals that have been pronounced for upwards of a century, many of which have been, and are now, submitted to with restive and ungracious reluctance by the Scottish Courts, is there a wisdom and practical good sense highly complimentary to the English intellect. But the benefit of the House of Lords does not consist so much in its direct action as in its indirect influence. The Scottish Courts are situated remote from the seat of the legislature, and away from the eye of Government, and administer a law unintelligible to Englishmen. The counsel in employment are outnumbered by the very Judges on the Bench. The press seldom interferes with the proceedings which it does not understand; and thus circumstances appear to have been so adjusted as to give to the Courts that most dangerous of all temptations, unchecked authority. On a former occasion, we defended the appointment of a Sheriff not resident in his county, on the ground that he is not mingled with the strifes of the practitioners in his court, only casually acquainted with the magnates within his jurisdiction, and therefore bringing to every case a mind more unbiassed than one over whom the sinister influence of social and local spirit operated, and so do we now maintain that a Court of appeal in Scotland would be a death-blow to public confidence in the administration of justice. The observation is made irrespective of times or persons. The same influences, though slower in their operation, would still work upon the minds of a Scotch Court, every one of whom was a Duncan Forbes, in whose placid equity and mediating wisdom all men could trust, as upon one composed of meaner minds. The fact that there does exist a Court of review, before which partiality, intemperance, or ignorance may be exposed, operates as an invisible but all-powerful safeguard. Its main and pre-eminent recommendation is not so much to correct error and supply the defects of native learning, as to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions. It matters not that the tribunal of review is ignorant. The fact that it exists is enough; and that it will, according to the measure of its knowledge, deal justice to the parties irrespective of those local sinister influences that may have clouded the judgment of the members of the Court below. Parliament, at a distance of 400 miles, is only a feeble check upon the proceedings of Courts administering a foreign law; while Parliament (with the

press) is the place which, for generations, has been selected for discussing the conduct of English Judges.

It is not, however, seemly or decorous that the House of Lords, in the person of its grave Chancellor, should be made to afford amusement to Scottish lawyers. It is not decorous that the great master in Israel should, when called upon to expound the law, be engaged in acquiring the elements of knowledge; and as Scotland has furnished nearly three-fourths of his labour, it is right that she should be represented in the Court. It is said that if a Scotch lawyer were introduced, he would bring with him the contracted notions of his Edinburgh prejudices, and that to his judgment the other members of the Court would bend. This result has been arrived at without keeping in view the influence upon poor human nature of the change of scene. A few months in a London atmosphere, and upon the dizzy height to which he had been elevated, would be sufficient to separate a transplanted Scottish lawyer from the partialities supposed to be incident to a provincial position. The time would not be long when, on occasional journeys to London, one would be startled at finding country so much forgotten, that the voice no longer seemed familiar, and the mode of speech strange. So far from influencing the English members of the Court, we rather think that the opposite would be the case; and that in endeavouring to acquire their accent, he would acquire their mode of view. The benefit of his presence there, however, would be to save the Court from the infliction of unnecessary elementary harangues; from imposition of error upon them as truth; from ridiculous blunders in matters which it is not so much a virtue to know, as a disgrace to be ignorant of; and thus by giving accuracy to the judgments of the House in matters of detail, would preserve to it a position of respectability.

This problem will be solved in a manner that would have broken Cockburn's heart. That two nations speaking the same language—under the Legislature and Sovereign—should be under the government of different laws, is a thing that will not last in all probability beyond this generation. Consolidation of the two systems on the principle of preferring neither, but of selecting the better parts of both, would be worthy of a century the most remarkable in history for the number and magnitude of its reforms. Of course there will be a struggle, and many a sad regret, before Scotland surrenders her position of an unreal nationality, and the feeling of a jealous

provincialism, to the exigencies of a national unity and undivided empire.

ART. VIII.—*L'Espagne et ses Derniers Evénements.* PAR M. GABRIEL HUGEL-MANN. Paris, 1856.

WHATEVER be the duration of the Duke of Valencia's Ministry—and it is even possible that the Government will be broken up while these pages are in the press—it is clear that the immediate future of Spain will continue to involve a policy of reaction from the liberalism of Espartero, so far as concerns the Constitution of the State; but it is at present impossible to predict whether or not that reaction will permanently extend to the social reforms and material improvements of the nation. The resumption by the late government, under certain modifications, of the Constitutional policy of 1845, both in its political and municipal relations, and the final suppression of a National Guard, previously depressed by the influence of O'Donnell in the Cabinet of Espartero, which have restored the centralizing policy of the Moderado Chiefs, are definitive facts, and such as will scarcely be affected by any immediate change in the administration at Madrid. But the question of a prosecution of the social and material reforms originally indicated by the Duke of Victory's Government—directly involved as it is in the sales of ecclesiastical property at this moment suspended by the Crown—is one on which the late administration was notoriously at issue, and on which it is probable that neither the existing Ministers, nor the proximate candidates for power, are united in opinion.

The cause of this altered phasis in the immediate politics of Spain, is to be found in the fact that while neither the dissolved Constitution of 1854, nor the dissolved National Guard, were so far satisfactory institutions as to command the ardent sympathies of the people, the question of the ecclesiastical sales is sustained in its original vitality by the conflict of the increasing poverty of the Government, with the reasserted claims of the Romish Alliance.

It is probable, therefore, that the division of opinion upon this subject among those who are agreed on Constitutional questions, will maintain a wide theatre of political contest, without disturbing at present the existing organization of the State.

The government of Espartero fell, it must be remembered, not simply under the influence of internal disunion, but from its total failure as a Reforming Administration. Had the great ends which it proposed to itself in 1854—and which, if realized, would have formed a splendid epoch in the domestic history of Spain,—been attained, in 1856, in any considerable degree, that Government would certainly not now have been overthrown. Two years constitute an ample period as a test, not indeed of institutions themselves, but of the problem whether these institutions can be effectually reformed by the individuals who undertake the policy of their reconstruction. The Duke of Victory's administration, it will be remembered, addressed itself, from first to last, to three cardinal points. These were—1. The establishment of a new political and municipal constitution; 2. A settlement of the relations of the army to the National Guard on such terms as should afford a guarantee of political liberty; 3. The prosecution of extensive material reforms by the aid of a confiscation and sale of the property then vesting in the Church. During the whole period of the Espartero Government, the prosecution of this triple policy was exposed to perpetual misadventure. The Provisional Constitution of 1854 wholly failed to establish a permanent organization for the State; and its discussions daily declined from public controversies into private quarrels. The National Guard was never constituted as an effective popular force, and so far were the material reforms in contemplation of the Progresista Government from being earnestly commenced after two years of administration, that the sales of ecclesiastical property, which formed the first condition of their accomplishment, were, in 1856, not less contested in theory than unaccomplished in fact. These circumstances supply, of course, no sort of justification for the stroke of policy which supplanted Espartero by O'Donnell. But they serve to explain the decline of enthusiasm into apathy towards the Government of 1854, and that withdrawal of national support which sapped the foundations of the Progresista power. The immediate consequence of these events is the total disorganization of the liberal party in the State; and the relapse of Spain into a comparatively despotic régime forms, in such a country, the inevitable recoil from a reforming policy that has failed.

The probable postponement of the elections under the new constitution until the spring of 1857, and the presumptive ac-

quiescence in other measures of the late and of the present government, except in regard to mere points of detail, by all but a party too disorganized for effectual resistance, leaves the Amortisation, or the sales of ecclesiastical property, the chief immediate political question at Madrid. It is apparently impossible that the royal decree, which has lately announced a suspension and annulment of these sales, can succeed in permanently disposing of this tradition of the government of Espartero, inasmuch as the most urgent necessity is daily calling for its resumption. The treasury, even while the reforms contemplated by the liberal administration are in abeyance, is known to be wholly unable to meet the public demands; and the credit of the Government is reduced in a degree which renders almost impossible the contraction of loans, without other visible means of a liquidation of the interest they involve, than the ordinary revenue affords. In these circumstances, the apprehensions of a financial crisis in the State are directly staked against the hostile prejudices of the ultramontane party. The increase of the army, as an inevitable incident of the succession of a repressive to a liberal system of Government, renders this difficulty even greater under the present, than under the Liberal administration. It was not necessary to a relief of the financial embarrassments of the State, that any considerable portion at least of the produce of ecclesiastical sequestrations should be applied to the ordinary expenses of administration: the mere fact of the continuance of this policy formed a means of credit to the Government.

It may be well, perhaps, in order to arrive at a just conception of the conditions on which alone material reforms are likely to be based in Spain, to glance at the history of this alienation of ecclesiastical property, which, if applied to our own country—perhaps the only really Conservative empire of Europe—would be viewed as the last triumph of infidelity and social disorganization. So completely alien are the relations of parties in Spain from those recognised in England, that this very sequestration and sale of the property of the Church, which it is now the fashion of the Moderados to decri as a revolutionary scheme, is a measure which they first sanctioned in theory, and which they initiated in fact.

It happens, moreover, that a signal precedent to this policy is to be found in the sequestrations of Hungarian Church property in 1809, by one of the first acts of Prince Metternich's administration, which

forms at this day the archetype of the self-classified "Conservative" ministries of the Continent.

This violation of the territorial rights of the Church in Spain, dates originally from a statute passed by Christina and the Estatuto Real, in 1835. In the first instance it affected the religious orders alone. The monks and friars were uncloistered, subject to liberal pensions which were rarely paid. This change of condition was consequently not inconsistent with their practical destitution. No class of politicians, therefore, could have treated the traditional claims of the Church with less deference than the Moderados themselves. The property of the secular orders was next assailed; and both the tithes, and a large share of their territorial property, were replaced by a State-tax, termed a *Contribucion de culto y clero*. The collection of this charge was vested in the alcalde of each town or village, with powers for its enforcement by the alcalde against the persons taxed, but with no such powers of enforcement by the clergy as against the alcalde himself. This officer, who was then annually elected by the inhabitants, (we believe in almost every instance,) seldom enforced the payment of more than a small fraction of a charge that would have endangered his own re-election; and the secular priest, first deprived of his original revenues, and next of a large share of the meagre indemnity by which those revenues were replaced, usually declined on whatever precarious livelihood spiritual menace might extort.

The Spanish priesthood was then commonly represented as altogether vitiated and demoralized. That this demoralization may have been increased by the comparative destitution to which that body were subjected by political sequestrations, it is, no doubt, fair to presume; but it can hardly be questioned that if they had not already lost the sanctity of their religious character, they would have been originally supported by public opinion against a policy of spoliation which did not take effect against the secular clergy, at least until the cessation of the commotions incident upon the civil wars. This policy, moreover, it must be remembered, was pursued by successive Administrations, chiefly with the view of maintaining the direct expenses of government, after the pecuniary and commercial exhaustion which domestic conflict had produced. The prosecution of the sequestrations was arrested by the first Ministry of Narvaez. With the return, therefore, of Espartero to office in 1854, there yet remained a considerable

share of ecclesiastical property not yet alienated by the State. It then became the Duke of Victory's aim to resume, with a view to a prosecution of material reforms, the sequestrations which preceding Ministries had pursued, with a view to a discharge of the ordinary expenses of public administration.

In here analyzing the principles of a question which still appears to arrogate the foreground in the immediate politics of Spain, these two considerations must be held in view: first, that whatever may be the moral authority of the State over property held by institutions which it professes to maintain, the State had, in 1854, already acted upon a recognition of this authority in a degree which then at least rendered its policy irreversible in fact; and, secondly, that the advance in this respect in the policy of Espartero upon that of his predecessors, consisted simply in reducing the anomaly presented by the antagonism of a rising principle of State-payment, and a declining principle of territorial possession, into a uniform system consonant to the genius of recent legislation. It must be borne in mind, that the principle at issue had been virtually conceded by all parties in the State. For although it may be true that the principle of sequestration applied by the *Progresistas* towards the secular revenues, was initiated by the *Moderados* in 1835, as against the property of the regular orders alone, it is impossible, in a country exclusively Catholic, to dissociate the rights of regular from those of secular ecclesiastics. In England, on the contrary, at the period of the Reformation, the two questions were altogether distinct, because the antecedent Protestantism of the State had already ignored the regular orders as an essential part of an ecclesiastical establishment. But the Roman Catholic Church, which the State, in Spain, alone professes to recognise, acknowledges, of course, no such distinction. The questions, therefore, as they related to the two bodies, were identical in point of sanctity and right.

There can be no doubt that an established Church, still recognised by the State, deserved a far securer provision for the payment of the revenues which were assigned to it, in place of its former territorial rights, than it actually obtained. But we are confident, whatever may have been the corruptions of the preceding ministry of Sartorius, that the Government of Espartero sincerely addressed itself to those material improvements of the nation, which—while their adoption involved no new principle of spoliation—were necessary conditions of an ultimate prosperity that

alone could render justice to all classes of the nation.

In the issue, then, of this question, much of the future of Spain is involved. If the remainder of the ecclesiastical property be alienated, we do not believe, when we consider the application of that remainder at the present day—and even if we suppose the Church in Spain to be a less corrupt institution than it really is—that religious interests will sensibly suffer. If, on the contrary, the sequestrations be permanently suspended, it is wholly impossible that those reforms, the want of which render the condition of Spain an anomaly, without a parallel among the States of Europe, can be effectually carried out. The question, in fact, may almost be represented as a question of civilisation.

It will here, then, be our double object to demonstrate the real necessities of Spain, in regard to the elements and constitution of the Government, and to the reforms and improvements of the nation, independently of its political system. It will then be seen, that even the Ministry of Espartero never attempted to cope with these evils in their full extent. Many of them, no doubt, lie too deeply in the social system of Spain for any single administration to check. But we shall attempt to show, that there still exist elements of political reconstruction in that country which have never yet been called into action, and form the only means at once of durable government and permanent reform.

In reference, then, in the first place, to the elements of government in Spain, the evils incident to the existing system may be resolved into two principal classes—the one as arising from a total absence of the ordinary restraints of political morality, and the other as resulting from the glaring disharmony between the principles of the constitution, and the social and national predilections of the people. So far as concerns the first of these classes, Spain exhibits the anomaly of a State more or less constitutional in fact, in which the principle of moral authority is nevertheless subordinated to the principle of political revolution. The forms of popular government, on the one hand, even when extended to their utmost length, have rarely conciliated the hostility of the people to the State: and on the other, they have almost always proved unable either to extinguish intrigue, to check tyranny, or to avenge corruption. In the course of the following observations, we shall advert to the principal springs of action which maintain this political demoralization in force.

The antagonism to which we here allude between the constitution of the Government and the character of the people, has a far wider application than as regards the mere difference in the successive systems of polity that have been introduced during the reign of Isabella. Each of these systems, with a great difference undoubtedly in degree, has been based upon a scheme of centralization, from which the national idiosyncrasy of each province involuntarily recoils. The Progresistas, indeed, appear more nearly of the two to have rendered the political system the reflex of the nation itself. But, while the Moderados excluded all freedom, they, on the other hand, excluded all order, and all fairness in representation. Both were purely partisan systems, conceived respectively in the interest of the two political parties which centred at Madrid. Of the four systems which have subsisted during the last nineteen years—and which alone have any practical relation to the present time—the Liberal constitution of 1837 was supplanted by the Moderado constitution of 1845; and that system was ultimately replaced by the Provisionary constitution of 1854, which, in turn, has given way to the scheme of polity recently proclaimed by the O'Donnell administration. Thus, it was the aim of the policy of 1854 to restore, in great degree, the system of 1837, and it is the aim of the policy of 1856 to restore the system of 1845. During the struggle of the last two years between liberty and repression, the constitutions of 1837 and 1845 were the only practicable antecedents. The Carlists and Semi-Carlists who were ranged upon one extreme, in advance of the Moderados, and the Republicans, and Exaltado-Progresistas, who were ranged upon the other, in advance of the Progresistas, are now collectively exerting less influence in Spain than either the Progresistas or the Moderados alone. A revival, therefore, of the constitution of 1812—which consisted of a rabble organization—is equally impracticable with a pure despotism.

Both the system of 1837 and that of 1845—between an assimilation to one or other of which government in Spain appears likely to oscillate—were chargeable with this capital deficiency, that they ignored the great fact that Spain was still an aggregation of nations, as completely distinct in their social and political prepossessions as in the period in which they constituted separate states. Under neither constitution was there any attempt to recognise in Government the idiosyncrasies of single provinces, and still less to effect any kind of harmony in the general elements of power. There was, indeed, a

most apparent contradiction between the Progresista and Moderado constitutions, inasmuch as the former maintained, and the latter depressed the system of local government. But this difference, however great in its results on the actual polity of the State, was in effect of a scarcely more than formal character. Under either system, Madrid became the spring of government—the Progresistas governed the empire *through* the local institutions, and the Moderados governed without them. By the action of these local institutions—which, as we shall see, they almost entirely coerced—the Progresista government of the day made head against the Moderados throughout the country. By suppressing those institutions—and by replacing their moral influence in favour of liberalism by an increased military force—the Moderado government made head against the popular power.

It is obvious, therefore, that under the rule of either party nothing could be more alien from the true acceptance of the term "Conservatism" than the political institutions of the Spanish provinces. If it had been customary for the larger landholders of Spain to live upon their property, instead of squandering their revenues either in Madrid or in foreign capitals, these conflicts, in reference to the principles of municipal and provincial government, would have assumed a very different shape. Whatever change had taken place in the former, the contest in reference to the latter would have rested between the democratic and the aristocratic, or territorial element. The local counterpoise of the two parties would in that case have been perpetually maintained, while the Moderado administrations would have been at once less corrupt, more temperate, and more secure. But through the contrast between the progress of the towns and the indigence of the country, the aristocratic element remained dormant. The Moderados accordingly pursued a policy of despotism in the provinces, and a policy of conciliation at Madrid. Of the two dominant parties in the state, the one rendered the Crown a corrupt dictatorship—the other a mob monarchy.

Under such constitutions, it is clear that their distinction, in regard to the benefit or the injury that they may entail, lies chiefly in the character of the individuals invested with the charge of public administration. So long as the difference between good and bad ministers more than counterbalances the difference between the terms of a Moderado and a Progresista constitution, and until a more beneficial polity can be established, the actual form of government can be of little

consequence. The popularity enjoyed by Espartero in 1854 was by much more the result of his personal character than of his political opinions.

The principles, however, at issue between the constitutions of 1837 and of 1845, so fully involve the vital questions in dispute at this day between the popular and monarchical parties in the State, that their history may be viewed as an illustration of the evils which a prosecution of either policy must embrace. It may be well, then, to glance at the character and the actual working of the constitution of 1837, to which the Liberal party, since their discomfiture in July last, appear to be growing desirous to recur. It may be fairly doubted whether the temper of the Spanish people, in 1837, admitted of the formation of a better scheme of polity than that which was then actually carried out. But it will be seen that those circumstances do not apply to the present state of the nation.

This Constitution established three distinct organizations of popular authority. These consisted, first of the *Ayuntamientos*, or Municipal Chambers, whose jurisdiction extended over each town or district,—secondly, the Provincial deputations, whose authority was usually co-extensive with the provinces severally,—and thirdly, the House of Deputies in the *Córtes*, or Central Legislature. In regard to the first of these institutions, the *Ayuntamientos*, the elections were regulated by household, and therefore almost by universal suffrage. The result of this system was often similar to what has been lately witnessed in Kansas. Whenever an election was contested, law gave way to force, and force accordingly carried the day. The most clamorous agitators were thus generally chosen as the *Alcaldes*, or executive officers, of the towns and districts. The freshness of these events in the mind of the Spanish people probably forms the reason of their acquiescence without a murmur in the recent decree which, in restoring the chief provisions of the Constitution of 1845, provides that in all towns possessing a population of 40,000, the nomination of *Alcaldes* shall vest in the Crown. So far as this measure is concerned, the acquiescence of the respectable classes arises rather from a pacific than from a servile character.

The composition of the Provincial Deputations was free in many respects from the errors of the municipal polity. The suffrage, which was a comparatively restricted one, was analogous to that which regulated elections to the *Córtes*. Unlike the municipal suffrage, its exercise was made dependent

on the payment of taxes. In virtue of these precautions, the Provincial Deputations consisted of respectable persons and not of mere adventurers. But they were still political partisans. The *Progresista* Government at Madrid aimed at little more than to make them the instruments of their own power. To aim at governing despotically in the name of liberty is a charge which political rancour has sometimes adduced—but most falsely adduced—against the Whig administrations that have lately existed in this country. No governments, perhaps, ever carried out, both in theory and in practice, measures more really liberal than the Whig ministries. But that charge, which was false as applied to Great Britain under the Whigs, was essentially true as applied to Spain under the *Progresistas*. Over each province, and in immediate subordination to the Minister of the Interior, an executive officer, termed the *Gefe Politico*, was placed in authority. His relations to the Provincial Deputation bore the nearest resemblance, among our own institutions, to those of a Colonial Governor towards the legislative assembly of a nominally self-governing colony. Whether or not these relations were clearly defined by law, we do not at this moment recollect. But it was always the policy of the *Gefe Politico*, under the direct instrumentality of the Government at Madrid, to trench upon the functions of the Provincial Deputations until all independent action was eliminated from their constitution. The influence of the *Gefe*—who was always the nominee of the Government—was paramount; and the rights thus conceded to the people in theory became rights absorbed by the Government in practice.

The jurisdiction of these assemblies, thus virtually exercised by the *Gefe*, was just of that character that favoured the absolutism of the Central Power. They were charged with the superintendence,—first of local administration, and, secondly, of the elections to the *Córtes*. They exercised, in fact, the functions of irresponsible revising barristers before the elections took place, and of committees of our House of Commons on presentation of petitions against the Candidates returned. Not content with erasing the name of a hostile voter from the lists, they disfranchised without scruple, and on the most frivolous pretexts, such districts as returned members to the *Córtes* opposed to the policy of the Government. Moreover, the Spanish system of representation embraced that method of double, or indirect election, that is now the bane of several of the German Constitutions. Whatever, then, may be our

objections to the existing system of government in Spain, few could have desired a revival of the political system of 1837.

But if the *Progresistas* gave too much freedom to the municipalities on the one hand, and corrupted the safeguards of provincial liberty into so many organs of their own despotism on the other, the *Moderados* swept away all those local institutions without which it was alike impossible that Spain could have any government but by means of the bayonet, and (with or without the bayonet) could have any intelligent government at all. The idiosyncrasies of each province—both moral, social, and material—were so prominent, that their recognition by a Central Legislature or by a Central Government was quite impracticable. In Spain there is so little social centralization, (if such a term be intelligible,) that a politician at Madrid, or a deputy sent from Galicia or Asturias, knows as little of the real character and real wants of the people of Thuria or of Andalusia as an English House of Commons knows of Indian legislation.

The Constitution, then, which Spain requires—but which she seems no more likely to obtain from the one party than from the other—is a constitution based upon a recognition of national distinctions, and of the distributive character of property. Those ineradicable distinctions which have survived ages of tyranny and oppression will least of all be overcome by the establishment of a uniform bad government. What we conceive to be the great bane of the social system of Spain, and the chief obstacle at once to Conservative and intelligent government, is that which it is the fashion to call “absenteeism” in the owners of the soil. This system is so general in Spain among the larger landholders, that the country is practically subjected to that very misery of poor landlordism that is now reigning in France through the continuous division of property, which—as M. de Tocqueville, by the way, has lately reminded the world—dates long prior to the French Revolution. What the landed interest urgently demands is the residence of these landholders on their estates. They are, in fact, of a class intervening between English and Irish landlords before the Encumbered Estates Act came into operation. Though generally absent from their property, their estates are seldom irretrievably or even seriously mortgaged. Their utility, therefore, to the country is not extinct, but dormant. If they could be induced—to compel them by direct legislation would be impolitic and perhaps impracticable—to reside upon their estates,

much of the proceeds from their lands which is now consumed in distant cities would obviously be consumed upon those estates. There would then be wealth and a certain degree of intelligence, added to local information, to support the farmer in an improvement of agriculture, and probably to originate many of the material reforms which the Central Government has never achieved.

The only method by which such an end can probably be attained is by the formation of a just Constitution, which shall impartially assign the proportions of the territorial and the municipal element, on a moderately restricted basis, and thus afford to either interest its due share in the government of the State. If, again, instead of the cringing and partisan provincial deputations, sanctioned by the *Progresista* Ministries, local legislatures were created, in subordination to a central legislature at Madrid, on equally just and on conservative* principles, the landlords would have an immediate interest in government which would inevitably recall a great proportion of them to their own country. When, indeed, it is remembered with what contumely they have been treated by *Moderados* and by *Progresistas* alike, it is impossible to be much surprised at their voluntary expatriation. The *Moderados* ruled, not through their moral influence, but by the sword; and under the rule of the *Progresistas*, they found themselves excluded from all share in the local legislatures. A single insolent upstart was not seldom in supreme jurisdiction over the province. Local legislatures thus constituted would possess the two qualifications necessary to material reforms—they would be at once sufficiently intelligent, and interested in progress. The municipalities ought to undergo a similar reconstruction. During three hundred years they exerted a vast influence in Spanish politics. They were then moderately exclusive corporations. Why should they now oscillate between anarchy and bondage?

We have adverted to these cardinal deficiencies in the constitutional and territorial system of Spain, because they stand at once among the most important and the most practicable. But there are other evils arising out of all the modern systems of government, which either lie deeply rooted in the social system of Spain, or are at least

* The term “conservative” is perhaps obscure in its meaning, through its invidious application to a special party in this country, no more really conservative than that which it professes to oppose. We use the expression in its widest and in its original sense.

less easily eradicated. The chief of these rests in the anomalous relations of the army both to the people and the State. The army, in fact—and its numerical insignificance renders this truth the more remarkable—is not simply an engine, but a source of government. It forms a distinct and independent power of the realm; and were it not for its own divisions and self-hostility, it would certainly be the most powerful of all. The Spanish troops have become prescriptively debauched by traditionary and perpetual mutiny. This extraordinary feature of demoralization, which has no example in any other European Government, has been falsely ascribed to the influence of the civil wars; for it is notorious that the military defections of the reign of Ferdinand were among the greatest and most important of all. The effect, moreover, of civil war, if, on the one hand, it display itself in a relaxation of discipline, must also on the other be that of consolidating the troops on the victorious side; and though it may engender conflicting opinions among the masses, from whom those troops must ultimately be recruited, it happens that no one of the important military revolutions that succeeded the civil wars were directed in the interest of the Carlists, between whom and the Queenites those wars were waged.

It is easy, however, to discover how both Moderado and Progresista Governments have extended the demoralization which was already a part of the Spanish military system. Afraid to attempt the maintenance of discipline by means of punishments, they have usually done so by means of rewards. Whenever indications of discontent were observed in their ranks, they immediately received additional pay. In anticipation of any critical juncture, dollars and five-franc pieces were regularly distributed whenever they were deemed to be most necessary. It has been commonly believed that different battalions regularly received tickets for the theatre in reward for the most ordinary discipline and subordination, a deviation from which would have insured their being flogged or shot on the other side of the Pyrenees. Though this story may not be strictly true, it is at least no more than a legitimate caricature upon the Spanish War-Office.

The general officers, it is well known, form the springs of action by which revolt is thus maintained in practice. Their exercise with impunity of this infamous power arises, no doubt, from the total want either of any stable constitution, or of any principle of moral authority to avenge it. The immediate event which drives a ministry from power, is usually a military revolution.

It was thus that Espartero displaced Sartorius, and that O'Donnell displaced Espartero. The revolutionizing general seldom perhaps takes the initiative; or, at least he fails to make his military demonstration either until a camarilla has won over the Queen to his cause, or unless his command over the army is sufficiently strong to insure a victory over Queen and country together. He makes war with the Queen's troops against her government, and installs himself a military dictator in its place.

This has always struck us as the most hopeless and ineradicable evil in the Spanish system. No effectual remedy has ever been suggested; for the difficulty has its origin in the demoralization, not of the army alone, but of society itself. The expedient of reducing the army in such a degree as to render the National Guard the chief depositaries of power, has proved a very imperfect one; a certain military force may always be drawn into the neighbourhood of the capital; it may there overpower the Government; and the total apathy of the National Guard would alone save the country from civil war. A law excluding officers from political offices, would obviously be thrown aside as a dead letter. The only remedy that we can see in the present state of Spain, rests in a development of the natural elements of power throughout the country; for those elements must always be more or less stable and conservative. If territorial and municipal jurisdictions were created in exact proportion to the landed and oppidan interests in the country, such a stable and conservative fabric of government might be erected as military violence should hardly be able to subvert.

We have entered at length upon these questions, because there is a general disposition to regard the principle at issue between the rival leaders in the State as one between revolutionary retrogression in the Moderados, and positive order and reform in the Progresistas. It will now be our aim to point out some of the salient features in the Spanish provinces which apply to the demand for material improvements, on the satisfaction of which, as we have said, the prosperity of Spain depends.

The natural constitution itself of these provinces clearly implies, that they were designed to be governed by a species of federal organization. This truth applies to the whole Peninsula; for the Portuguese are scarcely more alien to any one province of Spain than that province to any other province. While their geographical position demands their political distinctiveness

from other territories, the character of each province is not only so alien from the other, but its products and capacities are so peculiar, that they seem mutually designed each to supply the wants of the other. The rocky soil of Arragon and Navarre has nurtured at the outpost of danger a race of hardy mountaineers, who seem as though they had been stationed there to defend Peninsular independence. And thus the soil of remoter provinces is capable of supplying what some of the northern provinces can neither dispense with nor produce.

One great evil in the material condition of Spain arises from the want of roads. The country, in this respect, has a closer resemblance to Turkey than to a Christian State. There are no canals but in Valencia, and there is no other railway than that between Madrid and Aranjuez. There is little interchange of goods, because the cost of transport, if not physically impossible, is enormous, through the want of communications, for the country is seldom intersected by carriageable roads. The people generally seem to live a life of worse than mediæval misery. The most splendid domain inhabited by a labourer in either of the two Castiles, is a mud-hut. In nearly all the central provinces, the country is so infested with robbers, that the labourers can live only in villages, often at a great distance from their place of work, and consequently pass a considerable portion of their time and strength upon the road; for they are afraid to linger after dark. The population of the provinces generally bears no proportion to their extent or to their capabilities. Many of them are so naturally luxuriant, and yet so undeveloped, that it is with difficulty that a population barely one-tenth of what the soil might produce, can subsist upon the actual produce. Thus the vast district of Galicia has a population scarcely exceeding a million, scarcely any of whom live upon anything better than maize and rye. The people of Estremadura—whom, however, we never visited—are said to dress in skins, and probably are lower in the scale of civilization than any people in European Russia. Their life is entirely pastoral; and there is scarcely a labouring man in the whole province. Yet perhaps there is no county in Great Britain equal to Estremadura in point of natural fertility. In Catalonia, on the other hand, the people are engrossed in manufactures; and in the little province of Valencia, there is a great amount of agricultural energy. The mining speculations of the French and English have lately become a source of labour in several districts; and if there were an adequate security for pro-

perty, there is no doubt that agricultural colonisation might be effected with success. But the instances in which there is any evidence of flourishing activity are extremely rare.

It will have been seen, then, that the condition of Spain—though differing in social characteristics in nearly all its provinces, and presenting exceptionally a spectacle of energy and comparative wealth—is chiefly that of a country in which there is neither private enterprise nor public improvement, in which the absence or indifference of the landowner combines with the poverty or stupidity of the peasant to maintain agriculture in its normal barbarism—in which the inaction of politics, in their application to domestic government, leaves the face of the country in great degree without roads and other means of transport, and without security for property, or a vindication of civil rights; and in which, in consequence, the condition of the people rarely presents an aspect of civilisation. That a predominance among the originating influences of this social misery is to be assigned to an injudicious and non-natural polity, to a worse practical administration, and to the unrestricted sway of a vicious and infamous priesthood, may be deduced, not only from the obvious relation of this trifle evil to the results which we have to deplore, but from the general superiority of social condition in contiguous districts where, without the intervention of any positive countervailing influences, that evil has simply been restrained. Thus in the Basque Provinces, which have been partially, and in the Republic of Andorre which has been wholly, free of the Government of Spain—and both of which have maintained from immemorial time their own local polity, their own local administration, and their own half-Protestant restraints on the social authority of the Church—the condition of the peasant is much superior to his average condition in the Spanish dominions.* Yet the Basque provinces have been disturbed and overrun by conquests in a degree of which no integral province of Spain presents any example; and the Republic of Andorre, though freed from even a temporary occupation by foreign arms during nearly six hundred years, is far behind Spain itself in the culture and practical knowledge of its landowners and rulers. Nor can it be alleged that the natural resources of these two

* A statement of this question has been lately made in a little book of travels, entitled, "Border Lands of Spain and France, with an account of a Visit to the Republic of Andorre." Chapman and Hall: London, 1856.

anomalous States are equal to those displayed by several of the Spanish provinces; the evil, in truth, lies too deep to be seriously affected by any alternations from *Progresista* to *Moderado* Ministries, except in so far as the policy of material reform, to which the former party is committed, may be the indirect means of supplying the cardinal deficiencies, both in government and territorial condition, which it has here been our aim to shadow forth. The few efforts of the Central Government in behalf of local improvements, have hitherto been marked by the worst ignorance, and the most signal inefficiency.*

Yet more hopeless than this social barbarism, and this injurious political organization, is the traditionary character of the ruling men, whose progress to power (with few other exceptions than that of *Espartero*) has been a path of crime, whose finest policy is

* During the Regency of *Espartero*, the Government at Madrid issued orders to the *Gefes* of certain provinces, requiring them, in certain districts, to turn fields into orchards, planting them with certain fruit trees—the districts and the trees being specified in the decree. The choice proved singularly infelicitous; in scarcely a single instance was the soil adapted to the trees, and agricultural reform was abandoned in despair. The *Progresistas* deemed that the *Moderados* had interfered with their scheme—the *Moderados* that the ground was cursed for the *Progresistas'* sake.

the worst intrigue, and whose success in government is measured by the extent of their malversation. With a Court openly repudiating all public faith—with an army debauched into a piratical organization—with its leading officers seizing on the Government one by one, as though they were rather brigand chiefs, than Marshals and Statesmen of the Empire—all the elements of public administration seem daily losing their vitality, and approaching an irrevocable dissolution. This government of generals, successively ruling, not by moral authority, but by forcible usurpation, is just that government which M. Guizot has defined to be the first attribute of social barbarism. Spain is far indeed from practically appreciating what we suppose is intended to be conveyed by “the right man in the right place,” in the tautology of Mr. Layard. When we reflect on the organization of the country, in respect both to its government, and to the local relations of the soil, we find it strangely analogous to the system in which De Tocqueville has just traced the chief causes of the fall of the Monarchy in France. Nor does any political truth grow daily more fixed and certain than that a policy of conciliation and justice on the part of the Central Power can alone save the institutions of Spain from a fast advancing tide of popular revolution.



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THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,

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- ART. I.—1. *The Communion of Labour; a Lecture on the Social Employments of Women.* By MRS. JAMESON. London, 1856.
2. *Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and kindred Papers relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman.* By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Boston, 1855.
3. *Hertha.* By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London, 1856.
4. *The Public Function of Woman; a Sermon preached at the Music Hall, March 27, 1853.* By THEODORE PARKER. London, 1855.
5. *Woman and her Wishes: an Essay.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH NEGINSON. London, 1854.
6. *Remarks on the Education of Girls, with References to the Social, Legal, and Industrial Position of Women in the present day.* By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, Second Edition. London, 1856.
7. *Little Millie and her Four Places.* By MARGARET MARIA BREWSTER. Edinburgh, 1855.
8. *Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects.* Cambridge, 1855.

It is very meet and right that women should write on this "woman's question." It is a necessity that they should write of it with much diversity of expression. From England, Scotland, Sweden, America, and other parts of the civilized world, come utterances, more or less articulate and intelligible, of cognate origin and with kindred object,—all starting with a general recognition of the fact, that there is "something wanting," and tending to the common assurance that "something must be done" to supply the want—but arriving at the goal by many different roads, devious or direct,

and using, as they journey onwards, many variform vehicles of thought. Much as we may deplore some of these varieties, which are undoubtedly grotesque and unserviceable, it is perhaps hardly right that we should condemn them. If we say anything, therefore, of a not very complimentary character, with reference to the writings of any one of the ladies whose works we have set before us, it must be accepted rather as the language of expostulation as regards herself, of warning as regards others, than of censure or of ridicule. There may be pure feelings and honest convictions where there are incoherent words and preposterous grimaces.

We opened Margaret Fuller's book with great expectations, and we were proportionately disappointed. 'Expostulation' cannot reach her; therefore, all we have to say respecting the book before us can only proceed as a caution to others. If there be a subject on which it especially behoves all who address themselves to its consideration to speak in plain intelligible language, it is on this subject of the vocation of women. But Margaret Fuller has written on Woman in the nineteenth century in language which may be plain and intelligible in the United States; but which certainly is not in the United Kingdom. We require an interpreter to convey to us the meaning of such passages as the following:—

"The especial genius of women I believe to be electrical in movement, intuitive in function, spiritual in tendency. She excels not so easily in classification, or recreation, as in an instinctive seizure of causes, and a simple breathing out of what she receives, that has the singleness of life rather than the selecting and energizing of art."

We confess ourselves to be wholly impervious to the sense of this, if there be any

sense in it; and the light which is let into us by the context is of the feeblest, if there be any to illumine us at all. Mrs. Jameson says, that men complain of the preponderance of the abstract and intangible in women's writings on this great subject. The complaint would not be unreasonable or unjust if all women wrote like this. Imagine the bewilderment of a young girl in palace or in cottage, at the piano or at the wash-tub, on being told that her genius is "electrical in movement, intuitive in function, and spiritual in tendency." An essay on woman in the nineteenth century ought not to be a string of rhapsodies. What we want is something plain-spoken and practical, such as Margaret Brewster writes and Margaret Fuller does not—something not about woman's genius, but woman's work. We have already had too much in connexion with this subject of the ethereal and the spiritual—of mind and music—of the soul, which according to Margaret Fuller, as modified in women, "flows, breathes, sings, rather than deposits soil, or finishes work." Women have been told already, during too many centuries, what it becomes them to be. Now, in this nineteenth century, it is time that something should be done to teach them what to do, and to help them to do it. The *posse* ought now to take the place of the *esse* in our speculations. It has been too long an inherent vice in our system of female education, that it has tended wholly to the inculcation of the former. It has been the presumption that the passive is for women, the active only for men.

We write in the past tense, believing that, in the "nineteenth century," we are becoming increasingly alive to the fact, that the great want of the age is the want of sufficient employment for women—or rather, to speak more correctly, with reference to this great matter of the employment of women, a proper adaptation of means to the end. There is abundant employment for women, if we will only let them have it. Civilisation throws up her work at the feet alike of men and women; and the world is now becoming convinced that the women have not yet been suffered to pick up their fair share.

Even a superficial glance at the contents of the volumes before us will show that this matter of women's work divides itself into two distinct branches. When we write the words "Employment of Women," we do not doubt that they convey to different readers very dissimilar ideas. In truth there is amateur work, and there is business work. Often it happens that amateur work is very solemnly undertaken and very strenuously pursued, and is in reality the business

of a life. But by amateur work we mean such work as people take upon themselves, from impulse, from taste, or from a sense of duty—a free gift, a voluntary contribution, as it were, to the world's store. The other work of which we speak is the growth of hard necessity—the necessity in some wise to labor with one's body, if one is to live honestly, or at all. It is of this latter work that we propose principally to speak.

And yet we do not underrate the importance of the former branch of the subject. It is to this mainly that Mrs. Jameson has addressed herself—and very lovingly and intelligently—in her lecture on the "Communion of Labour." That women tenderly nurtured, carefully educated, and sufficiently endowed with the good gifts of the world, have much unoccupied time, much undirected energy, and much unavailable talent, is a fact which may be deplored, but cannot be denied. There are thousands of women who, financially, can afford to be idle. They may lie softly, and live delicately, and fare sumptuously every day, without stretching forth a hand to attain for themselves the means of enjoyment. They toil not, neither do they spin. Others toil and spin for them. Their only necessity is to be comely and amiable. They are not born to work; and it seems a mere irrelevance to use so coarse a word in connexion with their sphere of duties. But it is not less their duty to work. Every woman, from the Queen on the throne to the little "Pippa" who "passes," every day to the Filature, has her work to do, and is responsible for the due performance of it. "All service ranks the same with God." All are servants equally in His sight.

And this truth is beginning to be better and better understood. We believe that at no period of the social history of Great Britain have the "higher classes of society," as we are wont to call them, had a stronger and more abiding sense of their duty to their neighbours,—at no period have more strenuous efforts been made by those with whom work is not a necessity, to take their proper place among the true workmen of the age. The "communion of labour" is in these days something more than a communion of sexes; it is also a communion of classes. There is much yet to be done—much yet to be learnt by them—before our upper classes can free themselves from the reproach of shortcoming and neglect. But it is no small thing to be able to record that they are more alive, than they ever yet have been, to a just sense of their duties to the poor, more intent upon learning how to do good, and more earnest in their endeavours to do it.

We need not add that in this good movement the ladies of England would fain be, if not in advance of their lords, assuredly no step behind them. Every man may do something for his neighbours, let his professional labours be as great and absorbing as they may. Every man can find some time for social pleasures; he may find it, therefore, for social duties. We cannot in any case admit the plea of "too busy." But women, who have not to go forth every morning to their appointed work, and who have domestic servants to aid them in their household duties, have larger opportunities of contributing to the welfare of their poorer brethren; whilst at the same time they have an acuter perception not only of the real wants and sufferings of the poor, but of the best and readiest means of alleviating them. In other words, they are more sympathizing; and sympathy is everything in such matters.

"I have the deepest conviction," says Mrs. Jameson, "founded not merely on my own experience and observation, but on the testimony of some of the wisest and best men amongst us, that to enlarge the working sphere of woman to the measure of her faculties, to give her a more practical and authorized share in all social arrangements, which have for their object the amelioration of evil and suffering, is to elevate her in the social scale; and that whatever renders womanhood respected and respectable in the estimation of the people, tends to humanize and refine the people."

And of this truth we are as deeply convinced as Mrs. Jameson herself. But what with our false conventional notions, and the jealousy and exclusiveness of men,—women, with desires and faculties for better things, and for larger work, are kept back when they ought to be encouraged to go forward, and they are compelled continually to hold in restraint the good instincts of their nature in obedience to a cry, now we hope growing feebler and feebler every day, that to be useful is to be "unfeminine."

"There's nothing," says the great dramatist, uttering a truth centuries before put forth by Epictetus—"There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." Not things themselves, but our ideas or dogmas respecting these things, disturb us.* We have been frightened for many years by the word "unfeminine." It had come to be a dogma of great repute amongst us that all independent action is unfeminine. It seemed to be one of the first social duties of men to keep their wives and sisters and daughters

from the contamination of the useful—as though the useful and the beautiful were always in vigorous antagonism the one with the other. But we are beginning now to perceive that the useful may be also the beautiful. Mrs. Jameson in her last lecture quotes the following prophetic passage from Tennyson's "Princess"—

"A kindlier influence reigned, and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick. The maidens came, they
talked,

They sung, they read, till she, not fair, began
To gather light, and she that was, became
Her former beauty treble; to and fro,
Like creatures native unto gracious art,
And in their own clear element, they moved."

This is of course quoted with an inevitable reference to Miss Nightingale and her associates, who have done so much to prove that the useful and the beautiful are not antagonistic. Nothing, in these times, is ever written on the subject of the employment of women, without a reference to this honoured lady. And in good truth she deserves the honour. But it says little for the past history of the ladies of England, that now in the nineteenth century such womanly efforts should have excited no less astonishment than admiration. Such organization of voluntary charity was something new and strange to the people of England, until a great occasion called forth the great endeavours of this Christian lady, who found worthy associates willing to share the toil and the peril of her devotion. Not that she had not before consecrated herself to good works; but that all she had before done had been in that quiet unobtrusive way which God appreciates more than man. And in good truth, we believe that such service as Florence Nightingale rendered to her fellows in the Crimea was much more easily performed than that which she had been performing, in unknown places, and with little or no *eclat*, before the great event of the Russian war, by turning the energies of her humanity into a new channel, made her a popular heroine. There are thousands of English ladies who, when they heard what their sister had done, would willingly have done likewise—nay, were eager to do it. There was so much sustaining excitement—so much of romance—so much of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of glorious war—it was so certain that the eyes of all England, of all Europe, were turned towards the countries to which our armies had proceeded—that it needed very little fortitude, very little self-sacrifice, to participate in such an enterprise. We wish that we

* Ταράσσειν τοὺς ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πράγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογμάτα.

could believe that all, who were so well inclined to minister to the wants of our bearded Crimean heroes at Scutari are, now that the war is over, no less willing to tend, in hospital or in workhouse, repulsive old women, and feeble, neglected children, and to expend their charitable energies generally on the sufferers of Stoke Pogis or Little Peddington. Wounded soldiers they have not always with them. But the poor they have always with them—the maimed, the halt, and the blind; the aged, and the bedridden. The truest heroism is that which labours and suffers far away from the reach of popular applause.

But although we can see clearly the difference between attendance upon the sick and the wounded in military hospitals, during a great national crisis, and such ministrations as alleviate the sufferings and sorrow of less interesting specimens of humanity in uneventful times, we are still hopeful that the example of Florence Nightingale will have an abiding effect upon the women of England, irrespectively of the accidents of war or of peace.

"Tis on the advance of individual minds
Mankind must found its reasonable expectations
Eventually to follow; as the sea
Waits ages in its bed, till some one wave
Of all the multitudinous mass extends
The empire of its fellows—then the rest,
E'en to the meanest, hurry in at last,
And so much is clear gained."

Making every allowance for the distinctions of which we speak, we believe that there is enough "clear gained" to the cause of humanity, by the noble efforts of Miss Nightingale, to make us rejoice in the movement which has taken the hearts of the English people by storm. There are many necessarily who regard the matter wholly from a military point of view—who look upon what she has done simply as a contribution to the general success of the campaign. But there is still enough of good sense and good feeling among us to divest, in the minds of at least a section of the community, the nobility of her conduct of all such adventitious aid, and to look upon all that has been done as a matter of pure humanity. Moreover, it is our hope—indeed, it is our belief, that although this camp-following, this hospital-visiting, which has made for Florence Nightingale a name in English history, was in regard of its adventitious circumstances—its outer environments—something exceptional and unprecedented; it was in itself only the expression of a previously-existing state of feeling—the outward manifestation of an already-

developed charity, to which the war gave only a temporary direction. The war may have made this lady famous, but it did not make her a heroine. After all, it is no more than an episode in her life, and not that, perhaps, to which at life's close she will look back with the most satisfaction.

And she will still have her followers; she will yet live to see in her time an extended and extending belief that the useful and the beautiful are not antagonistic—that loveliness is never more lovely, gentleness never more gentle, than when woman, no matter on what scenes, devotes herself to the great work of alleviating suffering and sorrow. There is enough of both, Heaven knows, at our own doors. We need not to cross seas in search of them. Now that we have returned to our common-place, every-day life, with comparatively unexciting duties to evoke our energies, we must be prepared for some falling off; but we repeat the expression of our belief that the change in which we see so much good hope and encouragement had been inaugurated before the war commenced, and that there is now little likelihood of this progress being arrested. There are many abodes of misery in all our towns and parishes in which our English ladies may do incalculable good. They cannot begin better than in our Workhouses.

We have all heard these places called Poor-Law Bastilles. We are all familiar with the aspect of the huge buildings, more or less shapely and architectural, which ever and anon meet our eyes as we ride or drive through an English county; and are now associated in our minds with the word "Union," and provocative perhaps of rather discomforting thoughts of unaccountably high poor-rates. We all know the appearance of the "workhouse people" and "workhouse children" in our parish churches; we cannot mistake the cloaks of the old women, and the caps of the young girls. But we are afraid that there are not many of us who know more than the outward appearance of the workhouse and its inmates. Many, with really large instincts of charity, not only eager to do, but active in doing good towards their poorer brethren, shrink from "mixing themselves up with parish business." They administer to the wants of the poor in their own way, and leave the poorhouse to itself, content to believe that it is well minded by those who are paid for looking after its concerns. But it would not be easy to over-estimate the good that might be done by the gentry of England, and especially by English ladies, if they would undertake a systematic visitation of our workhouses. We know that there are

Boards of Guardians, and periodical meetings and inspections, and that there are salaried poor-law functionaries of a higher grade; but it is not of such visitation that we speak. In this woman has no part. There is "no communion of labour" outside the poorhouse walls. And yet how much good might our ladies do among the women and children who constitute so large a portion of the inmates of our workhouses. Hear what a practical man—long the chaplain of a huge metropolitan workhouse (the Rev. Mr. Brewer) says upon the subject:—

"Ladies have been drawn to see that they have a mission—a deep and solemn one—to perform and preach; and yet the full extent of that mission has not at present been unveiled to them, still less its paramount, its incalculable importance upon our national prosperity. Their district-visiting has been mainly confined to the distribution of a few tracts, perhaps to the reading of some verses in the Bible; whilst the insensible influence of their common words, their ordinary manners, their dress, their voice, the numerous thoughts, suggestions, and instructions which they convey unconsciously about them into the houses of the poor, exercise a power far greater than any. These thoughts often occurred to me in my ministry at St. Giles' Workhouse. I often thought how much more the gentle influence and silent reaching of an earnest and meek lady would be effectual, especially with her own sex, beyond all that I could say or do. I have often thought that the very contrast would teach more than the most impressive argument; that the insensible conviction thus conveyed to the minds of those who had never seen the best of their sex—certainly had never seen them engaged in a mission of mercy to themselves—would be effectual above all other methods. And I am bound to say that I think it would be accepted with great gratitude."—*Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects.*

And again:—

"Turn to the Police Reports in our newspapers, or only watch for yourselves the boys and girls, who join in the disorders of the metropolis and fill our prisons, no longer prisons to them—and you will see how imperative it is that something should be done to rescue them. They are mainly the produce of the workhouse and the workhouse schools. Over them society has no hold, because society has cast them out from all that is human. They have been taught to feel that they have nothing in common with their fellow-men. Their experience is not of a home or of parents, but of a workhouse and a governor—of a prison and a jailer as hard and rigid as either."

This especially relates to workhouses in great cities; but it may with some modification be applied even to those in our rural districts. It is as sad a thing to contemplate, as the "wounds and bruises and putrefying

sores" of guardsmen and linesmen—dragoons and lancers—gunners and riflemen. Indeed, we know nothing sadder; for these helpless little ones have never any chance from the commencement. They are born to sorrow, as they are born to sin, with little prospect of escape from either. There can be no greater objects of pity; none more worthy of our boundless compassion. The London papers have lately teemed with accounts of disturbances and outrages in one or more of our great metropolitan workhouses. Attempts have been made to reduce obstreperous girls to order by the discipline of the lash. These revelations have been painful in the extreme. It is, doubtless, very bad that so indecent and so barbarous a system of coercion should be resorted to by our workhouse jailers; but it is far worse that these poor girls should ever have come to such a state as to require, even in the estimation of their custodiers, such brutal and brutalizing treatment. The pity of it is not that they were flogged, but that there should have existed in the metropolis of Christian England a system of so depraving a character, as that young girls should grow up under it, lost to all sense of shame, coarse and blasphemous in speech, in action violent and pugnacious, with nothing maidenly, nothing womanly about them, except the name and the attire they disgrace. But even for these lost ones there is some hope. The humanizing influence of good women may still reach even their hearts. Gentle words and kindly acts—expressions of interest and sympathy—will not be thrown away upon them. Even these poor creatures may in time come to bless the passing shadow of the kind lady who has spoken to them the only words of tenderness and encouragement which, perhaps, they have ever heard; and better hopes may spring up in their hearts to be the parents of better deeds. And that this is not a mere visionary philanthropy we have good evidence afforded us even as we write. At a meeting held in London on the 11th of October, in last year, to take into consideration the state of the Marylebone Workhouse, and the treatment to which its female inmates had been subjected, Mr. Jacob Bell, to his honour, spoke out thus—as we find his speech reported in the *Daily News*:—

"These poor girls, bad as they were, were the victims of a bad system. They had been educated in the workhouse school, and they were there subjected to contamination as they grew up, by being placed with those likely to contaminate them. He (Mr. Bell) had seen this, and had tried to remedy it, by insisting on the removal of

the children, but without effect. These poor girls had been nurtured and imbued with an impression, in the first place, that the workhouse was their natural home, then that they were so lost and bad that there was no one to sympathize with them. They committed wrongs and were punished: that hardened them, and they did worse, and were punished more, and the workhouse, under the punishment, became so irksome to them, that they committed further crime in order to become the inmates of a prison; and they preferred the prison because, they said, they were better treated there than in the workhouse. Now and then, therefore, there were these outbreaks—these epidemics of bad behaviour. He recollected some years ago a number of dark boxes being erected round a ward, with a little grating in them, just like a small padded room at a lunatic asylum without the pads, and on his inquiring what they were for, he was told that they were cells to confine refractory girls in. He discovered that this sort of punishment only made the girls worse, and their conduct was so bad, anything like reformation in them appeared to be hopeless. He (Mr. Bell) thought, however, he would make a trial of a different sort, as even the clergyman had given these girls up. At his request, some ladies who were in the habit of visiting prisons visited these girls, and talked to them, and gave them books, and endeavoured to impress upon their minds that their cases were not so hopeless as they themselves felt that they were—that there were people who sympathized with them, and that if they would endeavour to behave well there should be some *locus penitentia* for them. In the course of two months there was a great improvement amongst the girls. The majority of them got situations, and although he (Mr. Bell) was free to confess that some relapsed into their former ways, a great many of them, by kind treatment, reformed, and had become decent members of society."

What we have Mr. Bell's assurance *has* been done so advantageously by some ladies, may be done by others with equal success. This is one of many practical suggestions for turning to good account the benevolent energies of our English ladies. The suggestion derives additional force from the recent unhappy revelations to which we have adverted. But it is only one of many channels through which the stream of benevolence may flow. "What we have to do," says the Rev. Charles Kingsley, in his admirable lecture on 'the Country Parish,' "is to ennoble and purify the womanhood of these poor women; to make them better daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers," or, applying the truth especially to these poor workhouse girls, we might, perhaps, more fitly say, "make them capable of fulfilling the duties of these relationships at all." "Approach these poor women as sisters. Do not apply remedies which they do not understand to diseases which you do not understand. Learn lovingly and patiently, (ay, and re-

verently, for there is that in every human being which deserves to be and must be revered, if we wish to understand it,) learn to understand their troubles, and by that time they will have learnt to understand your remedies, and they will appreciate them." Such service, indeed, is hopeless and profitless as regards its results, if it does not proceed lovingly and sympathizingly, looking not so much at the apparent evil—the polluted stream—as at the hidden cause, the source and origin of the pollution; and with a humble acknowledgment that we ourselves, so neglected and abandoned, so exposed to corrupting influences, could hardly have been better than these castaways, and might have been worse.

It need scarcely be said that very much of this applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the visitation of hospitals, penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, and other similar institutions. But there are difficulties peculiar to each and all of these which belong, in a very limited degree, if at all, to our parish workhouses. In any case, perhaps, the lady visitor must have her feelings more or less "shocked," as it is conventionally called, by the sights and sounds which will greet her. We assume, indeed, that every woman who thinks of devoting herself to the ministration of the sick and the sorrow-laden, is prepared to be "shocked." Nevertheless, it were well that all men and women alike should gradually habituate themselves to such sights and sounds—that they should serve as it were an apprenticeship of endurance, trying their strength as they advance, lest they should find the sudden encounter too painful for them. In this respect, the workhouse, the sights and sounds of which are commonly less painful and revolting than those which greet us in hospitals, lunatic asylums, or penitentiaries, may fittingly initiate our English ladies into the distressing scenes with which they must necessarily become familiar. Moreover, the workhouse is common both to our large towns and our rural districts; and there are very few English families to whom it is not accessible.

It may also be observed, that in the case of this workhouse visitation, the "Communion of Labour," of which Mrs. Jameson writes so emphatically, is easier of attainment, and ought to be more complete when attained, by reason of the local character of these institutions. Many ladies, who would willingly minister to the wants of the inmates of our poorhouses, are the daughters, sisters, wives, or mothers, of men in some way officially connected with the affairs of the parish—of poor-law guardians, or paro-

chial surgeons, or union chaplains—and, as such, therefore, would have a recognised position in the workhouse. In this respect the dweller in the country has an advantage over the dweller in the town. In great cities there is such isolation. No one seems there to have any recognised position. In his very excellent lecture "on Dispensaries and allied Institutions," Dr. Skirving says, that he has been "daily reminded of the isolation which can only exist in a town like London, and daily had occasion to deplore the absence of co-operation between those who, having a great interest in the poorer classes, failed to do the good they were each essaying to do, simply because they knew nothing of each other." "The isolation to which I allude," continues the benevolent physician, "is probably greater in London than anywhere else in the world. . . . It exists more or less throughout our country; but the larger the population of a district, the more complete will it necessarily be."

Of this, every one who, after residing for some years in the country, has taken up his residence in a metropolitan street or square, must have become painfully conscious. Not that he misses what in the rural districts is called a "neighbourhood." In London almost every one has "neighbours," though they may come from the opposite end of the town—neighbours who are ready to pay morning visits, and to send or accept invitations to dinner. But we have no sooner accomplished the change of which we speak, than we become peculiarly alive to the fact that we have no poor neighbours. We may look out from our windows upon lines of narrow streets—upon "pestilent lanes and hungry alleys," with a full and appreciative sense of the fact, that they are teeming and reeking with a pauper population; but we can with difficulty bring ourselves to believe that they in any way belong to us. We have no particular interest in them—we have no feeling of our obligations to them. They do not know us, and we do not know them. We may feel a strong desire to identify ourselves in some way with them. But we do not know how to begin. We are sorely puzzled. The labour appears so vast and bewildering, and we ourselves so little and insignificant. We are absolutely appalled by the feeling, that although we have come into the neighbourhood to reside for years, and to spend our hundreds or thousands every year among the surrounding population, the poor in the next street, within a stone-throw of our door, do not trouble themselves even to learn our names. It is so different in the country, where from the very first hour of

our appearance, we have been known and spoken of by our proper names, and have become as much a recognised part of the rural population as the village parson or village surgeon himself. The Londoner, on passing into the country, feels a not unnatural surprise that poor people touch their hats to him, though perhaps they have never seen him before. A change, the very reverse of this, astonishes the resident in a rural district who takes up his abode in the metropolis. He feels at once that he is absorbed. He is merely an atom of an immense floating population. No one recognises his existence; and the chances are, that if he were to go into a poor man's house on a mission of charitable inquiry, he would be either cheated or insulted. We have used the masculine pronoun; but what we have written is especially applicable to ladies who find themselves stranded and helpless in large cities, their energies all running to waste. Independent action, in such cases, can seldom accomplish much. There must be a "communion of labour." In rural districts women may work alone; in towns they must co-operate with men. They must turn to existing institutions and find there meet employment for their womanly sympathies and activities. There is no lack of institutions, the doors of which will be thrown wide open to our English ladies as soon as they knock at them.

We are not yet prepared to say that the workhouse is one of them. There may be some prejudice and exclusiveness to contend against at the outset. Doubtless, there are vested interests in misrule, any interference with which will be proclaimed unpardonable heresy. But they cannot last long. The good sense and good feeling of the many must prevail over the selfishness and intolerance of the few. We are becoming every day more and more alive to the fact, that what is called "efficient control," is, for the most part, very inefficient in respect of the practical development of the workhouse system, as every humane person would desire to see it developed. We need but to turn to Mrs. Jameson's little volume for an illustration of this:—

"Now I will tell you (writes this excellent lady), as an illustration, what I have seen only very lately. I was in a very large parish union, where there were about four hundred children, nearly an equal number of boys and girls, and schools for both. The boys had an excellent master for reading and writing, and had masters besides to teach them various trades. There was a tailor, a carpenter, a shoemaker, a hairdresser, a plumber, who, at wages from 25s. to 35s. a week, were employed to instruct the boys in their various trades. The girls were taught reading,

writing, and sewing; some of them, under the pauper menials, helped to scour and scrub. The over-tasked, anxious mistress seemed to do her best, but there was not sufficient assistance. The whole system was defective and depressing, and could not by any possibility turn out efficient domestic servants, or well-disciplined, religious-minded, cheerful-tempered girls. I was informed that, of the boys sent out of this workhouse, about 2 per cent. returned to the parish in want or un-serviceable; while of the girls they reckoned that 50 per cent. were returned to them ruined and depraved.*

Such a terrible state of things as this could not exist, even as an exceptional case, if the inmates of our workhouses were not, by some strange accident, beyond the pale of the sympathies of the ladies of England. In the workhouse of which Mrs. Jameson here speaks, there were two hundred girls, a hundred of whom were, judging by average results, destined to be "ruined," and to become thoroughly "depraved."† Here there is scope for the exercise of womanly influence. To think that under that one roof there should be a hundred little sisters doomed for want of a little motherly care—for want of a few kind words, a little gentle admonition, a little display of tender interest and solicitude, a little teaching of what may be useful in after years—to grow up from childhood to maturity without a spark of maidenly feeling, without the least sense of the dignity of womanhood, without the least respect for the beautiful and the good! If any lady, either in town or country, with charitable instincts, with a vague desire after good, look around in search of some practical starting-point, let her turn her eyes towards the union workhouse, where all these helpless little ones are gathered together, and begin her ministrations *there*.

Her first thought, then, will be how to train all these poor girls to become, in proper time and proper place, useful to themselves and others—to teach them not only to appreciate the dignity of labour, but how to labour diligently and profitably. Boys are taught to become shoemakers, or carpenters, or masons, or plumbers, but girls are taught little, and that little imperfectly. It is not impressed upon them that what they learn is to afford them, in after days, the means of subsistence—to keep

them supplied with honest bread. They are taught only to feel their degraded position, and that they are to be got rid of as soon as they can be turned adrift. And they are turned adrift; to sink or to swim—of course the former. The wonder is not that 50 per cent. sink into irretrievable ruin, but that 50 per cent. swim. It is no small thing to save even one of these poor creatures. And every lady who enters a workhouse, intent upon saving its female children from ruin by teaching them to labour cheerfully, hopefully, and intelligently, may save not one, but many. If a workhouse girl, on leaving the union, carries with her nothing more than the conviction that there is one kind heart which will rejoice in her success, and be grieved by her failure, she goes forth with good hope of being saved. It is hard to say from how much evil even that talisman will guard her in her intercourse with the world.

But much more than this may be accomplished. The lady visitor who sees that the workhouse boys are taught to become artificers and mechanics, and is told that a very small percentage of them ever become chargeable to the parish in later life, will appreciate the value of proper industrial training. Girls fail more frequently from absolute ignorance and inability to do better, than from any inherent vice, or even any culpable carelessness and indolence. They have all the world before them, but there is not one path which they can tread with firm footstep, and with any prospect of reaching the goal. At best they can only sprawl and trip and stumble, and fall at last by the wayside. What are they to do who know not *how* to do anything? How many a poor girl commences her doubtful justificatory plea with the words, "If any one had taught me better when I was young, I might not have turned out so badly." "Train up a child in the way he should go," is a divine precept and a divine caution, which has more than a mere religious signification. But we train girls only to be useless. We bring them up with the assumption that they may marry; and that then there will be an end of them. They will be absorbed into the man, and become "non-existent."

This is the great cardinal error of our system. High and low, it is all the same. Instead of educating every girl as though she were born to be an independent, self-supporting member of society, we educate her to become a mere dependent, a hanger-on, or as the law delicately phrases it, a *chattel*. In some respects, indeed, we err more barbarously than those nations among whom a plurality of wives is permitted, and who

* And depraved workhouse girls are said by competent authority to be the most depraved of their sex. Colonel Chesterton, in a passage quoted by Mrs. Jameson, says, that he witnessed "in the demeanour of young girls from twenty years and upwards, such revolting specimens of workhouse education, that the exhibition was at once frightful and disgusting. The inconceivable wickedness of these girls was absolutely appalling."

regard women purely as so much live stock ; for among such people women are, at all events, provided with shelter, with food, and clothing—they are “cared for” as cattle are. There is a completeness in such a system. But among ourselves, we treat women as cattle, without providing for them as cattle. We take the worst part of barbarism and the worst part of civilisation, and work them into a heterogeneous whole. We bring up our women to be dependent, and then leave them without any one to depend on. There is no one—there is nothing for them to lean upon ; and they fall to the ground.

Now, what every woman, no less than every man, should have to depend upon, is an ability, after some fashion or other, to turn labour into money. She may or may not be compelled to exercise it, but every one ought to possess it. If she belong to the richer classes, she *may* have to exercise it ; if to the poorer, she assuredly *will*. It is of the poorer classes that we are now speaking. Under ordinary circumstances, except in the large manufacturing towns, where there is an unhealthy demand for human hands to assist the Briarean machinery, every girl, who knows that she must earn her own livelihood, turns her thoughts, in the first instance, towards domestic services. And it is a fact, as little thought of as it is undeniable *when* thought of, that the female servants of England are the most useful class of people in the country. Imagine the state into which society would be thrown if they were suddenly to suspend their functions. And yet there is one almost universal complaint that their appointed duties are inefficiently and unsatisfactorily discharged ; that, however indispensable to our comfort they may be—however impossible it may be to do without them—they are practically “the greatest plague of life.” Accepting this only in a qualified degree, and fully admitting that bad masters, or rather bad mistresses, make bad servants, we must still fall back on the inevitable conclusion, that, in respect to our female servants, there is a lamentable want of training. Every girl thinks that she is qualified for domestic service without any sort of special education. The consequence of this assumption is that she commonly fails. She goes from place to place ; makes for herself no standing anywhere ; never improves, but remains as ignorant and awkward in her last place as in her first. Nor is the evil limited to this. These frequent transitions are attended with no little danger. Servant-girls out of place have not always homes to which to betake themselves for protection against the snares of world and the assaults of the wicked ; and thus to be

cast adrift is, too often, only to fall by the wayside. And so the most useful class of people in the world contributes largely to swell the number of the most dangerous of the “dangerous classes ;” and retaliates upon society for its neglect.

It will be said, perhaps, by some benevolent people, that a good mistress will always endeavour to instruct her servants ; and that no servant can suit you so well as one whom you have yourself drilled into the ways of your house. The latter part of the proposition is generally true, but the former must be accepted only in a very limited sense. Some mistresses may have time, ability, and inclination to train their servants—and they have their reward for doing so ; but the greater number have not time or ability, if they have the inclination ; and there is really no more reason why a mistress should be bound to instruct her servant how to cook a joint or lay a fire, than to instruct her milliner or her dressmaker how to make her bonnets or her gowns. In large establishments a raw underling, acting according to the instructions, and following the example of a well-trained upper-servant, will soon come to know her duties, and will rise, in time, to a higher place. But these large establishments are comparatively few ; and thousands of girls, every year, simply for want of previous training, are compelled to commence a career of service in places of an inferior description, where only bad habits are to be formed, and where, perhaps, temptation and corruption surround them. Having no skilled labour to carry into the market, they are obliged to accept the smallest possible price for their work. They become the household drudges of people scarcely higher in the social, and lower in the moral scale, than themselves. And thus many a respectable girl is spoiled in her teens, and all hope of promotion taken from her by an unfortunate beginning.*

* Since this page was written, we have alighted upon a passage in a recent work by Mrs. Ellis, so much to the point, that we must give it insertion :—“This business of seeking honest service becomes a very sad one, when we reflect how few kind and judicious families there are who will receive the little untaught servant within their doors. Some mistresses have no time to teach such troublesome inmates themselves ; some have no patience ; others no skill ; all dislike the idea of taking a raw child from a low home, to receive advantages from their hands, when wanting help from hers. No ; she must come to them better prepared ; she must have learned to perform the various duties of a servant before they can receive her. So the poor child goes home, day after day, with her disappointed mother, until at last, as the other children of the family grow up, and food becomes more scarce, she is absolutely obliged to try anything—the lowest situation—rather

We know that there must be maids-of-all-work, as there must be female servants of other grades; and surely there can be no more useful domestics than those who combine, in their own persons, the several offices of cook, house-maid, table-attendant, and, perhaps, nurse. But, as though it were a rule in domestic service that the wages should be in inverse proportion to the presumed acquirements of the servant, there is not one who is so badly paid. Of all female servants the maid-of-all-work has the most ill-requited, and the most precarious position. In London, and, indeed, in every large town, there are whole streets in which the houses are attended by a single servant. It may be accepted as a general rule that there are no householders so inconsiderate and exacting as those who keep only one servant. They expect to get a combination of Hercules and the Admirable Crichton for eight pounds a-year. Many "take in lodgers" expect one unfortunate girl to do the work of two or three establishments, and are angry if Susan is not attending on all at the same time. As a necessary consequence of this exaction, there are "a few words,"—and Susan gives or takes a month's warning. There may be cases of respectable old maids, or "widows indeed," in reduced circumstances, who keep a maid-of-all-work for years, regarding her as a companion and a friend; but the greater number of this class of servants do not keep their places for six months. They are continually in a transition-state, from one street to another, from town to country, or from country to town; often falling by the wayside, and ceasing to belong to the useful classes for the rest of their lives. They are ripe for any change, for they think that nothing can be worse than a life of such continued toil and unrequited service.

Now all this is an admitted evil—an evil to be deplored, but seemingly not to be remedied. It may be said, that, in such a case, all the training in the world will not make the position of the maid-of-all-work other than one of extreme hardship. If she can cook well, wait at table well, and clean a house well, it may be said that these things will be required of her all the more for her competency to perform them. But the fact is, that in the market of domestic service, skilled labour will fetch its price; and that

a girl takes a situation entailing multifarious duties upon her, not because she is competent to discharge them all, but because she is competent to discharge none. She becomes cook, parlour-maid, house-maid, all in one, because she is neither a cook, a parlour-maid, nor a house-maid. Being none of these, she becomes all—in other words, a drudge; and is paid in proportion, not to the actual extent of her work, but the actual extent of her competency. It is the knowledge that she is incompetent that drives her to take laborious and ill-paid service of this kind. So long as there are thousands of incompetent young women seeking service, such service will be obtainable at a low rate of wages. But, if girls were trained for domestic service, as boys are trained to become carpenters or shoemakers, they would carry not the raw material of work, but skilled labour into the market, and be able to demand a higher price for their services. A young woman, competent to discharge the duties of cook, house-maid, and parlour-maid, and actually performing them all, would not be compelled to take eight pounds a year, whilst her sister, who is performing only one of these offices, is receiving sixteen.

It may be said, that, even in the case of skilled labour, if the supply were greater than the demand, the price of wages must fall, and thousands must be compelled to take service of an inferior kind or starve. But would the supply be greater than the demand? At present it is; because so large a number of girls turn to domestic service as a means of earning a livelihood, for the very reason that it is thought to require no previous training. If the general standard of domestic service were raised, and more extended means of employment in other directions were found, this would not be the case. But even if it were, there would still be this result,—that our female servants would not, as now, be continually changing their places. Though idleness, dishonesty, infirmity of temper, &c., may sometimes necessitate these changes, incompetency is by far the most frequent cause of dismissal. Much is forgiven to a really efficient servant; and no reasonable master or mistress expects perfection in a housemaid or a cook.

To the householder, these frequent changes are inconvenient; but to the servant, we repeat, that they are fatal. One of the crying evils of domestic service is, that it seldom affords any provision for sickness or advanced age; and that, therefore, our hospitals and workhouses are full of domestic servants. If a woman spend one or two

than starve at home; and there are always low situations enough in which such girls can be received—perhaps to fight their way amongst rude men; perhaps to be stormed at by coarse masters, and chidden by mistresses, no better governed than themselves."—[*Education of Character, with Hints on Moral Training.*]

months of every year out of service, it is wholly impossible that she should ever save any money. She spends all she has earned in one place, before she obtains another; and, not improbably, has been obliged to get rid of all she possesses, beyond the clothes on her back, or perhaps to do worse things, to provide herself with food and shelter. By a continued connexion with one family, on the other hand, not only may the means of laying by a little money be supplied, but a claim to the good offices of the family, in sickness or old age, be founded. It is sometimes said, that the rich are more ungrateful to their old servants than to their old horses or dogs, for that they support the latter after they have ceased to be useful, whilst they turn their human attendants adrift. But long service is necessary in all vocations, to the establishment of a claim to be pensioned in old age; and we are inclined to think, that where this claim has been established, it is more frequently admitted than ignored. The reason why there are so many old servants in our work-houses is, that the claim on private benevolence is rarely established.

Another point worthy of consideration, in connexion with this branch of our subject, is, whether, by extending the market for female service in more profitable quarters, something may not be done to diminish the supply of poorly-requited labour of this kind. Every man-servant costs his employer twice—or, probably, thrice—as much as a female servant. With due advertence even to the subject of “keep,” it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that two good parlour-maids will cost less than one footman. Now, we know that men-servants bear a very small numerical proportion to female servants. There are many streets which contain a hundred of the latter to one of the former. Still, a large number of men are employed in domestic service; whilst many householders resort to the ridiculous compromise of a boy in buttons, under the absurd designation of “page.” Setting aside the insane notion of “gentility,” what is gained by this addiction to men-servants,—what gain is there of substantial comfort? If a servant be required, as in some instances, to attend a carriage, it is necessary to entertain a footman; but there are a vast number of cases in which no such reason exists, and the only motive to the employment of the man, in preference to the woman, is vanity. It is, conventionally, more aristocratic to keep a footman than a parlour-maid. The latter may wait at table, clean plate, answer the door, &c., &c., equal-

ly well, and do other things much better;* but even a preposterous page, clumsy and ungainly, is considered a surer distinguishing mark of gentility than the “neat-handed Phillis,” with her pretty face, her tidy person, and her quiet movements, who presides over the ménage next door. “Stripes,” writes Mr. Thackeray, in one of his sound-hearted *Snob Papers*, “was in the livery of the Ponto family—a thought shabby, but gorgeous in the extreme,—lots of magnificent worsted lace, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest fellow’s hands, I remarked, were very large and black; and a fine odour of the stable was wafted about the room, as he moved to and fro in his ministration. I should have preferred a clean maid-servant, but the sensations of Londoners are, perhaps, too acute on these subjects; and a faithful John, after all, is more genteel.”

It seems to be Mr. Thackeray’s especial vocation to write down flunkeyism; but flunkeyism is not easily written down either in one shape or another. People will go on having and being flunkys. But we should ill acquit ourselves of the task we have undertaken, if we did not enter our protest against the intrusion of flunkys in situations where women-servants may be employed with equal utility. Any improvement in this respect we know must be very gradual. “Example moves where precept fails;” but it moves slowly when conventional ideas of gentility are assailed. Your Apollos of May Fair, or your Joves Tonantes of the Stock Exchange, will not readily consent to turn their Ganymedes into Hebes, and have their nectar poured out by feminine hands. But they may discover, in process of time, if they are gently led to it by undeniable example, that it is quite as pleasant to have their glass filled, or their plate changed, by a pretty hand-maiden, as by an obese butler; and that it is more convenient

* Besides exempting you from the chance of insult and injury. A distinguished weekly journal (the *Examiner*), in a recent article, headed “Yellow-Plush Troubles,” exhibits some of the inconvenient results of keeping men-servants, who get drunk and insult you, and, when you resent their impertinence, bring you into Court, and cause you to be fined. “What is the remedy?” asks the journalist. “There is but one,—discharge your ho-servants. They are dangerous nuisances and abominations in every respect. They are the trouble of every family. All who have to do with them, complain without end of them. When will some man of mark set the example of turning off his spoiled, pert flunkys, with their airs and insolencies, and substituting female attendants, who, when well trained, wait and perform every other office quite as well, and at smaller cost of money and temper.”

to be in proximity to a clean print frock than to a pipe-clayed white coat, which perhaps, leaves its mark on your shoulder.*

But even if this—of which we confess we have no great hope at present—were accomplished, and Yellow-plush went to the Blues, and Buttons were sent back to the country, to weed gravel-walks, or dig potatoes at sixpence a-day, there would be no very great gain to the female community, who now so vastly outnumber the male in the ranks of domestic service. That to which our remarks practically tend, is not so much the extension as the improvement of a description of employment which occupies the lives of so large a portion of the women of England. The great mistake, as we have said, is, that it is generally conceived by the classes who supply the raw material of domestic service, that every girl is by nature a domestic servant, and that she has only to step from the cottage to the servants' hall or to the kitchen, there to take her place at once, full-fledged, as an important member of a household. This is hardly, perhaps, so much their fault, as the fault of those who are above them, and who, having the power to correct, endorse the error of their less instructed neighbors. There are few poor families, we suspect, who would not gladly avail themselves of any permitted means of obtaining a good practical household education for their daughters, as soon as they were once made clearly to understand its advantage. There may be some ignorance, prejudice, and suspicion to be combated at the outset, but these would soon give way before reason and self-interest. We know that the mistress of a household, either in town or country, could hardly render more real practical service to her poorer neighbours, than by permitting the daughters of such people, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to come from time to time into their houses, to see how the work is done, and to learn how to do it, by assisting the regular members of the establishment. And yet we are afraid that many poor people, with habitual suspicion, would look upon any such proposal as an insidious attempt to obtain so much service "for nothing," and, after a little time, would suggest an idea of payment. But no one who desires to do good must suffer himself to be deterred by obstacles of

this kind. The best actions of a man's life often subject him to suspicion. Such suspicion as we have indicated would soon be lived down, with the error in which it originated, and the immense advantages of such education—advantages beneficially influencing, perhaps, a whole life—be generally appreciated.

This is a good work, in which every one who has an establishment, great or small, may assist, without any associated efforts or organized machinery. Let no one say, "What can I do alone?" Let every one try *what* he can do alone, and leave the joint result to God. The homely adage, "Take care of your pence and your pounds will take care of themselves," is true of more things than coin. These little pence of benevolence make a vast capital of well-doing, and, properly cared for, may fill the world with wealth. Besides, such independent, spontaneous effort does not exclude association and organization. We only say that it may precede them. Whilst we are contriving machinery to operate on a large scale, let every one try what can be done with one's own hands on a small scale. The association and organization, which are so much needed, will not go on the worse for this.

And what should the machinery be? We have already, in some measure, indicated its nature; and with any such indication, there will be suggested to every reader's mind an idea of industrial training in schools or other institutions. It has been stated that a large number of the female servants of England begin life in the workhouse, and end it there. We are afraid that in such cases the middle is worthy of the two extremes of their social existence. But the workhouse, as we have already observed, contains all the machinery for industrial training,—a machinery which is often set most beneficially at work in favour of the boy inmates, but is generally inoperative in behalf of the girls. Every Union workhouse ought to be an industrial school on a large scale, and, in a great measure, a self-supporting institution. Every girl ought to learn, before she is cast adrift on the world, how to wash, how to iron, how to make a bed, how to clean a grate, how to boil vegetables, how to cook a joint, how to make a pudding, how to wait at table, and how to do all kinds of plain needlework. Doubtless, some of these things are learned and practised for the benefit of the master and mistress of the Union; but there is no systematic instruction in which it is to be gravely and earnestly regarded as the business of a life.

* Flunkeyism in white livery is comely and imposing; but we have sometimes carried with us into the drawing-room, after a grand dinner, a mark of the genteel society in which we have been, in the shape of a patch of pipe-clay on our shoulder, left there by a footman, after leaning over us to remove a dish.

The rate-payers are not invited to receive these girls in furtherance of the same important object, from time to time, into their houses. Indeed, it seems to be the rule to coop them up as much and ventilate them as little as possible—to hinder their contact with the outer world and its duties, as though there were a fear of their revealing the secrets of the prison-house, in a manner that might, perhaps, be inconvenient to their gaolers. We do not say that there are no exceptions to this rule; but we are certain that our workhouses generally, whatever they may do for boys, fall very short of the due discharge of their proper functions as training institutions for girls.

The same may be said of nearly all our schools. The children of labouring men and of petty tradesmen, are not brought up to consider that they must earn their livelihood by their own work, soon after their days of pupillage are over. They learn a little reading—a little writing—and a little “summing;” and before they have properly learnt to sew, they are often promoted to crochet-work, or suffered to waste their time on elaborate “samplers.” But every school for the poor ought to be, more or less, an industrial school; and the rich who subscribe their money to them, ought to make it a condition of their support, that the children are instructed in the practical utilities of life. If this were done, there would be fewer failures at starting—fewer girls would fall by the wayside at the very outset of their career. The many failures and the many falls, the deplorable results of which we see on the pavements of our large towns, are to be attributed not merely to the fact that the poor girls are not taught to work, but that they are not taught to look seriously and solemnly at work, as at that, which if it has its pains and penalties, has also its pleasures and its privileges, and which, if worthily performed, “ranks the same with God;” whether it be in the high or the low places of the earth, amidst glory and honour or dust and ashes.

In more senses than one, this is worth considering. If the results of failure in this walk of life be grievous to contemplate, the results of success are cheering in the extreme. We must look indeed beyond the boundaries—wide as they are—of domestic service, for the good influences which issue from its more perfect organization. Hear what is said upon the subject by a man of large experience and of earnest thought:—

“The female servants in your household, whom you have taken and instructed in their respective duties—whose manners you have soft-

ened—who have learnt from you how to manage a household—who have caught up from you, insensibly, lessons of vast utility, lessons of order, lessons of economy, lessons of cleanliness, lessons of the management of children, of household comfort and tidiness,—these women eventually become the wives of small tradesmen and respectable operatives. They carry into a lower and a very extended circle the influence of your teaching and your training. Visit a hamlet or a village where the cottager’s wife has been a servant in the squire’s mansion, and you shall see the results immediately in the air of comfort, order, and neatness which reigns around—in the gentle and respectful manner of the woman—in the tidiness and respectability of her children. Even her husband, though rude and habituated to rough toil, has caught something of the gentle manners of his wife. Go into the small butcher’s, baker’s, green-grocer’s shops in town, and the same result is observable. The woman has not only the air of business, but a tone and manner about her which has been picked up in another sphere. She shows the result in her house, in the management, the dress, the cleanliness, the neatness of her children. She is not so good a specimen as the former, because, she is not so unsophisticated; the town mansion and the management of servants in them have been somewhat different. Still from you she has carried lessons of inestimable value to her husband and her family.”—[*Rev. F. S. Brewer on Workhouse Visiting—Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects.*]

Now hear what follows—a further and very noticeable result:

“Now, this class of women is never found in the London workhouses—never except from some very great misconduct, or rarely overwhelming misfortune. Coachmen, grooms, stable-boys, every class of out-door labourers, though in receipt of higher wages than domestic servants—all, in short, who do not come into close contact with you, I have seen and seen often in workhouses; but with the rarest exceptions, in proportion perhaps of one in a hundred—no woman who, having been a domestic servant, has preserved her character.”

The reverend lecturer limits his statement to the case of the London workhouses; and it may be said, perhaps, that as a large proportion of our female servants—even those employed in London—are drawn originally from the country, and therefore, in distress or in old age, return to the country, it is to the rural rather than to the metropolitan workhouses that we must look for general results. But, with this caution to the reader, we may still venture to affirm, that really good servants seldom or never come to penury in old age. It may be said that marriage is a contingency not always associated with good service. A pretty parlour-maid may sometimes obtain a husband before a homely-looking cook, though the cook be the steadier

and the thrifter of the two. Yet, as a general rule, small tradesmen and tradesmen's assistants, think more of useful qualities in a wife, and marry more systematically and more providently, than their superiors in the social scale. It is not the prettiest or the smartest girl in an establishment who makes the earliest or the best match. It is the steady, industrious girl, always to be found busy at her proper work, no gadder, no gossip, on whom the baker or the grocer casts his admiring eyes. And, apart altogether from the consideration of matrimony, (which, if many female servants bitterly deplore, so also do many in other walks of life,) there is this to be said with respect to good service, that employers know how to appreciate it, and are grateful for it when it comes. Few who have given their livelong faithful services to one family, are ever suffered to want in their old age. As a race, perhaps, they are not provident. Good and faithful servants derive little profit from their situations beyond the actual wages attached to their respective places; and, if they have no relatives poorer than themselves to be assisted by them, they spend the greater part of their earnings on dress. But we believe that the number of pensioned servants in this country is by no means small. Thousands of old servants are now spending the winter of their days in comfort, aided, if not wholly supported, by the employers to whom they have devoted the energies of youth and of middle age. There are few positions, indeed, where there is a higher premium on industry and fidelity than in domestic service. And seeing, therefore, that the difference is so wide between the results of success and the results of failure, strenuous should be our efforts, in every way, to diminish the chances of the latter. The few first steps generally determine all the rest. Give a girl a fair start, trained and disciplined for service, and the chances are, that she will not fall by the way.

We have devoted more space than we had originally designed to this subject of domestic service, but not more than, when the number of women who are thus employed is considered, it will be thought to demand. Of a nature kindred to this is the employment which is found for women in our shops. This is a favourite description of employment with young females of good address, who have received a rather better kind of education than the class from which our domestic servants are commonly drawn. The first observation on this subject which suggests itself is, that the demand ought to be greater than it is. We are devout lovers of peace, and could never concur in the Ten-

nysonian laudations of an opposite state; but we confess that there was one aspiration embodied in a stanza of *Maud*, which awakened all our sympathy on perusal:

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round
by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt rang from the
three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would
leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his
cheating yard-wand, home."

Looking at this as rather a desire than an expectation, we repeat that it has all our sympathies. If the tall fellows who wait behind the chairs, or stand behind the carriages of the great, and the men-milliners who smirk behind the counters of our shops, were, by reason of a want of manhood for war purposes, absorbed into our regiments, and handed over to the drill-sergeant and the rough-rider, so as to leave more room for women in places where men intrude, to the manifest discredit of themselves and our social and commercial system, a state of war would, at all events, have one beneficial result. It is sickening to see the "smooth-faced rogues" behind our counters, dandling tapes and ribbands in hands which God made for ruder tasks, and lisping about the "sweet things" with which they desire to tempt their lady customers, and even presuming to pay insolent compliments, for which they ought to be kicked. The only shadow of an argument in defence of this system which we have ever seen, is, that women cannot take down heavy bales of goods from the shelves. But even admitting the truth of this, the argument would only be valid so far as to indicate the necessity of keeping in every large establishment, where heavy bales of goods require to be taken down from the shelves, one or two porters for this express purpose. It does not follow that, because man's strength is needed to lift heavy bales of goods, it is needed to measure out yards of ribband and lace, or to discourse upon the quality of silks and satins.

We have heard it said that the majority of ladies who frequent our shops prefer shop-men to shop-women. But we are happy in our unbelief of this assertion. We know that many ladies are very much afraid of London shop-men, and that many more thoroughly dislike their forwardness and foppery. Some we hope take a more serious view of the matter, and are disposed on principle to support those establishments which afford most occupation to their less fortunate sisters. At all events, it were time that they should do so—full time that they

should consider that the greatest service which they can render to society is to promote by all possible means the extension of the circle wherein the women of Great Britain may earn for themselves an honest livelihood. If the ladies of England took heed of this, and acted in accordance with their convictions, tradesmen would soon find out that their shops can be attended quite as effectually by women as by men. The shopwoman may not have the same presumption or the same perseverance in pressing articles on unwilling purchasers; but this practice is so generally disliked by customers of all kinds, and is altogether so disagreeable, that it deters more than it tempts. It is a libel on the women of England to affirm that the assiduities of "oiled and curled" shopmen are otherwise than irksome to them.*

There is another department of shop business in which women may be very advantageously employed—we mean as account-keepers and cashiers. On the Continent, women are much more extensively employed as book-keepers and financiers than they are in England. They are not worse arithmeticians than men; and inasmuch as their temptations are fewer, they are more likely to be honest. We see no reason why, in this respect, we should not imitate our Continental friends. In the labour-market there should be no monopoly of sex. Of every description of work which can be done equally well by women, without any abatement of their claims to our respect as women, they ought to have their fair share.

It may be a question, whether, in the proper distribution of labour between the two sexes, all the needle-work should not pass into the hands of the woman. Certainly, it would seem at the first blush, that the lords of the creation, without any loss of manly dignity, might leave to the weaker

sex all the sewing work of the country. How men-tailors first arose it is difficult to say. Perhaps it was esteemed only in accordance with the fitness of things that men's garments should be made by men. Stout broadcloth or stern fustian were thought perhaps to defie delicate female hands. But the notion is becoming, practically, weaker and weaker; and no inconsiderable portion of man's apparel is really made by female hands. We believe that the greater number of the garments emanating from the "bespoke" trade are the work of men; but that the "slop" work more commonly belongs to women. In other words, that if you order a coat or a pair of trowsers, it will be made for you by a man, but that if you walk into a shop and buy one ready-made, it is the work of a woman. A very large number of women are employed in the getting up of the outer garments, which, at seemingly very low prices, are ticketed in the large outfitting shops, and which supply really the great mass of the coat-wearing population of the country. Waistcoat-making is in itself a profession, which numbers members by thousands. Now it is not to be denied that the garments made by men are more enduring than those made by women, if the former issue from the bespoke, and the latter from the ready-made business. But the difference does not reside in the hands of the employed, but in the wages paid by the employer. We have no reason to doubt that for the same money a woman, properly trained to the business, will do all the sewing work in a coat as well as a man. But ready-made garments are cheap, because the makers of them are underpaid; and for the same reason they are bad. The slop-sellers pay neither for skilled labour, nor for enduring work. It is not the woman's work, but the underpaid work, male or female, which is necessarily bad. It may be good for the price, but it could not possibly be good at the price that is paid for it.

The miseries of the slop-workers of all kinds, whether they be makers of outer or under garments, has awakened much popular sympathy and excited much popular indignation. The horrors of this white slavery have not been exaggerated. How could such colossal fortunes be made by Hebrew and other outfitters, if the soil from which the harvest issued were not plentifully watered and manured with blood and tears? Everybody knows that London is full of "distressed needle-women." But how, it may be asked, is this to be helped? There is a demand for cheap garments. And there is a demand for employment in the making

* In connexion with this subject of the employment of women in shops, it may be observed that, reversing the proper order of things, there is an increasing tendency to employ them, just where they ought not to be employed, in shops frequented only by men, especially tobaccoist shops, where young and comely girls are placed to attract customers. We do not speak of those low tobaccoist shops which are really brothels in disguise—but of respectable establishments. That the system is bad is proved by the significant fact, that girls seldom remain long in those shops. They disappear with unpleasant rapidity from their place behind the counter. We may admit that men are better judges of snuffs and cigars than young girls, and therefore do not grudge them the exclusive possession of the tobaccoists' counters. But women certainly ought to know, and we believe do know, more about ribbands and lace.

of cheap garments even greater than the demand for the garments themselves. Miserable as is the pittance which they receive, it is better than nothing. It is better to be hungry than to die. You may see the poor creatures clustering about the doors of the slop-shops, with their sharp eager faces waiting for their supply of wretched work, as though their very lives depended upon the issue. One wonders that it should be so—but so it is.

One wonders that it should be so, because in every one's own experience it so often happens that he needs for household purposes the assistance of needle-women of different kinds, and yet, somehow or other, can seldom get what he wants. In the first place there is a grievous setting London-wards of female labour. It is supposed that in London there is a sure market for every kind of work. In many country places you cannot get a needle-woman for love or money. And in London, perhaps, you do not know *where* to get it. There may be abundance of what you want in the next street, or under the very shadow of your house; but you do not know it. Women to whom such employment as you can give them, may be life, happiness, salvation, may pass your door every day, and you would think it a privilege to be able to take such women into your house, and say, "There, work!" But they do not know it. And so they pass on to the slop-shop, and between life and death struggle on to the grave, starved perhaps in the midst of plenty.

Now, this is no hypothetical case, but a grave, practical fact of very extensive application. Employers complain that they cannot obtain work-people, and work-people complain that they cannot find employers. There is, in very many cases, no want on either side, but a want of knowledge. In large towns, this is especially apparent. A family take up their residence, say in some London street, and have need of every kind of assistance before they can subside into order and comfort. They want char-women; they want needle-women—women who can sew and alter curtains, who can cover furniture, who can lay down carpets, who can do a thousand nameless things, necessary to complete the house for occupation. In all probability, all the needed assistance is to be found in some contiguous street. In all probability, there are women whom you might almost summon from the windows of your house, eager for such work as you desire to give them—women with hungry children and empty cupboards, having both the capacity and the inclination for work. But you do not know where they are;

and so, in despair, you betake yourself to the upholsterer, and your work is done, by no means more effectually, at double the cost, and with a double amount of delay.

It may, perhaps, be said, that if you do not employ these women to do your work, the upholsterers will employ them for you, and that therefore it is all the same in the end. But it is not the same in the end. The middleman must have his profits; to the detriment both of the employers and the employed. Where they are brought immediately into contact with each other, employers get cheaper work, and the employed better wages. Hence the injustice of slop-work. You may buy a shirt at a reasonable price in a ready-made shop. But you may buy your own materials, and have it made for you, at an equally low price; and yet pay a fair rate of wages for the sempstress's work. The same may be said of upholstery, or any other description of work. But the sempstress is compelled to betake herself to the middleman, for she knows where he is to be found. She knows where the great slop-shop stands at the corner of the street. She does not know that there is a kind lady still nearer, who is ready to pay her double the price for the same description of work.

All this is the result of a want of organization. The different parts of our social machinery do not hang well together, or rather do not hang together at all. There is a bundle of parts, all adapted to each other, but for want of some connecting links, these parts do not make a whole. The remedy would seem to be easy. Supply the links, and all the parts will act harmoniously together. What is wanted, in all large towns, is a well-understood and readily accessible channel of communication between those who have work to be done and those who desire to do it. This is the age of association. Societies of almost every kind, more or less useful, are continually starting into life. The benevolent energies of the people of Great Britain were never more active than at the present time. When a really great end is to be accomplished, money is never wanted for its furtherance—nay, objects scarcely to be accounted great are readily promoted, if they promise in any way to relieve the misery of the suffering classes. We apprehend, therefore, that it could not be difficult to obtain the means whereby the machinery of which we speak might be brought into effective action. They appear to be simple and inexpensive.

Everybody wishing to send a letter from one place to another knows how to secure its despatch. In London, if he wishes to

send a parcel, great or small, he knows how to achieve it. He knows how to get a loaf of bread, or a quire of paper, or a new hat. He sees "Post Office," or "Parcels Delivery Company"—"Baker," "Stationer," or "Hatter," or the signs and indications of each of these, in legible characters on the front of some shop in a neighbouring street. But the poor sempstress, or the char-woman, or the occasional nurse, lives in some back-room, or in some sky-parlour, in an obscure court or dark alley, and she cannot declare her whereabouts thus unmistakably to the world. Still the declaration is precisely the thing she wants, and wanting which she is reduced to desperate extremes. Now, cannot this be done for her? cannot the want be supplied by a little management on the part of others? Say that a society, to be called "The Society for the Employment of Women," were formed, and that it appointed agents in all the principal thoroughfares of our large towns. Every agent should be a respectable shopkeeper, and should be bound to display a conspicuous board announcing his agency at his shop-door, just as now the boards of the Parcels Delivery Company are displayed. He should keep a book, in which women requiring any description of employment might cause their names and addresses to be entered, with a description of the work they are competent to do, and, if possible, a reference to some respectable householder in the neighbourhood. Every one then requiring a sempstress, a charwoman, a nurse, or any kind of female employée, would know where to find one. Our small tradesmen would be always glad to undertake such agencies. There might be a small fee paid for registration, or a fixed sum might be paid by the Society, if it were found necessary—but in all probability tradesmen would find their account in the accession of custom which such an agency would bring to their respective shops.

There is no possible reason why such a simple machinery as this should not act with efficiency, after a little time had been allowed to it to make itself known. To the rich it would be a great convenience; to the poor a blessing past counting. A lady requiring any kind of needlework, or any occasional help in her establishment, or requiring a servant, or a laundress, or a milliner, or a governess, would know where to apply in her immediate neighbourhood;* and work-

* We know that there are existing institutions founded with the objects of registering and supplying governesses, and the same with respect to domestic servants and needle-women, but they are few and far between, and what is wanted is a general agency, within every one's reach.

women of all kinds would have a ready means of making known their desire to obtain employment. Moreover, by means of agencies of this description scattered over our large towns, a more equable diffusion of different descriptions of working power might be secured. In one district the demand for a particular kind of work might be greater than the supply; in another, the supply might be greater than the demand. Work-women would thus know the localities in which they would be most likely to obtain profitable employment. Nor need the benefits of this diffusion be confined merely to the towns. They might extend into the country. Hands of one kind or another might be wanted in the country when there is a glut of them in town, or the reverse. By means of the agencies of which we speak, communication might be kept up between town and country; and they might be made reciprocally to assist each other with continual supplies of a particular kind of work. There would not then be that crowding and huddling in one particular direction which keeps down the price of labour. There would not then be as there is now a keen contest for employment even at a rate of remuneration which is said, in language which expresses only the simple truth, "barely to keep body and soul together."

Every reader of the London newspapers has his attention frequently and painfully called to the large amount of misery and crime resulting from this ill-requited female labour. The "Horrors of slop-work" is a common newspaper heading to police reports, illustrative of starvation, attempted suicide, illegal pawning, &c. &c. From one which has appeared since this article was commenced, we take the following significant passage. A poor woman is brought up to the Thames Police-office, charged with an attempt to poison her child and herself. The medical officer, to whom the mother and child were taken in the first instance, thus testifies:—

"Mr. Burch said he had been connected with the London Hospital for eleven years, and for five years with the Whitechapel Union. A large number of patients had been under his care, and he had carefully investigated a considerable number of cases, and was satisfied that needle-women were the most ill-paid class of people, and the most hard-working on earth. They were miserably paid, and he knew that numbers of them, with constitutions broken down, earned from 3s. to 4s. per week only, and for that very scanty pittance were compelled to work from three o'clock in the morning till ten at night. They soon became enfeebled by insufficient diet and overwork, and when broken down either had recourse to suicide or prostitution.

"Mr. Selfe (the magistrate) said, there was no occasion for distressed needle-women to select either alternative. There were poor-laws in existence, and every destitute person was entitled to parochial relief.

"Mr. Burch: Many shrink from it. I am quite sure that many women, rather than endure the horrors of slop-work, have gone upon the town; and I have the authority of the Bishop of Oxford for saying, there are 80,000 prostitutes in London. Is it any wonder when the needle-women are so badly remunerated?

"Mr. Selfe said there were no means to compel those who employed poor needle women to pay them more liberally.

"Mr. Burch said the clerical gentlemen should go about and visit their flocks more frequently, and clerical agency, with the aid of laymen, could effect a good deal by visiting the abodes of the poor, and urging upon employers to pay the poor needle-women better wages. He also thought if the stipendiary magistrates met frequently, they might devise measures to alleviate the miseries of needle-women.

"Mr. Selfe: What would be the use of visits? It would only be a temporary cure. The stipendiary magistrates do meet often on all points. You have introduced a wide subject, and beyond our scope to deal with. The needle-women are badly paid, and there is a good deal of poverty, no doubt, existing in this district, but there is no need for actual destitution. In this case the poor woman has recently lost her father and her husband. It was not possible to prevent a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances."

It may not be possible to prevent a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances; but it may be possible to prevent a concurrence of so many unfortunate circumstances as drove the poor woman to madness and murder. We should be guilty of no very violent assumption if we were to declare that the wretched creature could have borne up against her other misfortunes, if her penury had not weighed her to the ground. Needle-women, says Mr. Burch, are so miserably paid, that, broken down by suffering, they betake themselves in time either to suicide or prostitution: and there is, unhappily, too much reason to believe that he does not overstate the miserable results of the extreme difficulty of obtaining honourable employment for women in our overgrown towns. The newspapers are continually presenting us with such tragedies as the following:—

"Elizabeth Fogarty, a girl of nineteen, was charged at Worship Street with attempting to commit suicide by swallowing laudanum. It appeared that about a fortnight before she flung herself off one of the bridges, but was dragged out. On that occasion she was taken to Bow Street. On being now asked the reason of these attempts, she replied, 'My father is a wood-cutter in Westminster: I have lost my mother, but I

have a step-mother, and, as my father would not do anything for me, and I have no place to go to, what can I do? I yesterday went to the Mansion House to ask for an asylum, but the Mansion House was shut up; and I therefore wandered on to Hackney, and swallowed the poison in Mare Street. I bought the poison in the Strand, at a chemist's, where the gentleman asked me what it was for, and, on my telling him it was not for me, he served me directly.' The girl was remanded, and on the following day Mr. D'Eyncourt, the magistrate, told her he had succeeded in obtaining for her an admission into the Elizabeth Fry Institution, for which she seemed very grateful."

And we need impress upon the mind of on one, who has eyes to see and faculties to comprehend, that if some are driven to suicide, hundreds and thousands are driven to prostitution by the difficulty of procuring honest work.

To suffer such a state of things as this is a national crime. The subject is eminently painful, and difficult to discuss in such a manner as shall serve the interests of humanity, and be at the same time inoffensive to the most delicate mind. And yet, of all the sectional questions of the one comprehensive Woman's Question, this is, perhaps, most a woman's question of all: firstly, because it involves the case of the actual "employment" of so large a number of woman; and, secondly, because it is mainly by woman's intervention that these numbers of *employées* are to be rescued, if at all, from their degradation. If there be, as stated, in London alone, 80,000 victims to the "great sin of great cities," we suspect that we should be within the mark, if we were to say that 50,000 of them walk the streets at nights wholly because they cannot obtain a livelihood in any other way. A large proportion of them have been domestic servants, needlewomen, waistcoat-makers, artificial flower-makers, &c., &c., and have been driven to dishonesty by the difficulty of obtaining honest employment. Scarcely one of them would not forsake her unhappy calling tomorrow if honourable work could be provided for her. But who, she asks, will employ her,—who will stretch out a hand to save her? Now, the suggestions which we have proposed to ourselves to offer in this place, tend rather towards future prevention than present cure. It hardly comes within the scope of our Article to suggest the means of grappling with the immense mass of existing prostitution, which is such a scandal to our Christian England; but we believe that any measure which would facilitate the employment of women, by opening a channel of communication between work-seekers and work-givers would at once diminish the evil. We think sufficiently well of the women of

England, who are prosperous, and happy, and virtuous—who have neither suffered want, nor been tempted to evil—to believe that they would esteem it a privilege to rescue an erring sister from perdition, and would not shrink, fearful of contamination, or recoil in Pharisaical indignation, from contact with a suffering Magdalene, eager to walk in honest paths. Nay, we are convinced that there are many, who, reading in a Registration Book some such entry as,—“A. B., aged twenty-two, No. 7, Wild Court, Holborn; formerly a waistcoat-maker; has since been unfortunate; anxious to leave her present way of life; is a good needlewoman; willing to take any kind of honest employment,”—many, we say, who, reading such an entry, would rejoice in the opportunity of rescuing the penitent one, body and soul, from the cruel streets; and would give her work, to the extent of their own means, and recommend her case to others, who would willingly “do likewise.”

Let no one be deterred by the consideration of the little that individual effort can do to reduce so vast a mountain of evil. Let no one say, “What is it to reclaim one out of eighty thousand?” and answer the question despondingly. What is it to reclaim one? Why, truly, a great achievement—truly a noble thing to save “one,—even the least of these little ones.” Besides, who can say that she saves *only* one? Every lost one thus brought back to the flock of honest workers will be more or less a missionary for good among her erring sisters. There are thousands who need but to be shown the way to earn an honest livelihood, to do it, earnestly and gratefully, and never to slide back again into the old slippery paths of destruction. There is a capacity for good in most of them: they hate their way of life: they hate themselves for following it: they need but to be shown the way to leave it, without perishing outright,—and they will leave it. There is much friendship and strong sympathy among these lost ones, and there are few who, having found their way back to honesty, would not endeavour to persuade others to leave their abominable trade.

In a large number of cases it is, as we have said, simply a question of money. Even a few shillings well expended will sometimes turn the scale. A trifling sum of this kind will give a girl “a start.” Her anxieties do not extend far into the future. Perhaps even a couple of crown-pieces may turn one of these unfortunates into an honest wife. For marriage is not denied to them. There is often an amount of truth and fidelity in these poor outcasts—one pure strong affection blossoming in the midst of all the horrible cor-

ruption of their lives—which, properly directed, would leave little wanting to the perfection of the conjugal character. In humble life this is known and appreciated. A curious illustration of this fact, and of others to which we have alluded in this article, was afforded a few months ago by some proceedings at the Lambeth Police-Office, which are thus reported:—

“On Mr. Norton taking his seat on the bench, Cook, the gaoler, called to his notice a young man, named Robert Wadham, and a young woman named Maria Perkins, and said that some days ago the young woman had made an application of an unusual character, namely, a gift of 10s. from the poor-box to enable her and a young man who accompanied her to get married. Mr. Elliott, having learned from her that the young man was about to get into a situation, he was of opinion that the better course would be for the man to wait a short time, and be in a position before marrying to support a wife, and the parties withdrew from the court. He, Cook, perceiving that the young woman, particularly, was very much downcast at the result of the application, was induced to ask her some questions, and learned from her that having been on the streets for some time, and being disgusted with such a course of life, and meeting with the young man who accompanied her, and becoming attached to him, she was anxious to get married to him. The young man consented to her putting up the banns, but not having 10s. to pay the marriage fees, they had been out-called. In addition to this, the mother of the young man, who was with the young woman, assured him that her statement was true, that she, having a large family, was unable to pay the money, but if they were married, she should take the young woman into her house, and teach her the business of artificial flower maker; and her husband objected to admit her into his house unless she was married. Under these circumstances he (Cook) had undertaken to get up a subscription to pay the marriage fees, but he was not so successful as he expected, as he only got 7s. out of the 10s.; and the reason for bringing this before his worship was in the hope that he would give the odd 3s. Mr. Norton said he should have no objection whatever in doing so, provided Cook was quite certain of the truth of the statement. Cook replied that if he had not been satisfied on that point he should not have interfered. Two gentlemen in the court subscribed the required sum, and the magistrate ordered that 10s. from the poor-box should be added, and the couple left the court.”

There is a great deal that is very suggestive in this story. It exhibits the anxiety of the poor girl to leave her sad way of life—the latent goodness, and perhaps natural purity of her character, which had recommended her to the young man—his willingness to take her as his wife, in spite of her degrading antecedents, and the willingness also of his family to receive her, and teach her to earn an honest livelihood, provided she were

married. And yet all this, which might easily be expanded into a very touching "Romance of Humble Life," had well-nigh come to nought for want of two crown-pieces. There were, doubtless, thousands of good people within a little distance of that Lambeth Police Office—the excellent Archbishop at their head—who would willingly have cast in their crowns to make the young people happy and respectable; repudiating altogether Mr. Elliott's idea that it would be "better to wait a short time." But if it had not been for the publicity of the Police Office—and most serviceable often are our police offices as mediums of communication between the rich and the poor—Maria Perkins might have gone back to the streets.

What may be the growth of happiness or of misery resulting from such a marriage as this, Heaven only knows. On a recent occasion, "we said—and we believe most truly—that "what is wanted most of all is something that will make it less a necessity with women to unite themselves, legally or illegally, with the other sex." "In a large number of cases," we added, "what a woman most looks for in matrimony or concubinage is a breadfinder. . . . What else, it is said, can she do? What but misery, it would be better to ask, can result from such a system?—what but wife-beatings or slow torturings can be the growth of such ill-assorted marriages as this fatal necessity involves?"

To do away with this necessity, let us open out the road to remunerative employment. Or, perhaps, we ought not to write "open out the road." The road is often open. But it requires that we should plant finger-posts upon it. Of what use is a road, if the wayfarer knows not which way to turn? A furlong off to the right, or a furlong off to the left, there may be all that the poor wanderer desires—a cheerful fire, a table spread; security, comfort, repose. But what are these things, if the traveller does not know where to find them? The poor, foot-sore, frightened woman, goes groping on in the cold and in the dark, hungry and weary—not to any hospitable goal, but to misery and destruction. She falls by the wayside and perishes; when a finger-post here or a finger-post there—a mere costless log of wood, with a few letters upon it, would guide her safely to her journey's end.

We cannot too emphatically repeat, again and again, that what society requires for the protection of women against all the cruel wrongs of the world, is not merely an extended market for woman's work, (impor-

tant as this is,) but an increased facility of communication between the Rich and the Poor. The Rich have their wants as well as the Poor. If the poor could make their wants known, the Rich would gain greatly by the knowledge. Let the women of England, who are happy and prosperous, think seriously of this. They have work to give, and would give it cheerfully to their less fortunate sisters. But they say that they cannot get this work done; that they cannot believe that there is so great a dearth of employment. They contend it must be a fable or an exaggeration, that women's work is so miserably requited, when they pay dearly for it, and cannot always get it when they want. They speak of their own experience; and they are right. They do not think how they are fenced and guarded from all knowledge of the outside world; and that there are women, either pining in utter want, hungry and shivering in the next street, or else flaunting on the pavement before their door, simply for want of the very employment which they are willing, nay, anxious to give.

It is a part of our system that they should be thus ignorant. Who will take the trouble to instruct them? Or who will be bold enough to do it? There are things not to be spoken of to delicate ears—above all, there is the great sin,

"Which slurs our cruel streets from end to end,
With eighty thousand women in one smile,
Who only smile at night beneath the gas."

Will "virtuous" women inquire into this grave matter—will they hold fellowship with outcasts?

"Such wretches cannot tell out all their wrong,
Without offence to decent happy folk;
We know that they must scrupulously hint
With half-words, delicate reserves, the thing
Which no one scrupled they should feel in full."*

And yet no one can fully understand this subject of the "Employment of Women"—no one can appreciate its mighty importance—no one can estimate the extent to which the evil, seemingly confined to the lower classes, rebounds against and destroys the higher, who does not consider how our streets are swarming with castaways. The delicately nurtured lady in her boudoir, may think that it is no concern of hers. But, perhaps, she is grieving over the profligacy of a favourite son, who is wasting his very

* *North British Review*, No. xlix., Article, "Outrages on Women."

* Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, a work of which we should have made freer use in this paper, if we had not devoted to it a separate article of another kind. See *infra*, pp. 443-462.

life in rioting and wantonness—and who has been first beguiled by the temptations of the streets. Is this any concern of hers? Does she ever think how

“Even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice
To our own lips?”

We have but little space now at our disposal, and that little ought to be devoted to a branch of the subject, which, for its sufficient consideration, would require such an article as this to itself. We have written of the amateur work of those whom necessity compels not to work; we have written of the professional work of those who are born to work; but we have not written of the professional work of those who are not born to work; and yet there are many toiling and suffering women in the world, who, born to affluence and ease, born to be watched over and provided for by other bread-finders, are compelled to become bread-finders themselves. In many respects their case is even harder than that of their more lowly sisters. There are fewer paths of occupation open to them. True; it may be said that what one woman may do, another woman may do; and that no honest labour is degrading. Verily, no honest labour is degrading; but, apart from the consideration (on which some stress must be laid) that women tenderly nurtured, and surrounded in youth by all the enervating influences of a high state of civilisation, are not physically capable of hard work, it is not to be forgotten that the employing classes are unwilling to place women, perhaps as well-born and well-educated as themselves, in menial offices about their households; and that if a lady, in reduced circumstances, were, in her despair, to apply for a parlour-maid's or house-maid's situation, in all probability she would not get it; and that, not on the score of her inefficiency, but the score of her gentility. All this is too intelligible to require explanation. The reasons lie in the nature of the service. It is not mere fastidiousness, therefore, which closes the doors of employment against well-born and well-educated women. Whatever their own inclination may be to forget, or to “sink” their birth and education, others will not overlook such disqualifying circumstances; and we can hardly say that they are to blame.

All kinds of menial service, then, being denied to women well-born and well-educated, what remains for them, if they are compelled to earn their bread by labour?—and that thousands are so compelled we know only too surely. Of all labour, that of the

brain is conventionally the least degrading. Lords are as ready to receive their money for article-writing as commoners, and are quite as able to drive a bargain with a publisher; whilst peradventure, my lady drives the hardest bargain of all. Any gentlewoman may make money by authorship without losing caste. But how few are competent to earn money in this way—how few men can so earn it! In discussing such a question as the Employment of Women, which involves the interests not of tens but of thousands, it is hardly worth our while to take this matter of authorship into account; and yet, it may be said that literature (if it be a profession) is the only profession, except its near kindred, music and painting, which do not jealously exclude women from all participation in its honours and its profits. There is no injustice done to women here. The road is open. The race is fair. If woman be the fleetest, she wins. We have little in the way of practical suggestion to offer upon this point. Women, who can write, do write; though, perhaps, it is more common for women of small parts to rush into print, and for women, who need not the gains of literature to endeavour to grasp them; while women of great parts remain silent, and the needy hold back their hands. But there are some subordinate literary positions in which women might be employed with advantage to themselves and to literature. They are frequently expert copyists—accurate and rapid in their work; they are more patient than men, and therefore are better index-makers; they are good correctors of the press,—on the whole, we are inclined to think, more careful and sharp-eyed than men. In any one of these capacities, women of education may be honourably and not unpleasantly employed in their own homes; and we believe that employment of this kind might be found for them. But here again, we meet the old difficulty. The employers stand on one side of the stream, the employees on the other. But the stream is impassable. They cannot help one another. There is no bridge by which they may pass from one bank to the other. Nothing is so difficult to obtain as literary assistance of a humble kind. Literary men, with extensive and multiform engagements, have sometimes exchanged experiences on this point. Each has felt that there must be hundreds of families in London, to whom such employment as they have been willing to give to a son, or in the case of work that may be done at home to a daughter of good ability and industrious habits, would be a veritable godsend. But all have known that they have sought in vain.

for what they have *felt* must exist in abundance, and they have been doubly disappointed; firstly, because they have not obtained what they wanted; and, secondly, because they have lost a means of conferring happiness on others. Here again such agency as we have suggested might be turned to profitable account. It may be observed, that whenever it is desirable, there might be, in the first instance, a reservation of the name and address of the person seeking employment. Nothing would be easier than to keep a double set of books—one open to the public; the other a private record only to be referred to, at an advanced stage, when the inquiry is known to be of a *bonâ fide* character, and there is a fair chance of an engagement resulting from it.

Painting and drawing may give remunerative employment to a few educated ladies. But here the supply is greater than the demand; and we do not know that anything can be said to increase the latter. Of late years photography has been taken up by women as a means of earning a livelihood; but we are disposed to think that the profession is overstocked, and that the subsistence it affords is scanty and precarious. Ladies, for the most part, prefer sitting to female photographers, which is one argument in favour of their occupying their fair share of the ground. The colouring of stereoscopic drawings requires considerable delicacy of touch, and will generally be better done by women than by men. In wood-engraving women generally excel for the same reason; a light supple hand is required. We are inclined to think that more women might be employed in this branch of art than now devote themselves to it. Some women make a good income by designing patterns for the manufacturers—but this is a gift; and they who possess it are exceptional cases. What we have to do is to suggest means of employment for those who have no special gifts.

Music affords employment to many. Professional singers of the first class are extravagantly remunerated. But in the lower grades the recompense is scanty. They who publicly exhibit, are, however, comparatively few. By far the greater number of those who devote themselves to music, as a means of earning a subsistence, are teachers. Now, teachers are a very large class—the largest and the most important class of educated women earning a livelihood by their own exertions. They demand, therefore, conspicuous attention in such an article as this. As soon, indeed, as a woman discovers, or her parents discover for her, that she must be-

come her own bread-finder, it is almost invariably decreed that she shall become, in some way or other, a teacher. If she has any especial talent for music or drawing, it is possible that she may be counselled to devote herself exclusively to these branches of education; but, in the greater number of cases, she “goes out” as a “governess.” Perhaps, of all kind of female employment, this has the advantage of the best organization—the best external machinery. There are two or three excellent institutions in London to which heads of families may advantageously betake themselves for information, with something approaching to a certainty that the persons recommended are capable of fulfilling properly all the conditions of governess life. But local agencies may still be resorted to with advantage, especially in the case of daily governesses. If you live in Belgravia, it is of no use to you to hear of an excellent daily governess residing in the neighbourhood of Russell Square. Where non-resident teachers are required, it is obviously necessary that you should seek them in the vicinity of your own house.

A great deal has been written, at various times and in various places, about the miseries of governess-life. Novelists and romance writers, and fervent essayists, have found in this description of white slavery an unfailing subject of fictitious illustration or didactic discourse. There are, doubtless, some proud and arrogant ladies in the world, not disinclined to treat the “young person,” whom they condescend to employ, with hauteur and unkindness. Moreover, there are such things as disagreeable children, very trying to the patience, and often requiring much correction, which the governess is not permitted to administer. But we have a profound conviction that these are the exceptional cases; and that, in the present day, the governesses of England are treated with all possible courtesy and kindness. Their position is, in some respects, a trying one. But the trials are only such as good sense and good feeling will enable them to overcome. Every position has its trials. That which has many privileges has also many penalties and provocations. Scarcely one of us, man or woman, is not subject even to rougher attrition than the “poor governess,” whom it is so much the fashion to compassionate. It may appear to be a fine thing to be a minister of state; but night after night he goes down to Parliament with the certainty of being badgered and bullied in a manner compared with which the occasional “snubbings” to which a governess is exposed are but as the roarings of a night-gale or a sucking dove. Who in high

place or in low place escapes the rubs of the world? The mother of a family wonders, perhaps, how Miss Grey can suffer the children to ink their pin-befores so unscrupulously; or sends her off somewhat imperatively to the piano, when she is listening, in the drawing-room after dinner, to some amusing story that the eldest hope, fresh from Cambridge, is telling her: and when she goes to her chamber at night, she probably bemoans her hard fate, and wishes that she were a man, and independent like the master of the house, who pays her the annual sixty guineas. Little does she think what rubs the envied master has endured in the course of the day, or how the offending mistress is, in her return, often offended. The master has been annoyed and aggravated, almost past endurance, by some official superior, of smaller capacity than himself; or, if in trade, he has been insulted by some exacting and purse-proud customer; or his banker has refused, in no very complimentary manner, to make him any more advances. He returns home, irritated and out of spirits; finds fault with the domestic arrangements; hints that his wife is extravagant and a bad manager; and says all sorts of unkind things to her, until she cries herself to sleep. Miss Grey, we may be sure, is not the only person in the house who has been dragged through a quickset hedge in the course of the day.

Again, it is not pleasant, in the abstract, to labour for one's daily bread work. Hard work has its penalties and privations, and unless one can look seriously and solemnly at it, and feel an elevated delight in the sense of doing one's duty "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us," it is irksome to toil, without intermission, from morning to night. But this is not peculiarly the lot of governesses. "Independent," much-envied manhood works still harder and is really much more dependent. But it is said, that governess labour is so ill-requited. High accomplishments and a life of toil are demanded in return for "a miserable pittance." From time to time, startling advertisements appear in our newspapers, showing how educated female labour is assessed by some people requiring governesses for their children or assistants in schools. But these we believe to be exceptional cases. A very large number of resident governesses receive from £50 to £100 per annum—and many considerably more. This may appear to be a small income for an educated gentlewoman. But, on such a salary, she is often richer than her employer. "It is a great help," says an intelligent writer on governess-life, "in any

condition of life to the cheerful fulfilment of its duties, if we try to discover what are the blessings it possesses, rather than the ills which attend it. Let us apply this remark to the position of governesses, and see whether there are not many causes for thankfulness in their lot. One marked advantage they enjoy is this, the freedom from domestic cares; they have no household to provide for, no risk as to their income, none of that attention to servants which is so heavy a burden to many mothers, none of these innumerable arrangements to make which occupy so much time and thought, and which necessarily fall upon wives and parents."* If the salary of the governess be small, her wants also are small. Everything is provided for her, except her clothes, and perhaps her washing. If she falls sick, the medical attendant of the family, in most cases, is called in, at her employer's expense. When she travels, the expenses of her journey are paid. If she goes to a place of public amusement, her seat or her voucher is secured for her at the cost of her employer. She has books, and music, and newspapers at his expense. And, if some of these privileges are permitted to her, as it were on sufferance, the gain is substantial, whilst the loss of dignity is a mere vapour of the mind.

We have great respect for governesses as a class. We rejoice exceedingly in the increasing tendency of the present age to treat them with consideration and kindness. They cannot be treated with too much consideration and kindness. But it is no kindness to them to exaggerate the evils of their position, or to teach them to regard, as peculiar to their own lot, the trials inseparable from a life of labour. The real evil of governess life is, that the supply of governesses is in excess of the demand; that many persons undertake this important office, not because they are fitted for it, either by nature or education, but simply because it is desirable, perhaps necessary, that somehow or other, they should earn a certain number of pounds every year by their own exertions. The ordinary question in such cases is not, "What am I fit for?" but, "What is fit for me?" Most girls with a little smattering of knowledge think that they are capable of teaching children; and, if they do not, their parents assume the fact for them. But beyond this assumption, there is, in most cases, the glaring fact, that there is positively nothing but governess life to which they can

* From an excellent little volume, called "Governess Life; its Trials, Duties, and Encouragements," by the author of "Memorials of Two Sisters." Published in 1849 by Mr. Parker of the West Strand.

betake themselves. They would willingly earn a livelihood in some other field, if they only knew where to find it.

Hence the numbers that jostle each other along this road, the crowds who press on, eager to take any remuneration for their services rather than obtain no employment at all; hence the occasional exactions of those who, knowing that the market of female labour is overstocked, take advantage of their knowledge to drive hard bargains, such as would disgrace a slave-driver on the other side of the Atlantic. Hence, too, in some instances, the imperfect education and the bad moral training of some of our English girls. But what is the remedy? There is only one. We must endeavour to open out new channels of female employment. But how often this is said, how general is the proposition, how accustomed we are to hear the sneering request, "Give us something practical!" But when the something practical is given, the sneer is generally more significant than before.

We are not afraid of this. If we have only brought a few readers to think more seriously of the question, we have not written in vain. But the something practical—where is it? We believe that a great deal, which is very practical, is scattered over this article. But we have still some further suggestions to offer. Not very long ago, a statement "went the round of the papers," to the effect that there were already eight diplomated female physicians practising in Boston, (U.S.) and that there were thirty-eight students in the Female Medical College. "Whenever," says an American writer, "there are sufficient data to establish the truth (now little if at all disputed in America), that childbirth is freed from its worst difficulties and dangers when the unnatural presence of men is dispensed with, the medical and surgical care of women and children will pass into the hands for which nature designed it." There would appear to be nothing very unreasonable in this, but on the contrary something extremely rational and hopeful. But see how the facts stated above are received by the Faculty in England. The leading medical journal of this country thus comments upon them:—

"Female physic thrives apace in America. At Boston, where Columbia gave birth to the young constitution, which is now sowing its wild oats broadcast, there is a female medical college numbering thirty-eight students. A grant of Government money has also been voted towards establishing a similar institution at New York. This is to be under the immediate superintendence of Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., late of St. Bartholomew's; with a bevy of those spinsters men-

tioned by Shakespeare as 'free maids, who weave their threads with bones' for anatomical demonstrators. At Boston, moreover, there are eight doctresses with diplomas in full practice. We suppose some of these female physicians are married. And this involves a great social mystery of which we have as yet received no account. When the Mrs. M.D.'s are attending to patients in their boudoirs of consultation, or pointing out pathological nicknacks in their anatomical drawing-rooms, or going their rounds with stethoscopes in their bonnets, what are their husbands doing? Do they superintend the perambulators, or are these hitched on to the professional broughams of the mammas? Is it a part of the husband's marital duty to manage the nursery—in short, to attend to the domestic affairs generally? Perhaps matrimony is ignored altogether. Indeed we do not well see how a conscientious doctress could promise to love, honour, and obey a husband who might order her to give her patients a dose of strychnia all round."

Surely this is not the way to deal with so grave a question. Argument must be wanting, or the sneer would not be resorted to by so distinguished an authority. The same questions as are here put might be employed also to write down any description of independent female labour. When women go out to teach drawing or music, or when they attend to shops, or make caps and bonnets, gowns or mantles, what, it may be asked, are their husbands doing? Attending to their own business, if they have any, or living on their wives' earnings, Mantalini-like, if they have not. We do not mean to say that there are no practical difficulties in the way of the effectual working of this scheme. Objections will readily suggest themselves; but they are not insuperable objections. All women may not be fit for such work. But all men are not fit for it. Many woman will lack the necessary amount of nerve; but many men lack it also. In difficulty and danger woman have great presence of mind. They are often calm and collected where men are unbalanced and unbalanced, and incapable of exertion. Women have more tenderness and more patience, and they must necessarily understand many female ailments better than men. They will always have one great advantage over male practitioners. Female patients will be more unreserved in their communications to them. Many woman have been sacrificed to their delicacy—to their repugnance to state fully their ailments to men-doctors; perhaps even to call them in until it is too late. Let such objections as these be fairly balanced against those which may be adduced against female practitioners, and let us calmly consider the average result.

We do not pretend to know, under the existing order of things in Great Britain,

what proportion of children are annually brought into the world without the assistance of any male practitioner. But we know that in humble life it is very common to employ only a nurse or midwife. And we do not believe that, under such circumstances more dangerous cases of parturition occur, than where men are professionally employed. But if such were the case, if the number of deaths or injuries were proportionately greater, no argument could be derived from the fact against the employment of educated and diplomatised women. If, in the present state of things, accidents arise from the absence of men, it is not on account of the sex, but on account of the ignorance of the practitioner. The same amount of knowledge, as indicated by the diploma, existing in both cases, we cannot help thinking that the advantage, in most cases, will be on the side of the female attendant.

We might pursue this subject much further, but time and space have alike narrowed to a small compass; and we have by no means exhausted our notes. In the early part of this paper we have touched on the subject of nurses, but rather in connexion with amateur than with professional labour. Many women of a better kind might find profitable employment in this path of life; and if licenses, or diplomas of an inferior class, indicating a certain amount of medical and physiological knowledge were granted to them, the business would not be beneath the adoption of women of birth and education. But here again, perhaps, the jealousy and selfishness of men would step in and thwart our efforts; for the presence of such educated nurses would often render it wholly unnecessary to call in a regular practitioner at all.

Suggestions of an extended field of female labour, altogether in a different direction, have been recently put forth, and have provoked in London some public discussion. It is said that a large number of women, of a better class than those who ordinarily gain their livelihood by manual labour, might find profitable occupation in the manufacture of watches, especially the more delicate part of the work, the minute engraving, &c. The number of watches made in England; and the number of people employed in making them, (men, of course,) are wonderfully small in proportion to the numbers of both in Switzerland, (the other great watch-producing country,) where women are extensively employed. And an eminent watch-maker of London (Mr. Bennett of Cheapside) has brought the subject prominently forward at public meetings and through the

public press, contending that we might make many more and much cheaper watches, and at the same time help to solve some of the great social problems of the day, if we would employ women in watch-manufacture. He has written and lectured largely on this subject; and is giving practical effect to his views by the employment of a large number of women, (some, we believe, well born and educated women,) in the manufacture of his watches. In one of his letters to the *Times*, he says:—

“We must have a complete directory, giving the name and special capabilities of every man and woman available; a minute subdivision of labour, adjusting to each person's abilities the exact quality of the work which he or she can best do, and neither more nor less; we must never employ a man to do what a woman can do as well or better; we must get Lord John & Co. to look to Switzerland for a system of public education so admirably liberal as to constitute one essential element of their superiority. They well know the absolute necessity of the utmost care in manufacturing the manufacturers. They are wise enough never to expect excellence in the work until they have thoroughly trained and tutored the future workman. And, lastly, we must despise the libel that any man may dare to cast upon his countrywomen, imputing to them inability to execute works of precision. Thousands of women are at this moment finding profitable employment at the most delicate portions of watch-work throughout the district round Neuchâtel. The subdivision of labour is there wisely made so minute as to adjust itself precisely to the special capabilities of every woman's individual dexterity. For any man to declare, whatever his motive, that the women of London are sure to do badly what the Swiss women are now doing so well, is an insult and a fallacy in which I refuse to join. I know better, and will before long prove their capabilities. Thousands of the women of London, now in dire distress, have the power to equal, and perhaps to outstrip, their Swiss sisters in a rival race for an honourable and abundant means of subsistence. I know the realization of my suggestions to be within their reach, and I believe there are few men of any worth who will refuse to join me in the wish that Heaven may grant that this desirable means of rescuing so many from their present misery may be speedily removed from the necessity of newspaper discussion.”

Our readers will, in all probability, anticipate one of the results of Mr. Bennett's suggestions. They were vehemently opposed by men, whether “men of any worth?” we do not know. The newspapers, not long ago, reported a public meeting of the watch-making trade, somewhere in London, convened for the express purpose of denouncing Mr. Bennett as a mountebank and an impostor. The speakers declared that Mr. Bennett knew nothing about watchmaking, and

cared nothing about the employment of women; and that his lectures on "Women and Watchwork" were but ingenious puffs to gull the public, to advertise his own shop, and to put money into his own pocket. We cannot be surprised at this. When educated gentlemen set an example of selfishness and exclusiveness, it is only to be expected that the working classes should follow it. And so the greed of man is the degradation of woman.

How long is this state of things to last? By one of those strange coincidences which show how oftentimes the lessons of "chance" are more significant than those of design, we find, at the back of Mr. Bennett's letter as cut out of the *Times*, another letter, earnestly and indignantly written, by an English lady, under the heading of "Traffic in Women"—a letter relating to the "infamous traffic in young girls at this time, carried on to a greater extent than can be conceived or believed by those who sit at home, and trenched round by all the sanctities of domestic life, and all the safeguards of virtue;" a letter in which English-women are called to "lay to heart" this state of things, and use their utmost power to stop the progress of the enormous wrong. Let them lay it to heart; let them think earnestly and solemnly of the obtrusive fact, that women, by thousands and tens of thousands, are either fast sinking into their graves under the combined effects of hunger, cold, and continued watching, or else perishing body and soul together, painted and bedizened, in the public streets, and dragging others, the sons and brothers of our English ladies, down to destruction with them. We read, even as this sheet is passing through the press, of an influential deputation to the Home Secretary, exhorting the Government to suppress houses of improper character, and of attempts made by the Police to sweep lost women from the pavement of a particular street in London. And is this the remedy for a deeply-seated disease? We might as well attempt to cure the small-pox by applying a caustic to the pustules on the sufferer's face.

It is not the curse of the poor that women are compelled to work from morning to night. Labour has its pleasures and privileges. It is the curse of the poor, that having the desire to work, women cannot obtain work to do—that they cannot live and be honest. We are making great efforts to obtain for women the right of working for themselves. But of what avail is it to secure for them the benefits of their labour, if we cannot secure for them, in the first instance, labour by which to profit? It

is here that, properly considered, the injustice of man begins. Here, then, let man begin to make reparation. No legislative enactment is required. The right that is sought is merely the right to labour. But with short-sighted selfishness men monopolize the labour-market, and block up avenues of employment, which women might well and worthily tread.

But will Woman be true to Woman? Let the ladies of Great Britain ponder some of the results which we have indicated, lay them to heart, and ask themselves how large a part of all this misery and all this crime ought to lie as a burden on their own-consciences. And when the answer is honestly given, let them begin at once to do what they can. Every woman who saves one sister from a life of degradation, will do that for which she will have her reward. If she saves *but* one, she has done a great thing. Let her not concern herself about aggregate results. Her mite will be accepted. It is by taking care of these mites, that the pounds, and tens of pounds, and hundreds of pounds, of social improvement, come in time to take care of themselves.

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- ART. II.—1. *English, Past and Present*. Five Lectures by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D., &c., &c. London, 1856.
2. *On the Study of Words*. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D., &c. Sixth Edition. London, 1855.

WHEN Will Shakspeare and Ben Jonson fought in loving rivalry the battle of the Classic and Romantic Schools, the world, looking on delighted, said, "It is the age of the Drama." When Swift hurled unclean satires at those who refused him fat benefices; and Voltaire taught that Holy Writ was a meet study for Judæus Apella, they said, "It is the age of Humour." When stalwart grey-whiskered men sauntered along "untrodden ways," by the Cumberland Lakes, and wrote such balderdash as this:—

"She lived *unknown*, and few could *know*
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me,"—

the astonished world muttered, "It is the age of Poesy."

And now, when we have no drama but the French—no Poetry but a Laureate's—no Humour but the shilling wit of Egyptian Hall,—What is the world to say? It

The plea on which Sydney Smith excused the *Edinburgh* for being quarterly, was, that time was wanted to allow a sufficient number of books to be published from which to choose; but to-day we saw two whole pages of the *Times* filled with advertisements of forthcoming volumes. Is it not the age of books? Let Routledge and Mudie answer.

It is the old story of supply and demand. The Brahman caste exists no more in England. Walpole's valet might have his own copy of St. Simon now. We have educated all classes more or less, and the population has doubled itself. Cheap literature, however it be deplored, is a necessity of the times, like cheap flour, and to fill the hungry minds of masses, most write and many publish. Nor is this an accident of the Anglo-Saxon genius. France, too, has its railway libraries—its thousand novelists, and million vaudevillists; in Germany, each youth entering the battle of life trenches himself behind a neat octavo, of much learning and more theory. And wherever there is not a *Catalogus Expurgatus*, and a few adventurous Sosii may be found, the majority of those who write publish also.

It is the age of books. But is it the Augustan age? Sir Archibald Alison considers the period "immediately succeeding the fall of Napoleon," as the Augustan (or as he calls it, the *Augustine**) age, in France and England, and extends it to the present day. Now, strictly speaking, a literary age ends when the stars which brightened it have set. No one will call this the age of Scott and the Lake Poets. The reign of Tennyson is not the reign of Byron; and forty years have sufficed to supplant the morbid sentimentalism of the one, with the healthier philosophy of the other.

That the Augustan age did not precede this century is easily shown. Neither one nor two swallows make a spring; and, in justice to the productions of the last three centuries, we cannot yield the palm even to the bright days of the two great dramatists. Still less do Queen Anne's deserve it, when

we feel that Prior and Gray are dead among us; while Swift, Addison, Steele, and Pope are fast following in their wake.

There remain the last half of the eighteenth century, and the first of the present. Now, an Augustan age is the climax after which literature declines, and that, too, rapidly. We can mark this epoch clearly in the cases of Greece, Rome, Italy, and Spain. But not so with the tetrarchy of modern Europe. We feel that we are all progressing, and, if we have satisfied a single want in literature, it is that the countries of Racine and Shakspeare have passed that early epoch in which the drama is brought to perfection. But Greece still wanted Thucydides, Plato, Demosthenes, when Æschylus flourished, and we cannot deny to our children all hope of excelling in so many other branches.

Perhaps no better proof could be offered of this, than that no history of English literature has yet been written. The time is not come for it. But another work, with which we cannot so easily dispense, is an Essay on Style. For this we must look to some critic of this age of critics. Doubtless it is felt that before justice can be done to this subject, we must be able to handle our language discreetly, and we know how little we know of our own tongue as yet. The very fact that the two admirable little works, which head this article, have first appeared since 1850, is a proof of the ignorance which Englishmen begin to feel of their own language.

Philology is yet in its cradle. Grimm, Bopp, Rask, Pictet, Latham, and now Dean Trench, have done, or are doing, their best to wean the baby science;* but, with all its value in connection with Ethnology, Archaeology, and History, and in spite of the new lights it sheds upon the mind of man, it is still confined to the student, nor will it be thrown open to the general reader, until its results are sufficiently ascertained to form

* This is either a misprint or an intended amendment on the received form. If the latter, it cannot be supported. Johnson and Richardson have neither *Augustan* nor *Augustine*, Webster and Ogilvie have the former only. As to its derivation, Schiller and Forcellini give *Augustanus*, *Augustianus*, and *Augustinus*; but the first is found in Tacitus, with the meaning, "*ad Augustum pertinens*;" the second and third only in Suetonius. The town of Berytus, too, was called *Colonia Augustana*, not *Augustina*. We believe that *Augustine* can only be used in speaking of the order of Monks, and that the eminent historian has been misled by no better an authority than Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary.

* Among the little helps contributed to the study of English, is a list of the Greek roots, which have found their way into our language, by Mr. W. Hall. This valuable little book has reached a third edition, and is in constant use at King's College, London. It contains alphabetical lists of Greek roots, ranged according to their parts of speech, with an English translation, and the English words derived from each. To this Mr. Hall has added notes which do him great credit for labour and research, and are full of interesting, and often surprising information. If the book has a fault, it is that of all philologists, who compare a mixed language with a single one. In his zeal for his hobby, we cannot but think Mr. Hall has sometimes overstepped the bounds of probability—e. g., lamb from *ἀνός*. Lamb is a Mesogothic word found in Ulphilas, and, if there be any connection between the two, it could only be through the Sanskrit *urna*, which, however, is probably our ram—the Greek *ἀνός*.

an accompaniment to the history of literature.

Language is the escutcheon of to-day. We may indeed have an aristocracy of wealth superseding the old one that these levelling times have hunted down, but we have learnt with rude teaching the real worth of money without morality, and are not afraid that we are degenerating so far yet. We certainly have a Republic of Literature, and an aristocracy whose letters-patent are Letters indeed. But in such a republic, it may be asked, how is the aristocracy created? Public opinion dubs them, and is guided in its choice by their *Style*. For as acts are the test of moral, words are that of mental character,—the test, first of genius, next of education: and, in the world's annals, it will be said of this age, that in it language began to be the lawgiver of caste.

We are convinced that this same "Style," of which thousands of readers and not a few writers think so little, is of the greatest importance in the present day. We are certain that next to the matter of a book, the gravest consideration is the manner of treating it. It is this which, with the masses, no less than with men of education and taste, really, though without their knowing it, decides the merits of the book, and certifies its popularity; and it is simply on account of this that many a praiseworthy thinker becomes the nightmare of his publisher, and many a trashy scribbler, with nothing but his style to recommend him, achieves a fleeting reputation. If, then, we offer a few of the ideas on this subject which have flitted through our mind from time to time, it is because we feel that its importance will cover a multitude of their deficiencies.

What is style? Every idea may be expressed in two or three manners. We may select particular words, and arrange them in each of the admissible orders, still expressing the same thought. Style is the manner in which we do this, and in this its largest sense, may be applied to every kind of writing. But it is evident that in some of these the manner to be used is under certain rules, as, for instance, in metrical composition of every kind; and we may therefore take a narrower view of style as applying only to prose; and that not to all classes of prose. For in some the matter is so important, that the author cannot attend to the manner. Strict accuracy of minor details, for instance, is an excuse for awkwardness of expression; and there are works of science and even philosophy, (at least if it be purely speculative, and demand a clear string of syllogisms throughout,) in which it would be no more fair to expect the graces of style

than in a grammar, a dictionary, or a catalogue. Again, in theological works we cannot complain if the manner be somewhat debased, since the matter is so lofty. The man who carries his head in Heaven may not be called down to the worldly consideration whether a Saxon or a Latin derivative should be used as an epithet of what he sees there.

Again, style is limited to the prose that is written. It may be doubted if oratory be prose at all, any more than conversation or dialectic argument. At any rate, it is clear that we cannot guide the orator by the rules which apply to the calm thinker at his desk; nor can we expect the same neatness in speech which is indispensable in writing. Indeed, it seems to be acknowledged that the best speeches and sermons are those which read worst, and the school-boy wonders why Demosthenes and Cicero should have acquired a distinctive reputation among the full-mouthed orators, born of the genius of Thucydides and Livy. On the other hand, not even the most devoted among a high-church congregation can maintain, that the extempore does not far surpass the written sermon in the pulpit. Yet the priests of St. Barnabas may publish and sell; Mr. Spurgeon can scarcely hope to be read as well as heard. And if this be true, we may say that, although a good style is such as not only to bear reading aloud, but even to profit by it, it will be spoiled, and sound ridiculous if *recited*.

Style, then, is the rhythm of prose, and it is confined to that kind of writing in which the matter is not too great to make the author forgetful of the manner; in short, to history, the essay, descriptive writing generally, and fiction. Now, rhythm is "measured movement," and in poetry is guided by definite rules. But as the good poet uses his ear and taste rather than any set canons, so in prose, if there be any laws of taste, it is they which must direct us in the criticism of style. It is these laws, vague as they are, which we propose to examine with reference to our modern literature.

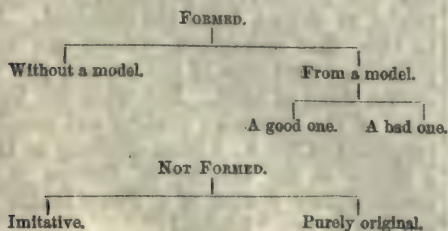
Bacon says, in one of his essays, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;" which means, from one point of view, that the manner may differ in proportion to the matter; that you must allow ten times the licence, and thirty times the length of tether to the railway novelist, who knows that his pages will light chibouks and meerschauums, when once read through, than you concede to Mr. Macaulay and Sir Archibald Alison, who naturally expect their ponderous tomes to be bound in rich-scented Russian,

and set in the nooks of honour in the library book-case.

Not that these four styles are not often mingled in the same work. Macaulay, in spite of all his genius, and that course of self-education to which he has devoted his life, has, to our mind, never risen—if it be a rise—from the essayist to the historian. Each chapter of his reads like an essay on political science, where the facts appear rather to be illustrations of the arguments, than the reflections to rise naturally from the facts. That dear old Herodotus, too, well knew he was writing a book of travellers' fiction, when he dignified his nine books with the name of History. On the other side we have often, to our bitterness, had to wade through a discursive novel—"Perversion" is a recent instance—and the novelists of the last century seemed to think that to insert, wherever possible, an essay on morals or religion, was the sole aim of their writing at all. That they were grossly mistaken, and that such is not the way to make novels instructive—if it be proved that they ought to be so—is shown by the skill with which every child will learn to avoid the reflections in Robinson Crusoe, to say nothing of the distaste for so-called religious novels, demonstrated by the majority.

This mixture of styles is not proper, though it scarcely requires censure, for it is so obvious that "there is a time to laugh, and a time to weep," that anomalies of this kind bring their own reward, and soon deter readers from going on.

These, however, are the differentiae of style, and we have more to say under each head, but we cannot do so, until we have plainly pointed out the two genera, which consist of formed style, and style not formed. These, again, are subdivided. Under the head of style formed, we have that formed after a model, and that built on an original plan. Under the other head we have the purely original and the imitative. Again, styles may be formed on a good or bad model, and, to be brief, the following table best explains the divisions:



Is it lawful to form a style at all?—Yes. Is it necessary?—Yes. But for whom is it

lawful?—for whom necessary?—For the man who is deficient in ear and taste. To form a style is an acknowledgment of inferiority. But if a man feels that inferiority, it is right and proper that he should do so. The first faults of style are sins against taste, as prolixity, repetition, long periods, alliterations, playing on words, and others. But there are faults which depend entirely on the writer's kind of mind. And these he is not likely to see—no, not if a "forty-parson power" bellowed them for ever into his ears. Such are affectation, coarseness, sneering, adulation, egotism, bombast, and the use of trite phrases. Style is a test of genius. Men deny this, and say it is a test only of circumstances. The German is homely, the Frenchman social, the Englishman respectable. For Germany is a land of cottages and wife-cooks, and France is a street of cafés. And as far as fiction is concerned, this is true, for the romance is a picture of what we see around us. But were Goethe and Jean Paul homely?—do all the theorists of the fatherland smack of the cottage?—or are all French writers forward, vain, impertinent, as Emile de Girardin, or meretricious, as Paul de Kock? Are Guizot and Sismondi of this mould? The secret lies with the genius, not the habits—not even the character. The vainest men—Richardson, for instance—have been modest in their works; the most humble have been bold in the closet, in presence of nothing but their inkstand.

There is a curious proof that style is the offspring of genius. Lamartine wrote three volumes of the "History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France" in our language. He has shown himself its perfect master. But though he has conquered the English idiom, he has not renounced his own French style, nor could he. The fourth volume was translated from his French, and yet there is a vast gulf between the English of M. de Lamartine and that of the translator. The genius of this latter was English, and accordingly the style is English, for it is a good translation. The genius of the author was French, and his English is in French style. The short aphoristic sentences, the frequent absence of the copulative, the avoidance of dependent phrases, the terse decision, and the disdain of polite and modifying adverbs, here give to our tongue a breadth and power which no Englishman ever achieves.

Not every style can be made to suit every genius. If the young Piso, feeling his own weakness, prefer Tacitus to Livy, as a man of taste should do, let him ask himself, if he has condensation equal to that of Gibbon,

and courage to epitomize as tersely as the Roman. If the philosopher prefer Aristotle's to Descartes' style, let him be first certain that he has talent to handle the ellipsis as neatly; and even then see if his subject will bear the obscurity of the unsatisfactory *ἐν τύπῳ*.

It is certainly better to take a model, both good and suitable, or to make a well-known style one's own, as Hume and Gibbon did with the French, than to imitate the popular jargon of the newspaper, as Alison seems to have been contented to do. It is better to be a bold, even though imperfect, imitator of Claude, as Turner once was, than to accept humbly the mannerisms and mildness of the Royal Academy. Not that Gibbon and Hume *formed* their styles. They admired the terseness of the French, and saw that it was far better adapted to the clear narrative of History than the prolixity of the English. They took the model, but it was so thoroughly suited to their own genius, that they had no need to *form* their manner after it. And in Gibbon, moreover, it was a matter of education, and may be taken as a proof that style is in part the index of youthful training.

It is lawful, then, to form the style upon a good model; and without any model, it is lawful to form it by the correction of faults, but never by the forcing of beauties. Yet the copyists even from a first-rate model risk contempt. Who of all the herd of would-be Thackerays and Dickenses is known to fame? Which of the young men who worship and imitate Carlyle has spoken like him enough to reach even the upper crust of insignificance? None, if he be not Emerson. Or take the trumpery of nautical novelists. Because Marryat succeeded, the thousand-and-one who tried to write like him have not done so too.

Samuel Johnson is a warning to those who would form their style without a model. No man was fitter to do so than the doctor, and yet even Rasselas is unread—we do not say unreadable—because he was too careful of his periods. His style has been called laboured, but it was only formed. His whole life was passed in reducing his rules of taste to practice. He brought his mind to that condition that he wrote and spoke, as he probably also thought, only with chosen words and balanced epithets. It soon ceased to be a labour to him, but it was always the companion of his pen. He thought the French idiom, "It is *not* done, but by so and so," an elegant one, and you will find it three times in a page. He knew that "opacity" was the Latin abstract from *opaque*, he found it in Newton,

where technicality excused it, and he used it where we should have used "opaqueness."

Originality is twofold, true or false, born of genius or forced. In some men, as in Mr. Carlyle, the two are mingled. He has great genius, and by it is original, but his originality is his Eurydice, and when he finds her not in his couch, when he flags a little, he will go to Hell itself to fetch her back. Do you wish to see him journeying thither? Read his little preface to Emerson's Essays. "In a word, while so many Benthamisms, Socialisms, Fourierisms, professing to have no soul, go *staggering and lowing*, like monstrous mooncalves, the product of a heavy-laden moonstruck age; and in this baleful 'twelfth hour of the night,' even *galvanic Puseyisms*, as we say, are visible, and dancings of the sheeted dead—shall not any voice of a living man be welcome to us, even because it is alive?" May we not take this poet, this genius of a New School, to be a little moonstruck himself when we read this, or is not this "fine phrensy" of the hero-worshipper laboured and strained at? Mr. Dickens is another genius who forces originality, and we shall show the fallacy of the system when we come to speak of him. But of those who force originality, without having genius, it is perhaps needless to speak. Every one must despise a man who pretends to what he has not.

The materialists of the age are those who write in the imitative style. Regardless of the manner, they fall into the thickest slough of mannerism. They take their tone from the newspapers, and the newspapers pick it from what has gone before. It is literally phraseography. It may be excusable in the press. The writer of "articles" has no time to care for the manner, no space to be original. Rapidity and brevity oppress him. He has something to say, and he says it in the most effective, not the most tasteful manner. He is content to reproduce the trite phrases of the penny-a-liner, his truisms, his proverbs, such as "Time, the greatest of all innovators." This kind of thing has satisfied the public; he would be foolish, he thinks, to depart from the standard. Add to this, that newspaper writers are more politicians than men of letters, and you will excuse them at least. But when we find a man of the extensive reading and excellent judgment of Sir A. Alison, cloaking so large a theme as the History of Europe in the commonplace diction of a *Times* leader, we are fain to cry "Ichabod!"

Well, then, if all these styles have so much that is bad in them, can we lay down a rule for good writing? Let every man, when

he sits down, consider his genius with respect to his subject-matter. If you are not imbued with the spirit of history, eschew it. If you have no penetration for character, avoid biography. If you have no courage, no confidence, no spark of satire in your soul, eschew the critical, and measure your powers for the serious essay. Above all, if you want somewhat of all these, and passion into the bargain, know that you are not fit to write a good novel. Let each man write as he thinks, and as he would speak. Let not the pen and the ink-bottle frighten him into more solemnity than his topic demands. He is in company of the world, but really he will address individuals only. The world is not a Brobdingnagian, it is a compound of lilliputian minds. The absolute requirements of a good style are few—clearness, easy flow, sustained interest, good taste; but if you have none of these in you, it is of no use to form your style, you must educate your mind. Then, when you have written a little, look over it carefully, or better still, get a friend of good judgment to look over it for you, and correct what is poor or bad. The next time you will avoid these errors intuitively.

In English there is one great advantage in writing conversationally. No language is richer in synonyms, but nothing but natural taste can direct us how to select. The man who writes as he thinks will choose the Saxon element naturally, in preference to the classical, wherever it is feasible. He will choose the commonest and best-known words, and his style will be stronger, broader, and strike more home. It is only when we attempt to *talk fine*, that we bring in the classical preponderance. Not that we would proscribe it altogether. We have a wardrobe of all kinds. It is as much an affectation to clothe ourselves only in the russet, sombre, and old-fashioned suit of the Quaker, as to deck our poor limbs in all the purple and gold of the dictionary.

But the style must differ in proportion to the subject, and when this requires it, there are beauties which must be brought in. Venus must not be slovenly and unkempt. These adornments, like the blemishes which we have pointed out, are some derived from genius, some from education. The former must not be striven after, but their absence in a writer of celebrity is justly censured. Such are power, warmth, enthusiasm, and lofty flights. Yet the excess of these virtues constitutes some of the vices mentioned. Mr. G. P. R. James is a signal instance of too much power, (whether natural or not, we leave the reader to decide,)—becoming bombastic, unnatural, and even ridiculous;

and Mr. Dickens, whose forte lies in character, not in description, has often gone to the most absurd lengths in his attempts to divest a necessary picturing of its tedium. Again, all these beauties must be used sparingly, and in the right time and quantity. If you cry wolf too often, your neighbours become deaf. Mr. Macaulay might profit not a little by allowing his lofty style, beautiful as it is, to subside from time to time into quiet narrative, and take a lesson from Gibbon, or, (as he is an essayist and not a historian,) still better from Emerson, who, with all his originality, is not ashamed at times to kick away the stilts and speak like a common man, when the subject itself is commonplace. Other beauties to which one must be born are, terseness, in which the French far surpass us, and of which we need not say, the most remarkable instances in the whole literature of the world are Tacitus, Voltaire, Gibbon, Lamartine, and Emerson, though the terseness of Voltaire and Emerson is very different from that of the rest, for it is not the terseness of narrative, so rare, so admirable, so essential to the good historian; antithesis, well handled in Gibbon, and rarely found now-a-days; the close union of cause and effect, which is another beauty in the same writer, and metaphor. As to this last, it is evident that it best befits the essay and the novel, for in the former it serves in place of instances which become tedious if multiplied; and in the latter it gives a sweet poesy to the style, that enwraps the reader, and lifts him cloudwards with the romance of the story. Indeed, so great a beauty is this same metaphor, that it is admissible even in history, and the entire want of it, as in the case of Hume, is like the absence of water in a large garden, where you have every beauty, but no refreshment for the eye. The young England school is full of it; and Carlyle and Emerson have as much poetry in their likenings as any old divine of Queen Bess's Court. Who do not remember how sweetly Bacon speaks of truth in metaphor, "This same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights." But he who uses it must beware that it be applicable in every particular, and simple, fetched from home, and a ground known to all, not from abroad, nor from the realm of science or learning, which savours of pedantry. To notice all the beauties that genius may bring to deck the simplicity of prose, but which must be used with the utmost care, would be far beyond our limits. If we point to Emerson, Wilson, and Bulwer, as quite modern writers, who may be called

the Poets of Prose, we yield them no extravagant praise, because we are speaking solely of style, and will not assert or deny that they are or might have been Poets of Poetry.

But there are two qualities peculiar to a very few men, which are so nearly vices, that it is hard to know when to praise and when to blame them. These are humour and satire. Gibbon has sometimes a delicate touch of the latter in history, and Jeffrey has made a brilliant use of it in the serious essay. But, as a rule, we believe these two should be confined to lighter writing. Of humour it may be said, that it differs in every age. The manners of one will not tolerate the humour of another. In Geoffrey Chaucer, in Fielding, and even in Swift, whom Jeffrey calls "the greatest and most efficient libeller that ever exercised the trade," we can well imagine that their respective ages forgot the coarseness or indelicacy in the enjoyment of the wit; and even fifty years make difference enough to set all eyes staring if Sydney Smith could now write in the *Edinburgh* as he did about "Delphine" at the beginning of the century:—

"This dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, has so alarmed Bonaparte, that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Staël out of Paris, and for aught we know, sleeps in a night-cap of steel, and dagger-proof blankets."

In a steady-going, respectable, tedious three-monthly Review of 1857, the world would simple call this impertinence. But that same impertinence is a delightful relief, and in light literature absolutely a virtue if well done. This is one of the charms of French novelists. They are never abashed by the eyes of the public, and they will write, when they choose it, as if they were "chaffing" a friend in the *coulisses* of the opera. Take, for instance, M. De Girardin's *Preface* to "*La Canne de Mons. Balzac*:"—

"Il y avait dans ce Roman"—

"Mais ce n'est pas un Roman."

"Dans cet ouvrage"—

"Mais ce n'est pas un ouvrage."

"Dans ce livre"—

"C'est encore moins un livre."

"Dans ces pages enfin—il y avait un chapitre assez piquant intitulé—'Le Conseil des Ministres.'"

"On a dit à l'auteur: Prenez garde. On fera des applications; on reconnaîtra des personnages; ne publiez pas le chapitre."

"Et l'auteur docile a retranché le chapitre."

And so on. All this is harmless; but impertinence may be harmful; and, when it is

so, is the vice into which satire risks degenerating.

Satire is a confession of weakness,—a weapon to shelter as well as to strike. For the man who wears it, though he attacks as he lists, is feared and left alone. Now, where this confession is no disgrace,—where you attack a class, or a country, or anything which you cannot in reason match, it is very meet to don the weapon of satire. You do not go out against Goliath, depending on your fists alone, but choose sleek pebbles from the stream to dint his ugly brow. But when the contest is of man to man, it is cowardies to use the missile; and it may be doubted if the reviewer should not take not only equal, but even vantage ground. He is the judge of the author,—the public is the jury. They will give the verdict, but he must instruct them. It is beneath him to call the prisoner names.

On the other hand, there are some things too high for satire. Voltaire became impertinent when his theme was Divinity. It is like a child throwing stones at an obelisk. If you shoot arrows at the mid-day sun, they will fall upon your own head. The atheist is expected to blaspheme the Bible, but even he must not sneer at it, if he esteems good taste.

The beauties which may be acquired by care and self-tuition, are fewer. In variation of words, Johnson and Sydney Smith excelled. The one by labour, the other through taste. Variety of tone consists in a kind of *crescendo* and *decrescendo* movement, from the solemn to the smiling, from the lofty to the common-place,—from the imaginative to the sensible; and even a sudden and startling change is a beauty, when introduced in the right place. Besides this, we may assume an affectation of humility, in argument or satire,—a pretended confession of error, and gentle retreat,—only to end in a quiet sentence that tells the opponent, as the boxer withdraws a few steps ere he gives the decisive blow.

When Johnson affirms that there is one fixed national style in every nation "which never becomes obsolete," we meet him with both theory and facts. There is such a thing as national genius, and such another thing as national education. The first alters with the climate, with civilisation, with intercourse and contact with other nations. The second alters with time and progress. The Aryan race were not the contemplative philosophers which we now know them to be, when they came fresh from the highlands of Thibet, and settled for the time in the Punjab. And there is no less difference between the national genius which appreciated Deutero-

nomy, and the drivelling mysticism of the Talmudic generation. Again, the age which listened to Homer could not have tolerated the Thebais of Antimachus, in spite of Hadrian's preference for the latter.

But if history proves that the genius, no less than the character, of a people, may be one under one circle of circumstances, (for circumstances affect the genius no less than physical conformation,) and other under others, then national style must differ at different epochs. That education is influenced by progress and civilisation, and that in turn it influences literature, we believe will not be disputed.

But let us come more home. If one style of writing could ever be stereotyped, it would surely be so after the introduction of printing. We will say nothing of the old Chroniclers; the mere fact of their being read now only by the studious or the eccentric, is sufficient to prove that those of them who wrote English at all, did not write in the national English style of the nineteenth century. But let us take the Bible as our test, and admitting the immense advantage that this Book has over every other in being so completely the book of all times and classes, and that it has gone so far in forming our national character, that it is almost an ingraft in each man's mind and heart, we still affirm that its style is not that of to-day. The nervous diction of our translation is not wholly and only accounted for by the original, nor is an exact portraying of it. It was in a measure the style of the day when the translation was made, and the contemporary writings were not so much indebted to it for their simplicity, — their flowers of metaphor, — their bold pointedness, and absence of all squeamish reserve, as it was indebted to them for its good old Saxon idiom. In both we find that simple emphasis, which placed the most striking word first in the whole sentence, with its verb next and the subject following. In both we find that wise and tasteful mingling of the classic and Saxon element, which never tortures our understanding, nor palls upon us with its affectation of purity. But that this was owing to the age as much as to the original, is shown by the latter translations that have sometimes been attempted. Not to speak of the Douay version, which was made from the Vulgate, and will not therefore bear the comparison, we will only ask any one to attend the divinity lectures at any of our English Universities, and they will there hear the possibility of translating the Bible into modern English, which no more resembles the authentic version in style, than Mr. Macaulay's writing is like Sir Walter Raleigh's.

Dean Trench has pointed out three passages in the New Testament, where single words have undergone a complete change of meaning, and this merely by way of instance — for both Old and New Testament teem with them. The first is the word "nephews" used by St. Paul. "If any widow have children or nephews," &c. (1 Tim. v. 4), where nephews is a literal rendering of *nepotes*, by which the Vulgate translates *ἐκγὼνα*. The second is in, "We took up our *carriages* and went up to Jerusalem" (Acts xxi. 15), where "carriages" is nothing more nor less than "baggage." The third is, however, of far more importance; for ignorant pretenders have made use of it to sever High and Low Church still farther than they now are severed. The word "religion" in "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," meant, as Dean Trench ably shows, nothing more than *outward service*, and is a translation of *θρησκεία*.

But, apart from this question, there are few chapters in modern literature more interesting than this little one of Dean Trench's, on the "Changes of Meaning in English Words;" though of course it treats the subject very briefly, and scarcely investigates the phases of national genius that these changes of words indicate.

To mark the stages of this outward journey of mind is the province of the historian of literature. We are content to speak of the style and genius of to-day. The classical odour of the last century appears like a restoration of prose, after the flimsy liberties which marked the Stuart dynasty. In France, at the same period, the classical purity had revived in the drama; for the pleasure-seeking Frenchman throws all his nationality upon the stage—the respectable "Britisher" develops it in the solemn ethical essay. Under the Empire the stiff classical softened into the pagan prettiness of Watteau. It is to Goethe that England owes the return to the romantic school; and it is from England that France has caught the contagion, though not until after the Restoration. Wars and revolutions at the beginning of this century, demanded force and passion in everything, in both countries, and the romantic soon broke out in Byron and Lamartine. The essayists waged war on the poets in England, while in France the drama began to throw off the proprieties of Racine and Corneille, and deck itself, in that half-nude attire, which alone seems to satisfy the vicious tastes of a Parisian public. It was not till the middle of the peace that the highly romantic subsided into the natural and domestic

in England, and the essayist ceased to be a critic, and though this cry for the "natural" has resounded from end to end of this country, and been caught up in Germany, it has only just begun to influence France, while it will be many years yet ere the simple and domestic there supersedes the passionate and highly coloured. Thus we see that literature in England began by being natural, and Chaucer wrote from what he heard and saw. The romantic followed, till it was frost-bitten by the Puritans. Then prose became more cultivated, and style careful and classical. This stiff regime was next broken up, and the romantic revived, only to appear ridiculous a little later, and give way to the natural. That this cry of the superlativeness of nature will soon exhaust itself, and that cheap literature will force on a reaction in favour of classical propriety and purity, we have, ourselves, no doubt.

But it is with the so-called "natural" style of to-day that we have to deal. There are three circumstances which account for the peculiarities of our present national style, —Practical Philosophy, Lady-writers, and the Newspapers.

"Philosophy," says Jeffrey (Essay i. p. 107,) "which has led to the investigation of causes, has robbed the world of much of its sublimity, and by preventing us from believing much, and from wondering at anything, has taken away half our enthusiasm, and more than half our admiration." This is but half true, and mostly for the vulgar. "Nil admirari" is the gentility of puny minds. Philosophy is a stream, which near this huge city—the world—washes down the refuse of its sewers, its strong-smelling beliefs, and rotten superstitions; but mount the rivulet a little higher, a little beyond the world, and you will find it pure and refreshing, fit for Naiades to sport in. To wonder at nothing is the companion of being roused at nothing; and when the late war brought the first blush of enthusiasm into the faces of our newspapers, the world of London quaked, and readers were quite uncomfortable. It is true that "nil admirari" is the disgusting coxcomby of conceited Englishmen, and this spirit of listlessness has found its way into our press, and thence among those who are weak enough to imitate the style of the press; but, thank Heaven! there are yet a few authors who can and will write warmly and enthusiastically—ay, and even admiringly on many things.

The ladies have had a very different effect on our literature. It is to them that we owe the foundation, or rather restoration, of the romantic school in England; and Mrs Radcliffe, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Charlotte

Smith, may be said to have paved the way for Scott to march in. Madame de Staël, herself among the earliest of European female writers of distinction, had already marked the influence of their softer feelings on the stiff orthodoxy of the Georges. She says,* "Une sensibilité rêveuse et profonde, est une des plus grandes charmes de quelques ouvrages modernes; et ce sont les femmes qui, ne connaissant de la vie que la faculté d'aimer, ont fait passer la douceur de leurs impressions dans le style de quelques écrivains." There is no doubt that this new element not only poured warmth and freshness into the rigid purity of last century's style, but also supplied that originality which it seems to have lacked. It is the absence of erudition in women, and the courage which their very weakness gives them, that support this originality. They think for themselves fearlessly, because they cannot clash with our stronger minds upon the same ground. They have no fear of the imputation of ignorance or want of learning, which has often deterred the greatest geniuses from putting forth the full powers of their original thought. It was the severity of Queen Anne's school which first forced Lady Mary Wortley Montague and others to match their minds with men's; and the ice once broken by the fair correspondents, it was natural that their daughters and granddaughters should come forward and assert their position in print.

But half a century has completely altered the state of things; and when we find our wives and sisters bringing their prejudice and their strong affections into works which require coolness and impartiality, and history sinking to the level of fiction, we are naturally anxious lest the masculine nerve pass wholly from our letters. Even in fiction we must needs look askance at the maudlin effeminacy that is stealing in, and sigh when we compare Fielding or Scott, or even Bulwer, with the young-ladyisms of Miss Yonge. Yet, on the other hand, we cannot wholly sympathize with the unfeminine strides of a Mrs. Shelley or a Mrs. Clive, and we must content ourselves with grumbling at cheap and railway literature, which, with all its advantages, is destroying the purity alike of our style and our tone of feeling.

But if we have to thank the fair sex for the originality of the age, we must blame the press for our want of courage. This is no place to discuss whether newspapers in a free country do really represent the opinions of the masses. It may be doubted whether

* "De la Littérature, considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales," p. 214.

the "masses" have any opinion of their own, and whether they be not always guided more or less by the small class of independent educated men. But it is certain that, putting politics on one side, there is a large number of social topics, which we may call "things in general," in which all newspapers mainly agree, and concerning which their decision is taken to be that of the people. We regret this oligarchy of common sense, which subjects all that is beautiful and chivalrous to the judgment of the useful and *£ s. d.* We believe that much-lauded judge to be sometimes very "common" indeed, and that conscience is a higher and a less worldly guide; yet who dare assert it, in the face of those unknown tyrants who issue their daily ukases from a dirty printing-office? What author, what essayist, but must subscribe to the articles of opinion which they authorize? We are convinced that this community of opinion, this tacit agreement with the apparent majority, this electioneering principle of decision, is opposed to the attainment of truth; and we look forward to a reaction against the newspaper monopoly of opinion with no less joy than we do to one against the young-ladyism of our literature.

To return, however, to the question of national style. Its periods are usually measured by the duration of popularity of those authors who best represent them. But the moment any one favourite style falls into the hands of a crowd of petty imitators, and there is no one to support it ably, some man of genius is sure to spring up with a new style of his own, or, at worst, a good revival, and thus found a new school. That the natural as opposed to the Romantic, the Dutch as opposed to the Italian, the homely and characteristic as opposed to the highly-coloured and imaginative is now popular, is proved by the pressure that this popularity has had on one of the best writers of the declining style. We mean Sir Edward Lytton. Take *Rienzi*, *Zanoni*, *Ernest Maltravers*, and *Night and Morning*, as specimens of what Germans call the *æsthetic*, as distinguished from the sentimental, though having the same groundwork. And yet when this man of genius and poetry saw himself being gradually shelved by the cabinet-pictures of Dickens and Thackeray, he was weak—or shall we call it *clever*—enough to veer round and produce "*The Caxtons*," and "*My Novel*." Not that the romantic school is yet quite gone out. The rapid machinery of Mr. James, with impossible heroes and heroines in dictionary slips, ready to be taken out when required, gave it the first blow, by reducing the grand historical pictures of Scott and Bulwer to the

level of sign-board and scene-painting. But the æsthetic has still its devotees among our young ladies, and will drag out a sickly existence for some time yet among our magazines and our railway writers.

The school which we call "natural," because it prides itself on being so, commenced as far back as Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austin, and Sydney Smith, who might have founded a school if there had been followers worthy of him to form it, may be taken as its representative in essay-writing. But it was not till Mr. Dickens began that it came into full favour. The influence of fiction is very great, and it is due to this style of writing to state that it has increased that influence, by removing the objections made, (as was thought in the cause of morality,) to the passionate excitement of romantic novels. This influence on the public mind is reflected upon general literature; so that taking novels and essays as the extremes of modern style, we are able to gain a sufficiently clear idea of it, to compare our English with our neighbours' writing.

One, and the chief of these national characteristics does not seem to have changed with the revolutions of national taste. The French are still as remarkable for their terseness, and the English for their redundancy and prolixity, as when Madame de Staël pointed out the latter as our worst fault. Jeffrey was most unfortunate when he met this criticism by citing Hume and Adam Smith as specimens of English terseness; and Massillon, Buffon, and D'Alembert as examples of French prolixity. On the one hand, Hume and Adam Smith were confessedly French. The former spent three years at Rheims, and at La Flèche, in Anjou, when only twenty-three years old, and before he produced his "*Treatise on Human Nature*," and at that age, when his mind could have scarcely settled, we can imagine the effect of French literature and education upon it. Smith, when at Balliol College, passed much of his time in translating from French, and used to recommend this to all young authors desirous of improving their style; besides, we know that his own was so carefully formed, that not long before his death he told Stewart that he wrote with just as much difficulty then as when he first began. But we have not a finer specimen of terseness in the English tongue than Edward Gibbon, who acknowledged in one of his letters that on his first return from Lausanne, he had almost forgotten how to write his native language at all. On the other hand, Massillon was too eloquent a preacher to write well; while Buffon and D'Alembert were men of sci-

ences, which demanded rather precision and neatness than brilliancy and power.

No; this terseness is the offspring of the French genius. We see it even in the French character. Take a *savant* from the Institute, greyheaded, full of learning, full of vanity, full of a well-disguised hatred of his brother *savant*, and glorying in that bit of blue or yellow ribbon in his button-hole, which tells that even foreign monarchs have appreciated his talents; watch the anxiety with which he ties the bows of those sleek *pumps*, and arranges the *négligé* of those scientific locks of iron-grey; watch the eager flashing of his eyes, and the self-contented curl of his little mouth, as he pours bright conceits into the ears of Madame la Duchesse; and tell me if he is a whit less French, for all his learning, than the gay young Parisian, neatly gloved and booted, who is driving a pair of whole-blood horses in the Bois de Boulogne? Are not both fonder of display than worth, of the surface than of depth, of brilliancy and a pleasing effect than of accuracy and solidity? Both think and speak well, as all Frenchmen do; but it is inventively, not reflectively, and hence their terseness.

It is the activity of the French mind that makes them dramatic. It is by our reflection that we excel in the essay. They are impatient and rapid; we are sober and solid. Their mirth is light and even childish; ours is sarcastic, humorous, and dignified enough for a bench of big-wigs. A Frenchman talking to an Englishman reminds us always of a jester to his monarch. Again: there is in the English character a certain self-consciousness. We are prone to criticise and satirise, and we fear nothing so much as the critic and the satirist. We write in hand-cuffs, that we have ourselves put on.

The greatest difference of all perhaps, between our national geniuses is our love of truth, and the French disregard of it, which makes us practical—they theoretical. It is this that makes us redundant. We English must not be mistaken, and we doubt if we shall be believed; hence we explain all our meaning fully, and repeat our idea in a hundred different forms; that others may be impressed with it. We are slow in apprehension, and write as if our readers were even more so. It is this love of truth, admirable in itself, which makes even our humour heavy and serious, and our satire cool, careful, and bilious. It is this again which makes us so impatient of ellipsis, that in translating Aristotle or Tacitus we must fill up the slightest lacunæ with whole sentences of explanation. This it is which makes us dread the expression of passion, and

shrink from the risk of enthusiasm; which has made us the most universal, if not the most accurate of critics, and the lengthiest, if not the most brilliant of essayists. It is, perhaps, this too which has made all our historians, except those two—Hume and Gibbon, who were more than half French in style—discourse on history rather than narrate it.

Lastly, the French are philosophical, we religious. The quick invention and rapid perception of the Frenchman makes him seize on a theory and neatly develop it, with every possible illustration, long before he has examined the first causes, or tested its truth. He is epigrammatic, while we are expansive; he proverbial, and we sententious; he philosophizes on the characteristics of man, we moralize; he refers everything to the standard of right reason, we to religion. The Frenchman never *proses*. Whether in history, description, biography, or fiction, he leaves it to the reader to draw what inferences or make what reflection he pleases. He himself is more than satisfied with a short neat moral, which is often trite, but always apposite. The Englishman on the other hand, is dogmatical. You must not only have his version of the affair, but you must also have his opinions upon it. He is not content to give you truth; he must guarantee, illustrate, and countersign it, before he allows you to dismiss it.

But it would be tedious to go through the whole list of differences, and as, of course, one Englishman can always beat seven Frenchmen, we have no doubt that many of our readers consider it quite derogatory to compare the two at all. We humbly beg their pardons, and will pass on to a consideration of those numerous British advantages which ought to, and do, make us thankful that we were born within the realms—irrespective of income-tax—of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

To begin, then, with history and historians. There is as much difference between history and the philosophy of history as between geography and physical geography. The one is a practical study; the other a speculative science. The historian fulfils a duty to society, and patiently labours in the cause of truth. The philosopher is naturally an egotist, for he exalts his own theories. The historian is therefore none the worse for not being a philosopher; although people will cite Hume, Gibbon, Hallam, Macaulay, and some others of less note as philosopher-historians. Hume was indeed a philosopher, but he was also, and separately, an historian, and had the taste not to mingle the two so as to spoil either. If Gibbon was a philo-

sopher, it was *malgré lui*. All his tastes were for history, and the other was a mere accessory. The rest are neither pure historians nor pure philosophers, but philosophical historians. On the opposite side, we can array all the best historians, ancient and modern—Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine, Robertson, and Thirlwall, to say nothing of Niebuhr, because we purposely leave the Germans out of the question. Besides, the two things are quite independent of one another. Gibbon was a soldier for a time, and tells us it served him a good turn in writing his History. But should we on that account send off all our present and future historians to India or the Crimea?

Again: historians must not be poets. Imagination, passion, and affection war with cool truth. If Lamartine and Goethe are exceptions, it is because they are men of thorough judgment; while Mr. Macaulay must be proved to be a poet, before he can trouble our theory.

But above all, historians must not be essayists. We do not want opinions in history, we want facts, and those facts given in a manner which shall best aid us in forming our own opinions. We do not deny that many or most historians have been essayists, but the good essayists make bad historians, and *vice versa*. Besides, many historians have weighed eighteen stone. Is it, therefore, an advantage to all historians to be in condition? But the historian may be a novelist, without his imagination, and a traveller without his tales. He wants the descriptive power and perception of character possessed by the one, and the topographical knowledge of the other. Besides these, he wants a cool heart, free from prejudice and impartiality, ambitious of truth alone,—a sound judgment, a clear narrative style, much taste, and sufficient enthusiasm to be warm when requisite. Yet the historian is more than the chronicler, because he is the critic of his own authorities, and will rather give you the results of his researches, than relate how he carried them out.

Terseness and variety are the best points in his style, if we judge from that of the most successful historians of the world. But it would be out of date at the present day to say much about the styles of Gibbon and Hume, if it were not for the sake of comparing the present school with them.

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence," says Bacon; and it would seem as if Hume and Gibbon had countersigned the truth. The style of Hume is strictly historical. He passes uninterruptedly from fact

to fact, until a pause is wanted for relief, when he gives us a paragraph of neat and sufficient reflection. His terseness consists in an absence of absolute or qualifying phrases, rather than in the curt appropriate terms which are the signet of Gibbon's. He is pure, free from affectation of any kind, sufficient, but never redundant, and plain almost to a fault. He is devoid of all metaphor, bloom, or simile, as if he had been guided in history only by Bacon's rule. But most worth notice is the independence of each several sentence, which can almost always be understood without the context. Yet so well is the narrative kept up, that the separate pearls form one continuous chain, interrupted, like a rosary, only by the larger beads which commence a fresh paragraph. His great fault—that of all our good historians (who were mostly Scotchmen)—is coldness.

Gibbon is not only terse and antithetical, but also flowing. Each sentence is self-sufficient. There are no *conjunctive* sentences; nothing inserted to fill up. Yet all harmonizes, is consistent, and consequent. Moreover, he rises at times. He can be grand and powerful when he needs it; but he has no tenderness,—none of that touching description which makes Livy so readable,—little of that beauty which makes Lamartine so delightful. The only passion he indulges freely is indignation.

Taking popularity as the test of worth—where time is wanting to test the popularity itself—there are few modern historians who come near to these two men. It may be said of them all, without exception, that they are better essayists than historians, as far, of course, as style, not matter, is concerned.

Mr. Hallam has the honour of having commenced the School of Philosophical History. His "Middle Ages" and "Constitutional History" are powerful, profound, and valuable essays, where the historical facts are introduced, less as a narrative, than as illustrations and confirmations of his philosophy. His minute detail is fatiguing, while his warmth and imagination are out of place. His language is more Latin than Saxon, and is often careless—*e.g.*, "The German empire had now assumed so peculiar a character, and the mass of states who composed it were," &c.

Sir James Mackintosh is a brilliant, because a philosophical writer; but he is glaringly guilty of the English vice of redundancy. Perhaps, in him, we should rather call it "massing." He heaps epithets and synonyms together, and piles sentence upon sentence, in a manner which would make him heavy, if he were not naturally graceful.

But his periods weary at length, and we sigh for a little simplicity, and still more for a little Saxon purity.

MITFORD and GROTE are terrible instances of the wickedness of philosophical history. Here are two gentlemen, who sit down with principles—the one Tory, the other Radical—firmly fixed in their minds, and pour them not into their histories only, but even into their very research. The art of concealing or magnifying the importance of facts is here brought to perfection, and the result is that you have two histories of Greece, composed from the same materials, and with equal diligence, which differ as much as any two Whig and Tory election addresses possibly could do.

But while we are inclined by party-spirit to believe all GROTE says, and receive only, *cum grano*, the expositions of his opponent, we regret that our candidate has so out-Grecianized the Greeks, that it is quite uncomfortable to be with him. He is not content with substituting words of classic extraction for the commonest Saxon terms, and with talking of *autonomous* and *circumstantiality*; but must needs adopt the Greek, or, we should be more correct in saying, the German, mode of spelling Greek words. To this the only objection would be that of puzzling his readers; but he has not stopped here. He is not even consistent in his own policy, and next to *Keos Krios*, *Asklepius*, and *Kallistò*, we find the common forms *Oceanus* and *Cyclops*. At any rate, if *Orthrus* stands on one page, he should not admit *Orthrus* on another.

ALISON says not amiss of MACAULAY, that "he is more a brilliant barrister than an upright judge." The fact is, that he is a most successful essayist, and his fame would probably have been as great, and certainly purer, if he had never written a line of history. All this is owing to his style. He is one of the few men who has assumed the proper position for a reviewer. He has taken high, commanding ground, and when he stoops it is rather for downright censure than polite satire. He is grand, noble, and lofty. He has all the beauties that poetry can give to prose, without being a real poet in his poetry. But this very loftiness, and these beauties, unfit him for a historian. He rises in the very outset. That he is conscious of doing so, is evident from the egotism with which he ushers in his work. "I purpose to write the History of England," he begins, and the three succeeding sentences begin with the same pompous "I." This is all very well; but this loftiness soon fatigues. It is too brilliant, too strained for common narrative, and to this he never

sinks. There is no relief, no *decrecendo*. While history is didactic to GIBBON, MACAULAY is for ever seeking a primary cause for every fact. The one argues from facts to moral principles, the other from given principles to facts. For the rest, his style is terse, powerful, elegant and pure. But GIBBON excels in the sentence, MACAULAY only in the paragraph.

We come to the last, but by no means the least of the modern historians. SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON was content to copy none but Jove himself, and assuming the form of John Bull, has triumphantly carried off Europa herself on his back. The theme was large, the scheme courageous, but there we regret to say the merit ceases. John Bull, such as we are told to know him by the newspapers, is no historian; and when Sir Archibald Alison arrayed himself in all the commonplaceness of the press, all the trite second-hand articles of Grub Street, he ran the risk of appearing before the public in a false character. Preferring quantity to quality, Sir Archibald evidently expects in his readers as long a mental wind as he has himself. After fourteen thick volumes, all in the same style, he gives us one exhausting sentence, that we copy out as a specimen of the whole. "Distrusting all plans of social improvement which are not based on individual reformation, recognising no hope for man but in the subjugation of the wicked propensities of the human heart, acknowledging the necessity of Divine assistance in that Herculean task,—the reflecting observer will not, even amidst the greatest evils arising from general impiety—despair of the fortunes of the species." What strain, what effort, what forcing, with five present-participles, the absurdity of *recognising a hope*, to say nothing of the contradiction of entertaining no hope for man save under impossible circumstances, and yet not despairing of the fortunes of the species!

SIR ARCHIBALD has had a great field to work upon, and has not manured it. A hundred opportunities occur, where other historians have been sparkling or powerful, and he only insipid and commonplace. But it must be admitted that, however little his style may be suited to history, it is by no means objectionable in the essay. It is true that his criticism ever lacks originality, and that he is content to dish up the trite *mots* of the clubs or the papers with respectable diction, but it is something that that diction is respectable; and it is to his praise, that having adopted Blair's notion of criticism, however erroneous it may be, he has given greater weight to the beauties than to the blemishes of his authors.

The two extremes of French historical style at the present day, are Guizot and Lamartine. Guizot is somewhat English in history, Lamartine in poetry and fiction. Thiers, French to the core, seems to stand between the two. M. Guizot is a good narrator, flowing, easy, and clear, but calm and cold. He has no powers of description, no imagination, and little beauty. He is a pendant to Hume, for his style is English, lacking the point and terseness of his country, but his thinking is French. Thiers is fervent, enthusiastic, eloquent; with grand, systematic French theory, and broad, decisive French style.

If Macaulay is the philosopher, Lamartine is the poet of history. His style is curt, nervous, and concise, almost to being categorical. He never repeats. He seizes the romantic and picturesque at once, and supplants abstract narration by concrete description. His histories are dramas from beginning to end, with their hero or heroine standing out in bold relief, and dramas full of pathos, full of colour, warmth, and beauty, full to overflowing of a lofty enthusiasm. His metaphor too is powerful, philosophical, and apt. Describing the character of Napoleon the Great, he calls him "an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field." He is the only instance of a good poet succeeding—and that too poetically—in history; and may be said to have struck out a new style of historical writing, which few will follow up, because very few have his wonderful powers.

No class of literature belongs more peculiarly to modern ages and our Northern Islands than the essay—nay, if we examine the matter very closely we may say that it is indigenous to England and Scotland only; and that the Irish, like the French and Germans, have followed us in adopting it, but have never succeeded. The fact is, that the English and Lowland Scotch have an essentially Saxon characteristic, which not another people under the sun—except, perhaps, their American grandsons, possess—the love of individual opinion. It is a part of their love of general independence. In France a man's opinions are those of his party, or, if he is utterly indifferent to politics, those of his class. In Germany a man frames his whole mind according to the popular theory he espouses. England is the only country where men of the same church, the same party, and the same predilections can afford or dare to think differently on the most important points. The opinion of the Englishman is dearer to him than his wife or friend. It is sacred. It is his religion, in fact, and we regret to say, with too many of us, his

only religion. It is this which makes him one-sided, even in ancient history, where party-spirit could have little influence on him; this which fills even our lightest literature with trite religious reflections, which makes us sarcastic, but seldom abusive; bilious, but rarely furious.

We, Lowlanders, outdo even Englishmen in this peculiarity. Foreigners tell us that our conversation on any serious topic seems to be a succession of downright challenges. We are never satisfied that our neighbour does agree with us, we are always confident that he must entertain a different opinion, and "we'll just trouble him to speak out."

The end of it all is, that we must have an outlet. This we have sought and found in many different quarters. We never heard, for instance, of a debating society in any foreign university, even under the most liberal governments: and, during a long residence in France, we never knew a single dinner-table in ordinary society, at which criticism of the new books formed the staple conversation, as it so often does in England. It is true that the stage, and the new actors and actresses, appear to take the place of literature with the French in this respect; but it has always struck us that their remarks on this subject were less a criticism of the piece or the art, than a conversation on the talents and character of the artist.

But the path in which the English most delight to vent their opinions is evidently the critical essay. We do not, of course, speak of all essays. The mere form of an essay is the most convenient for several subjects, and for none more than for philosophy; so much so that the works of many ancient and most modern philosophers may be said to have been written in essays, or rather treatises, which, taken together, exhaust the whole subject, but have little consecutive connexion with one another. If these be called essays, the long essay may be said to have been in vogue much longer than is generally admitted. On the other hand, the short essay, in which the method was simply to propound and answer a hypothesis, and proceed to illustrate the solution by instances, or explanation, was used many centuries back by clever or learned men as a vehicle for their undeveloped opinions on various topics, whether high or low, as Bacon discoursed on gardens, buildings, and plantations, with the same tone and genius with which he treated truth, honour, and ambition, a few pages back.

But we do not mean in using the term *critical essay* to limit its theme to literature. On the contrary, it may be taken to embrace every essay which is critical, what-

ever its subject be—books, politics, social ethics, national characteristics, or, in fact, any such topic of the day; provided only the essayist sits on the judge's bench, and not in the chair of the teacher merely. With this view of the critical essay, we may include the writers of Queen Anne's and the early Georges' reigns in the same list that holds Jeffrey, Smith, Cockburn, Brougham, Wilson, and Carlyle. But the mission of the one differed from that of the other, in the ratio of their times. The practical extravagancies of 1710 were theoretical in 1810. A hundred years had sufficed to take the baton of influence from fashion and rank, and place it in the hands of intellect. The humour that Addison justly whetted against the absurdities of opera, club, rout, and so forth, was replaced by the satire which Jeffrey levelled at the trivialities of petty poets. Again, the task of those was far easier than the labour of these. If Addison ridiculed fashionable vices, he was certain that he was in the right. The laws of social ethics are definite and acknowledged; but those of literary tastes still want a general council to decide them, and the reviewer of to-day is as much open to review, and the critic to criticism, as the author they handle.

It was not until the establishment of Sydney Smith's "Edinburgh," in the beginning of this century, that the reviewer's position began to be understood, for the criticism of the last was directed not by taste, education, and a long literary experience, so much as by those pretended laws of criticism which everybody disputed, and none but professional critics could defend. It was quite natural then—indeed it could not be otherwise—that the short should extend into a long essay, for the reviewer, while passing his examination had, and still has, to defend his own views, and his method of bringing them forward. But it was long before this necessity was felt, and Smith himself clung for at least the first two years to the old school of short brilliant condemnation. In the first number, for instance, he wrote no less than seven critiques, besides editing the whole, five in the third number, and so on.

The principle by which our first and best Reviewers were guided, *judez damnatur si nocens absolvitur*, is a right one only when the *judez* is taken in the English sense of a judge with a jury. The critic has no right to condemn, because he has no power to punish. When the *Quarterly* extols what the *Edinburgh* runs down, or *vice versa*, all criticism sinks into nothing more than party-spirit, and becomes not only useless, but absurd. But the highest ambition of

the critic can only be to establish a precedent by which future critics and a future public may be guided; all that he is at present concerned to do, is to sum up the evidence, to point out the law, to guide the taste of the public, and to leave it to their common sense to give the verdict. That verdict has been given and still is given in every case with or without the aid of a reviewer, and though no jury is infallible, the common-sense judgment of the public will scarcely err once in a thousand times. Nor can all the charging, and blustering, and bullying of the reviewer divert that judgment from its proper channel. Neither Keats, Byron, nor Barry Cornwall have suffered as *writers* from the blows of their critics. As men they may have suffered either in health or temper, but that was their own fault. But though public opinion always decides well sooner or later, its verdict is generally a long time in the finding, where there is anything to be said in extenuation of the prisoner. The public must be locked up for years before it becomes unanimous. But time gives the conquest to the majority. There can be only one opinion now about the merits of Shakspeare, Marlowe, Vanbrugh, or Massinger, though there are two and more about those of Wordsworth, Southey, and —Hannah More. So, then, in this age of books, when a rapid decision is absolutely necessary, it is the critic's office to take the *onus* off the public shoulders, and point out the decision which they *ought* to come to.

It is this necessity for rapid critiques that has completely altered the character of our three-monthly reviews within the last fifteen years. No longer able to aid or guide the public in their judgment, as the new books are read and thrown aside before the quarterlies are even in print, they have left that office to the weekly and even daily papers, and exchanged the critique for the essay. The ponderous volumes which once rejoiced in fifteen or twenty brilliant, short and pithy articles, now groan beneath the burden of some seven or eight heavy and laboured treatises; critiques on single works are supplanted by reviews on a whole class of literature, headed by a list of volumes, fit to throw a nervous reader into hysterics, and the volume in the blue or the white cover, which was so anxiously awaited towards the end of December, March, June, or September, that was discussed in every club, drawing-room, and railway-carriage in the kingdom, now lies upon the table uncut for days, and producing a feeling of terrible nausea in the man of the world, who knows that etiquette obliges him to wade through its

contents in case the talk should take that turn.

We regret the change, because the very position of a critique is lowered by it. It is impossible for a weekly paper to do justice to any book within the time and its own limits, and the weekly papers tacitly confess this by often continuing a critique from Saturday to Saturday. Again, a premium is thus placed on bad writing. The anonymous, which had so many advantages when the quarterlies were really reviews, is now only a shield for indifferent performance. Your well-known man, who has something to say, and will not take the trouble to say it in a proper style, writes it off in a few nights, and "gets" it into a three-monthly review.

But we have said more than enough on the character of reviews. Let us pass to consider their style.

"None but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged," said Sir Roger. If the rule had been put in practice, the *Edinburgh* could not have survived its second year. Never were more genius, talent, courage, reading and general good taste brought together than in its pages in the first thirty years of that review's existence. If then, we take a few samples from among its contributors, we shall have represented the whole class sufficiently, without putting ourselves in the awkward position of criticising our cotemporaries.

Sydney Smith has a right to stand first, not only by seniority in the concern, but because he seems to have achieved the transition from the old to a newer style of criticism. That total want of the bump of veneration, which gave the peculiar character to his humour, was also the cause of his success. The reviewer requires no quality so much as courage. It will not do for the big-wig on the bench to make salaams to the prisoner at the bar, and the politeness into which Jeffrey was frightened by Byronic satire, however delightful and appropriate it may be in society, was misplaced and mistaken in one who assumes a position above his fellow-authors, whether rightly or not is of little import. Still we do not defend Smith's style throughout. He had really nothing but his humour, his clear head, warm heart, and absence of prejudice to recommend him. His qualities were those of character rather than those of mind, and we look for the latter in the good reviewer. He had no depth, and not much discrimination for the beautiful. He was only a good critic when the author was infinitely inferior to him, as in the case of Mrs. Hannah More, and a good essayist when the theme was commonplace. No one but Sydney Smith

could have said so much on chimney-sweepers. But he is often trivial and flimsy, and his impertinence sometimes borders very closely on the abusive, which is as great a fault in a judge as politeness. But while he preserved his general style during the twenty-five years he wrote for the *Edinburgh*, he corrected these little errors from time to time, and in 1827, the same humorous vein was more carefully and more correctly employed than in 1802.

To count up Jeffrey's virtues as a reviewer would be to string a mere chain of truisms. Few people now deny him the critic's crown, and those of taste and sense agree with Lord Byron, when, in 1816, he called his own vulgar satire on the Scotch Reviewers, "a miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony." But the excellence of Jeffrey's judgment has made too many of us indifferent to the faults of his style. He is the very antipodes of Sydney Smith. The playful humour of the one was replaced by a somewhat bilious sarcasm in the other, which scarcely rose to the dignity of satire, and was cool and cautious rather than caustic and bold. Indeed, his greatest fault was that same Scotch cautiousness, which clipped the wings on which he had natural strength enough to soar. He is rarely brilliant, and never rises above common sense, which was his sole guide and master. A less fault, though still a grave one, is the length of his sentences, which arises from the very prolixity and redundancy which he himself calls the English vice. In his essay on Swift, for instance, we find a whole octavo page, of thirty-four lines, without a single full stop, and with its various portions linked together by a succession of "ands."

Wilson was too much a poet to be an essayist, too good-natured and easy-going to make a good critic. Yet though his genius was not suited to the essay, a little moulding might have made his style superior to the "genuine old brown *Edinburgh*," of which Jeffrey's is the best instance.

There is not much originality in Wilson; he is all fire and flight, and the latter is often too sudden and startling, and sometimes verges on triviality,—at least for the essay. But it must be allowed that his flights, in spite of these faults, are at least within the bounds of common sense, which cannot be said of some of Mr. Carlyle's. Wilson uniformly, as we once heard him say, when speaking of his own flights, chooses a clear day for his ascent, when, however high he may rise, the spectators never lose sight of him in mist or fog.

Mr. Carlyle has struck out a new style

of his own, and therefore deserves great praise; for though we do not deny that Smith, Jeffrey, and Wilson wrote, as they meant it, originally, the first ever reminds us of Addison, the second of Robertson, and the third of Sterne. But Mr. Carlyle has no prototype. And if he wrote well, it was because his genius was good. If he supplied a great want in essay-writing—Power, it was because his mind was very powerful. If he was a better biographer than essayist, and a better essayist than critic, it was because none of these was his real sphere. His mind, like that of Turner's, saw too strongly. He exaggerates truth on the side of truth,—a blemish became a vice, a beauty divine; all yellow shone like gold. Of course, he too has many Ruskins, who will contend that he sees truth, and that we, the world, see less than the truth; but this argument is against common sense, and will obtain no more in literature than in art.

We have given a sample of his exaggeration, and thousands more might be supplied from his later works. He is one of the rare instances of a style not improving with practice. In his early essays he was moderate and temperate; now he is often wild, and even absurd. His writing is a mass of half-finished ideas, daubed in, which he will not or cannot complete. Hence his obscurity. It is a phrensy of metaphor at times, and puzzles and fatigues. But neither in his earlier or later works is he free from the great blame of coining words in a base metal.

We are not going to enter now on the long question of the rise of new words, and are content to refer our reader to Dean Trench's chapter on that very subject in his "Study of Words." But we confess ourselves wholly one in mind with Ben Jonson, when he says, "A man coins not a new word without some peril, and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured." It is a proud thing for a man to say, "I have endowed my language liberally; I have given it no less than a hundred new words." Yes, if the coin was good, and wanted. There are, in fact, many requirements for the success of a coinage. It must first be needed, without which it will only be pedantic and superfluous. *Palingenesis* has nothing to recommend it, although Dean Trench himself uses the word. Again, it must exactly supply the want which it is coined to fill. It must be formed according to the genius of the language, and above all be of a sweet sound, and easily understood. Mr. Carlyle has broken these laws in two ways. He has either introduced such Greek words as

eupeptic and *epicedial*, which, however correct in themselves, are not understood by those who do not know Greek, and sometimes require to be derived before even those who do know it can appreciate them; or he has formed compounds of English words, which do not harmonize with the genius of our tongue. The latter practice is so common a fault with the Germanizers, even in our newspapers and children's books, and has been so often taken to task, that we need only give two very common instances to illustrate our meaning. *Vaterland*, like *patria*, means the land where our fathers dwelt, not the soil which fathers and fosters us; and *fatherland* will not do, because the aristocratic feeling is not so strong in the English character as the progressive or the domestic, while mother-country is a much more beautiful word in idea, and has the advantage of being both Saxon and Norman in its components, uniting noble and trader by one domestic feeling dear to both. *Stand-point* again is wrong, because the English language can only form compounds of substantives of two kinds; one in which the first component stands in the place of an adjective to the second—as in "*gentleman-rider*;" the other in which the first is a genitive, governed by the second, as in *picture-frame*.

Emerson, the disciple of Carlyle, has far outdone his master in style. His is of all styles the best for essay. Every sentence is a dictum, suggesting thought, but rarely requiring penetration; and all his sentences are moulded into a continuous whole. The man did not sit down and write one sentence now and another then, and cull them from his notes as he wanted them. He did not think in sentences, but thought the whole subject. His mind is not a kaleidoscope of little shining bits of thought, but a fitting encaustic tile. He is bold in the use of words, brilliant in metaphor, and pure in thought. He discards the old fallacy of the *period*. But he is no critic, no biographer, and could never be a historian, nor even a philosopher. For the former his mind is too poetical, for the latter his style too dogmatical. His faults are affectation in the use of out-of-the-way metaphors, and Americanism in that of words. The latter do not always bear the common meaning, but a strong philosophical one of his own, which he is sometimes forced to explain. For instance, he has the single sentence, "Nature conspires," ("Representative Men," p. 175.) to which he is obliged to append the following: "Whatever can be thought can be spoken, and still rises for utterance, though by rude and stammering

organs. If they cannot compass it, it waits and works, until at last it moulds them to its perfect will, and is articulated."

But though his genius is stronger, as his power is less, than Carlyle's, he has sometimes strained after originality of style, where he would have done better to trust his own originality of thought. At times he is found talking like Knox or South, at others like Addison or Steele, when it would have been better had he remained true to himself.

We have brought forward these five styles, because, though not one of them is perfect in the essay, each contains one beauty meet for its perfection. If a genius were to spring up with the humour of Sydney Smith, the judgment of Jeffrey, the warmth of Wilson, the power of Carlyle, and the originality of Emerson, he might astonish the world with his essays.

"Descriptive Literature" would seem to form a very comprehensive class; but in point of style it does not. It lies in the very small space which separates the essay from the romance, and to one or other of these limits is constantly verging. Thus Haxthausen's "Russia," "The Roving Englishman in Turkey," Huc and Gabet's "Travels in China and Thibet," are almost collections of essays, illustrated by the author's experience, and admitting, from their very form, of more dash and descriptive colouring than the serious treatise or respectable review. On the other hand, there is a large class of works which follow in the wake of the "Sentimental Journey," and are simply descriptive fictions.

It is difficult to decide whether biography should come under this head or remain with history, to which in substance it is more closely allied. The fact is, that biography differs in style according as the subject is more or less august. A good Life of Fielding or Colley Cibber should read like a Christmas tale; and the tears and laughter, the ups and downs of their lives, could not be well told in a solemn, respectable, historical style. On the other hand, the "Memoirs of Goethe" are a broad chapter in the history of modern literature; and the "Life of Pitt" is an important page in that of modern Europe. Still the pure office of the biographer is to separate the man from his times, and connect the times with the man. So that he must paint at once the portrait and the group, and must therefore combine the talents of the novelist and the historian.

If biography lies between history and fiction, the descriptive literature which fills the space between fiction and the essay may be

nearly limited to *Travels*. This class of writing requires at once the most and the least talent. Where the ground is thoroughly new, a simple narration,—the fingers guided by the eye alone,—suffices and delights. Who could be poorer in style than Mungo Park, or our literary missionaries? Even though Heber was a poet, there is no luxury and little brilliancy in his "Journal," in spite of its great popularity. Again, the work of Messieurs Huc and Gabet is that of simple, earnest men, but has no artistic beauty. On the other hand, where the ground is well known, it requires the highest possible talent to make your description readable to the thoughtful man. Even "Eöthen," and "The Crescent and the Cross," which are among the best works of this class, are fit for little more than the drawing-room table, and will scarcely find a place among the English Classics. But if it is a rare thing for Englishmen of real genius to write travels, or describe national character with truth and brilliancy, it is still rarer for foreigners. Not only are the English the greatest travellers, but they would also seem to be the only people who really understand what travel demands. Knowing that hundreds of their readers must have seen the very places, nay, perhaps the very faces they describe, English travellers wisely pass from the tedium of long and serious description, to anecdote and sketches of character. Ease, impertinence, humour, a slight colouring of the truth, are indispensable qualities to this writer. Though, of course, he must never be vulgar, he has a longer tether than any other, and cannot be tied down to choice language and elegance of style. But what he wants in this respect he must make up in brilliancy, good taste, the intense love of the beautiful, and a real vein of humour.

For this the Frenchman is too systematic, the German too phlegmatical, and the American mars many good qualities by that bad taste from which even Emerson, the best writer of the New World, is scarcely free.

If we have left fiction to the last, it is not because it is the least—nay, perhaps it is even the most—important branch of literature with regard to style. Not only is it the best index of national genius and even national taste, but in each land is the weathercock of fashion. Nothing changes so soon or so utterly as the style of fiction, and no branch of writing depends for success so much on this. Millions still read Hume and Gibbon, and would scarcely know that these authors were dead, for aught the style of history hath changed. But how many hundreds, think you, care now for Pamela,

or the Italian, once as popular as *Pickwick* or *Pelham* in later days?

But if these changes have taken place, even during the short period that novels have been advanced to a separate position in literature, it must be possible to mark them, and define certain schools.

Now, there would appear to be three important classes of novels, which are often mingled, and sometimes subdivided. They are the classical, the romantic, and the natural. By the classical we mean those which are written according to the strict rules which good taste and experience have laid down for them. The romances of the last century were of this class; but in England and Germany they united to this a strong tendency to the sentimental, while in France they savoured not a little of the philosophical. In all, however, the popularity of novels generally was the result of a certain morbid tendency, consequent on the softening of a high civilisation. In reality the romance was only an inert drama, and as such the unities were preserved to a considerable extent, and the sentimentalism, whether of passion or religion, transferred from the mouths of the actors to that of the narrator himself. Hence the best novels of the last century were autobiographies, and, as such, were *immoral*, seeing that the phase in which the individual character is really interesting, is in its combat with the devil. No better novels, as far as the interest is concerned, preserved by unity of character and action, can be found than *Werther*, *Manon L'Escant*, and *Pamela*; but because the circumstances under which passion is painted in these are the strongest which can draw passion forth, they became immoral. Yet as works of pure art, Van-Eyck-like pictures of that human heart, on which the least incident leaves its impress when once passion has galvanized it, they are without rival. Even their slumbrous prolixity, their minute working up, and the superabundance of their sentiment, are recommendations, for with all these the interest is rather furthered than decreased. Yet that they are immoral can scarce be doubted, when our fathers tell us of the morbid youths who cut their throats, and the yet more morbid young ladies who lost their characters after the first appearances of "*Werther*" and "*Manon*."

Closely allied with this school, but only in England, was that of the humorists. If the transition from *Radcliffe* to *Bulwer* was a natural one, that from *Fielding*, *Sterne*, and *Smollett*, to *Edgeworth* and *Scott*, was no less so. The sentimentalists described the human heart,—the humorists the human

disposition. Yet both were to a certain extent classical; and it was reserved for *Scott* to bring to perfection the romantic school, which despised the unity of action. *Bulwer* and *Scott* are different branches of the same school, and both, *per se*, belong to a past age. As we have already said, *Bulwer* has felt the pressure of the fashion, and yielded to it. In his earlier works he belongs to the romantic,—in his later to the natural school. But while *Bulwer* painted portraits, and was content to make his secondary figures a mere set-off to his hero and heroine, *Scott* painted historical pictures, in which every figure was a portrait, except perhaps the principal one. In France the romantic, in Germany the natural school, succeeded the classical. But in both the progress has been slower than in England, from the fact, that in the one the drama, in the other the poem, has always found more favour than the romance. Thus in France the romantic school toned down into the proverbial,—in Germany to the domestic.

The proverbial is the very antipodes of the natural. The point, which is always a philosophical proverb, is its chief aim; and all probability, all nature, and much of individual character, is made subservient to it.* *Dumas (père)* who, like *Scott*, paints historically, and *Lamartine*, who is essentially romantic, are the chief exceptions to this class of writers. At the present day, the younger *Dumas* is reviving the classical and dramatic style, with almost as much sentimentalism as *Rousseau* or *Richardson* could have wished for; and more immorality.

The domestic style of Germany is partly accounted for by the genius of the people, partly by their imitation of the natural school of England, without the humour that here makes it successful. If Germany has now scarcely a novelist of note, she has a thousand and one story-tellers of no small merit, who have raised a surfeit of simplicity, *Mährchen*, and fairy tales.

The present school of English novelists is the natural, so called because its boast is to adhere strictly to probability and truth. Its representatives are *Dickens* and *Thackeray*. Its tendency is to paint pictures of classes, not of individuals. All the best characters of these authors are representatives of well-known sets of beings. We have, or might have, seen a *Sam Weller*, a *fat Boy*, a "*Marchioness*," and a *Quilp*, any day and anywhere. Few of us could have ever

* The *nouvelles* of M. E. de Girardin are a good specimen.

known a Maltravers or Zandoni, although these exist no less than those. But in those the character of the class, in these of the individual is drawn. In the one the surface,—in the other the heart.

Hence, when Mr. Dickens wishes to draw a character with which we can feel a real sympathy,—not the mere fellow-feeling of caste,—in short when he has to create a hero or heroine, he feels the necessity of abandoning the class-portraiture and imagining an individual. For this he is unfitted, and his heroes and heroines are maudlin, insipid, uninteresting, and forgotten. Classes change and that rapidly. Half a century hence we may seek a Dombey in vain through the city which now swarms with them. Mr. Dickens cannot hope to be immortal, though he may be longer read than Victor Hugo, whose novels, though the work of a poet, will always find admirers in those who can feel.

The class-portrait must of necessity be superficial. The moment you begin to analyze you sink into the individual. Again, individuals are infinite in number and always different; classes are necessarily few. These causes give rise to repetition, which both in his painting and language is Mr. Dickens' great fault. It forces him into mannerism, and as he has already arrived at that point we cannot but think that he has overwritten himself.

His popularity, too, has spoiled him. He found that his little sketches, however slight, became household words, and he warms them up again incessantly. "Little Dorrit" is full of these faults. Of one man he can say very little more than that "the moustache went up under the nose, and the nose came down over the moustache." It is true that we have seen this at every hotel in every town in France or Italy, but nothing more. It is no individual that these words describe, and we should never know how he would act in any given circumstances.

Even this, however, would be excusable if limited by good taste. But mannerism has pushed the great author into extravagance, and extravagance into coarseness. He is so fond of common things and striking types that he sometimes forgets what better taste requires. A good instance of this is the description of Mrs. Merdle :—

"This great and fortunate man had provided that extensive *bosom* which required so much room to be unfeeling enough in, with a nest of crimson and gold some fifteen years before. It was not a *bosom* to repose upon, but it was a capital *bosom* to hang jewels upon. Mr. Merdle wanted something to hang jewels upon, and he bought it for the purpose. Storr and Mortimer might have

married on the same speculation. . . The *bosom* moving in society with the jewels displayed upon it attracted general admiration."—*Little Dorrit*, p. 181.

Again :—

"Mrs. Merdle's first husband had been a colonel, under whose auspices the *bosom* had entered into competition with the snows of America," &c.—*Ibid.*

And the same disagreeable idea is revived at the end of the chapter :—

"There was no shadow of Mr. Merdle's complaint on the *bosom*, now displaying precious stones in rivalry with many similar superb jewel-stands."

We protest against this metonymy. Even the innuendo of Sterne is better than this. Of Dickens we have spoken at some length, because, besides being the most popular of living novelists, he is also the representative of the natural and humorous school of to-day. But of Thackeray, its satirical partisan, of Bulwer and Disraeli, the best of the romantic school, it would be trite and useless to discourse. Their differences of style are obvious to all.

None but Sir A. Alison could have placed Mr. G. P. R. James, the hero of a hundred volumes, near the names we have mentioned. If he has a large school and many customers it is because, discarding all nature, he has seen how to make romance intensely interesting to a reader indifferent about reality.

Both Caligula and Heliogabalus made consuls of their horses; but the latter was conscientious enough to raise a black block of stone to represent himself. The *sporting* novelists, who are now increasing daily, make horses their heroes, and their heroes very horse-like; but, preferring Caligula's to Heliogabalus' example, they have not the frankness to admit their own materialism. .

"Il y a de la femme dans tout ce qu'on aime," is an old *mot* of some clever old Frenchman. The lady-novelists of to-day evidently think the same, but they forget—at the risk of their frowns we must say it—that even the sugar-cane palls and nauseates when tasted to excess. Had we another De Staël, Radcliffe, Edgeworth, or Austin, we would hold our peace; but though we admit the benefits which the tenderer mind of woman confers on our literature, and compare it favourably with the brazen tongues of the present Amazons of France, we cannot but deplore the young-ladyism that is creeping in to unnerve our Fiction.

Two, however, there are who have done more good than harm. "Jane Eyre" and

"Paul Ferroll" may take their places where they list. Both preserve the unity of interest, and are written with the hands of masters. In both the anxiety is brought to bear wholly upon the one character, and that anxiety is never lost for a moment. This is the charm of Pamela, Manon, and La Dame aux Camélias, and if we cannot accuse Miss Brontë and Mrs. Clive of immoral writing, both, we fear, must meet the censure of the strict for upholding a bad moral, though in a kind, fond, womanly way.

To-day the Dramatic School is reviving. We hail it gladly. It has been forced on by the too great license that the Natural has played with the interest. Mr. Charles Reade here, and Hawthorne in America, uphold its purer doctrine; but greater geniuses are needed to bring it back to full favour. We are convinced, for our part, that an *interest*, unbroken, unforced, is the great aim of Romance. The reader must lose his identity in the realization of the actors. Unity of action, of character, of place, and even briefness, if not unity of time, are needful for this, and these are the characteristics of the Dramatic novel. May they be worked out by the talents of Dickens, the genius of Bulwer, and the satire of Thackeray, and we shall not fear that cheap trash will quite ruin our literature.

To recapitulate then briefly: An equal poise of matter and manner is the meed of History. In the Essay it is of more import to write well than to think deeply. In Descriptive Literature the matter may excuse the style, or the style be lieutenant for the substance; but the manner alone gives the charm to the Novel.

ART. III.—1. *Experiments on Chemical Isomerism, for 1840-41. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.*

2. *Lay Sermons on the Theory of Christianity.* Nos. 1 & 2. Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

3. *Galileo Galilei: a Tragedy.* James Hogg, Edinburgh.

4. *David Scott, R.S.A. North British Review, 1849.*

THERE lies now before us the prospectus of a course of associated Lectures, delivered sixteen years ago in this city, by two young graduates of our University. They had just completed, with marked distinction, their college career. It was less, however, the more commonplace and often delusive dis-

tinguishment of prize carrying, than the reputation established among the first and ablest of their fellows, and the expectation impressed upon these of high future achievement. The one of these young lecturers, after a course of more than ordinary brilliancy; after establishing a European reputation in that specific department of science to which he had devoted himself, found himself, while yet in the prime of his manhood and the full vigour of his power, in the position on which his aim had long been set—the professor of his favourite science in his parent university. Influence, opportunity, position, all in his grasp, it seemed that the career, already so brilliant, were but now to open. Suddenly, almost as in a moment, it closed; and on the heart of the city that had welcomed back with such fulness of hope its graduate, the death of Edward Forbes struck like a sharp and almost universal bereavement.

To the other of the young lecturers thus associated in the opening act of their public career, and not far severed in the time when closed, for each, all earthly aims, hopes, and workings,—to Samuel Brown, certainly not the inferior of Edward Forbes in power, though power of a different order, a far different life-destiny was assigned. The scientific conception that even then possessed him, and indeed for long before had done so, precluded all hope of speedy realization. He knew that toils and disappointments, uncheered by the breath of public sympathy, lay before him in the course he had selected, and he was content to know it so; though he did not know anything like the full extent of these. They came on him soon and clung to him to the very last. Once he was tempted by peculiar circumstances to stand forward, and proclaim what he believed he had then achieved: it involved accomplishments for atomics as great as Galileo and Kepler had won for astronomy. But the announcement was premature. The proof was found, was admitted by himself to be, incomplete; and to mere disappointment and failure of sympathy, were thenceforth added obloquy and distrust. From that time, as the chemist he was unheard of; and the prevalent impression was that he had abandoned as an idle dream all he had so daringly aimed to achieve. Never was impression more at fault; but to all save himself this is now of little moment. In the very midst of his silent and solitary toils, struggles, and encouragements, disease, long hovering about him, fairly seized him in one of the most depressing and agonizing forms our suffering humanity can know. During the few and partial respites its seven years

course allowed him, he laboured on. What measure of success attended him is fully known to none on earth; only isolated notices and incidental memoranda shew, that he himself believed it to have surpassed his brightest hopes. Quietly he passed away at last: not, like his early co-labourer, in the flush of position and opportunity won, and with a fairer and clearer field before him; but wasted and worn out by a long decay that had constrained him, with victory as he deemed attained, to forego all its honours, and even his formal enunciation of it.

It were difficult to say which of these two life-scenes, thus, as we are prone to think, alike so prematurely closed, most solemnly sounds to us from the eternal Wisdom,—“My thoughts are not your thoughts; my ways are not your ways.” Vainly we seek to please ourselves, to still the restless questionings that arise at thought of such seeming waste of intellect and power, with the fancy that all are immortal till their work is done. We feel there is mystery far beyond the impenetration of this formal truism, in the passing away in all their freshness of two such natures, with so much of work before them which we deem they, and they alone, could so well have wrought out; and we find consolation only in falling back on a deeper and more vital truism from all such strange and sad catastrophes of our mortal state:—“I was dumb: I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.”

We do not here propose any attempt at critical examination of the literary and scientific claims of Samuel Brown. The materials for such an examination are not yet before the public; for all he gave forth to it during his comparatively brief career, only very imperfectly and partially represented the entire man. All we would endeavour to do is, in briefly sketching the career itself, to indicate the salient features of a nature and character not easily analyzed or defined; a nature at once singularly varied in its aspects of manifestation, and yet singularly self-consistent; a character in which men of the most different conceivable habits, views, and powers, found something kindred, attractive, and cognate to themselves. With those who knew and loved him, the impression of their loss is still perhaps too recent to allow of their fairly estimating him: and if to those who knew him less closely, or only through his public appearances, there shall appear over-estimation in this record, we pray them to receive this as the apology for it.

Samuel Brown, the fourth and name-son

of the founder of itinerating libraries, and grandson of John Brown of the Self-interpreting Bible, was born at Haddington on the 23d February 1817. For those who can recall the quaint old country town as it then, and for some time after, was—by a sarcastic visitor described as the most finished town in Britain, for not a stone had been added to it during his long experience—it is unnecessary further to particularize it. For others, it may be enough to designate its then society as not greatly dissimilar from that of other places of its size and class,—very kindly, rather cliquish and sectarian, and intensely gossiping. The household, however, and especially its head, claims a more particular notice. There are few of the younger grandchildren of John Brown of Haddington—once a numerous and compact race, now scattered abroad and sadly thinned by death—who have not many a kindlier thought towards the dear old town, for the sake of the elder Samuel. He was one not to be soon forgotten,—one of those men who seem specially set forth to illustrate how much more love and its energy, than mere intellect, is an influence and power in the world. In no way remarkable for intellectual endowments—making no pretensions whatever to genius, even to what is ordinarily understood as talent—simply a plain, sound-minded, clear-headed man, of thorough business habits and capabilities, he yet, by the pure force of love, developed and perfected in the school of the Cross, accomplished for the best interests of his country what genius alone would never have done. But it is as the father of the family, and the head of the household, we have here to do with him; and in this capacity, the pervading quality of his nature shone forth with peculiar lustre. Allied, by the depth and pervading stillness of his piety, to those old religionists who have laid our Scotland under a heavy debt, that piety wanted the sternness and austerity which too often encrusted theirs. Geniality was its marked and unmistakable characteristic. His rule in the family was maintained, not by the arbitrary authority these old Calvinistic patriarchs claimed as their divine right, but by firm, systematic, and faithful love. Few of the many nephews and nieces, paternal and maternal—and the old-fashioned roomy house seldom wanted some of these as guests—can forget the Sunday evening catechisings there; and especially the tender, heartfelt solemnity with which it was often his wont to close them, with the commending of each particularly, and by name, to the grace of the one Father. Then he was to some extent an experimental physicist,—an adept in

certain branches of economic chemistry; and the younger Samuel's first appearance as a scientific inquirer before the public, was as the worker out and expounder of an idea of his father's.*

Such were the leading features of the paternal influence under which Samuel Brown emerged into boyhood. Those, however, who hold by hereditary transmission of qualities, might incline to trace back something of his whole tendency of mind to an earlier generation—to his maternal grandmother. From all that can be learnt regarding her, she was in more than one respect a remarkable woman; and in this one most of all, and in it closely followed by her grandson, that she had caught the "rare and ill-beloved trick of thinking for herself, and of trusting her thought." Boys are not in general rigid or accurate analysts—at least formally and logically—of each other's characters; and older friends seldom possess the faculty of entering fully into those strange penetralia of younger natures, wherein lies unfolded the germ-life of the after career. This, however, may be safely asserted, that there was in this boyhood nothing of that morbid and unhealthy precocity which some appear to esteem the necessary precursor and premonition of genius. He was thoroughly and to the soul a boy; not over-studious; his occupations, his amusements, the whole tenor of his life, those of a healthy-minded boy. One well-marked characteristic there certainly was; and it was one that went with him through all his career. Whatever he did, he did it heartily, almost enthusiastically. Whatever the occupation of the time, whether boating on the river in the home-built coble, the *chef-d'œuvre*—at least in our eyes—of an elder brother; or during pleasant rambles through his well-loved East Lothian, improvising dismantled wind-mill into Pictish round tower, for behoof of a companion smitten with archaeological madness; or restfully watching the stars, and northern streamers, and shimmering wildfire from among the autumn sheaves,—each and all was done with heart and soul. Those were pleasant days to all who shared them, specially pleasant through him. And that number included strange varieties; for even then was established that remarkable power of fascination for the most different conceivable natures and developments, which appeared to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, to the very last. Already,

too, was shown that faculty for strong personal attachments which characterized him throughout life; and boyish friendships were then formed which went with him to the grave. Nor was physical speculation altogether wanting. The well-remembered attic of that Haddington house witnessed many a solemn council, prompted and presided over by him, for discussion of knottiest problems in the science of our globe; and heard many an original and startling hypothesis propounded, explanatory of phenomena which are mysterious to the wisest still. There was small reverence for mystery there.

He passed through the usual course of preliminary, classical, and general instruction creditably; but, we believe, nothing more. At no time of his life did his strength lie in the acquisition of languages; although, when strongly actuated by the motive of coveted literary or scientific treasures to become thus more accessible, he soon achieved sufficient mastery over all their difficulties to accomplish his end. In the session of 1832–33, he entered the University of Edinburgh nominally as a student of medicine, but, perhaps, more truly with a view to that course of study which is prescribed for the medical student. It is more than doubtful if at any time he looked forward to the life of the medical practitioner; and it is certain that, with nearly his first session at college, the determination of his mind toward chemistry, so far as physical science is concerned, was decided and final. It was indicative, too, of the character of his whole mind; of his indisposition to rest in the bare present of any department of science or of knowledge, and especially of his early revulsion against materialism in all its forms, that in physiology his strongest sympathies were with Fletcher, the fearless assailant of established dogmas, and the resolute defender of man's mortal frame against those, whose so-called analysis would reduce it to a mere aggregation of chemical compounds.

The set with whom he more closely associated himself at College included, with many names of minor distinction, at least two whose reputation is now European,—Edward Forbes, and John Goodsir. Toward the former, in particular, though personal intercourse had comparatively ceased between them, his attachment continued strong to the last. How truly he loved, and how deeply mourned, that gifted spirit,—how highly yet discriminatingly estimated him, the following extract from his private journal testifies:—

"Edward Forbes is dead and buried before me;

* "On the Mucilage of the Fuci, with remarks on its application to Economical ends;" read before the Society of Arts, April 1837.

—died this day week,—was buried on Thursday. ‘He behaved at the close with his old composure and considerateness, and sweetness of nature,’ writes Dr. John. This is a great public loss,—a pungent public grief too; but to us, his friends, it is ‘past the blasphemy of grief.’ Surely it is ‘wondrous in our eyes.’ Not forty yet; his work sketched out largely, rather than done: his proper career, as the Edinburgh Professor of Natural History, just ‘opened, and that with unusual brilliancy of circumstance,—Edinburgh, young and old, proud to receive him as her new Great Man,—the Naturalists of Scotland rising up to call the Manxman blessed—‘The pity of it, O the pity of it!’

“We almost began our public career together. He in his twenty-fifth, I in my twenty-third year, delivered at Edinburgh a joint course of lectures on the Philosophy of the Sciences,—he the graphic or static, I the principal or dynamic hemisphere of the round. Tall for his strength, slightly round-shouldered, slightly in-bent legs, but elegant, with a fine round head and long face, a broad, beautifully arched forehead; long dim-brown hair like a woman’s, a slight moustache, no beard, long-limbed, long-fingered, lean,—such was one of the most interesting figures ever before an Edinburgh audience. His voice was not good, his manner not flowing,—not even easy. He was not eloquent, but he said the right sort of thing in a right sort of way; and there was such an air of mastery about him, of genius, of geniality, of unspeakable good-nature, that he won all hearts, and subdued all minds, and kept all imaginations prisoners for life. Nobody that has not heard him can conceive the charm.

“In natural history his labours are acknowledged by his peers; and it is not for a chemist to say a word. Yet I fancy he has made no memorable discovery,—initiated no critical movement. It is by the width of his views he has told, and by his personal influence. In short, he is a first-rate naturalist, near-sighted and far-sighted, and eminently disposed and able to reduce the chaos of observation to order, and to discern the one soul of nature in all her manifold body of members; but he has not shown himself inventive like Linnaeus or Ouvier, or even Buffon. His true greatness was cumulative; and if he had lived as long, he might have rivalled Humboldt. As it is, he was not a philosopher, nor a great discoverer; but he was a consummate and philosophical naturalist, wider than any man alive in his kind. Add to that noble distinction, that he was much of an artist, not a little of a man of letters, something of a scholar, a humorist, the very most amiable of men, a perfect gentleman, and a beautiful pard-like creature, and you have our Hyperion,—gone down, alas, ere it was yet noon! After all, what a combination of charms, what a constellation of gifts, what a man! Edward Forbes was a sweet, wise, broad and sunny, great kind of man, else I do not know a nobleman when I see him.

“As for religion, I can only say he never talked infidelities even in our rash youth. He always abided by the church, though he rarely frequented its tabernacles. He was a kind of half-intellectual, half-aesthetical believer. Theology somehow did not lie in his way; and he was (as I

conceive) sincere rather than earnest, in religion. There lay his great defect; since all are but fragments after all that can be said even of a Shakspeare. He wanted intensity of character, depth of soul, spirituality; and it is curious in a man so large.

“And in connexion with this lay one of the secrets of Forbes’ boundless popularity. He was a conformist,—ran against no man or thing. He joined no new cause; he assailed no old one; nay, he even assailed no new one. All were welcome to him, therefore, and he to all. Even in Natural History he brought no agitating or perplexing news,—perplexing men with the fear of change. He sailed nobly with the wind and tide of ordinary progress, not needing to carry a single gun, but the foremost of this peaceful fleet. This was all very delightful and wise; yet let a word be said for the men of war, John Kepler and the rest; and also let a distinction betwixt the two orders of men be remembered. To forget such distinctions is to confound the morality of criticism. He of Nazareth, not to be profane, brought ‘not peace, but a sword,’—the Divine image of ‘the greater sort of greatness.’”

With these men, and others like-minded and like-hearted, Dr. Brown was associated in one of those attempts which the young enthusiastic truth-seeker so naturally turns to, to detach himself from the mass of intellectual and moral indifference on the one hand, and of sectarianism on the other, which is almost sure to surround him wherever his lot may be cast. The form assumed by this desire in the present case was the introduction of the *o. e. μ.** Society among the Edinburgh students. The objects of this institution, at least as these defined themselves in the purpose of the introducers, were, firstly, the pursuit of truth; secondly, the engaging themselves to this pursuit in perfect catholicity, alike as to the forms of truth and as to the general opinions and views of the brethren of the order; and, thirdly, the recognition of the great principle of brotherhood and association, not merely formally, but in actual practice, in this pursuit. It was a generous scheme, and a noble attempt, but it was the attempt of youth; and it failed from causes which cooler heads and colder hearts could easily have predicted,—the introduction of unsuitable and unworthy members, and the falling away of others from the first fresh enthusiasm and frank daring and freedom of youth. Nay, even among the originators themselves,—so at least Dr. Brown’s later and stern self-judgment deemed,—the association principle soon began too much to degenerate into mere sociality,—the sign, as it ever tends to do with our poor humanity, had begun too much to usurp the place of the thing signified.

* The initials of its legend, “οἶκος, ἔπος, μάθησις.”

But there is no need that we should, because its sensibly active operation for good soon ceased, assume the attempt to have been without its fruits. More than one of these young enthusiasts could be named, as having, amid all other change in them and around them, continued essentially true to the principles they had thus attempted to embody in form. And though undoubtedly that attempt was itself indicative of a character and tendency already in them developed, there need be as little doubt that this institution aided, defined, and confirmed that tendency. Among those who thus to the end held true to the confession of faith and purpose, veiled under the symbol of the *o. e. μ.*, Samuel Brown was undoubtedly one. As regards his own special quest in science, indeed, the principle of actual and active association became soon impossible. Ere long he had to tread that path literally alone. But the truth-seeking and the catholicity were his to the last; and this loneliness on his own peculiar path, seemed only to broaden and deepen his sympathies with the whole brotherhood, devoted, like himself, to the extension of the boundaries of human knowledge and human faith.

In 1837 his course of study at Edinburgh University was interrupted by his removal to St. Petersburg, where his eldest brother was then settled, preparatory to his completing his medical curriculum at Berlin. Mitscherlich, the discoverer of the doctrine of isomorphism, and the able expounder of that of isomerism, as it then was and still is accepted, was the principal attraction to the Prussian capital; for already the initial conception of an isomerism far more extensive and profound had assumed definite form in his thoughts. At Berlin, however, and under Mitscherlich, he was never to be permitted to study. He was stricken down at St. Petersburg by typhus fever, followed by malignant dysentery; and, in the spring of the following year, returned to England with health greatly shattered, and with, there is too much reason to believe, the seeds of that disease implanted in his constitution which ultimately wore out his life. But the year 1839—that also of his graduation—brought to him a yet sterner and more searching initiation into “worship of sorrow,” than even the personal assault of disease, in the death of his father, and that also of one with whom his life had long been very intimately associated. How these strokes looked to him in anticipation, is known in some degree from a letter to his father of this year’s date. And when the double bereavement was actually consummated, it brought for the time a very horror

of darkness and desolation; which pressed the more severely on him, that, for most eyes, it was veiled beneath an exterior little changed from his wonted one. Everything was shaken within him—all faith for the time dethroned, life overshadowed, definite purpose and aim put aside. The bond between father and son had been one of peculiar tenderness, even for such a relation. One or two of the early, indeed the school-boy, letters of the son to the father, have, since the death of the former, been found in the repositories of the latter; and the touching and beautiful tone of perfect confidence and free and full self-unveiling that characterizes them reveal, better than all directer words or description could have done, how closely these two were knit together.

The year thus peculiarly solemnized saw also such progress taken in his outward career as graduation constituted, for one to whom it was, in effect, little more than a form. Chemistry had now taken full, almost tyrannous, possession of him; and while his Thesis, on chemical topics,* was one of the prize themes of the year, we well remember he was, what was rare indeed with his firm self-reliant nature, rather nervous about certain others of his examinations. He had already won for himself high standing, more, however, among his cotemporaries than, with one or two exceptions, among his teachers. His appearances at the various students’ societies had, in particular, approved—to those perhaps best capable of forming a judgment—not only his general power, but the singularly flexible and catholic character of it and excited in the minds of men, least of all likely to be imposed on by mere show and appearance, because directly and personally interested in the detection of these, the highest hopes with regard to his future career. Already, too, was strongly pronounced the possession, in peculiar degree, of that open-minded and open-hearted receptivity of nature, which is one of the foremost essentials to the true discoverer; and the courage which never shrunk from giving fair and calm consideration to the new, even though he might find himself alone in doing so. Mere novelty in itself had no overpowering attraction for

* “Chemical Fragments—First, on the preparation, &c., of carburets; second, on the coagulation of albumen.” The latter section, which formed his contribution to the Academic Annual for that year, was chiefly devoted to the discussion of catalysis,—a subject in which he was greatly interested. The former may be regarded as his first public appearance in connexion with that work which was the after-devotion of his life; for subsequent examination of these supposed carburets led him to append to his MS. the note, “They were siliciurets.”

him ; but his strong unfaltering faith in human progress, ever identified in his mind with God's on-leading, combined with his naturally buoyant and sanguine temperament, to urge him on in every direction toward the unexplored and unknown. And for every voice, howsoever low and half-articulate, that professed to bring tidings from that dim realm of undiscovered glories, he had a patient and attentive ear. There were words of his great master, Coleridge, which he often quoted, and the spirit embodied in which was as if part of his own deepest nature : "There are errors which no wise man will treat with derision, lest they should be the reflection of some great truth yet below the horizon."

The first specific step in his public career was taken in the winter of 1840-41, by the delivery of a course of lectures on the Philosophy of the Sciences, in association, as we have already intimated, with Edward Forbes. Differently constituted in many respects as were these two minds, they had yet much in common : deep enthusiasm, high appreciation of the aims and possibilities of science, generous ardour, and earnest, resolute devotion to their work. It would not have been easy to find at that time in Edinburgh, perhaps anywhere, two lecturers animated by the spirit and pervaded by the views of the younger school of inquirers, in every respect more competent to the function they had assumed. Each seemed specially endowed to complement the other ; to supply, not the deficiencies of the other, for each within his own sphere was complete, but that which the other left unattempted. One great object which the young aspirants proposed to themselves was, the rescuing popular scientific lecturing from the state of degradation in which they conceived it then to be, the elevating its whole tone and character, and the making it the means at once of broadly and accurately informing the intelligence, and of aiding the entire development of its audiences. They conceived it possible that it might be made an agency, not for the mere communication of information necessarily limited and superficial, but for training at least many to habits of comparatively precise and coherent thought. Those who remember what such lecturing almost universally then was,—to a great degree in the hands of ignorant and superficial pretenders,—its highest aim with regard to its auditors, apparently the whiling away an idle hour ; and little scrupling to degrade science, and truth itself, in every possible way, to them, instead of attempting to raise them to it—will not be disposed to pronounce the attempt uncalled for. That

it failed, we are not prepared to say, for we know that the great intellectual crisis, the true genesis of mind and thought, in more than one life, dates from these lectures, and especially associates itself with Dr. Brown's share in them. Nay, we know not how much of influence may have been exercised by that bold attempt toward the now undoubted improved tone of popular lecturing in Edinburgh. But the lectures were appreciated rather than popular. They addressed themselves to, and found their answer from, only a comparatively limited portion of their comparatively limited audiences ; and while among those they established the more firmly the conviction, that each of the young lecturers was destined to great achievement, they failed of other and more sensible results. Had it been otherwise, and had other circumstances permitted, there was, we believe, the purpose that these courses should have been continued and expanded, others like-minded being associated with their originators. To this there was little or no encouragement ; and Edward Forbes now passed on upon his course of almost unshadowed light too early quenched ; while Samuel Brown, already in the firm clear purpose of his own heart committed to his, now fairly entered on it, relieved from all other distractions save those originated by his outward circumstances.

The whole category of these circumstances was not encouraging. It included what can hardly be called by a milder name than poverty ; health by no means robust ; and the daring, single-handed and alone, one, of the most difficult and complicated problems that human intellect ever sought to solve. If to these are added the doubts and hardly concealed sneers of many a professed well-wisher, we shall be better able to appreciate the strength of resolution, and the firmness of faith in his own idea, which could induce a young man of twenty-four to forego all else he might have won, and to enter on a pursuit in which one thing was absolutely certain, and only one,—the toil and struggle through which alone success could be attained, if ever attained at all. We do not maintain the prudence of the step. We believe his life would have been a calmer, less arduous, more sensibly brilliant, and longer one, had he contented himself with successes that almost all pronounced within his easy reach. But the world is so little likely soon to want prudences enough of this kind, that one such imprudence may be forgiven, or at least visited with its lighter condemnation.

This is not the place to enter into any exposition of that scientific conception which was henceforth to be the single devotion of

Dr. Brown's life, or any critical examination of the ground on which he claimed the probability of its subsistence in nature, and gave himself to the task of experimentally exhibiting that subsistence. Even were the subject not comparatively remote from the general reader, he himself were the only adequate expounder of his thought. Nor shall we make any attempt at presenting before the reader the development of it in his own mind. This only it is bare justice to him to say, that there was from the first such a conception, crude and germ-like in its beginnings compared to what it afterwards became; carefully and severely thought out, purged, and elaborated; every available light that Analogy could supply brought to bear on it; and everything rejected from it even as a hypothesis, that seemed irreconcilable with the known facts to which it stood related. He was not, as too many assumed, even among those who should have known him better, working and stumbling blindly on in the dark: he was labouring to reduce to the stern test of experiment a hypothesis adequate to reconstruct the whole science of atomics. And those who listened to the four critical lectures on that atomic theory, delivered in 1843,—perhaps the most intellectual audience ever addressed in Edinburgh,—will, we believe, without one dissentient voice, bear testimony to the wonderful subtlety and reach of thought, and the severity of reasoning, and the mastery of the whole subject, then displayed. The germ of this hypothesis had been conceived several years before; it had been gradually and systematically developed in his own mind amid all his other occupations; his laboratory workings hitherto had, almost without an exception, had its practical elaboration and completion for their end; and this now became the great scientific purpose of his life, to which all else was to be held subordinate.

We have referred to this subject more at large than some perhaps will approve of, for several reasons. We believe that much misapprehension exists with regard to his conduct in connexion with it, even in the minds of many who knew him well. By some he was considered as possessed by a mere fancy or crotchet of the hour; to others he was a mere rash innovator and reckless speculator; to others again he appeared the dupe of an unbridled imagination, rapt away to confound poetic fancy with scientific probability; and to yet others a half-mad enthusiast, in blindness and ignorance striving to revive an exploded dream:—an alchemist, in short, attempting empirically to realize metallic transmuta-

tion. Could all be fully or adequately told, few would refuse to recognise in him the earnest and resolute inquirer as to whether established laws had not a deeper significance, and a more searching operation, than all that had as yet been unveiled. We claim the right to speak here, not from hearsay, not even from general impression, but from personal and intimate knowledge of the development of his thought from the very first; and the right to testify that, whatever of rashness may subsequently lie to his charge, there was no rashness here. Patiently he wrought his first conception into form as complete as could be given it, till experiment should have shed its sharp clear light upon it; and patiently and submissively accepted whatever modifications Nature herself suggested to him.

Then, unless tangible and complete success shall alone be held entitled to our consideration, there is surely much claiming respect and inviting imitation in the spectacle thus presented. It is that of a young man, barely twenty-four, before whom in general estimation lay brilliant and comparatively easy success wherever he might have chosen to turn; who had just given proof of power admittedly unrivalled among his fellows as an expositor of the most subtle and difficult of all sciences—the science of Methodology: on whose behalf Hamilton and Jeffrey, Chalmers and Hare, Carlyle, Christison, and Forbes, with one consent testified as warmly as words could speak, that, turn where he might, victory and fame were sure to him:—who of set purpose and clear anticipation chose the harder and not the easier way, and devoted himself to a work that imposed on him toils, privations, and loneliness, with success only a dim and far-off possibility. There are failures more honourable than many of the world's successes; and Samuel Brown's, even if it shall ultimately have to be written down for the world as a failure, may surely in many respects rank among these.

It is not our purpose, nor is this the place, to enter into any detail of these laboratory labours, thenceforth carried on in great part alone, with a patience, resolution, and faith not often surpassed in the annals of scientific research, so long as strength remained to him. They were not now first begun: but they henceforth assumed system and form, as the self-chosen work of his life. In all his after removals from place to place—and these were numerous—the laboratory was first provided for and set up. It was generally, we might safely say always, as to its outward means and appliances, such as would have excited the wonder, pity, or

scorn of a first or second year's chemistry student. But a temper buoyant and cheerful in its fearlessness, an inventive head and willing hand, and a strong unfaltering will, supplied many at least of these outward deficiencies.

The life led for several years at Rosebank, Portobello, was a sufficiently strange one, especially for one who had nothing of the hermit or of the ascete in his composition; who was, on the other hand, both by natural taste and acquired habit, keenly alive to all the enjoyments of social intercourse, and all the refinements of social life. A two-storied, roughly built house, isolated within a bare and dreary-looking court; the two largest and most eligible rooms devoted to the laboratory, which, however, was ever overflowing and encroaching elsewhere; scantily and rudely furnished, if we except the larder, where the care of a sister had made large provision of the only fare the cookery of the establishment cared to deal with—tea, sugar, salt-fish, and ship-biscuit; no servant or even occasional charwoman admitted; the whole scene strongly and always pervaded by the prevalent chemical presence of the time, till the operator and his amateur assistants were poison-proof against prussic acid itself; night full often turned into day, and sleep regulated less by the exigencies of nature, than conformably with the fascinations of some prolonged and elaborate process:—such were a few of the externals amid which the young enthusiast laboured to accomplish his self-assigned work. Not that they pressed heavily on him; if ever there was desire that circumstances were more favourable, it was for his work's sake far more than for his own. His sanguine temper and buoyant spirit grew and flourished under all this; found only food for mirth amid all such inconveniences and discomforts, so far as they were merely personal. These years might indeed be described, not perhaps as the happiest, still less the most blessed, but as the most joyous of his whole career. Hope was still—we do not say strong within him, for that it remained to the very last—but unchilled and unchecked by any great disappointment; he felt perfectly free to give himself wholly and unreservedly to his work, and that work seemed steadily prospering, above even his most sanguine hopes. Even the bitter disappointments that too often befel, when in a moment the thought and labour of days and nights proved abortive, though they fell for the time more crushingly on his peculiar temperament than they would have done upon one of calmer mood, had no power of prolonged discouragement

for him. From these falls to the earth he soon sprang up with strength and hope renewed; and in failure itself sought and found guidance for further and more successful attempts.

While, however, thus concentrating his first regards upon his work, and devoting himself to it with an ardour and a courage there is little danger of our overstating, his whole nature was too active and energetic to be capable of resting in this one partial outgoing of its activities. Within that hermitage itself many an hour was given—hours not to be soon forgotten by any who shared them—to counsel serious and even solemn on every highest aspect and relation alike of nature and of man. Especially on some still and beautiful Sabbath evening, on the secluded country roads near Duddingstone, or in the retirement of its woods, or in some quiet nook of Arthur's Seat itself, his whole soul would outpour itself in thoughts and words quick with power. He was no exception to the universal law, that in the deep of every nature capable of high aim or great achievement, will be found, if it be but looked for aright, under some phase of development or other, the religious sentiment. This sentiment was, at this time in particular, peculiarly impatient of formal embodiment or expression; the inadequacy of all such embodiments pressed heavily on him; and he had yet to learn, what after-experience especially of suffering taught him, that such inadequacy was but shared with the entire spiritual life of man; that creeds and churches were to religious faith and devotional sentiment, simply what words were to thought and emotion; the dim imperfect shadows more than the realities,—the suggestive symbols rather than the things themselves. It was this sense of inadequacy, more than any specific amount of actual divergence, that at this time barred him from identifying himself with any one formal embodiment of Christianity; but none could have shared these quiet hours with him, without being at once made aware how habitually for him there lay at the base of all truth, all knowledge, all science, the one sure reality—God. Not a mere last abstraction and fundamental generalization of law, secluded within his, or rather its unbeginningness, from all direct concern or care for aught but the last link in the far-stretching chain; but in Nature the Creator for ever fulfilling His unresting and unhalting work; and for Man the Father, redeeming and restoring from the depths of His own infinite love;—"God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing to men their trespasses."

The circle of his friendships, too, had now been greatly extended, and included in it more than one name from among the greatest and best of the age: too many of these already passed away. Though almost wholly unknown in literature, and in science recognised chiefly as the secluded and resolute devotee, his conversational powers had enabled men like Jeffrey, Chalmers, Sir William Hamilton, and Carlyle, to identify in the young student the element common to them all, of power; they accepted him to the full as one of their own rare class—the thinkers; and regarded and received him as a valued friend. But perhaps none of all the inmates of this epoch of his life won from and gave to him a warmer and more affectionate regard than he to whom, nearly eight years ago, he rendered in our pages the last tribute of esteem and love—David Scott. Seldom, perhaps, were two natures at the surface more unlike; and to those who looked only at the surface, intimate relations between two such men would have seemed impossible, or at least unnatural. Yet there were some things in which they were wholly at one; each possessed by strong enthusiasm, steadfast purpose, definite aim of life, and resolute adherence through good and bad report thereto. The portrait of Samuel Brown by his friend is in some respects a unique production. It portrays the ideal of him by one who, after years of closest association and most confidential intercourse with him, on one occasion expressed his indignant surprise at his being impeached of the lightness and frivolity of—laughter! The artist had so seen the chemist through the medium of his own saddened and morbid spirit, that in all their communion he had never recognized the singularly genial and joyous nature that, in this respect in particular, stood in such direct opposition to his own.

The tenor of the life we have sketched was now to be broken in upon by what, in more senses than one, constituted the great outward crisis of Dr. Brown's career. This whole passage of his life is one fraught with pain of almost every kind, and from nearly every quarter; it was burdened with sad recollections for himself to the end; and we shall content ourselves with rehearsing, as briefly and dispassionately as possible, the leading facts connected with it.

In the autumn of 1843, the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the resignation, followed soon after by the death, of Dr. Hope. Dr. Brown was spending a few days at Dunglass, a favourite seaside retreat of the family, when

the intelligence was communicated to him, in letters that urged, in the strongest terms, his coming forward as a candidate for the chair. Though this had already been contemplated as a possibility, the advanced age of Professor Hope having for some time made his retirement probable, now that the decisive step must be promptly and finally taken, he hesitated long. On the one hand were the undoubted advantages accruing from success: independence; a position from which he might, with a certain authoritativeness, promulgate his scientific views, and indoctrinate with them some at least of the younger and emerging minds; and adequate time and peculiarly favourable circumstances for carrying on his own specific work. On the other hand, his researches, on the verification of the results of which he foresaw that the contest, if he entered on it, would unfailingly be made to turn, were not in such a state of completeness as he would have desired ere bringing them formally before the public. Unfortunately, they proved even further from this than he himself was aware. At last, however, he resolved to declare himself as a candidate. As he had from the first anticipated, his claims on all other grounds were at once ignored; and his right even to present himself as a competitor was made to rest on what he had achieved in that special sphere of research to which it was known he had devoted himself. We admit the rashness and precipitancy of much that followed; but let there be also recalled the deep repentance and the life-long atonement for what was surely an error of judgment at most, and one, too, into which he was almost driven by the pressure of circumstances entirely beyond his own control. Some time previously he had drawn up two memoirs, entitled, "Experiments on Chemical Isomerism for 1840-41," which were read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by his ever kind and generous friend, Professor Christison. In these memoirs, the isomerism of carbon and silicon was distinctly asserted, and certain formulæ were given for processes experimentally illustrative of it. These processes, however, were manifestly imperfect. They were complicated, and difficult of performance; in more than one direction they lay open to suspicion of possible fallacy; and even in the event of silicon being obtained, they uttered no certain sound as to which out of several constituent elements might have been the source of it. The "Two Processes for Silicon," claiming to meet all these objections, and to present complete experimental proof of the transmutability of carbon into silicon, was hurri-

edly prepared and issued. It was his own firm belief, and that of one then working with him more cautious, perhaps, than he himself at that time was, that these processes could at will be repeated with the same apparent success as had frequently attended them.* This belief, however, was too soon shown to be a delusion. But before this, indeed before the publication of the Two Processes, the case had been already, by more than one name of weight in chemistry, prejudged against him. "If Dr. Brown," was the reported dictum of one of these, "has discovered a new force, I will admit the possibility of what he claims to have done, but not otherwise." Another, in a letter which was freely circulated, addressed to a leading member of the Town-Council, the patrons of the Chair, by clear implication denounced him as a charlatan and impostor, before even the pretence of testing his processes experimentally had been gone through. The so-called charlatan took what certainly had been a strange step in any one not fully conscious of his own integrity. After the publication of his Royal Society memoir, he had applied to several of the leading chemists of our country for permission to repeat in their presence the processes there detailed. One only accepted the proposal—Professor Gregory, then of Aberdeen University; but before further arrangements could be completed, that gentleman was seized with severe and prolonged illness. These applications were now renewed, with special reference to the two processes, conditioned alone by the provision that, should he succeed in satisfying the referee or referees, they should give public attestation to his success. After several applications elsewhere, Dr. (now Sir Richard) Kane, then of Dublin, frankly and generously came forward. To Dublin, accordingly, Dr. Brown repaired in December 1843, still weak from the effects of a recent and somewhat alarming accident, but sanguine as to complete success. What there took place we do not fully know. Six weeks after, however, transpired the sad conclusion, that as to his principal object he had failed; had presented no results which the distinguished referee could recognise as establishing the position he had laid down. Meantime, at Edinburgh, a series of experiments had been simultaneously carrying on, under the careful superintendence of his

early friend and fellow-graduate, Dr. George Wilson. The result of these, continued as long as the slightest hope of greater success remained, was hardly less unsatisfactory. They shewed, at most, an apparently anomalous appearance to a small extent, of silicon;* but entirely failed as to all direct proof of Dr. Brown's proposition—the isomerism of carbon and silicon. One course only now remained to him—to retire from the field; and this course he accordingly took. His claim had been staked, as he had foreseen it would be, on this one issue; though, from first to last, there were not wanting many, not prejudiced friends, but calm and clear judging men, who maintained his right to the position he had aimed at, on grounds irrespective of this; maintained that the whole character of his mind, the reach and grasp of his thought, his high-toned enthusiasm, and his faculty of clear, vigorous, and eloquent prelection, constituted qualifications of peculiar and paramount value for the Chair he had aspired to occupy. And it might well have been a somewhat startling phenomenon, in the eyes of those who regarded him, at best, as a wild enthusiast whose bubble had now burst, that very few, if any, of these men now changed in the slightest degree in their regards towards him; nay, that many of them henceforth gathered round him with a yet warmer and closer regard.

One of his then, and to the last most valued friends, in recording his estimate of the qualifications of the young candidate, had thus written to him:—"I know not, God only knows, whether, glorious as it (the Professorship of Chemistry) looks, it might be really useful to you in the heroic and sweet sense of use; whether I ought to wish it for you or not. But I do very heartily wish you may get the thing which, whether it look well or ill, may be of use to you. . . . Good hap to you, and good courage with whatever hap." Knowing from whence, in the last resort, issues all disposal of outward life and circumstance, we may well believe that this disappointment, with all its painful concomitants, came charged with purpose towards this highest use. But we are not left to such mere gene-

* There now lie before us the original jottings and calculations of one of these experiments, performed entirely during Dr. Brown's absence from indisposition, in which the apparent silicon obtained corresponded to within less than four per cent. with the estimated carbon in the compound employed.

* There was, however, one exception. In one of the trials, the weight of the silica obtained was fully equal to what, according to Dr. Brown's hypothesis, should have been given. We refer to this, not putting it forward as in any sense conclusive on the question, but as indicating at least the possibility of Dr. Brown himself having been misled, by his having obtained similar results, into assuming these processes to be comparatively easy of performance, and certain of similar success.

ralities on the subject. By the clear unequivocal light of the after life, we are entitled to say, that this purpose went on fulfilling in him. The chastisement was grievous; less the disappointment of the hope he had entertained of attaining a position so honourable, than the sense that he had failed—failed in great part through his own precipitancy, and stood forth for the time as a mark for suspicion and distrust; and most of all, the discovery from the character of his failure that his cherished work was farther from completion than he had deemed. But all was most assuredly not in vain as regards higher aims and ends than mere external position. And taking this sorrow in connexion with that long and terrible discipline of personal suffering on which he was ere long to enter, those who knew him most closely best can testify how his whole nature was chastened, purified, and elevated thereby; how heart and soul entered more and more into the rest of childlike faith and trust. We can hardly help esteeming, that there may have been much cause for regret, on behalf of science and of man, that this postponement of his long-cherished hope ensued; but those to whom the man himself was more than all his work of this kind, have abundant reason, with special reference to this disappointment, to bow before a wiser than all human wisdom, a holier than all human love.

Henceforth his name was no more heard in connection with chemical inquiry; at least it was never again by himself, or conformably with his own wish, obtruded before the public in such connection. So complete was his silence on this point that, save with one or two of his most intimate friends, the general impression was that he had wholly abandoned his quest; that either he was satisfied all was a delusion, or had given up the task of the practical elucidation of the problem as beyond his powers. The truth, however, was far otherwise. This was the self-chosen burden of his scientific life, and patiently and manfully he bore it to the end. The precipitancy and the failure of 1843 taught him many lessons; but discouragement was not among these, nor doubt either as to the truth he was aiming at, or as to his own power, with but adequate opportunity, to master to the full the practical elucidation of it. From this time onward, till failing health and strength compelled his abandonment of the quest, his laboratory labours were continued more strenuously and vigorously than ever. Even during the earlier stages of his long and wasting illness, they were still carried on whenever the least relief was afforded him, until imperative or-

ders were laid on him by his medical attendants that they must be laid aside; and there is too much reason now to apprehend that they at least tended to make his disease incurable. More than ever, too, he now bore in every sense the burden of them all alone. With less of external help, less of direct and conscious sympathy, and more precise and emphatic declaration from Nature herself, as to the full measure of the struggle he must sustain ere he should wrest her secret from her, he stood to his post without a thought of faltering. We might enlarge on this subject much more fully, were it necessary on the one hand, or desirable on the other; necessary, as toward those who really knew him, especially after disappointment and sorrow had begun to work their healing and elevating work upon him, and who, we are sure, will readily accept the simple statement, that so perseveringly and courageously he wrought on; or desirable, for their behoof, who from the first looked on him at best as the self-willed follower of an idle and baseless fancy, and for whom the statement that he followed it on to the last would but mark him the persistent victim of a wild delusion. One word only we would add for the present: if the spirit of the worker deserves our regard at all; if we are not to restrict our estimate of human worth by the mere amount of apparent and tangible success,—surely each in his own sphere may hear this life saying to us, "Go thou and do likewise."

The following lines, found among Dr. Brown's unpublished papers will, we are sure, interest all our readers, even apart from their poetic force and beauty, as expressing far better than any words of ours, alike the general character of these labours, and the spirit in which they were carried on. They are a simple, unexaggerated picture of the reality:—

"MY LABORATORY.

"It has been my shifting tent,
Here to-day, to-morrow there,
Where my impassioned life is spent
Still in burning hope and prayer.
Here I've ate my daily bread,
Studied, writ down all conceptions,
Fast that hurried through this head,
Aching, giving them receptions.
Like a rigid judge severe;
Trying this one in the roar
Of the furnace fierce, austere;
That one fondly watching o'er,
Fired in golden crucible,
Hung in milder spirit flame,
Seeking all deducible
Truth may glow within the same;
And another realizing
By cunning wooing flattery,

Teasing, ceaseless, tantalizing,
Of still galvanic battery;
Then I've laid me down and slept,
Ay! and often too have wept,
All within my shifting tent.
Study, rest-room, place of toil,
Temple too, where I have lent
All my days to noble moil;—
Shifting, homeless, blessed tent,
Here to-day, to-morrow there,
Where my impassioned life is spent
Still in burning hope and prayer."

Amid all these silent and almost secret workings, however, he found time both for occasional contributions to literature, and for cultivation of those close and intimate personal relations and friendships for which few men have been more variously and singularly gifted. The two thoughtful, penetrative, and eloquent "Lay Sermons on the Theory of Christianity," belong to an earlier epoch in his life. Even by those who most dissent from the daring of their thought, and the freedom of their criticism, they will, we are sure, be read with more than interest, as embodying the earnest attempt of a young and resolute mind to solve the fundamental problem of the age,—the true relations of Christianity to the entire nature and being of man. In 1850 appeared the "Tragedy of Galileo;" written, as the preface intimated, during a temporary exclusion from other work; and, therefore, perhaps not to be severely criticised, had not the writer always maintained that nothing should ever be given to the public for and with regard to which the author had not done his best. While it contains passages of great power and beauty, as a whole, we cannot but regard it as unequal and unsatisfactory: and we cannot but recall, in contrast to it, conversations with its writer on the character and doom of the great astronomer, that embodied what seemed to us a juster, as well as a more dramatic conception of him.

To periodical contribution, especially latterly, Dr. Brown entertained grave and strong objections; partly as almost inevitably betraying into the dissipation of thought and power; and partly from the still more inevitable restriction imposed on the writer through the exigencies of editors, themselves in their editorial capacity to greater or less degree under the restraints of party or sect. From this last cause, in particular, more than one of his own papers had very severely suffered;* and this had originated very

great disinclination toward a form of publication where thought and expression were thus extraneously fettered. Yet to nearly all his contributions in this kind, as was at once his nature and principle, even more than his habit, with whatever he was engaged in, he gave himself thoroughly; they received from him all of thought, attention, and labour, he was capable of imparting or the subject under discussion of receiving. And it is not saying more of these essays than they deserve, to assert that, if the higher qualities of intellect, earnestness, and definite purpose are to be admitted at all into our estimate of such composition, some at least of his are entitled to take their place beside any that exist in our language. The varieties of topics embraced in these papers, remarkably illustrate at once the unusual flexibility of his mind, and the breadth of his interest in all that concerned humanity. They include sketches of Davy the chemist, and of Scott the painter; an able and profound exposition of the doctrine of the Christian Sabbath; perhaps the finest critique on George Herbert ever penned; papers on homœopathy and mesmerism; essays on the history of science generally, and on special developments of it; and others of which the mere titles would indicate a width at once of knowledge and of sympathy seldom surpassed. The last literary work on which he was engaged, and which he only lived to see in its perfect form, was in every sense a labour of love:—a sketch of his father, done at the instance of his long-widowed mother, and designed for private circulation. The latter fact debars us from lengthened allusion to it here; but we believe we are but recording the opinion of nearly all into whose hands it may have found its way, in pronouncing it one of the most perfect little gems of biography in the language.

We are not sure, however, but that one or two of the papers Dr. Brown has left behind him will secure to him a higher place as a philosophical and theosophical thinker, than all he gave to the world before his death. One in particular we would instance—an Essay on the Philosophy of Prayer—complete in itself, though designed by its author as a section of a great work schemed and arranged in his own mind, and into which would have been wrought much he had already written. This work, which he purposed to be the *magnum opus* of his literary life, was intended to embrace the

one of these articles, and that among the most elaborately studied and cared for of them all, his own feeling was, that the suppressions embraced much that to him was the very essential of the subject.

* In the event of any republication of a selection from these papers, we earnestly trust it will be possible to restore them to the form in which they emanated from himself. We know that in the case of

entire mutual relation of God, Man, and Nature. Another of these great schemes laid down by him would, perhaps, have been even more generally attractive, had life and health been granted him for its completion. It was a poetic history of all the sciences; a series of sonnets, each embodying an era of development, as represented in a race, or by an individual. Of this noble design, however, only a fragment was accomplished; indeed, he himself has recorded, on commencing the work, his impression that he should not live to realize the plan. In illustration of the method proposed, as well as of his fitness for the task, we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers three of these sonnets, for which we are sure they will thank us. The first is from the "Overture," or introduction to the entire series, and is selected, not as the finest among the nine composing it, but as almost the only one that will fully bear isolation. The other two are from the Astronomical Series, the only section completed.

"Long have I studied Nature, as thou know'st;
First as my queenly mistress, and supreme;
Then as my beauteous foe, although a dream;
Now as my equal sister, and my boast.
My sister now, my all-confiding host,
Her various self my various entertainment,
But doomed, they say, to shrivel and be lost;—
A thing beyond the eye of ascertainment,
And therefore all unwelcome to my soul.
She may be younger; for my first-born Brother,
My Joint-heir, said, who ne'er traduced another,
'I AM BEFORE THE WORLDS BEGAN TO ROLL!'
O Jesus, keep my trembling faith above!
My sister almost hurts me with her love."

The condensation of thought and concentration of expression in the following are not surpassed in anything of the kind we know in the English language:—

"THE PERSIAN.

"Drunk with the wine of life, and blind with
leaves
He plucked in Eden to adorn his head,
The shepherd soon forgot his Lord, and said,
'I cannot see my God; the soul deceives.'
He staggered on amid the tawny sheaves;
Grape-clusters ruddy, and sleek cattle bred
Among the corn and wine, his senses fed
Unto intoxication, not his soul.
But night still came and came with cooling breath,
And sighed, 'Look up, O red-eyed life-in-death!
Prostrate and fond, he worshipt HER, and stole
A slave's quick glances at the glories spread
In sphere sublime above his spherul head.
Man first forgets, then doubts, then misbelieves."

More acceptable still, perhaps, to most readers, alike because of its subject, and the

exquisite treatment of it, will be the following:—

"KEPLER.

"Teutonic Kepler! spurning dull control,
Pythagorean wild, harmonious soul!
To what strange couch didst thou apply thine ear,
And catch the music of the solar sphere?
Or was the sphere itself that mystic shell,
Brought hither from the ocean-shore divine,
Still crooning o'er its secret like a spell,
To other ears a hum, a song to thine?
Rapt in harmonic ratios, laws, and rhymes,
Thou couldst not watch the turns, nor keep the
times
Of life prosaic, and therefore wert thou poor;
Thy bread uncertain, thine ambrosia sure:—
This low-lived world might lift her head again,
Could she but rear a race of such poor men."

As a public lecturer, Dr. Brown was ever warmly welcomed and highly estimated. He was not in the more ordinary sense of the word a popular lecturer, and would have shrunk from being so; for he never forgot that it is the sacred duty of the teacher, not to bring down his theme to the dead level of his audience, but so far as in him and in them lies to raise them to it. Hence no ordinary miscellaneous audience could fully appreciate him; and hence also those who craved in such scenes as the popular lecture-room the mere amusement of showy experiments, and brilliant but easy superficialities, were almost certainly disappointed in him. Still, even such mixed audiences never failed in some degree to be impressed and carried along by his own deep enthusiasm, and sympathetically to kindle to the sustained eloquence of the speaker. His was, however, the eloquence of thought, rather than of oratory; and this from choice and on principle, not from inability to achieve the latter; for, when he chose or his subject required it so, few could more powerfully electrify his auditors by outbursts of impassioned poetry. Undoubtedly, the most remarkable course he ever delivered was that one to which we have already referred, as delivered in 1843 before one of the most select and intellectual audiences that ever listened to so young an aspirant. On this occasion knowing well whom he was to address, seeing around him Hamilton and Ferrier, Chalmers and Welsh, John Davy and John Goodsir, George Combe, and the most illustrious names in every sphere of knowledge Edinburgh then could boast, he felt wholly free and unrestrained to follow the bent of his own inclination; his style was purged, severe, and rigidly critical to the last degree; and he did that noble auditory the justice of esteeming truth more to them than orna-

ment, and reasoning of more avail than oratory. In striking contrast to these appearances may be instanced one of his last of this kind in Edinburgh, itself on other accounts a memorable one. At the eleventh hour, without opportunity for preparation, and at a time when his disease had assumed a very serious aspect, he was requested to occupy before the Philosophical Institution the place of his friend Professor Nichol, who had been prevented by domestic affliction from coming forward to complete his engagement. He accepted the task at once; and from beginning to end held the assembled crowd enchained by eloquence rarely surpassed within that hall.

Still we believe it was in social intercourse with a large and very warmly attached circle of friends, and in his correspondence with these, that the whole character and powers of the man were most fully shown. Neither such appearances in literature as he made, nor public lecturing, was ever recognised by him as his true vocation; and while the spirit of the boy—the doing whatever he did heartily—actuated him in these as elsewhere, he never ceased there to feel restricted and constrained. It was otherwise in the private and intimate intercourse to which we have referred. There he felt perfectly free; and the sense of that freedom gave alike to his conversation and his letters a richness, buoyancy, and fluency, that forced the attention of all with whom he was brought thus into contact. His conversational powers, in particular, were more than remarkable. Years before this time they had fascinated one so peculiarly capable of estimating this form of manifestation as Lord Jeffrey; and equally they threw their spell over the matchless monologist, De Quincey.

That circle of friends and correspondents included more than one eminent as thinkers and doers in the cause of humanity. The mere mention of some of them indicates at once the flexibility of nature which could find something of correspondence for each of these so different minds, and the catholicity of spirit which could at once identify truth and goodness under forms of manifestation so varied and almost antagonistic. Such much have been among the peculiar characteristics of one who could strongly attach to him at once Emerson and George Combe, Archdeacon Hare and Harriet Martineau, Margaret Fuller and De Quincey, Mrs. Crowe and Dobell, to say nothing of private friends as broadly distinguished from each other as the most so among these. Where the secret of this fascination lay, it were not easy to define. Most certainly it

did not originate with the sacrifice by an iota of his own individuality; or the surrendering, even to appearance or for the time, of one article of his own firm faith. Whether in presence or by letter he was true to himself, faithful to his own convictions, prompt to maintain them, and to declare, wherever need called and against whatsoever antagonism, what to him was the true and right. He was in no sense a conformist. The spirit of his maternal grandmother was strong within him; and like her, and perhaps through her—for very dimly as yet can we apprehend this mystery of transmitted temperament and tendency—he had caught the “rare and ill-beloved trick” of thinking for himself, and of trusting his own thought, even though he might be alone in it. But with all this combined not only respect for the true convictions of others, howsoever widely parted from his own, but also recognition of all these forms, in some direction partial and obscure, of that truth whereof man’s utmost realizations on earth must be “the seeing as through a glass darkly.”

In the first rude approach to a laboratory which the boy-chemist occupied, there hung, roughly sketched by his own hand, what he had chosen as the presiding symbol of the place. It was the distinguishing symbol of Christianity, the cross, inscribed with the legend, “Perfect through suffering.” At that time, undoubtedly, the more immediate reference of this in his own thought was to the specific work to be there pursued. It was one way in which he sought to keep ever present to his mind his sure conviction that there, too, in that daring and ardent scientific quest, the path to victory lay through suffering; that trial and struggle, temptation and difficulty, disappointment and sorrow, intervened between him and the goal on which his aim was set. But the evolving and deepening experience of life soon began to give it a wider, a universal reference; and the early adoption of that cross and its legend became for him as an unconscious prophecy. In some form or other, to one extent or another, true for each one of the “many sons” led on and home at last by “the Captain of our salvation,” these words, describing the deepest and most sacred actuality of earthly life, seemed peculiarly and emphatically true for him. He who is of purer eyes than to behold evil saw his need of such a discipline, how blind soever the partiality of human friends might be thereto; saw, too, his capability of sustaining it; and that more faithful than all human love did not with-

hold it. Suffering, in addition to those forms of it which may be held as included in "the common lot," had already come to him, in the shape of a great hope disappointed and postponed. The last long trial now drew near, which, with merely slight variations of intensity, was to be his portion for what remained to him of earthly life.

The year 1849 brought to him marriage, and the introduction to all the sweet and sacred lessons of that relation. It brought also the marked commencement—for it had been for some time hovering about him—of that long wasting illness which, after a seven years' course, closed the scene with death. Henceforth the life-story acquires a sad monotony; though that sadness is more than relieved by a calmer and purer light than ever shone forth from created sun. There were, indeed, intervals of comparative release—for the best was but comparative—in which he was still able to carry on his silent strenuous laboratory labours, and write and occasionally lecture also; but his private journal incidentally records, as a unique experience during those seven long years, one single night's unbroken sleep. Into the details of these sufferings we shall not enter; and the tale of how all wrought upon himself seems almost too sacred a one for the common ear. Suffice it to say, that they whose place it was most closely to watch beside him saw most fully month by month, and year by year, patience having its perfect work in him; submission, born "not of blood nor of the will of the flesh," more and more glorifying these latter years far above all intellectual achievement; and thoughtful care and tender consideration more and more knitting their hearts to him. Words addressed to him by a revered correspondent, "*Thy will be done, is better than health,*" with increasing power and truth expressed the deepest aspiration of his heart, and depicted the most growing and steadfast experience of his life. But not at once was this rest attained. This earth-mansion of our Father's house was very fair to him: fair with promise and prospect of honourable and worthy achievement; fair, perhaps, most of all, especially latterly, by reason of the tender sanctities and sweet influences and sacred duties of home. As if inch by inch he had to struggle on toward that peace of faith and trust and quiet submission; against natural temperament which made the mere feeling of life to him a joy unutterable; and against longings for life prolonged passionate beyond what most men know, less for its own than for his work's sake, and for their's whom he so tenderly loved. Martyrs have gone hence from the scaffold and the stake,

who might be less emphatically than he, were it but for these agonies and struggles of soul, numbered among those who have come out of great tribulation.

After various removals from place to place, in the hope that change of air might benefit him, he finally, in June 1856, left Haddington for Edinburgh, chiefly that he might be more regularly under the eye of his kind physician and friend, Professor Henderson. "A sweet spot to live in," was his remark on reaching the locality that had been selected for him; but immediately there followed, "and a sweet spot to die in." For a week or two there appeared decided amendment; then came a sudden and alarming crisis, during which for several days he seemed hovering between life and death. He again rallied, however, and with wonderful rapidity; though never to the re-attaining the point of strength from which this attack had brought him down. So it went on week after week: paroxysms of suffering unusually severe even for his case, and their sure consequent of failing strength and increased emaciation; followed in turn by rallyings to such a degree as seemed to justify the fondest hopes. He, too, refused to admit that hope was wholly over; and bravely and conscientiously struggled for life as a sacred trust committed to him. Yet continual intimations escaped him, that with all hope of life stood ever associated and interwoven the thought of death; and that hope itself stood more and more clearly revealed as ever pervaded by the now paramount temper of his mind—quiet and deep submission. With every interval of release from his severer suffering—intervals gradually becoming less frequent and more brief—his wonted cheerfulness and vivacity broke forth unshadowed, and his subtle and delicate humour played about everything as of old; only all was chastened and mellowed now as by the near presence of that solemnity of death and life, which was moving swiftly on to wrap him away from our eyes.

"Pray for me," was his parting request one evening, about a fortnight before the close; "often I can little command my own thoughts now; pray for me; not for cure or alleviation—these are mean things to ask from a Father in heaven—but that His perfect will may be accomplished in me." That will, in the unsearchable mystery of its holy love, now drew on toward its earthly consummation. With the beginning of September, a change unequivocally in the direction of death betrayed itself; and though there were still occasional rallyings to an almost startling extent, yet it was too manifest, on the whole, that the life was wearing

fitfully away. Still it was only four days before the end that the formal announcement was made that hope was over; and even then the anticipation was, that prolonged and fearful suffering still lay before him. That anticipation was, we may surely now say mercifully, disappointed. Till within the last few hours suffering always severe, often agonizing, clung to him. The last distinctly and fully conscious words he breathed were late on the closing evening, for her who was nearest to him of all, in allusion to his having just taken farewell of another friend,—“You know there is no farewell between us.” Then followed a brief but voiceless respite; and then, as the fair still dawn of the 20th September brightened into morning,

“His quiet eyelids closed: he had
Another morn than ours.”

We have already disclaimed all purpose of attempting here any lengthened analysis of the character, or critical examination of the writings, of Samuel Brown. The former may, to some extent, be found indicated in the course of the preceding sketch; and the latter could not be fairly or adequately done from any materials yet before the public. To two features only would we draw specific attention—the catholicity of his nature, and his persistence of purpose. The former of these qualities was in him true catholicity, not mere eclecticism; it was the outgoing of his whole nature, not of the intellect alone. It had very early begun to show itself; and it developed more and more to the end, when it presented itself in the guise of a Christian charity, patience, and forbearance, not often surpassed. Promptly to discern, and cordially to sympathize with the true and right, whatever form it might assume, howsoever disguised and commingled,—to seek for and to see in all the good rather than the evil,—seemed, latterly in particular, to be as a second nature in him. Few indeed but might have felt their own dullness of eye and hardness of judgment rebuked before that clear, quick, effortless insight of his; and the decision with which he ever held and maintained his own realizations of truth, in no degree interfered with his warm and genial recognition of the aims and motives of those from whom he might widely differ. More than one of these, numbered among his intimate personal friends, recognized it as something new and strange in their experiences, to meet such perfect tolerance, combined with such decided antagonistic self-assertion. And in that legacy of precious remembrance which the long-drawn closing of the scene has bequeathed,

one element of peculiar value will ever be the remembrance of how, month after month, we might mark him grow more and more into the mind of Him whose one only intolerance was for untruthfulness and hypocrisy.

In illustration of the second of these features of his character—his persistence of aim and tenacity of purpose—we have seen how he was still but a boy when a great scientific conception dawned upon him. We claim the right to call that a great conception, apart from all success in the experimental realization of it, which fascinated the regards and won the acceptance of a man like Sir William Hamilton; for be it remembered that the conception itself was a closely reasoned and critical abstraction, which came at least as fully and truly within the sphere of that subtle and searching thinker, as of the mere chemist or even physicist. If there was delusion in the hypothesis, the guiding and animating thought of his whole research, that delusion was at least so little patent, that never once did any, even among his opponents, attempt to indicate the fallacy in it. Toward the practical elaboration of this conception, and the elimination from it of whatever the light of experiment should indicate as imperfect in its details, he devoted himself once and for all. This was his *work*; all else he did or attempted to do was but incidental and occasional. He never faltered or drew back, amid all the toils it imposed on him, the discouragements he encountered in it; and only those who in any degree shared or witnessed these, knew anything of their full extent. The deepest and most pervading element of his nature, the religious sentiment, gave from the first consecration to this work of his; his adoption of that symbol of the Cross in immediate and specific reference to it, with whatever else it was designed to express, was the natural expression of his feeling, that it was in the truest and strictest sense a sacred work. Beside this unfearing, unflinching, and persistent self-devotion, rooted in and animated by such a spirit, the mere question of the measure of success becomes to us, we confess, a secondary one. We dare not at least deem the life wasted or the aim abortive, that reads to us such a lesson; and if there has come to him, as we are prone to esteem prematurely, the night when no man can work,—while this may well solemnize our hearts with a sense of the mystery of His doings whose “way is in the sea, and His path in the mighty waters,” it cannot affect for us the remembrance, or take from us the lesson, of how he worked, while for him it was still called to-day.

And is all to be fruitless and abortive after all? Those long, silent, lonely labours—must they take their place as to all specific and definite fruits, with the “vanity of vanities, all is vanity,” into which the world-weary Preacher would resolve all human labour and life? Their aim was not to revolutionize but to reconstruct a science *ab initio*; and this after such a sort that few sciences would have escaped the influence, the onward impulsion, thereby communicated. So far as can be judged from his own latest and firm belief, as well as from isolated memoranda, and references to results obtained, far more had been accomplished than had been prematurely claimed in 1843; and the distinct impression left, both from his own references to the subject, and from those which occur in his private journal, is that a few months more of health and strength would have enabled him to lay all formally and critically before the scientific world. According to present appearance this is all that can now be said; and in the realm of science he must be known as the thinker, worker, and seeker, rather than the discoverer. To some, we know, this intimation will be fraught with disappointment and bitter sorrow; these we would but remind, that with special reference to this, as with general reference to all that concerned him, he himself learned amid his long discipline of suffering to say, “Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt.”

ART. IV.—*Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, 1854, 1855.* By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N., Illustrated by upwards of 300 Engravings from Sketches by the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1856, pp. 921.

THERE is no brighter page in the annals of civilisation than that which records the history of Arctic discovery. England may well be proud of the sacrifices she has made in such enterprises of danger, and may justly boast of the valuable results which, in the interests of science, she has achieved. While new and extensive regions have been explored, and added to the map of the world, and new forms of humanity studied in their subterraneous retreats, new depths of science have been sounded, and new laws developed, which promise to connect the physics of our globe with agencies, in daily operation, throughout the planetary system to which we belong. In these researches,

which the philosophers of all countries have warmly appreciated, our friends in America have, in some respects, been our rivals as well as our associates. In the Antarctic zone, Commodore Wilkes carried the flag of the United States along its ice-bound continent; and under an impulse more noble even than the love of science or the ambition of discovery, a few American philanthropists have equipped two expeditions in search of the noble Captain and his devoted companions, who may yet be living prisoners within the crystal strongholds which they scaled.

An account of the last of these expeditions, under the command of Dr. Kane, has been recently published, and though, as in that which preceded it, its main object has not been accomplished, yet from the dangers which it braved, the scenes through which it passed, the events which befell it, and the additions which it has made to our knowledge of the nomadic tribes which it encountered, our readers cannot fail to be interested in a popular extract of its more important details. Dr. Kane's work “is not,” as he himself tells us, “a record of scientific investigations.” His sole object has been “to connect together the passages of his Journal that could have interest for the general reader, and to publish them, as a narrative of the adventures of his party.”

After the return of the first Grinnell expedition, under Lieutenant De Haven, to which Dr. Kane had been attached as surgeon, Lady Franklin is said to have urged him to undertake a new search for her husband. Having been led, like many others, both from theory and observation, to infer the existence of an open polar sea communicating with Baffin's Bay, Dr. Kane readily consented, and “occupied himself for some months in maturing the scheme of a renewed effort, either to rescue the missing party, or at least to resolve the mystery of their fate.” As sanguine in temperament as he was intrepid in spirit, “his mind never realized the complete catastrophe—the destruction of all Franklin's crews. He pictured them to himself broken into detachments, and his mind fixed itself on one little group of some thirty, who had found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, had set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal and walrus and whale. I think of them,” he adds, “ever with hope. I sicken not to be able to reach them.” Such a man was pre-eminently fitted for the task which he undertook, and the American Government, as well as the

generous individuals, who were to furnish the means for equipping the expedition, gratefully accepted of his services.

Mr. Grinnell placed at Dr. Kane's disposal the *Advance*,—the ship in which he had previously sailed; and Mr. Peabody of London, “the generous representative of many American sympathies, proffered his aid largely towards her outfit.” The Geographical Society of New York,—the Smithsonian Institution,—the American Philosophical Society, and a number of scientific associations and private friends, made valuable contributions to the expedition, and Dr. Kane was thus enabled “to secure a better outfit for purposes of observation, than would otherwise have been possible to a party so limited in numbers, and absorbed in other objects.”

Although Mr. Kennedy, at the head of the naval department, gave a formal sanction to the expedition, and desired to have reports of its progress and results, yet the Government did nothing more than contribute *ten* out of the *eighteen* volunteers who embarked with Dr. Kane, the rest being “engaged by private liberality, at salaries entirely disproportioned to their services.” In an expedition thus constituted, the rules for the government of nautical ships were not enjoined; but regulations, well considered and announced beforehand, were agreed to by the crew, and rigorously adhered to through all the vicissitudes of the expedition. In these regulations there was no room for ambiguity, and neither a judge nor a jury were required to administer them. Absolute subordination to the officer in command, or his delegate—abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and the habitual disuse of profane language, constituted the brief code which bound, in fraternal unity, the heroic band that courted dangers more calamitous than those of war.

The “*Advance*,” though built for carrying heavy castings from an iron-foundry, had been afterwards strengthened with much skill and at great expense. She was a good sailer, and easily managed, and had been thoroughly tried in many encounters with the Arctic ice. With five boats, one of them a metallic life-boat, the gift of Mr. Francis the maker—several carefully-built sledges, some of them on models furnished by the kindness of the British Admiralty,—the usual stores of provisions, woollen dresses, and a full supply of knives, needles, books, and instruments, the “*Advance*” left New York on the 30th May 1853, escorted by several noble steamers, and saluted by the cheers and adieus of all around them. In eighteen days Dr. Kane reached St. John's, Newfoundland, where Governor

Hamilton presented him with a noble team of Newfoundland dogs, the essential instruments of Arctic research, and without which he could neither have reached his destination nor returned to his country.

After a run of twelve days, the expedition reached Fiskernaes in South Greenland on the 5th of July, and by means of special facilities from the Danish Government, they were supplied with abundance of fresh-dried codfish, the staple commodity of the place. Mr. Lassen, the superintendent of the Danish company, entertained them as his guests, and “hospitably proffered them everything for their accommodation.” Through his influence Dr. Kane obtained an Esquimaux hunter, of the name of Hans Christian, a boy of nineteen, who was peculiarly expert with the kayak and javelin, and who had previously exhibited his prowess by spearing a bird on the wing. This “fat and good-natured youth,” who performs an important part in the history of the expedition, stipulated, in addition to his moderate wages, that a couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork should be left with his mother; and when presented with a rifle and a new kayak, his services were not only invaluable as a caterer of food for the dogs, but as a purveyor, on many trying occasions, for the table of the expedition. After half-a-year's service, when dangers had been encountered and overcome, and Arctic darkness brooded over the ship, poor Hans became homesick, took his rifle and bundled up his clothes, to bid good-bye to his friends, yearning for a meeting with one of the softer sex whom he had left behind at Fiskernaes. Dr. Kane, however, with his usual tact, cured his nostalgia with promotion and a dose of salts. Thus honoured and purged, the lover forgot his mistress, and strutted in official and corpulent dignity as the harnesser of Dr. Kane's dogs, the builder of his traps, and the companion of his ice travels. Like other swains, however, raised above the level of their birth, he forgot his humble Delia at Fiskernaes, and left the expedition, in the hour of its adversity, in the wake of a prettier bride whom he had encountered in his excursions.

While beating out of the fiord of Fiskernaes, Dr. Kane visited Lichtenfels, the ancient seat of the Greenland congregation, and now one of the three Moravian settlements in South Greenland;* and after being baffled with calms for nine days, he reached Sukkertop, Sugar-loaf, a wild isolated peak, 3000-feet high, shielding at its base a little

* The other two are New Herrnhut and Friedrichsthal. All the other missions are Lutheran, and administered by a Government Board.

colony "occupying a rocky gorge, so narrow and broken that a stairway connects the detached groups of huts, and the tide, as it rises, converts a part of the ground plot into a temporary island." This picturesque settlement is the principal depot for rein-deer skins, so valuable from their lightness and warmth, that they form the ordinary upper clothing of both sexes. The skins of the largest males, called *bennessoak*, are used as the sleeping bags in Arctic journeys, and those of the younger animals, called *nokkak*, are prized for children's clothing.

In navigating the Greenland coast in his whale-boat, Dr. Kane made many purchases of dogs from the natives at the different settlements, and having made up his full complement, he arrived at Upernavik in North Greenland, on the 24th July. After an hospitable reception by Governor Flaischer, he stood to the westward, and endeavoured to double Melville Bay by an outside passage. On the 29th he entered the ice, and "having a besetment," he succeeded in "fastening to an iceberg;" but before they had time to breathe, they were startled with loud crackling sounds above them. Fragments of ice like walnuts fell into the sea, and they had hardly time to cast off from the iceberg before it "fell in ruins, crashing like near artillery." Driven to the shelter of a lower berg of gigantic size, it drifted with them like a moving breakwater, but in its wake of black water they got under weigh, and bored "in excellent style through the floes." In lat. $75^{\circ} 27'$, a spectacle, gorgeous even in the excitement of danger, arrested their attention. The midnight sun emerged from the northern crest of the great berg, "kindling various coloured fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around them one great resplendency of gem work, blazing carbuncles, and rubies, and molten gold."

After "crunching through all this jewellery," and cutting their way with the saw and the chisel, Dr. Kane successfully accomplished the passage of Melville Bay, a process not hitherto adopted, avoiding entanglements among the broken icefields, and attaching the ship to large icebergs, while the surface floes were pressing by them to the south. By the aid of a fortunate north-wester, which opened a passage through the pack, they reached the *North*, or *Cape York Water*, passed the crimson cliffs of Sir John Ross on the 5th—the spire of Gneiss at Hakluyt Point, 600 feet high, and sighted Capes Alexander and Isabella, the headlands of Smith's Sound, on the 6th August,—an array of cliffs, some of which are 800 feet high, "until now the Arctic Pillars of Her-

cules" frowned upon the ship passing through their gloomy shadows. Littleton Island and Cape Hatherton, "the latest of Captain Inglefield's positively determined headlands," next presented themselves, and the expedition was now "fairly inside of Smith's Sound," the scene of their future labours and disappointments.

As the expedition was too far to the south to enable Dr. Kane to carry out his plan of search by boats and sledges, he determined to force his way to the north, as far as the elements would allow him. In case of disaster, therefore, he resolved to secure a place of retreat, and with this view, he buried Francis's metallic boat, with a supply of beef, pork, and bread, at the north-east cape of Littleton Island, and he erected a beacon on its western cape, where he deposited official despatches, and their private letters of farewell.

In these operations, they found that they were not the first human beings who had found shelter in that desolate spot. Ruined walls indicated the seat of a rude settlement; and in digging the cavern for their stores, they found the mortal remains of its former inhabitants. These memorials of extinct life had to them a sad interest—the presage of a fate that might be their own. Without any mother-earth to cover their dead, the Esquimaux place them as sitting in the attitude of repose, with the knees drawn close to the body, and enclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are grouped around him. A rude cupola of stones covers the body, and a cairn piled above is the simple memorial, which generation after generation never venture to disturb.

After a hopeless conflict with the ice, the "Advance" escaped on the 8th August into "Refuge Harbour," a beautiful cove, landlocked from east to west, and accessible only from the north. Among the miseries which here beset them, not the least was the condition and temper of their dogs, upon whose health and strength depended the progress and success of the expedition. Out of their pack of fifty, a majority had the character of "ravening wolves." The difficulty of feeding them was perplexing. The rifles contributed little to the canine larder. Two bears lasted the cormorants only eight days. They would not touch corn-meal and beans, on which Captain Penny's dogs fed, and salt junk would have killed them. In this emergency fifty walruses made their appearance, but the rifle balls reverberated from their hides, and they could not get within harpoon distance of them. Luckily, however, a dead narwhal, or sea-unicorn, fourteen feet long, supplied them with six hundred pounds of

"good fetid wholesome flesh." This difficulty of feeding the dogs occurred on several occasions. Even when food was not scarce, their voracity was so great, that an Esquimaux skull, a bear's paw, a basket of moss, or any specimen of natural history could not be left for a moment without their making a rush at it, and swallowing it at a gulp. On one occasion they even attempted a whole feather bed, and on another, one of them devoured two entire birds' nests—"feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss—a peckful at the least." When they reach a floe or temporary harbour, they start out in a body in search of food, unrestrained by voice or lash, and are sometimes traced with difficulty to some fetid carcass. Had these animals not been recovered, they would have doubtless relapsed into the savage state, like those on an island near the Holsteinberg Fiords, where such dogs hunt the deer in packs, and are habitually shot by the natives. Yet notwithstanding this tendency, they have, in Dr. Kane's opinion, a decided affection for the society of man. When a comfortable dog-house was made for them away from the ship, they could not be induced to sleep in it, preferring the bare snow, where they could couch within the sound of voices, to a warm kennel among the rocks. This choice of residence, we think, was probably made from another motive—a love of cheeses, birds' nests, and bears' paws, which were to be found only in the vicinity of man. When not well supplied with food, they were fed upon their dead brothers, boiled into a bloody soup, and dealt out to them twice a-day. The Esquimaux dogs are "ravenous of everything below the human grade," being taught from their earliest days to respect children. The never scruple, however, to devour their own pups; and on one occasion when there was a copious litter, Dr. Kane "refreshed the mother with a daily morning puppy," reserving for his own eating the two last of the family, who, he hoped, would them be tolerably milk fed!* So well, indeed, had Dr. Kane "educated" himself for the contingencies of Arctic travel, that on setting out in search of fresh food, his diet was a stock of meat biseuit, and "a few rats chopped up and frozen into the tallow balls."

Although hydrophobia was unknown north of 70°, yet something like it occurred in the latitude of 79°, in the mother of two healthy white pups. She had either avoided water,

or drank it "with spasm and aversion." At last, with her mouth frothing and tumid, she snapped at Petersen and Hans, and exhibited such manifest symptoms of insanity that it was found necessary to shoot her. Dr. Kane observed, that the darkness of the long winter nights had a fatal influence upon his dogs. A disease, which he considered clearly mental, affected to such a degree the mouse-coloured leaders of his Newfoundland team, that for a fortnight they were doctored and "nursed like babies." They ate and slept well, and were strong; but an epileptic attack was followed by true lunacy. They barked frenziedly at nothing, walked anxiously in curved lines, at one time in moody silence at another starting off howling, as if pursued, and running up and down for hours. They generally died with symptoms resembling locked-jaw, in less than thirty-six hours. *Three* splendid Newfoundlanders, and *thirty-five* Esquimaux dogs thus perished, and only *six* of the whole pack survived. At a future time, one of Dr. Kane's best dogs was seized with a similar disease, and in the delirium which followed his seizure, "he ran into the water and drowned himself, like a sailor with the horrors."

Dr. Kane has recorded many interesting facts respecting the mode of using dogs, and the feats which they accomplished. Six make a powerful travelling team, and four could carry Dr. Kane with his instruments a short journey. The Esquimaux dog is generally driven by a single trace,—a long thin thong of seal or walrus hide, which passes from his chest over his haunches to the sledge. The team is always driven abreast, and the traces are consequently tangling and twisting themselves up incessantly as the terrified brutes bound right or left from their allotted places. The seven, nine, or fourteen lines get often so singularly knotted, that it is frequently necessary, especially in severe frost, to cut and re-attach them. In 1854, the entanglement was such that the leader of the party was obliged to patch up his mutilated dog-lines by appropriating an undue share of his seal-skin breeches.

Great proficiency is necessary in driving a dog equipage. The indispensable whip of seal-hide must be *eighteen feet* long, with a handle of only *sixteen inches*, and the driver must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but must accompany his stroke with a resounding crack, a result loudly signalized by a howl from the sufferer. If the lash gets entangled among the dogs or lines, or entwined round lumps of ice, the driver becomes the victim, and may congratulate himself if he is not dragged head over heels into the snow. One

* Although the dogs of the Esquimaux are their main reliance for the hunt, and for escaping to new camping grounds, yet they often devour their dogs. In March 1854, only four remained out of a team of thirty, which they had eaten.

of the feats of a good team is to leap wide cracks and chasms in the ice, and on several occasions dogs and sledge have been precipitated into the water, or have tumbled into the bottom of a crevice sixteen feet deep. When the chasm is about four feet wide and so alarms the dogs that they refuse to take the leap, the party bridge it over by chopping down the nearest large hummock of ice with their axes, and rolling the heaviest pieces they can move into the fissure. When these are well wedged in, and the interspaces filled up with smaller pieces of ice, a rough sort of bridge is formed, over which the dogs are coaxed to pass. A fissure of this kind, with water at the bottom, takes about an hour and a half to fill up and cross. When the ice is weak and rotten, the dogs instinctively begin to tremble, and if they have got unawares upon tender ice, they will turn, and by a safer circuit reach the shore. Sometimes they are brought to go on by changing the locality a little, calling them coaxingly by their name, and inducing them to advance, crawling on their bellies. On reaching the land ice from the floe, they sometimes encounter a wall eight or nine feet high. They are then obliged to unload, toss up the packages of provisions, and climb up with the aid of the sledge converted into a ladder. The dogs are then pulled up by the lines fastened to their bodies, and the sledge drawn up upon the ice. On one occasion, in a gale, the dogs were literally blown from their harness; the travellers fell on their faces to avoid beingswept away, and then availed themselves of a lull to rally round them the affrighted animals. On good ice the sledges often travel six, eight, and even twelve miles an hour.

From Refuge Harbour, where we left the expedition in fifty-five fathoms of water, they were induced to start on the 13th August, lest the rapidly advancing cold should prevent them from penetrating farther. Confiding in the strength of their vessel they resolved to follow the coast line, enter the partial openings close upon the land, and warp along them from one lump of grounded ice to another. The coast itself consisting of metamorphic rock, rose into precipitous cliffs of basaltic greenstone, from eight to twelve hundred feet high. A permanent belt of ice from three to forty yards in width, and with a mean summer thickness of eighteen feet, ran along the base of three mural cliffs, and clung to them with such extreme tenacity as to resist all the thawing influences of summer. The seaward face of this prominent belt, unlike similar formations on the south, was worn by the tidal currents* into a

gnarled mural escarpment, against which the floes broke with tremendous force, but its upper surface remained comparatively level, and fitted in many parts to be a highway to the north. Outside of this belt the drifting ice or pack was utterly impenetrable; bergs recently discharged were driving backwards and forwards with the tides, compressing the ice of the floes and raising them into hills sixty or seventy feet high. In carrying out his plan of penetrating ice of this description, Dr. Kane encountered the usual dangers. After being thrown upon the rocks by a gale, the brig took shelter at an iceberg. The wind, however, died away, and the ice closed so steadily around them, that they lost all hope of escaping from their position, unless Providence sent a smart shattering breeze to open a passage to the northward.

A strong breeze from the south, freshening into a gale, sprung up on the 17th, and on the 20th rose to a perfect hurricane, the ice driving more wildly than Dr. Kane had ever seen it. The sharp twanging snap of a cord roused him from his bed. His six-inch hawser had parted, and the brig was swinging by the two others,—the gale roaring like a lion to the southward. A second report followed in half a minute, and by the shrillness of the ring he knew it was the whale line. Their ten-inch Manilla cable, however, still held on,—“its deep *Æolian* chant swelling through all the rattle of the running gear, and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun, and in the smoke that followed their recoil, they were dragged out by the wild ice at its mercy.” After steadying and getting a good bed in the rushing drift, the brig was allowed to scud under a reefed topsail. When close upon the piling masses, their heaviest anchor was dropped, in the desperate hope of winding the ship, but it was impossible to withstand the ice torrent that pursued them. They had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip, “and thus went their best bower!” Dr. Kane had seen such ice but once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upheaved mass rose above their gunwale, smashing the bulwarks, and depositing a half-ton lump of ice upon the deck. Through this wild adventure the stanch little brig bore herself as if she had a charmed life; but a group of icebergs now threatened her existence. Planting an anchor on the slope of a low berg, and holding on to it by a whale line, this noble tow-horse hauled them bravely on, “the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice, as if in scorn.” The group of bergs advanced, and

* The mean rise and fall of the tide was *twelve* feet, and its velocity $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour.

though the channel narrowed to the breadth of the vessel, they passed clear, and found themselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead, thus mercifully delivered from a wretched death. From this shelter a floe drove them; and when carried by the gale to the end of the lead, they were again entangled in the ice. After breaking their jib-boom, and losing their barricade stanchions, they suffered a series of nippings of the most dangerous kind. In one of these the brig was driven up the inclined face of an iceberg, "as if some great steam screw power had been forcing her into a dry dock." Dr. Kane expected to see her carried bodily up its face, and tumbled over on her side. The suspense of the crew was oppressive. She rose slowly, as if with convulsive efforts, along the sloping wall. Shock after shock from the accumulating blocks of ice jarred her to her very centre. She mounted steadily on her precarious cradle, and but for the groaning of her timbers, and the heavy sough of the floes, the dropping of a pin might have been heard. By one of those "mysterious relaxations," which Dr. Kane calls the pulses of the ice, the brig settled down again into her old position, and quietly took her place among the broken rubbish. During this fearful trial of thirty-six hours, the parting of the hawsers, the loss of their anchors, the crushing of their stoven bulwarks, and the deposit of ice upon their decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced icemen. Many narrow escapes were made by the men. One avoided being crushed by leaping upon a floating fragment, and four were carried down by the drift, and were recovered only when the gale was over.

From the 22d of August till the 26th, the ship advanced slowly; but the indications of winter, and the little progress which they were making, induced an excellent member of the party to suggest the idea of returning southward, and abandoning the attempt to winter. In a formal council assembled by Dr. Kane this idea was adopted by all but Mr. Brooks, the first officer of the ship. Dr. Kane, however, decided otherwise, and his comrades in the most gratifying manner yielded to his decision.

The warping had no sooner begun than the ship grounded under the walls of the ice-foot, and heeled over so abruptly that they were all tumbled out of their berths; the stove of the cabin, charged with burning anthracite, was thrown down; the deck blazed smartly for a while, but by the help of a pilot-cloth coat, the flames were choked till water was procured to extinguish them. After being grounded five times in three

days, Dr. Kane resolved upon an expedition to discover a proper wintering spot from which they could start on their future travel, and enter at once on the search which they had undertaken. The command of the "Advance" was therefore given to Mr. Ohlsen, with orders to haul her into a safe berth; and on the 29th of August Dr. Kane started with a detachment of seven of his best hands, taking along with him a whale boat and a sledge, with the necessary outfit of clothing and provisions. After being out about twenty-four hours they were beset by pack-ice in front and on one side of them, while on the other the impracticable ice-belt, a wall of ten feet, rose above their heads. Their boat being now useless, they were obliged to leave it, and push forward in their sledge along this singular and untrodden path. This shelf of ice, clinging to the base of the rocks that overlooked the sea, was itself overhung with cliffs of magnesian limestone, above a thousand feet high; huge angular blocks of stone, tons in weight, were scattered over its surface; long tongues of worn-down rock now and then stretched across their path, and deep, steep-sided watercourses, across which they were obliged to wade and carry their sledge, greatly embarrassed them. Their night halts were upon knolls of snow under the rocks, and on one occasion the tide overflowed their tent, and forced them to save their buffalo sleeping gear by holding it up till the water subsided. The walls of limestone at length terminated, and they reached a low fiord, across which a glacier blocked up their way. A succession of terraces of limestone-shingle, rising symmetrically, lost themselves in the distance in long parallel lines, and in "a pasty silt," where these terraced faces abutted upon the sea, Dr. Kane found seven skeletons, and numerous skulls of the musk ox, which abound in the table land and ravines of that coast.

Our travellers experienced much difficulty in crossing the glacier which stopped them. Its deep sides terminated in the sea; but by using cords, and lying at full length upon the ice, they got safely over it. A passage of three miles brought them again to the seaboard, with its frowning cliffs and rock-covered icebelt. On the 5th September their progress was arrested by a large bay—forming a grand sheet of perfectly open water, the embouchure of a noble and tumultuous river, rolling with the violence of a snow torrent over a broken bed of rocks. This river, the largest yet known in North Greenland, is about three-quarters of a mile wide at its mouth, and admitting the tide for about three miles. It issues from a glacier

in numerous streams which unite into a single current about forty miles from its mouth.* After fording this river up to the middle, and advancing seven miles, they reached, in lat. $78^{\circ} 52'$, a large cape, now known as Cape Jefferson. Beyond this, sixteen miles, they came to the headland Cape Thackeray; and eight miles more brought them to Cape Hawks, from which Dr. Kane mounted a headland eleven hundred feet high, and saw beyond the great glacier of Humboldt, and the land now called Washington, as far as 80° , with a solid sea of ice between. Having found no place for a winter harbour more appropriate than that in which the "Advance" lay, the party returned, and placed their little brig in Rensselaer harbour, "which they were fated never to leave together."

Near this harbour, now to be their winter home, there was a group of rocky islets, fringed with hummocks, on one of which, about a hundred yards from the ship, called *Fern Rock*, they established their observatory. They had here facilities for procuring water and daily exercise, and were sufficiently within the influence of the tides to give them a hope of liberation in the spring. As no previous expedition had wintered in so high a latitude, the probable excess of cold, and the longer prevalence of darkness, rendered it necessary to have a warm and well-ventilated house. The deck was therefore fitted up with boards, and caulked with oakum. The cooking, ice-melting, and washing arrangements were carefully attended to; and their domestic system was organized with special reference to cleanliness, recreation, and particularly fixed routine. On Sunday they had their morning and evening prayers, and, except on trying occasions, it was observed as a day of rest.

In order to facilitate their progress northward in winter and spring, it was necessary to deposit along the coast of Greenland depots of provisions, principally pemmican, before the darkness set in about the middle of October. A party of seven men left the brig on the 20th September; each had a buffalo robe to lie upon, a bag of Mackinaw blanket to crawl into at night, and an India-rubber cloth to defend him from the snow beneath. A sledge, thirteen feet long, carried the provisions, a light India-rubber boat, and a canvas tent. This "travelling gear" was more liberal than they could afterwards af-

ford. It was found essential to the actual comfort of future parties, to reduce their "sledging outfit" till they reached the *Esquimaux* 'simplicity of raw meat and a fur bag!

Among the disasters of an Arctic winter, our travellers could hardly have anticipated a calamity which, at this time, befell three of their party. Having been greatly annoyed with rats, and failed in smoking them out by a compound of brimstone, arsenic, and burnt leather, they proceeded to destroy them with carbonic acid gas. Charcoal was therefore burnt, the hatches shut down, and every fissure closed. Ignorant of what was doing, or reckless of the consequences, Schubert, the French cook, went below to season a soup. Morton saw him staggering under the influence of the gas, and seizing him with great difficulty as he fell, he was himself unable to escape. They were both hauled up in the end, the cook wholly insensible, and Morton with his strength almost gone. Dr. Kane had given orders to inspect the fires for generating the gas, but the accident to the cook had put the watch off his guard, and made him forget to open the hatches. Upon lowering a lantern, Dr. Kane observed that the light was instantly extinguished, and he felt the smell of burning wood. Upon descending he found all right about the fires; but upon returning, near the door of the bulkhead, the gas began to affect him. His lantern went out as if quenched with water, and as he ran past the bulk-head door, he saw the deck near it a mass of glowing fire, about three feet in diameter. He became insensible at the foot of the ladder, and would have sunk had not Mr. Brooks seen him and hauled him out. Having quickly recovered, he entrusted the fearful secret to the few men around him, shut the doors of the galley to confine the rest of the crew, and in less than ten minutes succeeded in extinguishing the fire by buckets of water handed by Brooks to Dr. Kane and Ohlsen, who rushed into the burning deck. The noxious gas at first greatly oppressed them, but the steam from the first bucketful of water that was dashed on the burning coal, gave them instant relief. The fire had arisen from a barrel of charcoal, but how it had been ignited they never discovered. The exclusion of atmospheric air, and the dense carbonic acid gas round the fire, saved the ship.

Anxious about the depot party, who had been absent twenty days, and whose stock of provisions must have been low, Dr. Kane, accompanied by Mr. Blake, set out on the 10th October with a sledge and four Newfoundlanders, laden with supplies. Re-

* To this river Dr. Kane gave the name of *Mary Minturn*, the sister of Mrs. Henry Grinnell, a species of nomenclature which merits reprobation. What would we think of an astronomer who should give to a new planet the name of his nurse or his grandmother!

peated fissures in the broken-up ice interrupted their progress. The dogs began to flag. Three times the hinder ones tumbled into fissures; and the two travellers, who had trotted along the sledge for sixteen miles, were as tired as the dogs. They therefore made for the old ice to seaward; but just as they were nearing it, the dogs failed in leaping a chasm, and sledge, dogs, and men, tumbled into the water. The traces were cut, the dogs hauled out, and the sledge, floated by the air confined in the India rubber coverings of the cooking apparatus, was after many fruitless struggles carried forward by the dogs. After a journey of five days, in which they averaged twenty miles a day, and slept in the same tent with their dogs to keep them warm,—they saw afar off a dark object in the snow, which turned out to be their friends. Though they were upon the whole in good condition, every one of them had been injured by the cold; but though noses, fingers, and toes had suffered, the hot soup, coffee and beef, which their friends had brought, speedily restored them.

During this depot journey, the party discovered the remains of five Esquimaux huts, of a larger and better kind than they had previously seen; and they encountered the usual difficulties of crossing fissures, wading through broken ice, and surmounting bergs, and the usual hardships of cold, hunger, thirst, and want of sleep. At one time their sledge went down through the weak ice, at another, they were obliged to divide the load, and transport half of it at a time. Now, it had to be dug out of the drifted snow; and then, with their stockings frozen to the soles of their feet, and their legs cramped, and their fingers pinched with cold, they could hardly draw it over the increasing obstructions of the way. On the evening of the 5th October they had encamped under the lee of some large icebergs, and within hearing of the grand artillery of the great glacier of Humboldt, which they had approached ten days before. The floe on which they had pitched their tent consisted of recent ice, and the party, who were too tired to seek a safer resting-place, had hardly gone to sleep, when, with a crack like that of a gigantic whip, the ice opened directly beneath them. Thus roused, in intense darkness and biting cold, they gathered together their tent and sleeping-furs, lashed them upon the sledge, and rushed from the rocking platform which bore them, amid the repeated intonations of the bursting ice. Selecting a flat piece of ice, they placed their sledge upon it, and, with the help of tent-poles and cooking-utensils, they paddled

to the old and firm ice which clung to the bases of the nearest icebergs. On an island, bearing the name of M'Gary, the second officer of the expedition, the party buried 670 lbs. of pemmican, and 140 lbs. of Borden's meat biscuits, indicating the site by a cairn, thirty paces off.

In a winter of 140 sunless days, and threatening to be one of unusual severity, it became necessary to devise schemes for beguiling its "monotonous solitude." A fancy ball, and an Arctic newspaper, called "The Iceblink," with the motto, *IN TENEBRIS SERVARE FIDEM*, and a vignette, representing a ship in full sail between two black and sunless shores, were among their measures of occupation and amusement. The articles in the "Iceblink" were composed by authors of every "nautical grade," and some of the best from the fore-castle.* A more healthful sport, in the form of a fox-chase, was invented by Dr. Kane. He offered a Guernsey shirt to the man who should make the longest run as "fox," performing a given circuit between galley and capstan, all hands pursuing him, and a halt being called to blow every four minutes. Each of the crew performed the part of "fox;" but William Godfrey, who maintained the chase for fourteen minutes, carried off the prize. We have mentioned this little incident as one in the career of Godfrey, whom our readers will meet again in a very different character.

The last vestige of mid-day twilight had disappeared on the 15th December. They could hardly see print, or even paper, and the fingers could not be counted a foot from the eye. Noonday and midnight were alike, and a vague glimmer along the outline of the southern hills was the only indication that the universe had a sun. The influence of this long and intense darkness was depressing to the crew; and even the dogs, though born within the Arctic circle, were unable to withstand it. When Dr. Kane stumbled upon them in the dark they would put their cold noses upon his hand, and "commence the most exuberant antics of satisfaction." They howled at any accidental light, as if it reminded them of the moon; and since neither instinct nor sensation could give them any knowledge of the passing hour, or any explanation of the long-lost light, Dr. Kane believed that the strange disease, to which we have already referred, was a mental affection originating in darkness, and therefore benevolently resolved to let them see the lanterns more frequently.

* Dr. Kane tells us that he has transferred a few of them to his Appendix, but none of them have been given.

In the observatory—which was an icehouse of the coldest description—neither fires, nor buffalo robes, nor investing sailcloth could raise its temperature to the freezing-point, and there was no snow to surround it as a non-conductor. About the middle of January the cold became very intense. On the 17th it was—49°, and on the 20th from—64° to—67°, at the observatory. On the 5th February the thermometers stood at from—60° to 75°, and on the taffrail of the ship—a “reliable instrument,” indicated—65°. The reduced mean of their best standard spirit thermometers was—67°, or 99° below the freezing-point of water. At such low temperatures chloric ether became solid, and chloroform was covered with a granular pellicle. Spirit of naphtha froze at—54°, oil of sassafras at—49°, and oil of wintergreen at—64°. The exposed or partially-clad parts of the body were invested with a wreath of vapor exhaled from the skin. The inspired air was pungent, though breathed with compressed lips; but the painful sensation mentioned by Siberian travellers was not experienced. Among the other productions of the intense cold, was the new condition of the “icefoot” or ice-belt, which Dr. Kane describes as “the most wonderful and unique characteristic of their high northern position.” When he formerly saw it, it was an investing zone of ice coping the margin of the floe; but the diurnal accumulations by tides thirteen feet high, and by severe frosts, had turned it into a bristling wall, nearly twenty-one feet high. Thus rising and falling daily, its fragments have been tossed in every possible direction, “rearing up, in fantastic equilibrium, surging in long inclined planes, dipping into dark valleys, and piling into contorted hills, often high above the icefoot.” When the daylight enabled them to see the result of these changes, they found the icebelt sixty-five feet in mean width, twenty-four feet in solid thickness; the second, or appended ice, thirty-eight feet, and the third, thirty-four feet wide—all these three ridges consisting of immense ice-tables, “serried like the granite blocks of a rampart, and investing the rocks with a triple circumvallation.”

On the 21st of February the sun had returned. Dr. Kane started off to be first to enjoy the sight. On the summit of a projecting crag “he nestled” in his beams, as if “bathing in perfumed water.” On the last day of February the sun gilded their deck, and the month of March brought them back perpetual day. The great object of the expedition now occupied Dr. Kane's attention, and preparations were made for their northern journey. An advance party

set off on the 19th March to deposit a relief cargo of provisions at the distance of ten days' journey from the brig. They had been out ten days, and the cold had been so severe (averaging—27°), that their return was expected with some anxiety. On the 31st, towards midnight, the noise of steps was heard, and instantly Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen entered the cabin, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. They had left four of their companions on the ice, lying frozen and disabled, in order to bring back the news. A heavy gale from the north had broken upon the party, and the snow was drifting heavily around them. Tom Hickey, an Irishman, generously remained to feed and attend them. In this emergency Dr. Kane saw that every moment was precious, and, with his usual energy, set off with a relief party of nine, taking with him the almost dying Ohlsen, as the only person who could guide them to the locality of the sufferers. He was sewed up in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog skins, and strapped on a small sledge, which they dragged after them. As soon as they began to move, Ohlsen, who had been fifty hours without rest, fell asleep, and awoke with unequivocal symptoms of mental alienation. He had lost the bearing of the icebergs, and there was no longer any hope of local landmarks. The sledge was therefore abandoned, and the parties dispersed in search of footprints. The fear of separation, however, brought them back into groups, and whether from shattered nerves, or the action of the cold, the men were singularly affected. Two of the strongest were seized with trembling fits and short breath, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Having been nearly eighteen hours without food or water, the appearance of a sledge track raised their hopes. Footprints at last appeared, and brought them in view of a small American flag fluttering on a hummock: it marked the camp of their disabled companions. Dr. Kane crawled into the tent almost covered with snow, and “coming upon the darkness heard the burst of welcome gladness from the four poor fellows stretched on on their backs.” “They had expected me: they were sure I would come.”

The thermometer stood at 75° below the freezing point. They were now fifteen souls, and with a tent which could hold only eight, one half kept themselves from freezing by walking outside, while the other half slept within. After each had got two hours' sleep, they prepared for a journey of fifty hours. The sick were carefully sewed up in rein-deer skins, and placed in a half-

reclining posture, on a bed of doubled-up buffalo bags. Thus embaled among skins and blankets, they were lashed to the sledge by frost-bitten fingers, and, repeating a brief prayer, the party set out on their retreat. Notwithstanding its weight of 1100lbs., and the rough paths it had to traverse, the sledge performed its part well, and the men dragged it nobly along, till they were within nine miles of the tent which they had left the day before. At this time they were all suddenly seized with an alarming failure of their energies. Two of the stoutest begged permission to sleep; another was nearly stiff under a drift; a third stood bolt upright, with his eyes closed, and hardly able to articulate; a fourth threw himself on the snow and refused to rise. None of them complained of cold. It was in vain that Dr. Kane "wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded." It became necessary to halt. The tent was pitched: their hands could not strike a fire. Their whisky had frozen beneath all the men's coverings, and they were obliged to dispense with food or water. In this emergency the sick, and as many as it would hold, were crammed into the tent, and Dr. Kane, with William Godfrey, who volunteered to accompany him, set off to the half-way tent to thaw some ice and pemmican before the rest arrived on foot. They kept themselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; but neither of them was in his right senses, though they both remembered seeing a bear treating very unceremoniously their tent, and what it contained. On reaching it, they found their buffalo robes and pemmican in the snow; crept into their rein-deer sleeping-bags without speaking, and had an intense sleep of three hours. When Dr. Kane awoke, a mass of his beard was frozen to the buffalo skin, and Godfrey was obliged to cut him out with his jack-knife. The rest of the party having arrived, and received such refreshments as could be given, they again set out on their dreary journey. Their strength again failed them. Obligated to eat snow, their mouths swelled, and were unable to articulate. An involuntary sleep again overtook them; they fell half sleeping on the snow. Dr. Kane made Riley wake him at the end of every three minutes, and he felt such benefit from the experiment that he timed the men in the same way. Seated on the runners of the sledge they fell asleep instantly, and were forced awake when the three minutes were expired. Invigorated by brandy, served out in tablespoonfulls, and dragging the wounded men instinctively behind them, they reached the

ship in a state of debility and delirium. A generous diet, however, morphine, and friction restored several of the party. One was afflicted with blindness; two others had part of their feet amputated; and two valuable lives, those of Jefferson Baker and Peter Schubert, were sacrificed in this disastrous journey; the one from locked-jaw, and the other from erysipelas round his amputated stump.

On the 7th of April, when they were watching the death-bed of Baker, a large party of Esquimaux, with fifty-six fine dogs, visited the ship. They carried knives in their boots; but having left their lances lashed to the sledges, it was obvious that they came with pacific intentions. Dr. Kane treated them with hospitality, and kept them all night on board, eating and sleeping, and sleeping and eating, till they were satisfied. With needles, and beads, and cask staves, Dr. Kane purchased their spare walrus meat, and four of their best dogs. After they had left the ship, axes, saws, and knives were missed. They had even broken into the storehouse at Butler Island, and one of the most venerable of the party contrived to cut to pieces the India-rubber boat, and carry off every particle of the wood.

The month of April being about to close, Dr. Kane made preparations for the "crowning expedition of the campaign,"—to follow the icebelt to the great glacier of Humboldt, —to attain the Ultima Thule of the Greenland shore, and search "round the farthest circle of the ice for an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond." An advance party under M'Gary set out on the 25th April, with a few stores; and on the 27th, Dr. Kane and Godfrey followed, and overtook them. With some difficulty they nearly reached the foot of the great Humboldt glacier, but unexpected calamities here befell them. The winter's scurvy reappeared. The fatigue of working through an excessive snow deposit brought on dropsical swellings. Snow-blindness attacked three of the party, and other two were pronounced unfit for service. The bears had lifted the strong blocks which covered their pemmican, and broke into chips the iron casks which contained it, as well as the cask which contained their alcohol. To crown these disasters, Dr. Kane was attacked with a combination of scurvy and typhoid fever, which threatened his life, and compelled him to return.

As soon as Dr. Kane was able, he matured an expedition across Smith's Straits to the north and east of the Cape Sabine of Captain Inglefield. Dr. Hayes and William

Godfrey accordingly set off on the 20th May, with a good sledge, and the dogs in excellent condition, to fix the position of the Cape, and connect it with the newly-discovered coast line to the north and east. After encountering the usual hardships, they crossed the Sound, but had great difficulty in reaching the land. Dr. Hayes was attacked with snow-blindness on the 22d. Seven days' provisions out of ten were exhausted. The harness lines of the dogs were continually breaking, and to replace them they had to resort to strips cut from the waistbands and legs of their seal-skin pantaloons; and in addition to these calamities, Godfrey was seized with cramp. They surmounted, however, these difficulties, and added about two hundred miles of new coast line to the chart north of Cape Sabine. They returned on the 1st of June, after twelve days' absence, the dogs having travelled no less than 400 miles. When the food for the dogs was exhausted, Dr. Hayes cut a pair of old Esquimaux boots into strips, and mixing them with a little of the lard for his lamp, obtained for them a hearty meal.

Dr. Kane now proceeded to organize his main expedition,—“his last throw,”—about the success of which he was intensely anxious. Morton, with M'Gary and Bonsall, who were to conduct it, set out on the 4th of June, and they were joined on the 16th by Hans, with the dog-sledge. Messrs. M'Gary and Bonsall were to explore the eastern coast of Smith's Sound, and the great glacier which terminates it; and Morton was to examine the coast to the north of it, when joined by Hans. Upon arriving at the final cache, where provisions had been deposited, and on which Dr. Kane had relied so much, M'Gary and Bonsall found that the bears had appropriated them all, devouring the flag even to the staff, and tying up into hard knots the India-rubber cloth which they were unable to masticate. They found the bear tracks numerous and recent; and one night when asleep in their tent, they were suddenly surprised by a visit from a bear. M'Gary, awakened by the scratching of snow near his head, aroused his friends; but there was not a gun within reach. Walking leisurely round the tent, the bear at last thrust his head inside, and though assailed with burning matches, he refused to withdraw. M'Gary rushed out through a hole which he cut in the tent, struck him on the nose with a boat-hook, and got hold of a rifle with which he was shot. With blistered faces, and half blind with the snow, the party reached the great glacier on the 16th of June; but though provided with apparatus, they found it impossible to scale this stupen-

dous mass. Icebergs, and berg ice and hummocks, prevented their approach to it, and they could only examine it from an island which was about 250 feet high,—as high as the perpendicular face of the glacier. From this point of view a sheet of ice, about twenty or thirty feet thick, seems to have covered the land in a succession of ridges and knolls. Above its vertical face it is split into parallel cracks and corresponding indentations, forming a series of steps sometimes horizontal, but generally following the inclinations of the ground, and extending back to where the glacier becomes almost level, having only an ascent of a few feet in the mile, until it attains an apparent altitude of 600 or 700 feet. The descending motion of the general mass is indicated by deep muttered sounds, and crashes resembling distant cannon or sharp thunder. In descending, it pushes forward long flakes, till their weight overcomes the tenacity of the ice, and precipitates them to its base, from which they are forced forwards by succeeding masses, till reaching a depth of water sufficient to float them, they are carried off by currents into the sea. Having executed their commission, our travellers returned on the 18th June, and reached the brig on the 26th, M'Gary being entirely blind from the snow.

Morton, who had, according to his instructions, husbanded his strength while with M'Gary and Bonsall, left them on the 18th, and, along with Hans in the dog-sledge, travelled in a line parallel with the glacier, and at a distance from it of five or six miles. On the 21st they found themselves travelling on weak and rotten ice, and in the neighbourhood of open water, and on the same day they reached Cape Andrew Jackson, and saw at the same time Cape Barrow on the opposite shore of the Sound. Beyond the Cape a low country opened to them, and enabled them to travel at the rate of six miles an hour. The ice was here entirely broken up; the channel was navigable for vessels of any size, and everywhere they found flocks of geese, eider duck, and dovekies. During their journey of fifty miles on the 22d, the opposite or western shore ran apparently in a straight line, interrupted only by two bays. The channel seemed to be about thirty-five miles wide, the coast high and the mountains, in the form of a sugar-loaf, extending far back into the interior, and set together in ranges like piles of stacked cannon-balls.

After a sharp battle with a bear, who fought nobly, but in vain, with her cub in her arms, and finding the runner of an Esquimaux sledge, skillfully worked in whale-bone, they tried to reach a cape which they

had seen the day before, having on the north side of it a bay, and an island opposite to it. This, however, he found to be impossible. Perpendicular cliffs, 2000 feet high, rising from the sea, prevented him from advancing a single step; and he contented himself with ascending a knob 500 feet high, from which he saw an open sea, as far as he could discern. He could not imagine what became of the ice. He observed only narrow stripes, with open spaces of water between them, from ten to fifteen miles wide, and he concluded that the ice must either dissolve, or go to an open space in the north. The bay which he saw on the 23d, was called by Dr. Kane Lafayette's Bay. To the opposite island, which turned out to be two, he gave the names of Franklin and Crozier; and to the cape which terminated his view, he gave the name of Cape Constitution, situated in latitude $81^{\circ} 22'$. From the summit of the rocky knob he traced the opposite coast for about fifty miles, and he remarked in the farthest distance a peak, truncated at its top, like the cliffs of Magdalena Bay. It was bare at its summit, but striated vertically, with protruding ridges. Its height was estimated at between 2500 and 3000 feet. To this peak—the most distant northern land yet seen upon the globe—he gave the name of Parry, as “the great pioneer of Arctic travel.” The range of mountains with which this peak was connected, was considered by Mr. Morton to be much higher than any on the Greenland side of the bay. Dr. Kane has called them the Victoria and Albert Mountains, and to the country around them, he has given the name of Grinnell Land.

Thus terminated the northern search of the second Grinnell expedition. Mr. Morton returned on the 25th June, and reached the brig on the 5th of July. He found Dr. Kane deeply occupied with schemes of relief. The time was already past when travelling on the ice was considered practicable, and the party had neither fuel nor provisions for another Arctic winter. The dishonour of abandoning his vessel, and the difficulty of carrying along with him his sick and newly amputated men to Upernavik or Beechy Island, their only seats of refuge, induced him to remain at his post. He resolved, however, to examine the ice-field himself, and after a sixty miles' journey for this purpose, he was convinced of the impossibility of escaping in open boats at this season of the year. In this emergency he resolved to attempt a journey to Beechy Island, where he might find Sir Edward Belcher, or reach the stores of the “North Star” at Wolstenholme Islands, or meet some passing vessel that might relieve

them. His officers approved of the scheme, and on the 13th, along with five picked men, he set off in his boat, “The Forlorn Hope.” In this hazardous adventure they encountered a storm of unusual severity, and were repeatedly raised out of the water by nips from the accumulating ice. At Hakluyt Island they were obliged to rest and renew their stock of provisions, and again spreading their canvas, they were arrested by the pack at the south point of Northumberland Island. They still persevered, however, but when they were within ten miles of Cape Parry, they encountered a solid mass of ice, stretching to the farthest horizon, and seeing no chance of accomplishing his object, Dr. Kane reluctantly gave orders for their return to the brig.

Upon reaching the brig on the 6th of August, and rejoining their shipmates, the repeated examination of the state of the ice became an interesting occupation. Hopes of liberating the ship and escaping southward were daily cherished and daily disappointed. Dr. Kane announced to his comrades his own resolution to remain another winter; but he at the same time offered to give permission to those who desired it to leave the vessel and hazard a journey to the south. Eight of the seventeen survivors resolved to remain, and the other eight, with Petersen and Godfrey at their head, supplied with one half of their stores and means of travelling, left the ship on the 28th of August. One of them, George Riley, returned in a few days, but the rest were not heard of for many weary months.

The preparations for a second winter now occupied Dr. Kane's attention. He resolved to imitate the Esquimaux in the form of their habitations, and in the peculiarities of their diet. A single apartment was “bulk-headed off amidships,” as a dormitory and sitting-room for the entire party, and surrounded with an envelope of moss cut from the frozen cliffs. The deck was covered with a similar casing, and a small moss-lined tunnelled passage with curtains (the *tossut* of the Esquimaux) was constructed as an entrance from below. They burned lamps for heat, dressed in fox-skin clothing, and obtained their scanty supplies of food by means of regular hunting parties.

During Dr. Kane's attempted visit to Beechy Island, his shipmates had frequent intercourse with the Esquimaux, whose nearest winter settlement was about seventy-five miles by dog journey from the brig, but he himself had never seen them, till at the time of Petersen's departure, three of them appeared as if to examine their condition and resources. Though rather over-

bearing, Dr. Kane treated them kindly, but they repaid his liberality by stealing not only the copper lamp, boiler, and cooking basin which had been lent to them to cook their meal, but also one of his best dogs; and it was afterwards found that they had appropriated the buffalo robes and India-rubber cloth which had been left at the ice-foot. Morton and Riley were despatched to Anatook in search of the thieves. They found the buffalo robes already tailored into kapetahs on the backs of the women, and upon searching the huts at Etah, they recovered the cooking utensils, and many articles of greater or less value which had not been missed. The women were instantly stripped and tied, and after being laden with the stolen goods, and as much walrus beef from their own stores as would pay for their board, they were marched thirty miles to the brig. Within twenty-four hours from the time they left the brig with their plunder, they were prisoners in its hold, with a white man as their jailer. Myouk was despatched to their headman, Metek, with a message calling upon him to negotiate the ransom of the prisoners, who remained five long days sighing, and crying, and eating voraciously. Metek at last appeared with another chief Ootuniah, and bringing a sledge-load of knives, tin-cups, &c., pieces of wood and scraps of iron which their people had succeeded in purloining. A treaty of peace was proposed and agreed to. The Esquimaux pledged themselves to steal no more, to bring fresh meat, to sell or lend dogs, and to assist in hunting. The white men promised to visit the Esquimaux neither with death nor sorcery, to welcome them on shipboard, and to give them needles, pins, knives, awls, sewing thread, pieces of wood, and fat, in exchange for walrus and fresh meat. This treaty was never broken. A common interest united the parties: they visited each other, hunted together, and on many occasions were mutual benefactors. The departure of the white men was even mourned, and Dr. Kane tells us that he was satisfied of this when he heard from his brother John, who came to Etah with the Rescue Expedition, of his meeting with Myouk, Metek, and Ootuniah, and of the affectionate confidence with which the maimed and sick invited his professional aid as the representative of the elder "Docto Kayen."

The principal occupations of our travellers during the winter were those which were necessary to supply them with food, and the four last chapters of Dr. Kane's first volume are occupied principally with notices of the Esquimaux, accounts of bear and walrus hunts, and of the various disas-

ters and sufferings which these occupations entailed. An event, however, of a higher interest occurred on the 7th of December; the news of five Esquimaux sledges, with teams of six dogs each, summoned Dr. Kane to the deck. They were the bearers of Petersen and Bonsall, two of the eight that had quitted the brig on the 28th of August. They had left the other five 200 miles off, without provisions, dispirited, and divided in their counsels. Supplies were immediately despatched to them by the Esquimaux escort, and little Myouk was left as a hostage to ensure the delivery of the packages. On the 12th December the cry of "Esquimaux again," roused Dr. Kane at three in the morning. Upon reaching the deck, he saw a group of human figures in the hooded jumpers of the natives; one of them grasped his hand; it was Dr. Hayes with the rest of his party. They had travelled 350 miles, and their last seventy miles from the bay near Etah, was through hummocks at the appalling temperature of -50° . For more than two months they had subsisted on frozen seal and walrus meat. The Esquimaux had driven them at flying speed. Every hut welcomed them as they halted, and the women spontaneously dried and chafed their cold and exhausted guests.

In performing this act of humanity the Esquimaux had another object in view. Some of the foot-worn absentees, while resting at Kalutunah's tent, had appropriated certain fox-skins, boots, and sledges, which their condition seemed to require. The Esquimaux complained of the theft, and Dr. Kane, after a careful enquiry into the case, decided in their favour. He gave to each five needles, a file, and a stick of wood, and knives and other extras to Kalutunah and Shanghu, and after regaling them with a hearty supper, he returned the stolen goods, and tried to make them believe that his people did not steal, but *only took the articles to save their lives!* In imitation of this Arctic morality the natives, on their departure, carried off a few knives and forks, which they deemed as essential to their happiness as the fox-dresses were to the white men.

After an alarming fire on the 23d December, which had nearly destroyed the brig and everything it contained, and after a Christmas as merry as pork and beans could make it, Dr. Kane and Petersen set out next day on an expedition to the Esquimaux, to obtain food for themselves and the dogs, which had been dying in great numbers. The severe cold, after three days' exposure, baffled them in this attempt, and we have mentioned it only to record a re-

markable optical phenomenon which they observed. Being desirous of obtaining a light when it was intensely dark, Dr. Kane directed Petersen to strike fire with a pocket pistol. Some delay taking place, Dr. Kane groped for the pistol himself, and in doing this touched Petersen's hand. "At that instant the pistol became distinctly visible! A pale bluish light, slightly tremulous, but not broken, covered the metallic parts of it, the barrel, lock, and trigger. The stock, too, was clearly discernible, as if by the reflected light, and to the amazement of both of us then, the thumb and two fingers with which Petersen was holding it, the creases, wrinkles, and circuit of the nails clearly defined upon the skin. The phosphorescence was not unlike the ineffectual fire of the glow-worm. As I took the pistol, my hand became illuminated also, and so did the powder-rubbed paper, when I raised it against the muzzle. Our fur clothing and the state of the atmosphere may refer this phenomenon plausibly to our electrical condition."

The winter of 1855 had now arrived in all its darkness and severity. Expeditions were sent out in different directions to procure food, but they were generally unsuccessful. Two rabbits, which yielded them a pint of raw blood, was all that they could obtain even in the first week of February. They had only one bottle of brandy left, and their store of pitch pine was so nearly exhausted, that they were obliged to use for fuel their tar-laid hemp hawsers. Disease, the offspring of cold, fatigue, and unwholesome food, added itself to their misfortunes, and towards the close of February "the sickness of a single additional man would have left them without fire." The returning sun, however, to them almost an object of worship, brought with it both food and resignation. A noble reindeer was the unexpected guest, but it furnished them only with one meal, having on the second day become uneatable from putrefaction.* In the second week of March Hans returned from the Esquimaux at Etah, with supplies of fresh walrus, but although it promised a few meals to the sick, it was but a temporary relief, which left them cheerless and despairing. They had consumed their last Manila hawsers, and had begun to burn the

outside casing of their ship. Dr. Kane and Bonsall were now the only able men to perform the various duties of doctor, nurse, cook, scullion, and woodcutter.

In this emergency an event occurred of so serious a nature that if in one of its results it threatened evil to the expedition, in another it might have justly withdrawn from it that high protection which they daily sought. On Sunday, the 18th March, it is recorded in Dr. Kane's journal that he has on board "a couple of men (William Godfrey and John Blake) whose former history he would like to know—bad fellows both of them, but daring, energetic, and strong." He had reason to think that they contemplated a desertion and escape to the Esquimaux—an act doubtless of trivial delinquency, when we consider that these two men and six others were formerly allowed to withdraw with half the stores of the expedition, and that Dr. Kane took credit for receiving them back again, though an encumbrance to his party. Dr. Kane, however, viewed the act through the eyes of his imagination. He conjectured that the intention of the deserters was "to rob Hans of his sledge and dogs, and proceed southward." The men were watched, handcuffed, and after protestations of better behaviour, they returned to their duties. An hour afterwards Godfrey escaped, and Blake remained true to his post.

Hans had now been many weeks absent, and Dr. Kane, anxious for his return, set out in search of him. Hans is found. Godfrey had urged him to drive off with him to the south, "and so to leave the expedition sledgeless;" but upon Hans's refusal, Godfrey consented to take a sledge-load of fresh meat to the brig! On the morning of the 2d April, Bonsall "reported a man about a mile from the brig, apparently lurking at the ice-foot." Dr. Kane and Bonsall went forward, and discovered their dog-sledge with a cargo of walrus meat, which was brought by Godfrey, and was "such a godsend" that Dr. Kane declares "one may forgive the man in consideration of the good which he had done them all." Godfrey advanced to meet Dr. Kane, and told him that he had resolved to spend the rest of his life with the Esquimaux, and that neither persuasion nor force would prevent him. After forcing him back to the gangway of the brig, by presenting a pistol, and leaving him under Bonsall's charge, Dr. Kane went on board for irons, but he had hardly reached the deck when Godfrey "turned to run." Bonsall discharged his pistol at him, which "failed at the cap." Dr. Kane "jumped at once to the gun-

* This change is very remarkable at a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero. The Greenlanders consider extreme cold as favourable to putrefaction. The Esquimaux withdraw the viscera immediately after death, and fill the cavity with stones. Dr. Kane was told that the musk ox is sometimes tainted after five minutes' exposure to great cold.

stand;" his first rifle went off in the act of cocking, and the second, aimed in haste at a long but practicable distance, missed the fugitive. "He made good his escape before we could lay hold of another weapon."

This attempt to take the life of William Godfrey, which no law, human or divine, can justify, was, fortunately for Dr. Kane, overruled. When, in a former Arctic expedition, its leader shot a ferocious Indian of his party, the world viewed it as an act of stern necessity and personal safety; but Godfrey was neither a madman nor an enemy. He approached the brig to intimate his resolution to live with the Esquimaux; and as if to claim a friendly acquiescence, he brought with him a load of food, without which his shipmates might have perished. Were we disposed to argue this question at the bar of our readers, we would say that the previous permission, which was offered and accepted, to withdraw with half the crew, had dissolved the original obligation; but no argument is required. Dr. Kane tells us, "that the daily work went on better in Godfrey's absence, and that the ship seemed better when purged by his desertion; but thinking the example disastrous, he resolved, cost what it might, to have him back." A month had nearly elapsed, when a report arose that Godfrey was at Etah with the Esquimaux; and the moment Dr. Kane heard it, he resolved "that he should return to the ship." He accordingly set off to Etah, caught him by a stratagem, and brought him "a prisoner to the brig." A prisoner, indeed! Dr. Kane had been without food in his man-hunt of eighty miles; and when the filth of the walrus steaks, offered him by an Esquimaux, "rendered it impossible for him to eat them," William Godfrey, who must then have been at large, administered to his wants by "bringing to him a handful of frozen liver-nuts." This "strong and healthy man," too, neither hand-cuffed, nor foot-cuffed, ran peaceably by his captor's chariot, and during the future toils and trials of the expedition, we find him placed in situations of trust, and performing all the duties of his place.

We have presented this singular story fully to our readers. It is pregnant with instruction; and if it is not fitted to "adorn our tale," we may use it to "point a moral," touching a theme of duty which, however deeply engraven on the tables of Christianity, has not yet been apprehended by the Christian community. The chief of an expedition, apprehensive of inconvenience to his party from the desertion of an individual, demands the forfeit of his life. His rifles

miss their victim, and the poor fugitive returns, the future benefactor and friend of his shipmates! Is not this the true type of what the Christian tolerates as defensive war—a type instructive in its individuality, and more instructive still in its results. A monarch, like an expedition chief, takes offence at an act of real or supposed aggression. He assumes that the safety of his throne demands retaliation. His armies march into the field, and his ships quit their moorings. His subjects become pirates; and passion and self-interest, under the guise of patriotism, rush with their fiery cross into peaceful and happy communities, and hurry into eternity millions of souls unshriven, and unfit to die.

Is it not strange that the problem of settling without blood the quarrels of nations, is to be the last which human genius can solve? That proud reason, which has conquered space, and explored the depths of earth and heaven,—has it declared the problem to be indeterminate? The time is but brief since slavery and the duel were pronounced necessary and incurable. England has trampled both under foot; and were Governments to offer a premium for the abolition of war, and Bishops, with spiritual gifts, to preach its necessity, and holy priests to urge it in their daily homilies, they would pluck from the penal settlements of another world the million brands who are the counsellors of war, and the tens of thousands who are its victims.

The last weeks of April 1854 were spent in hunting-parties in search of food, and in visits to the Esquimaux, whose manners and customs Dr. Kane had excellent opportunities of studying. Etah, their settlement, consists of two huts and four families, marked by two black spots upon a snow-drift inclined about 45° to the horizon. Their habits are so filthy, that Dr. Kane cannot transfer to his pages the details which he observed. Previous to the arrival of the Lutheran and Moravian missionaries, murder, incest, infanticide, and the burial of the living, were not counted as crimes; but the labours of these good men have been so far successful, that almost all the Esquimaux are professed Christians, and the influence of sacred truth has been exhibited in a higher morality. Hospitality is universal, and the humble meal of the hunter is ever at the service of his guest. At a distance from missionary stations, the dark art is still practised by the Angekoks, the dispensers of good, and the Issiutok, or evil men, who deal in injurious spells and enchantments; and the traditionary superstitions of former times are still maintained. Justice is administered

by the Angekoks, who summon the public to a court called an Imnapok, and when both parties have been heard, the question is decided.

After making preparations for their escape, converting the wood of the brig into sledges, and getting their boats ready, Dr. Kane conceived the idea of examining the shores beyond Kennedy Channel, accompanied by a party of Esquimaux. He had only four dogs, whereas the Esquimaux had thirty, sixteen of which were picketed on the ice near the brig. He accordingly set out on the 24th, with Kalutunah, Shangu, and Tatterat, with their three sledges, accompanied by Hans and his Marston rifle. After making some progress, they were stopped by a number of bears, which dogs and drivers irresistibly pursued; but they reached the neighbourhood of the great glacier of Humboldt, which Dr. Kane examined from a high berg. He observed, and has given a drawing of, its escalated structure. The height of the ice-wall which abutted against the sea, was about 300 feet, and its frozen masses were similar in structure to the Alpine and Norwegian ice growths, indicating the motion and descent of a viscous mass, as maintained by Professor Forbes. To the Cape which flanks it on the south he gave the name of Agassiz, and to the Cape at its northern extremity that of Forbes. On the return of the party from what was more a series of bear-hunts than a journey of discovery, they landed at the lefty headland of Cape Kent, and visited in Dallas Bay a group of five Esquimaux huts, standing high upon a set of shingle-terraces. Bone-knives were found in the graves which were farther up the fiord, and also bones of the seal, walrus, and whale.

Although the time had arrived when the expedition ought to leave the brig and trust their fortune to the floes, yet Dr. Kane determined to make another attempt to visit the farther shores of the channel. Morton and he accordingly set out with the light sledge, and two borrowed dogs to their team. The course that they prepared to take was by the middle ice, through which they struggled manfully to force their way. The only result, however, of the trip, was a series of observations, which served to verify and complete the charts. After days and nights of adventurous exposure and recurring disasters, they returned to the brig, Morton broken down, and Dr. Kane just adequate to the duty of superintending his final departure.

After laborious and very complete preparations for their escape, the details of which occupy a whole chapter, the party quitted

the brig on the 20th May, with thirty-six days' provisions, for the sixteen men who composed it. The sick were obliged to rest at Anoatok, where they improved greatly in health, while Dr. Kane brought them supplies more than once from the brig. They were gradually brought down to the boats, as some of them got well enough to be useful. Although Dr. Kane had carried his collections of natural history to Anoatok, yet he was obliged to abandon them, as well as his library, and many valuable instruments, being able to preserve only the documents of the expedition.

In the first eight days, they had travelled only fifteen miles from the ship; and even when their difficulties had diminished, their real progress never exceeded seven and a half miles a day, though to accomplish this they had travelled a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. In their progress southward, they neared Littleton Island, where they lost acting-carpenter Ohlsen, whom they buried on the island opposite a cape which bears his name. From this stage of their journey till they reached open water, near Cape Alexander, they enjoyed the friendly assistance of the Etah Esquimaux, who brought them daily supplies of birds, assisted them in carrying their provisions and stores, and in the kindest manner, and with the most perfect honesty, ministered to all their necessities. The expedition parted with their friends on the 18th June, after having transported their boats over eighty-one miles of unbroken ice, and walked 316 miles in thirty-one days. The men, women, and children of Etah, had also travelled over the ice to bid them good-bye, and the parting on both sides was not without emotion. After a day's sail in open water, to a point ten miles north-west of Hakluyt Island, they continued their journey by alternate movements over ice and water, a process so arduous, that from the 20th of June to the 6th of July they had advanced only 100 miles.

In their progress southward, they relied principally on their guns for food, sometimes suffering from the want of game, and sometimes copiously supplied with it. At Dalrymple Island, they found abundance of eggs of the eider duck; and when their stock of provisions was nearly exhausted, at Cape Dudley Digges, they found the cliffs teeming with animal life. They therefore dried upon the rocks as much (about 200 lbs.) of the fowl which they found there, as served them during their transit of Melville Bay, till they reached Cape York on the 21st July. The coast which they had just passed seemed to Dr. Kane to have been a favourite residence of the natives—a sort of Esquimaux Eden.

Wherever they encamped, they found ruins overgrown with lichens. In one of these, in lat. $76^{\circ} 20'$, which must have been an extensive village, cairns for holding their meat were arranged in long lines, six or eight to a group, and the huts, constructed with large rocks, faced each other as if disposed in a street.

As far north as Upernavik, Dr. Kane had observed proofs of the depression of the Greenland coast, and he considered it as going on here. Some of the huts were washed by the sea, or torn away by the ice that had descended with the tides. The turf, too, he remarks, a representative of very ancient growth, was cut off even with the water's edge, giving sections two feet thick, and indicating unmistakably the depression of this coast. He had observed its converse elevation to the north of Wolstenholme Sound; and he supposes that the axis of oscillation must be somewhere near the latitude of 77° .

After traversing Melville Bay, along the margin of the land ice, and following the open drift as the quickest though most hazardous course, they reached the north coast of Greenland, near Horse's Head, on the 3d of August, and following from thence the inside passage, they arrived at Upernavik on the 6th, eighty-three days after leaving the "Advance." The European news, of more than two years' growth, at once gratified and startled them. The details of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, the fate of Dr. Kane's gallant friend and comrade, M. Bellot, and the traces of the dead nearly a thousand miles south of where they were searching for them, had a peculiar interest. The intelligence of a steamer and a barque having passed up Baffin's Bay, a fortnight before, to search for themselves, was more affecting still; and when Dr. Kane heard of the Crimean War, "he thought it a sort of blunder that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church."

The Danish authorities at Upernavik received the expedition with their usual kindness. A loft was fitted up for their reception, and though personally inconvenient to themselves, owing to their own supplies coming to them annually, the Danes shared their stores with them in the most liberal manner. On the 6th they left Upernavik, on board the Danish brig "Marianne," Captain Ammandsen, who promised to land them at the Shetland Isles on his way to Copenhagen, but having occasion to touch for a few days at Disco, they were met by the vessels under Captain Harstene,* that

had been sent out to their rescue. "Presently," says Dr. Kane, "we were alongside. An officer, Captain Harstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt,—'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes!' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

When Dr. Kane's friends had despaired of his return, the American Government equipped an expedition for rescuing, or affording relief to him, and with instructions to

american Government the ship "Resolute," which they had purchased with this view from Captain Buddington.

This ship which formed one of Sir Edward Belcher's Arctic squadron, was despatched in May 1853, in search of Sir John Franklin. Frozen among the icebergs in north lat. 77° , she was abandoned in May 1854 by her officers and crew, who were obliged to leave all their effects on board. After a rest of sixteen months in the ice, a thaw detached the portion of it in which she was imbedded, and at the mercy of the winds and waves she drifted 1200 miles from her winter home. Captain Buddington, the commander of an American whaler, found her in north lat. $66^{\circ} 30'$, and west long. 64° , took possession of her, and remained on board till the ice began to soften, when he shaped his course to New London, Connecticut, where he arrived in December 1855. The ship was removed to New York, and purchased for 400,000 dollars by the Government, for the purpose of presenting her to the Queen of England.

When Captain Buddington entered the ship, there was not a living creature on board. "The ropes were as hard and inflexible as chains. The rigging was stiff, and crackled at the touch. The tanks in the hold had burst. The iron-work was rusted. The paint was discoloured with bilge-water, and the top-mast and top-gallant mast were shattered, but the hull was uninjured, and the ship was sound in every vital part. There were three or four feet of water in the hold, but she had not sprung a leak. The cordage was coiled in neat little circles on the deck, after the English fashion; and the sails were so stiffly frozen as to resemble sheets of tin. Several thousand pounds of gunpowder, somewhat deteriorated in quality, were found on board. Some of the scientific instruments were rusted, but others were in good condition.

"In order to restore the ship to the Queen in as complete a state as that in which she was abandoned, everything found on board has been carefully preserved,—the books in the captain's library, the pictures in his cabin, and musical instruments belonging to other officers. British flags were substituted for those which had rotted. The ship has been repainted from stem to stern; her sails and much of her rigging are entirely new; and her muskets, swords, telescopes, and nautical instruments, have been put in perfect order.

"When the Queen visited the ship on the 16th December, she saw the captain's cabin in the very state in which it was left, the logs of the different officers in their respective recesses in the bookshelves, and the very tea-kettle standing cold and silent on a fireless stove."

We trust our countrymen will appreciate the good feeling and the good taste of the American Government, in presenting this interesting gift to her Majesty.

* Captain Harstene has just left England, after delivering to the Queen, as a present from the Am-

give every assistance in their power to Sir John Franklin, should they fall in with his party. The barque "Release," with a crew twenty-five in number, and commanded by Lieutenant Harstene, and the steam-brig "Arctic," with a crew of twenty-two men, commanded by Lieutenant Simons, and having on board as assistant surgeon, a brother of Dr. Kane's, left New York early in June, and after a boisterous passage, and collisions with icebergs, they reached Disco Island, on the 5th of July, and Upernavik on the 16th. At Cape Alexander, and Sutherland Island, they searched in vain for traces of their friends, but at Pelham Point Dr. J. Kane and a party found beneath a few stones a vial, with the letter K. on the cork, and a rifle ball with "Dr. Kane 1853," scratched upon it. At Cape Hatherton, and Littleton Island, their search was unsuccessful; but after taking refuge at a projecting point fifteen miles north-west of Cape Alexander, they were startled by human voices, and were afterwards conducted by two Esquimaux to their settlement in a finely sheltered bay, where thirty of them were encamped in seven canvas tents. They found here abundance of articles that belonged to Dr. Kane, and learned that he and Petersen, and seventeen others, with two boats and a sledge, had been there a week after leaving their vessel in the ice, and had gone southward to Upernavik. Notwithstanding the distinctness of this information, Captain Harstene stood over to the entrance of Lancaster Sound, and attempted to reach Beechy Island, but having been beset in the field-ice, and having made nearly the whole circuit of the northern part of Baffin's Bay, he proceeded to Upernavik, and encountered, as we have already seen, Dr. Kane and his party at Disco Island. After coaling, watering, and preparing to accommodate their increased numbers, they set sail on the 18th September, and reached New York on the 11th October 1855.

In taking a general view of this Expedition and its results, we cannot but admire the activity, energy, and skill displayed by Dr. Kane in the trying circumstances under which he was so frequently placed. With the single exception which we have found it our duty to notice, his attention and kindness to his people and to the Esquimaux, and his cheerful discharge of the most menial duties, when they could not be performed by others, deserve the highest praise. As the leader of an expedition of discovery, his merits were equally conspicuous. His devotion to the cause in which he was embarked, his promptitude of action in availing himself of every opportunity of advancing northward, and his

patient endurance of unexampled hardships—of cold, and hunger, and disease, and fatigue, have not been surpassed in the annals of Arctic discovery.

As the expedition was not fitted out with any special organization for the purposes of scientific research, we are not entitled to expect any results of remarkable novelty or interest. The discovery of the great Humboldt glacier, extending in a meridional direction over nearly a whole degree of latitude, —the extension of the East coast of Baffin's Bay to within 8° 38', and of the West coast to within 7° 30' of the Pole, cannot fail to be regarded as important additions to the Geography of the Arctic Regions. With regard, however, to the survey of the West coast, we have not been able to discover in Dr. Kane's work how it was made. Dr. Hayes examined it only from Cape Sabine to Cape John Fraser, in latitude 79° 43', and we presume that the long line of the West coast to the north of this, as far as Mount Edward Parry, has been seen only from the east side of the sound, and determined by triangulation or intersecting bearings.

The meteorological observations possess considerable interest. They were made in Rensselaer Harbour in north latitude 78° 37', and longitude 70° 40' west of Greenwich, in the last seven months of 1853, the whole of 1854, and the first four months of 1855. The maximum temperature was 53° .9, and occurred on the 4th of July 1854. The minimum temperature was 68° .0, and occurred on the 5th of February 1854. On the 7th of January 1855, it was 69° .2. The mean temperature of the year 1856 was—5°.01. By taking the mean of the temperatures of the last seven months of 1853 and those of 1854, and the mean of the first four months of 1855, and the same months in 1854, the following table of mean monthly temperatures was obtained:—

Months.	Temperature of the Air.
January, . . .	—29°.42
February, . . .	—27°.40
March, . . .	—36°.03
April, . . .	—11°.30
May, . . .	+12°.89
June, . . .	+20°.23
July, . . .	+38°.40
August, . . .	+31°.35
September, . . .	+13°.48
October, . . .	—5°.0
November, . . .	—23°.02
December, . . .	—31°.86
Year,	— 3°.22
Spring, . . .	—11°.48
Autumn, . . .	— 4°.85
Summer, . . .	+32°.99
Winter, . . .	—29°.56

Mr. Schott of the United States Coast Survey has contributed a map of the isothermal lines for each month of the year from Dr. Kane's observations, and those made at other places, based on Dove's isothermal charts. He ought to have given what would have been more instructive, the annual curves.

Although Rensselaer Harbor, where the observations were made, is nearly four degrees farther north than Melville Island, yet its distance from the cold meridian ought to have given it a greater mean temperature. The concavity of the isothermal curves of more southern localities in the same meridian justify us in expecting such a result, and we have no doubt that some sufficient cause, arising either from the spirit-of-wine thermometers, or the method of observing them, may yet be found to account for the high temperature of Rensselaer Harbour. This suspicion is confirmed by the anomalous low temperature of the month of March 1854, namely— 38° , which in the preceding table is reduced to— $38^{\circ}.03$, in consequence of using for the mean temperature— $38^{\circ}.97$ of the same month for 1855. In almost every latitude, and in that of Prince Patrick and Melville Islands, March is the first month of spring, and warmer than February, whereas in Dr. Kane's table it is the last and the coldest month of winter, a fact which we can hardly admit, in opposition to the general character of the isothermal curves.

The magnetical observations were made with an unifilar magnetometer belonging to the United States Survey, and a dip circle received from Professor Henry through the kindness of General Sabine. The following observations were made on the variation and dip of the needle:—

Variation.		
June 16th, 1854, $108^{\circ} 21.5'$ west.		
Dip.		
Mean dip at New York,	72°	$57'$
" Fiskernaes,	80	41
" Sukkertoppen,	80	50
" Force Bay,	85	8
" Marshall Bay,	85	26
" Winter Harbour,	84	48

The most important and interesting result of the expedition is the discovery of an open sea at the northern extremity of Smith's Sound, a phenomenon which had long before been rendered probable by the form of the isothermal lines, and by the law of temperature in the meridian which passes through the west of Europe. In Mr. Morton's northern journey, after he had been travelling over a solid area, choked with bergs and frozen fields, he was startled by the growing

weakness of the ice. It became so rotten at its surface, and the snow so wet and pulpy, that his dogs, seized with terror, refused to advance. Upon landing on a new coast, and continuing his journey, he found himself on the shores of a channel so open that a fleet of frigates might have navigated it. As he travelled southward it expanded into an "iceless area," the extent of which he estimated at upwards of 4000 square miles. Animal life burst upon them as they went. Flocks of the Brent goose, the eider, the king-duck, and the swallow, indicated a new climate, and as he advanced the Arctic petrel made its appearance. At Cape Constitution, the termination of his journey, he could not see "a speck of ice," and from an altitude of 480 feet, which commanded a horizon of nearly 40 miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of resounding waves, and of a surf dashing over the rocks at his feet and staying his further progress. "This mysterious fluidity," as Dr. Kane observes, "in the midst (or rather at the end) of vast plains of solid ice, was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order, and there was not a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters."

The discovery of the traces of Sir John Franklin and his party by Dr. Rae have led to a general belief that the whole of them have perished. Such a conclusion is certainly not justified by the facts in our possession, and we are disposed to adopt the more sanguine views of Dr. Kane. "Of the one hundred and thirty-six picked men," he remarks, "of Sir John Franklin in 1846, northern Orkneymen, Greenland whalers, so many young and hardy constitutions, with so much intelligent experience to guide them, I cannot realize that some may not yet be alive, that some small squad or squads, aided or not aided by the Esquimaux of the expedition, may not have found a hunting-ground, and laid up from summer to summer enough of fuel and food and seal-skins to brave three or even four more winters in succession. . . . My mind never realizes the complete catastrophe—the destruction of all Franklin's crew. I picture them to myself broken into detachments, and my mind fixes itself on one little group of some thirty who have found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and, under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, have set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal, and walrus, and whale."

But even if these views are extravagant, it is the duty of a great commercial nation

like ours to cling to the slightest hope of rescue, and to ascertain the mysterious fate of men who have nobly perished in the service of their country. Science adds her voice to that of humanity, and calls upon the maritime powers of Europe, and France in particular, to imitate the noble example of the United States—if not to search for the lost, at least to explore those remarkable regions which have hitherto defied the approach of man. The science of England will never rest till she places her foot on each Pole of the globe, and has established the laws of those physical agencies which have a peculiar development in the Arctic and Antarctic zones.

The Hudson's Bay Company, already distinguished above all other commercial institutions by their exertions in the interests of science and humanity, have equipped an expedition, to start from the Great Slave Lake, in order to visit the locality where Dr. Rae found the relics of Sir John Franklin's party; and we trust that the earnest application of the distinguished members of the Geographical and Royal Societies will induce our own Government to embark in the same noble cause.

ART. V.—1. *Poems*. BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Fourth Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1856.

2. *Aurora Leigh*. BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 8vo. 1856.

THE poetical reputation of Mrs. Browning, late Miss Barrett, has been growing slowly, until it has reached a height which has never before been attained by any modern poetess, though several others have had wider circles of readers. An intellect of a very unusual order has been ripened by an education scarcely less unusual for a woman; and Mrs. Browning now honourably enjoys the title of poetess in her own right, and not merely by courtesy.

The poems before us are divisible into three tolerably distinct classes; first, the imaginative compositions, which form the bulk of *Miss Barrett's* poems, and several of which *Mrs. Browning* tells us she "would willingly have withdrawn, if it were not almost impossible to extricate what has once been caught and involved in the machinery of the press." Secondly, the poems which have immediately arisen from personal feeling and personal observation. Of these the chief are the so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Casa Guidi Windows."

Thirdly, the novel-in-verse, or present-day epic, called "*Aurora Leigh*." Besides the poems belonging to these three classes, there are several "occasional pieces" of more or less significance.

Pieces which the authoress confesses that she "would willingly have withdrawn," are, by that confession, almost withdrawn from criticism. We imagine that the two dramas, "a Drama of Exile," and "the Seraphim," are among the number of those which Mrs. Browning, in her last edition, introduces with "a request to the generous reader that he may use their weakness, which no subsequent revision has succeeded in strengthening, less as a reproach to the writer, than as a means of marking some progress in her other attempts." We will only say concerning these and some other useful essays, that we think the authoress mistaken in supposing that the "machinery of the press" will give them the deprecated perpetuity, unless she herself continues to reprint them; and that their value "as a means of marking some progress in her other attempts," is of a kind which her personal friends will appreciate much better than the world, for whom, we presume, she writes and publishes.

Dismissing the whole of the first volume of the "*Poems*" as containing very little that is worthy of the authoress's matured powers—although much that would be remarkable in any other recent poetess—we come, in the early part of the second volume, to one of Mrs. Browning's most beautiful pieces, "*Bertha in the Lane*." It contains a most skilful and touching delineation of disappointed affection, and the workings of that feeling. This poem is not only "simple, sensuous, and passionate," as Milton said that poetry should be; but it is also very artistic in its form and contrasted details, and in the construction of the measure, which beautifully answers to the feeling. Mrs. Browning will probably be popularly remembered as much by this little poem, as by any she has written; and, excellent as it is in its present state, its value might be, at least, doubled by condensation, and a more thoroughly polished diction. No poet of Mrs. Browning's rank should condescend to the use of capital letters to give emphasis to her words, or to change an adjective into a substantive, or to the introduction of such expressions as "fever-bale," when a little trouble would have supplied others, suited to the simplicity of grief, and the laws of the English language; nor can we understand how a writer, capable of such a strain of strong and simple feeling, could mar it at the end by such an odd jumble of Christian

doctrine and classical allusion as the following :—

“Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up, through angel's hands of fire!
I aspire while I expire.”

The piece that follows “Bertha in the Lane” is one which is a favourite, we believe, with many of Mrs. Browning's admirers. We cannot say that it is so with us; for, although it contains many noble and subtle lines, and a current of true passion runs through the whole, it appears to us to be fundamentally damaged by the social fallacy—a very common one with novelists and poets of inferior standing to that of Mrs. Browning—upon which it is built. “Lady Geraldine's Courtship; a Romance of the Age,” is the story of a peasant-poet's love, told by himself. He tells us that, although he was “Quite low-born, self-educated,” yet, “because he was a poet, and because the public praised him,” “he could sit at rich men's tables.” At these he had an opportunity of seeing, and of falling in love with, “an Earl's daughter,”—which was not wonderful, or out of course; but that she should have fallen in love with and married him is, and, we will venture to add, ought to be so. The more one knows of men and women, the less one thinks of the wisdom and possibility of happiness in a *mésalliance* of this kind; and the case is not made a whit the better by the hero's being a poet. A woman, moreover, is not essentially the better for being an Earl's daughter; grace and goodness, as substantial, might have been found for Bertram in a sphere not wholly and hopelessly removed from his own. That which really does distinguish a Lady Geraldine from any other graceful and equally well-disposed lady in a lower sphere, is precisely what Bertram could not possibly have enjoyed, and what he would have deprived her of, namely, the *station in society*. It seems to us, that Mrs. Browning has not consulted the poet's true dignity, in making so poor and worldly an exaltation a part of the honour of which he is capable and desirous. Or, if that was not her intention, if she meant, rather, to display the nobility of the Lady, in leaving the condition in which she had passed her life, for the sake of passing it henceforward in the unsophisticated company of an uneducated poet, and his friends and relations, she ought, in order to have brought out her meaning artistically, to have shown that the Lady was not only

fully aware of the sacrifice she was making, but that she was also capable of enduring it to the end, with all its trying circumstances of social contempt and dissonance of habits. But Mrs. Browning has not done either of these things; so that our feeling, on coming to the “happy conclusion” of the poem, is one of unmixed commiseration for the hero and heroine, who are putting their heads into so desperate a noose, without having the slightest notion of what they are about. This poem, however, is more than usually rich in graceful and powerful descriptions.

In this, as in all Mrs. Browning's pieces of any length, there are parts obviously not so good as Mrs. Browning might have made them had she chosen. The best that an author has written is a fair standard to try all the rest by; and it is clear that one who is capable of such subtle and finished lines as,—

“And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair;”

and several others in the same poem, should have known better than to degrade them by the proximity of such baldness as,—

“She treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air;”

and much more in the same poem.

This is not a time in which a poet can afford to do anything but the best. There are several carelessly written poems in these volumes which would bear a high polish—to say which is to commend their substance as gem-like. Great polish is an indication of the highest poetry, because none but the highest poetry will take it. With a few very great poets—in English only Shakspeare—poetry seems always to have flowed forth from the writer's heart in a condition of absolute finish. All who are really poets have probably known this wonderful mood now and then—it has produced a few rapidly written yet perfect passages or small poems; but a poet who works with a right understanding of what he is about, will aim at leaving nothing which a *reader* can point out as being less happily conceived and executed than those inspired morsels.

Mrs. Browning shines nowhere to greater advantage than in the sonnet. Her lyrical verse is seldom good. In proportion as poetry aims at lyrical character, it becomes necessary that it should possess that absolute perfection of verbal expression, which is given by vivid lyrical feeling—that rarest of all poetical qualities. To write a good

sonnet demands power of a high order. It requires that some grave and novel thought should be expressed in high and pure language, and in an extremely elaborate form, the limits of which are fixed. Mrs. Browning brings to her task the industry, the thoughtfulness, and the power of language which are requisite; and accordingly she has written several sonnets which will bear comparison with the best in the language. It must be confessed, however, that Mrs. Browning gives us specimens of sonnets presenting very marked defects. It is quite wonderful into what mistakes this lady sometimes falls, particularly when she is under the impression that she is doing something remarkably good. Perhaps the most absurd line that was ever written by so good a poet is the following, concluding the sonnet to "Hiram Powers' Greek Slave," and adjuring her to

"Strike and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence overthrown."

Mrs. Brownings worst fault is her almost constant endeavour to be "striking." This tendency has deformed her volumes with scores of passages scarcely less offensive to true taste than the above. Such passages are not only bad in themselves, but, being as it were, the hypocrisy of art, they cast suspicion and discredit upon their context wherever they occur. They are proof positive of absence of true feeling—of the tone of mind that "voluntary moves harmonious numbers"—at the time of writing; and the only poem of Mrs. Browning's from which they are almost entirely absent, is the series of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," for the originals of which we fancy that we must seek in vain, unless we detect them in the personal feelings of the writer. In this series of sonnets we have unquestionably one of Mrs. Browning's most beautiful and worthy productions. In style they are openly—indeed by the title avowedly—an imitation of the fourteenth and fifteenth century love-poetry; but to imitate this is so nearly equivalent to imitating nature of the simplest and loftiest kind, that it is scarcely to be spoken of as a defect of originality. The forty-four sonnets constitute consecutive stanzas of what is properly speaking one poem. They are lofty, simple, and passionate—not at all the less passionate for being highly intellectual and even metaphysical. Nothing is more untrue than the common notion that deep and subtle thought is foreign to passion. On the contrary, under the influence of passion, an obtuse mind will often become witty, and a naturally subtle

intellect will be made still more piercing and abundant in, what to inferior minds may seem, excessive refinements of thought and imagery. The following sonnet deserves to rank with the very best of Milton and Wordsworth.

"I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for
years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young:
And, as I mused it, in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the
hair,
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . .
'Guess now who holds thee?' 'Death!' I said.
But there,
The silver answer rang—'Not Death, but
Love.'"

"Casa Guidi Windows" is one of the very few things that have been lately written about the political condition of Italy in a tone with which, upon the whole, a sensible man may sympathize. Mrs. Browning says in her preface to this poem, that it "contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany, of which she was a witness. 'From a window,' the critic may demur. She bows to the objection in the very title of her work. No continuous narrative nor exposition of political philosophy is attempted by her. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is the intensity with which they were received, as proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country, and the sincerity with which they are related, as indicating her own good faith and freedom from partisanship."

"Casa Guidi Windows" is, to our thinking, the happiest of its author's performances, if not the highest. The difficulty of the metre, in which every rhyme occurs thrice, here as in the sonnet, seems to act as a restraint upon the authoress's imagination, preventing it from indulging in that kind of flight of which boldness may be said to be the only recommendation. So difficult a metre is furthermore in itself a kind of compulsory finish which is a great advantage to the verses of a writer evidently not much given to the drudgery of polish, where it may be shirked. It has been said of the poet, that he

"Freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them, not bonds, but wings."

And this is more than usually true of Mrs. Browning. Her genius nowhere rises in so spirited a style, or maintains so steady an altitude, as in those poems in which she submits herself to the heaviest fetters of external form; whereas in blank verse, and in other measures, *not sufficiently weighted with rule*, her imagination "pitches" like a kite without a tail.

Of the two parts of "Casa Guidi Windows," says Mrs. Browning, writing in 1851, "the first was written nearly three years ago," (1848,) "while the second resumes the actual situation." The first is full of hope, pardonably felt and finely expressed, for the immediate future of Italy. In this part there is little or no action. It is all aspiration, mingled, however, with moderation and shrewdness. In her preface she congratulates herself on not having caught the "epidemic enthusiasm for Pio Nono." In Part I. we find the causes which prevented the Pope from fulfilling revolutionary hopes admirably shown, and in Part II. we find no less exactly and candidly stated the causes of the people's failing in the hour of their opportunity. Our limits do not permit of lengthened extracts. We give the return of the Grand Duke Leopold, as one of Mrs. Browning's highest achievements:—

"I saw and witnessed how the Duke came back.

The regular tramp of horse and tread of men
Did smite the silence like an anvil black
And sparkless. With her wide eyes at full strain,

Our Tuscan nurse exclaim'd, 'Alack, alack,
Signora, these shall be the Austrians.' 'Nay,
Be still,' I answered: 'Do not wake the child!'

For so, my two-months' baby sleeping lay
In milky dreams upon the bed, and smiled,

And I thought 'he shall sleep on while he may,
Through the world's baseness. Not being yet defiled

Why should he be disturbed by what is done?"

Then, gazing, I beheld the long drawn street
Live out, from end to end, full in the sun,
With Austrian thousands, sword and bayonet,
Horse, foot, artillery, cannons rolling on,
Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant with the heat

Of undeveloped lightnings, each bestrode
By a single man, dust-white from head to heel,

Indifferent as the dreadful thing he rode,
Like a sculptured Fate serene and terrible.

As some smooth river which has overflow'd
Will slow and silent down its current wheel

A loosened forest, all the pines erect,
So swept, in mute significance of storm,

The marshalled thousands, not an eye deflect
To left or right, to catch a novel form

Of Florence city, adorn'd by architect
And carver, or of Beauties, live and warm,

Scared at the casements! all, straight-forward eyes

And faces, held as steadfast as their swords,

And cognizant of acts not imageries.

The key, O Tuscan, too well fits the wards!

Ye ask'd for mimes—these bring you tragedies.

For purple—these shall wear it as your lords."

"Casa Guidi Windows," we repeat, is the happiest of Mrs. Browning's performances, because it makes no pretensions to high artistic character, and is really "a simple story of personal impressions." The first thing that a poet, or indeed any other workman, has to do, is to find out what he is well able to do; and he should always determine to do a little less than he is able, in order that his limitations may not appear. There is no knowing how much a poet may do who has done nothing he has attempted ill; and it is a great point in art, as well as in worldly prosperity, not to let your neighbours know the figure of your fortune. And this as much for their sakes as for yours. All good art is the very best thing in its way that ever was done or ever will be done; and the best, in whatever way, is related to the best in all things, and has its aspect towards the Infinite in all directions. Now, this lovely freedom on the face of art seems to be contradicted by any appearance of strain and insufficiency. A dead wall—though it were the wall of China—is a bad background for any landscape. It is the misfortune of nearly all our living poets that the dead wall of their limitations is the most conspicuous feature in their picture. This is because they take in more ground than their talents give them a title to. In "Casa Guidi Windows," and in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Mrs. Browning attempted nothing but what she was perfectly competent to perform, and therefore they were better *poems* than others which may contain a great deal more *poetry*.

"Aurora Leigh" is the latest, and Mrs. Browning tells us, in the dedication, "the most mature" of her works; the one into which her "highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered." It was not well judged to prejudice the reader, at the very outset, with the inevitable doubt, "Is a poem the right place for 'highest convictions upon Life and Art?'" This poem is two thousand lines longer than "Paradise Lost." We do not know how to describe it better than by saying that it is a novel in verse,—a novel of the modern didactic species, written chiefly for the advocacy of distinct "convictions upon Life and Art." If poetry ought to consist only of "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," a very large portion of this work ought unquestionably to have been in prose. But the ques-

tion seems open to discussion, and we give Mrs. Browning the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps the chief misfortune for the poem is, that there may always be two opinions on all "convictions upon Life and Art." For example, we ourselves dissent altogether from certain of the views advocated. We think that "conventions," which are society's unwritten laws, are condemned in too sweeping and unexamining a style; that the importance of an ordinary education in the formation of character is too emphatically denied by the example of Marian Erle, whom we regard as an impossible person, under her circumstances; that Art is not the highest power in the world; and so forth. "Aurora Leigh" would assuredly have been a more *poetical* work if it had made the question, "Do you agree with it?" an absurd one, and had only allowed of the question, "Do you or do you not understand it?" The safest way of speaking of this poem, which, expressly or by implication, has so considerable a polemic element in it, is to place a simple analysis of it before our readers. Concerning the great beauty and subtlety of some of the extracts we shall give, there fortunately cannot be two opinions.

The father of Aurora Leigh "was an austere Englishman, who, after a dry lifetime, spent at home in college-learning, law, and parish-talk," went to Italy, and fell suddenly in love with an Italian girl who passed him in a procession.

"Her face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangours brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music."

Mr. Leigh gained the hand of the fair Florentine, and Aurora was born; but before the child was four years old, her mother died, having changed the nature of her husband, and made the "austere Englishman" into a man of sentiment.

"There's a verse he set
In Santa Croce to her memory:
'Weep for an infant, too young to weep much
When death removed this mother'—stops the mirth
To-day on women's faces, when they walk
With rosy children hanging on their gowns."

Mr. Leigh left Florence, and lived in almost entire solitude, with his child and one servant, "among the mountains above Pelago," and there he

"Who through love had suddenly
Thrown off the old conventions, broken loose
From chinbands of the soul, like Lazarus,"

taught his child "what he had learned best,"

grief and love, and, as it afterwards appears, Latin and Greek; also, "the ignorance of men," how

"A Fool will pass for such through one mistake,
While a Philosopher will pass for such
Through said mistakes being ventured in the
gross,
And heaped up to a system."

So nine years passed, and Aurora Leigh thus describes herself at thirteen:—

"I am like,
They tell me, my dear father; broader brows,
Howbeit, upon a slenderer undergrowth
Of delicate features; paler, near as grave—
But then my mother's smile breaks up the whole,
And makes it sometimes better than itself."

At this time Mr. Leigh suddenly died. The child was soon torn from her nurse, now her only companion, by "a stranger with authority," from England, who conducted her to the house of her father's sister. This lady is thus described:—

"She stood straight and calm,
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight,
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses; brown hair, pricked with
grey,
By frigid use of life (she was not old,
Although my father's elder by a year);
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines;
A close, mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,
Or, peradventure, niggardly half-truths;
Eyes of no colour, once they might have smiled,
But never, never have forgot themselves
In smiling; cheeks in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure, if past bloom,
Past fading also.

* * * * *

She, my aunt,
Had loved my father truly, as she could,
And hated, with the gall of gentle souls,
My Tuscan mother, who had fooled away
A wise man from wise courses, a good man
From obvious duties, and, depriving her,
His sister, of the household precedence,
Had wronged his tenants, robbed his native land,
And made him mad, alike by life and death,
In love and sorrow. She had pored for years
What sort of woman could be suitable
To her sort of hate, to entertain it with;
And so, her very curiosity
Became hate too, and all the idealism.
She ever used in life was used for hate,
Till hate, so nourished, did exceed at last
The love from which it grew, in strength and
heat,
And wrinkled her smooth conscience with a
sense
Of disputable virtue (say not sin)
When Christian doctrine was enforced at church."

Miss Leigh's notions of female education differed widely from her brother's. She seems to have thought both love and grief were weeds or flowers that need no cultivating, but spring up readily enough in every woman's heart. Here is Aurora's English school programme, which, with many hundreds of lines like them, have certainly no right to be called verse :—

"I learnt the collects and the catechism,

* * * * *

And various popular synopses of
Inhuman doctrines never taught by John,
Because she liked instructed piety.
I learnt my complement of classic French
(Kept pure of Balzac and neologism),
And German also, since she liked a range
Of liberal education,—tongues, not books.
I learnt a little algebra, a little
Of the mathematics; brushed with extreme
flounce

The circle of the sciences, because
She disliked women who were frivolous.
I learnt the royal genealogies
Of Oviedo, the internal laws
Of the Burmese empire, by how many feet
Mount Chimborazo outsoars Himmeleh,
What navigable river joins itself
To Lara, and what census of the year five
Was taken at Klagenfurt."

Aurora had a cousin, Romney Leigh, the owner of the family estate, Leigh Hall. The two children saw much of each other, but were of dispositions and tastes so opposite, that their intercourse consisted chiefly of disputes. As they grew up they diverged further from one another. Romney became a philanthropic socialist, bent on utilitarian plans of action, and pondering on the dregs of humanity; while Aurora grew into a poetess, for ever musing on the ideal and beautiful. She discovered, in an attic, piles of books marked with her father's name, and from this sanctuary would steal spiritual food, unknown to her aunt. She read "books good and bad;" and makes the following admirable remarks upon the perils of such a course of study :—

"You cheer him on

As if the worst could happen were to rest
Too long beside a fountain. Yet behold,
Behold!—the world of books is still the world;
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels. Every knife that strikes
Is edged from elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. Power is justified
Though armed against St. Michael.

* * * * *

True, many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming heavens

Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.
But stay!—who judges?—who distinguishes?
Twixt Saul and Nahash justly, at first sight,
And leaves King Saul precisely at the sin,
To serve King David? Who discerns at once
The sound of the trumpets, when the trumpets

blow

For Alaric as well as Charlemagne?
Who judges prophets, and can tell true seers
From conjurors?"

The delineation of her mind at this period gives occasion to the following remarkable passage :—

"The cygnet finds the water, but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first, disorganized
By sin 'i' the blood,—his spirit-insight dull'd
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
We feel it quicken in the dark sometimes;
Then mark, be reverent, be obedient—
For those dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity
Attesting the Hereafter. Let who says
'The soul's a clean white paper,' rather say,
A palimpsest, a prophet's holograph
Defiled, erased and covered by a monk's,—
The Apocalypse, by a Longus! poring on
With obscene text, we may discern perhaps
Some fair, fine trace of what was written once,
Some upstroke of an alpha and omega
Expressing the old scripture."

From reading poetry, she became a writer of it, and gives us scores of pages of "her highest convictions upon art," all more or less acute, and worth considering, but which would be more in place in a review than an epic. The development of her powers as a poetess is elaborately depicted; but as Mrs. Browning is herself almost the only modern example of such development, the story is uninteresting from its very singularity.

Aurora wrote and read on in secret, her aunt only half suspecting this development, of which she would have disapproved with all her might.

"She said sometimes, 'Aurora, have you done
Your task this morning—have you read that
book,

And are you ready for the crochet here?'
As if she said, I know there's something wrong;
I know I have not ground you down enough
To flatten and bake you to a wholesome crust
For household uses and proprieties."

The poetess did her work meekly, her "soul singing at a work apart," and all went on without let or hindrance, till one June morning, when Aurora arose upon her twentieth birthday. She got up early, and left the house, "brushing a green track along the grass," and finding that the world would

not, or rather could not, crown her, seeing that she was a poetess only in secret, she took a sudden fancy to crown herself; and after hesitating between bay, myrtle, ver-bena, and guelder roses, she turned to a wreath of ivy, and twisted it round her head. At this moment she beheld her cousin beside her,

"With a mouth
Twice graver than his eyes."

Romney had found her manuscript poems, with "Greek upon the margin." A conversation ensues on the subjects of art and philanthropy, the cousins espousing different sides. The burden of Aurora's argument was this:—

"You will not compass your poor ends
Of barley feeding and material ease
Without the Poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul
To move a body,—it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty:
It takes the ideal, to blow an inch inside
The dust of the actual: and your Fouriers failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

And, as she eloquently says, in another place:—

"the thrushes sang
And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves,—
And then I turned, and held my finger up,
And bade him mark, that howsoe'er the world
Went ill, as he related, certainly
The thrushes still sang in it.—At which word
His brow would soften,—and he bore with me
In melancholy patience, not unkind,
While breaking into voluble ecstasy,
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poet's use . . . the skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets, hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold,—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Their tolerant horns, and patient churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash boughs,—hedgerows all alive,
With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies,
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind,—
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist;
Farms, granges doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
'And see, is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile,
Save poverty and wickedness? behold!'
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair."

The burden of Romney's argument was, that women write at best but such poetry as gains for highest eulogy, comparison to a

man's; that poetry, unless of the very best, is frivolous work; that there is earnest work to do, for him to do, and for her to do, if she will become his helper and his wife.

The young poetess, indignant at being sought as a mere helpmate, refuses the offer. Her aunt, on hearing of Romney's offer and rejection, expresses great grief, and tells Aurora that she will inherit no money, all her father's and all her aunt's being settled on Romney, by a clause in a former deed, excluding offspring by a foreign wife. She told her further, that Romney's father had wished that the cousins should marry, in order to repair this injustice, and that her own father had known and approved the wish, all of which strengthened Aurora in her determination to adhere to her refusal.

Soon after this, the aunt was found dead by her bedside, with an unopened letter in her hand. On the reading of the will, it was found that she had left Aurora three hundred pounds, "and all other monies of which she died possessed." Romney, who, as heir, attended the funeral, told Aurora that the old lady died possessed of £30,000, of which no mention was made in the will; but Aurora, suspecting that her cousin was by some means bestowing upon her this money, insisted on seeing deeds to prove her aunt's possession of it. A little inquiry showed that Romney had presented this sum to his aunt, and that the unopened letter found in her hand, contained the deed of gift, which, though made, had never been accepted. Aurora tore the deed in shreds and went to lodgings in London.

Seven years later, we find her an established authoress, with piles of literary letters; solitary and poor, hard-worked, but uncomplaining. One day a stranger enters, and announces herself as Lady Waldemar. With little prelude, she declared herself to be a widow, and in love with Romney Leigh. She told Aurora that her cousin was on the point of espousing a beggar's daughter from St. Giles's, and asked her help in breaking off, or at any rate, postponing the marriage. Aurora ascertained that Lady Waldemar was commissioned by Romney to tell her the news, and introduce her to his bride-elect, and to get her countenance to the marriage, which marriage Lady Waldemar to him appeared to approve and promote. She would have nothing to say to this double dealing on the part of Lady Waldemar, to whom she plainly says as much, in not very courteous terms. Aurora then hastened to St. Margaret's Court, to see the woman whom her cousin was to marry. "An ineffable face" met her on the threshold of a wretched room, and being

soon assured by Aurora's friendly manner, its owner, Marian Erle, told her story.

She was the daughter of a drunken poaching trumper, who beat her mother, her mother turning in anger to beat her:—

"Her first cry in our strange and strangling air,
When cast in spasms out from the shuddering
womb,
Was wrong against the social code, forced
wrong.
What business had the baby to cry there?"

She grew up neglected and ill-used, till some ladies got her to a Sunday-school. There she learned to read and write, also to understand the wickedness of her parents, but little else. She found, however, a more profitable school in "Heaven's high blue," which she would steal away to gaze at; and in sundry fragments of the English poets which chanced to come into her hands: thus, we are to suppose, she learned the high code of morality and virtue which she afterwards adhered to, for no one taught or spoke to her but her brutish parents, and the unprofitable Sunday teacher. When she reached early womanhood, her mother attempted to betray her to a drunken squire, from whom she fled in terror. Swooning, she was picked up and taken to an hospital. She had a long illness, and it was on her recovery that she first saw Romney Leigh, who was visiting the sick people, and on hearing that she was about to leave, inquired what her future plans were, and by degrees learned her history. "He sent her to a famous sempstress house far off in London," and there she worked well till one of her companions fell sick. Marian then left the house to nurse her, and after the death of the girl, stayed to watch and nurse the crazy mother, who was now alone. Romney found her at this work. "He was not angry that she had left the house wherein he placed her." "He did not say 'twas well, yet Marian thought he did not take it ill,"—and on the day her last patient died, Romney asked her to be his helpmate and wife.

Aurora was charmed by the girl's manner, and embraced her as her future cousin. Romney came in while they were still talking, and Aurora expressed a wish that the wedding should be from her home, but her cousin refused:—

"I take my wife
Directly from the people, and she comes,
As Austria's daughter to imperial France,
Betwixt her eagles, blinking not her race,
From Margaret's Court, at garret height, to meet
And wed me at St. James's, nor put off
Her gown of serge for that. The things we do,
We do: we'll wear no mask, as if we blushed."

The marriage-day arrived, and

"Half St. Giles in frieze
Was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold;
And, after contract at the altar, pass
To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead Heath."

The congregation assembled early, and chatted long, expecting the bride, but she came not; and at the last moment, a letter is delivered to Romney in Marian's hand. In this letter, Marian states her conviction that she best shows her love to Romney by saving him the unhappiness that must follow a union with her:

"It would be dreadful for a friend of yours
To see all England thrust you out of doors,
And mock you from the windows."

She hints at there being some one else whom Romney loves:

"You might say,
Or think, (that worse,) 'There's some one in the
house,
I miss and love still!' Dreadful!"

She then goes on to say she shall go where no one can find her:—

"I never could be happy as your wife,—
I never could be harmless as your friend:
I never will look more into your face
Till God says 'Look.'—I charge you seek me
not,
Nor vex yourself with lamentable thoughts
That, peradventure, I am come to grief:
Be sure I'm well, I'm merry, I'm at ease!
But such a long way, long way, long way off,
I think you'll find me sooner in my grave."

Inexplicable as the mystery was to Romney, it was still more so to the congregated hundreds of St. Giles's who did not read the letter, and were too much exasperated at their missed triumph to listen to Romney, who wished to address them. "Pull him down, strike him, kill him!" was called out from the crowd, some of whom suggested foul play on the part of the bridegroom; and it was not till the police were called in, that the church could be cleared and order restored.

Romney made long search for Marian, but could find no trace of her. He then left London, and Aurora again lost sight of him. On his return to the country, Romney became more than ever engrossed in his schemes of philanthropy. He turned his family seat into a Phalanstery, and devoted himself to the reformation of the thieves and poachers, who took up their abode there.

Aurora now wrote a great poem, in

which, after long feeling dissatisfied with her productions, she at last had a consciousness of having in some degree conveyed in words, the things she had thought and felt. She went soon after to a party, and refused an offer from a man of birth and fortune, and heard that Romney was engaged to Lady Waldemar. Almost immediately after this, she left her new poem with a publisher, and set out for Florence.

On her way, Aurora was detained a few days in Paris; and walking one day in the flower market, she met Marian Erle. Marian has a child, and would gladly avoid Aurora, but Aurora persists in going to her home, and succeeds at last in learning the mystery of Marian's flight and present condition.

Lady Waldemar had been often to her, and had contrived to make her believe that misery would follow her marriage with Romney; that Romney had loved her, Lady Waldemar, and she him; that his offer to Marian was prompted by principle only, and would be followed up in a spirit of martyrdom. Lady Waldemar then offered to send her in the charge of a respectable person, who had formerly been her maid, to Australia. Marian gladly accepted the offer, and went with the woman, who, instead of taking her to Australia, had brought her to an infamous house in Paris, where drugs and force were used to accomplish her ruin. She had fled from this place in delirium, was taken in by a farmer's wife; obtained employment, but lost it on its appearing that she was about to become a mother; and had, since then, supported herself and her child, now a year old, by needlework.

Aurora took both mother and child to her own home; and, after long debate, wrote two letters, one to a mutual friend of her's and Romney's, telling him all, and asking him only to communicate this story to her cousin should he not be married to Lady Waldemar; and the other to that lady, reproaching her for having

"Tricked poor Marian Erle,
And set her own love digging her own grave,
Within her green hope's pretty garden ground:
Ay, sent her forth with some one of your sort,
To a wicked house in France."

She adds that, if Lady Waldemar is Romney's wife, and will

"Keep warm his heart, and clean his board, and
when
He speaks, be ready with obedience," &c.

If she will attend to all this, she is "safe from Marian and Aurora;" but if she "fail a point," they will

"Open mouth,
And such a noise will follow, the last trump's
Will scarcely seem more dreadful, even to her."

These letters sent, Aurora proceeded with Marian and her child to Florence. A letter from a friend tells her that her poem has won all suffrages, and is doing the work of an evangelist; and then speaks of Romney in words which Aurora misunderstands into conveying news of his marriage with Lady Waldemar. The natural effect of the first news is counterbalanced by the second, and Aurora sinks into a state of melancholy, which lasts till the concluding scene.

On looking up one evening, as she is sitting alone in the garden, she sees Romney standing before her. By this time, it is clear to every one but Aurora herself, and perhaps to her, that she loves him deeply. She is too much agitated to notice, either from his manner of greeting her or sitting down, that he is blind. Romney believes that she has heard of his misfortune, for it was indeed an allusion to it that she had misunderstood for a notice of his marriage; they, therefore, talk for some time at cross purposes. Romney, however, says one thing in a straightforward way:—

"I have read your book,

* * * * *

The book is in my heart;

Lives in me, wakes in me, and dreams with me:
My daily bread tastes of it, and my wine
Which has no smack of it, I pour it out;
It seems unnatural drinking,"—

and refers to their old argument on Aurora's birthday, confessing himself a convert to all she then urged. He also tells her of the failure of his labours at Leigh Hall, where the people had risen up and burnt the old house to the ground; of an illness which had attacked him afterwards; and speaks so plainly, in the course of his narrative, of his unchanged love to Aurora, that she, believing him to be the husband of another woman, rebukes him. All this misunderstanding and beating about the bush, is tedious, though it gives occasion to a magnificent simile—Aurora, bidding her cousin look at the stars,—

"I signed above, where all the stars were out,
As if an urgent heat had started there
A secret writing from a sombre page,
A blank last moment, crowded suddenly
With hurrying splendours."

The *éclaircissement* comes at last. Aurora, mentioning Lady Waldemar as her cousin's wife,—

"Are ye mad?
He echoed—'Wife! mine! Lady Waldemar!'"

and this half of the mistake is rectified ; and Romney gives a letter from Lady Walde-mar to Aurora, in which that lady repudi-ates the charge of having sent Marian "to a wicked house in France." She explains that Marian's conductor was an old servant who had lived "five months" in her house, and had money for the voyage to Australia, the embezzlement of which had probably tempt-ed her to stop short on the way. Having finished the letter, which related also how all was broken off between Romney and its writer, Aurora exclaims,—

"Ah, not married!

'You mistake,' he said,
'I'm married,—Is not Marian Erle my wife?
As God sees things, I have a wife and child;
And I, as I'm a man who honours God,
Am here to claim them as my wife and child.'

"I felt it hard to breathe, much less to speak.
Nor word of mine was needed. Some one else
Was there for answering. 'Romney,' she be-
gan,
'My great good angel, Romney.'

Then at first
I knew that Marian Erle was beautiful.
She stood there still and pallid as a saint,
Dilated like a saint in ecstasy,
As if the floating moonshine interposed
Betwixt her foot and the earth, and raised her
up,
To float upon it. 'I had left my child,
Who sleeps,' she said, 'and having drawn this
way
I heard you speaking . . . friend, confirm me
now.

You take this Marian, such as wicked men
Have made her, for your honourable wife?"

The thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice!
He stretched his arms out towards the thrilling
voice,

As if to draw it on to his embrace.
'I take her as God made her, and as men
Must fail to unmake her, for my honoured wife.'

"She never raised her eyes nor took a step,
But stood there in her place and spoke again—
'You take this Marian's child which is her
shame,
In sight of men and women, for your child,
Of whom you will not ever feel ashamed?'"

The thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice!
He stepped on toward it, still with outstretched
arms,

As if to quench upon his breast that voice.
'May God so father me, as I do him,
And so forsake me as I let him feel
He's orphaned haply. Here I take the child
To share my cup, to slumber on my knee,
To play his loudest gambol at my foot,
To hold my finger in the public ways,
Till none shall need inquire, 'Whose child is
this?'

The gesture saying so tenderly, 'My own.'"

This is all Marian required. She would fain have her own consciousness of innocence ratified by such proof from the man she most revered ; but sorrow has driven love from her heart ; she cannot re-awaken in her- self an interest for any but her child ; she gratefully but firmly refuses to marry Rom-ney, who believing his love to Aurora unre- turned, is taking his leave, when on her alluding again to the stars, he tells her of his blindness, and relates how the illness which produced it, was caused by an assault from Marian Erle's father, whom Romney had endeavoured to save from justice, at the time of the riots at Leigh Hall : he then again says farewell, but is stopped by Auro- ra, who confesses her love to him : and so the story ends—considerably to the vexation, we should think, of those readers, who may be such thorough-going haters of "conven- tions" as to wish to have had Romney actu- ally married to Marian Earle.

The command of imagery shown by Mrs. Browning, in this poem, is really surprising, even in this day when every poetaster seems to be endowed with a more or less startling amount of that power ; but Mrs. Browning seldom goes out of her way for an image, as nearly all our other versifiers are in the habit of doing continually. There is a vital con- tinuity, through the whole of this immensely long work, which is thus remarkably, and most favourably distinguished from the sand-weaving of so many of her contempo- raries. The earnestness of the authoress is, also, plainly, without affectation, and her en- thusiasm for truth and beauty, as she appre- hends them, unbounded. A work upon such a scale, and with such a scope, had it been faultless, would have been the greatest work of the age ; but unhappily there are faults, and very serious ones, over and above those which we have already hinted. The poem has evidently been written in a very small proportion of the time which a work so very ambitiously conceived ought to have taken. The language which in passionate scenes is simple and real, in other parts becomes very turgid and unpoetical ; for example :—

"What if even God
Were chiefly God by working out himself
To an individualism of the Infinite,
Eterne, intense, profuse,—still throwing up
The golden spray of multitudinous worlds
In measure to the proclive weight and rush
Of his inner nature,—the spontaneous love
Still proof and outflow of spontaneous life?"

Or, in a different style, the style, unfortu- nately, of hundreds of lines :—

"In those days, though, I never analyzed
Myself even : all analysis comes late."

Or again :—

"Those faces! 'twas as if you had stirred up hell
To heave its lowest drag-fiends uppermost
In fiery swirls of slime,—such strangled fronts,
Such obdurate jaws were thrown up constantly."

These, and other artistic defects, detract somewhat from the general effect of the poem; but no one who reads it, with true poetic sympathy, can withhold his tribute of admiration from a work possessing so many of the highest excellencies.

ART. VI.—*Hooker's Works*. Arranged by the Rev. JOHN KEBLE. 3 Vols. Oxford.

THERE are few names that call up so many venerable associations as that of Hooker. Walton tells us that King James never mentioned him but with the epithet of *learned*, or *judicious*, or *reverend*, or *venerable* Mr. Hooker; and the portrait drawn by him in his well-known *Life* exactly answers this description. It is a quiet and ancient picture, majestic in its outlines, and grave in its features, with an air of sad and dim repose about it. We feel in perusing it, as we feel in gazing at certain old family portraits, that, while the truth of nature in her more set moments has been preserved in the noble and impressive presence before us, yet there must have been also other traits, and some intensities of meaning in the original character, of which we can gather little or nothing from that staid quietness and dignity of look.

That this is to some extent true of Walton's portrait there cannot be any doubt. Beautiful and touching as it is, and so far finely expressive of the original, it does not certainly give us the full man as he lived and laboured in those days of earnest controversy. The contemplative aspect so uniformly stamped upon it, is to some degree, although to what degree we cannot well tell, a reflection from the tranquil depths of honest Isaac's own soul. He paints here, as in all his portraits, with an unconscious touch of softening harmony, attaining unity of effect at the expense of breadth and minuteness of detail. He represents very faithfully, we may suppose, the studious calm of the happy days which Hooker passed at Oxford within the shades of Corpus Christi College—perhaps also the somewhat sordid domesticities of "Draiton Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire," and again the innocency and

sanctity of his closing pastoral life in Borne; but we cannot persuade ourselves that he gives us any true and living likeness of the preacher in the Temple, the opponent of Travers, and the champion of Anglicanism. We gather this impression from a perusal of Walton's Biography itself, and still more when we turn to Fuller's Church History, and there catch in a broader, but still dim and imperfect light, the picture of the rival preachers, and of the high debate they waged in the Temple Sunday after Sunday,—epitomizing in their resolute opposition the stern conflict which then raged throughout the kingdom. But the chief evidence of the toning down of Walton's portrait, and of the too still and reclusive light in which it is set, is to be found in Hooker's own great work. Here we see in no common measure certain elements of character, of which the *Life* furnishes little or no hint, but which in fact it rather contradicts. The wonderful majesty and repose, the calm elevation, the simplicity and dignity and grave earnestness with which we are familiar in the latter, are all here, and in even yet higher union than we have been led to imagine; but there are also a depth of human feeling, a power of hearty and sometimes scornful humour, and, as naturally accompanying these, a rare sense and knowledge of the world which we could scarcely guess the Hooker of Walton to have possessed. Mr. Keble has drawn attention to this,* and we have marked many traits of this broader and more genial and powerful character throughout the work.

The fact probably is, that Hooker presented in his true nature, and in his ordinary personal demeanour, that sort of contrast which we not unfrequently see in men who are great students, and who live really more in their closets and in their books than they do in the world. In the latter they are staid and formal, and but half expressive of the life that is in them; they move feebly and awkwardly, amid conventionalities which they are never at the trouble to understand, and for which they do not care; they are supposed therefore to be good and simple souls, with little fire of natural feeling in them, and no particular keenness and shrewdness of wit. But let the same men be contemplated with the spirit that is in them once fully awakened, and all the latent features of their intellectual life drawn forth and quickened into intensity of expression, and the aspect which they present to the world, and which has become stamped perhaps in social anecdote, is felt to be at the

* Vol. i., Editor's Preface, pp. 2, 3.

best an imperfect representation. And so the Hooker of Walton is doubtless the Hooker of common life, the lofty and unworldly student as he moved among the peasants of Drayton Beauchamp or of Borne, or even among the Temple students; but he is not at least in full length the Hooker who "writ the books of Church Polity," and who, with all his sensitiveness and tenderness, and high-souled impartiality, could impale a Puritan with the most evident relish on the horns of an argumentative dilemma, or the sharp fork of a reserved but most caustic banter.*

Hooker was born in the city of Exeter or its near neighbourhood, about the year 1554. His native county, as Walton remarks, is conspicuous for the illustrious names which it gave to England in the 16th century; Bishop Jewell, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh, having, as well as our author, all sprung from it. The family of Hooker was well-descended, although his parents seem to have been poor; and Walton says of them, in his quaint way, that "they were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both." His grandfather was chief magistrate of Exeter in 1529, and his great-grandfather, besides occupying the same honourable post, represented the city in Parliament, "during the several reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII."† We find, therefore, that, though the parents of Hooker were themselves unable to forward his prospects as a scholar, he did not lack relatives to help him. A rich uncle took him by the hand, induced by the strong representation of his schoolmaster, who, from his "quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning," was led to believe him "to have an inward blessed divine light, and, therefore, to consider him to be a little wonder." He was introduced by this uncle to the notice of Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury,‡ through whose

influence he was removed to Oxford about the 15th year of his age. Here he was placed at Corpus Christi College, under the care of Dr. Cole. Dr. Reynolds,* of the same College, and one of the most learned names in the annals of Puritanism, is said to have been his tutor. If this be true, the fact is of some interest, as serving to illustrate the independence of Hooker's theological training. For Reynolds' sentiments, even at this time, were decidedly Genevan, and his theological instructions, as indicated in a letter of his own, quoted by Keble,† drew their inspiration directly from Peter Martyr and Calvin. It is not difficult, indeed, to trace the influence of such a system of instruction under all the catholic tendencies which ultimately acquired the mastery in Hooker, and so strongly stamp his writings. His allusions to Calvin, even when a certain tone of sharpness and impatience characterizes them—as in some of his notes upon the *Christian Letter*‡—betray the strong hold which the Genevan Reformer's genius had exercised upon him. He could harmonize little with the temper of that genius, but he had felt its sway; and there is, in all that he says of the works and character of Calvin, that sort of respect which one great mind instinctively pays to another, however widely they may differ, and far apart as they must ever remain from each other. This is, in point of fact, only one illustration of the wide-spread influence which the name and writings of Calvin exercised, at this time, throughout Europe. Those most keenly

divine simplicity that distinguish his *Apology*, breathe in his life; and one can never cease to regret, that his moderate views, and loving and conciliatory temper, were not allowed more influence in the councils of the Queen and the Church, during the first years of her reign,—although, in such a case, we might never have possessed the *Books of Ecclesiastical Polity*.

* Dr. Reynolds was afterwards distinguished as the Puritan leader in the Hampton Court Conference. He, too, was from the same county as Hooker and Jewell,—as Fuller (*Church Hist.*, Book X. p. 47, Fol. 1566) remarks, with amazement at the genial productiveness of Devonshire, in that age, in men of learning.

† Vol. i., Notes to Walton's Life, p. 11.

* See especially Works, vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.
† Notes to Walton's Life, Keble's Ed.
‡ Jewell was already old, and his course nearly run. He died in 1571. Hooker appears only to have had one interview with him, on his way from College, in the year 1570 or 1571. We cannot, therefore, suppose, that the relation in which they stood to one another exercised any special influence upon Hooker. It is pleasing, however, to contemplate the connexion between these two illustrious names; and few can read, unmoved, Walton's narrative of the parting blessing and gift of his staff, with which the sainted apologist of the Church of England made glad the heart of the young student and future defender of that Church, as he travelled homewards. Of all the Reformers, none presents, at once, an intellect so exalted and a character so unstained as Jewell. The lofty wisdom, vigorous sense, and

† Vol. i. p. 133.—"Safer to discuss all the saints of heaven than M. Calvin,"—is his retort to the insinuations of the *Christian Letter* that he had undervalued Calvin in order to exalt his own wisdom. The "*Christian Letter*" was a letter, in the name of certain English Protestants, addressed to Hooker, "requiring resolution in certain matters of doctrine, (which seems to overthrow the foundation of Christian Religion, and of the Church among us,) expressible contained in his five books of *Ecclesiastical Polity*." The general drift of this Letter—whose covert mode of attack seems considerably to have annoyed Hooker—may be gathered from certain passages quoted by Mr. Keble in his Preface, pp. x. xi.

opposed to his discipline, owned the force of his theological teaching; and Whitgift himself, as the Lambeth Articles clearly testify, was his willing pupil, and ready even to outstrip his master in the dogmatic direction which he had elaborately brought out in the Institutes. Here, as in other respects, the great counter genius of our author showed itself, not so much by sympathy, as by the modifying and catholic control with which it met the Calvinistic views.

The university life of Hooker seems to have gone on evenly and happily, till it received a temporary shock from the death of the good Bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Cole, however, proved a true friend to him in the circumstances; and very soon efficient and permanent help came to him from another quarter. Sandys, at this time Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of York, was a great friend of Jewell's. United together in exile during the reign of Queen Mary,—"companions at bed and board in Germany, where they did often eat the bread of sorrow," they maintained in more prosperous years an intimate correspondence; and Sandys having heard from his friend of the wonderful acquirements and high character of the young student, resolved to entrust to him the education of his son. Joined with young Edwin Sandys, then about eleven or twelve years of age, there was another pupil still younger, viz., George Cranmer, whose name has continued, from the narrative of Walton, closely associated with that of Hooker. He was the grand-nephew of the Archbishop, and gave considerable promise of political distinction; but he perished at an early age in one of the Irish Rebellions. It was from the family of the brother of this George Cranmer, with whom he became connected by marriage, that Walton appears to have derived the chief materials of his biography.

Between these two pupils and Hooker, there sprung up a 'sacred' friendship, exalted by the devotion of the pupils, and the love and respect of the master; "a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not." Every one remembers with a strange mixture of feelings, the visit which they paid to their old tutor in Drayton Beauchamp, after his marriage; and in the prosecution of his great work he constantly sought their advice,—a tribute of respect of which both seem to have been truly worthy.

In quiet and improving intercourse with

his pupils, and in studious advance, first to the dignity of scholar, and then of Fellow of his College, the happiest years of Hooker's life seem to have been spent—years of busy seclusion and aspiring progress. "He was daily more assiduous in his studies," says Walton;—"still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them, the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and, indeed, with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies." Then, too, that practical love of order, and catholic spirit of content, so characteristic of his writings, appears to have grown up in him. He would often say, that "God abhors confusion, as contrary to his nature;" and as often say, that "the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but moderation, charity, and humility, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind: of which virtues no man did ever repent himself upon his death-bed." The maintainer of Church ceremonies, and the opponent of Puritanism, already speak in such language, if it be not indeed a mythical reflection in the mind of Walton from the qualities which so obviously and strongly mark the books of Ecclesiastical Polity.

Harsher days, however, were at hand for the college recluse. After about three years' residence in his college as Fellow, he entered into sacred orders, and ere long was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross. Hither all the rising power and eloquence of the Church found their way in the sixteenth century; and many were the associations that even then consecrated a spot where Latimer's homely invective, and Hooper's flaming words, had rung in the ears of courtiers and people; where Jewell had uttered his famous challenge to Rome, as from the same spot, seven years after the time of which we write (viz., in 1588), Bancroft delivered his no less famous denunciation against the Puritans. It was no doubt something of a trial for Hooker to preach at this well-known place of resort. In any circumstances, the change from the quiet seclusion of Corpus Christi, to the *éclat* of a public appearance in London, must have strongly affected one of his temper and character; but, as it was, neither weather nor friends were propitious to him on this occasion. It was customary for the preacher from the country to stay in a particular house, called the "Shunamite's house," where "provision was made for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon." To this house,

Walton tells us, in one of his quaintest passages, that "Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion than against a friend who dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier a horse, supposing the horse trotted, when he did not; and at this time, also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means, could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581."*

A service thus inauspiciously entered upon, was still more inauspicious in its ending. His sermon was made the ground of certain exceptions which seem to have marked the very opening of his career with controversy.† But this was not the worst result of the affair. Mrs. Churchman's kindness, if Walton is to be credited, proved more fatal than his own rashness, in seeming "to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's." The plain drift of his statement is, that she laid a successful snare for entrapping Hooker into an alliance with her daughter. The whole story is a very strange one, and, indeed, all we learn of Hooker's wife is of the same strange character. It can only be told in Isaak's own language. Being persuaded by Mrs. Churchman—

"That he was a man of tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him,—such an one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide for him if he thought fit to marry.' And he not considering that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;' but, like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with (you may read it in the book of Genesis) when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him, was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a 'dripping house;' so that the good man had no reason to 'rejoice in the wife of his

youth,' but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, 'Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!'"

It is difficult to say what amount of actual truth there may be in this statement; for we suppose all will admit that to some extent it must be received as gossip; the tone of it is thoroughly gossipy; and Walton himself probably meant it as a very good story, answering fitly to the traditional character of Hooker. Its main drift is probably true—that Mrs. Churchman practised some measure of guile in bringing about the marriage. We may believe this without assenting to the mythical embellishments of the story, which represent Hooker in a not very enviable light of simplicity. The fact certainly is, that he did marry within a few years Mrs. Churchman's daughter, and that this marriage did not contribute to his happiness. It drove him from the tranquillity of his college, and the life of contemplative study so congenial to him, without bringing in return the compensations of affection, and the solace of a happy home. Walton speaks very compassionately of the condition on which he now entered, in contrast to his former happiness—"the thorny wilderness of a busy world," and "those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage." The country parsonage was Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, where he settled in the end of 1584.

Walton has given us a glimpse into the home and life of Hooker at this place—a sort of companion-picture to the one we have already quoted, and more than matching it in the disagreeable aspect in which it represents Mrs. Churchman's daughter. About a year after,

"his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand (it was the Odes of Horace), he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. When his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment, was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for 'Richard was called to rock the cradle;' and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till the next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan,

* Walton's Life, p. 22, Keble's Ed.

† This is uncertain. It is impossible to say, from the vagueness of Walton's language, whether the controversy was now or afterwards, when he became Master of the Temple.

and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot has fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have weaned yourself in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator has appointed for me, but labour (as indeed, I do daily) to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'"

There is a ludicrous pathos in this picture, and yet a certain dignity and resignation to duty that stays the melancholy smile. Hooker is still Hooker while "tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field," and "while rocking the cradle."* He had chosen this life, and he gave himself to it with a patience calm and lofty in the very condescension to which it stooped.

Perhaps there is that in Hooker's character which to some extent explains his domestic unhappiness, without making his wife quite so bad as Walton paints her, although, as we shall afterwards see, her character is not to be vindicated, but must rest under a stain of extreme unamiability and want of feeling. While we must claim for him more knowledge of the world, and more enjoyment of life than these descriptions lead us to suspect, it is yet admitted that there is a certain coldness in his majesty—a certain stateliness of temper about him—not easily quickened and running over into the ordinary channels of affection. In his case, as in Milton's, we can easily imagine how a high dignity and reserve of disposition prevented his moving freely amid the more usual cares and sweet accompaniments of family life. The very grandeur and depth of the natures of both made them more difficult to stir into unison with any others. Untouched by ordinary influences, they could only have been drawn forth by the power of some lofty passion, which, meeting neither in the world of life, came to them as inspirations from the great world of mind.

The visit of Hooker's pupils, if not productive at the time of much happiness, was not without important consequences. The representations made by young Sandys to his father, of the uncomfortable position of his old tutor, induced the Archbishop to recommend him for the mastership of the Temple, which had then become vacant.

This he did while at dinner with the Judges, Readers and Benchers of the Temple: "met with a general condolment for the death of Father Alvie," the former master. Hooker's name, therefore, must have been very early associated with the vacancy. Two other names, however, had been already mentioned, between whom, in the first instance, the appointment seemed to lie, those, to wit, of Mr. Walter Travers, afternoon preacher in the Temple, and of Dr. Bond, the Queen's chaplain. The former was the favourite with the great body of Benchers, and especially with the younger and more active portion. He was also strongly supported by the Lord Treasurer Burghley. The latter was the nominee of Whitgift, who was obstinately opposed to Travers on account of his Puritanism. The correspondence preserved in Walton's life between the Lord Treasurer and the Primate plainly shews how the matter stood. The former urges the claims of Travers as "well learned, very honest, and well allowed and loved of the generality of that house;" he represents, moreover, that Dr. Bond was not likely to have much pleasure in the appointment, "if he came not to the place with some applause of the company." The Primate replies, that Travers was well known to him—that he had formerly elected him Fellow of Trinity College, after he had been rejected by Dr. Beaumont for his "intolerable stomach," and that he had then such experience of him, that he was forced "by due punishment so to weary him, that he was fain to travel, and depart from the College to Geneva." The result was, that both names were withdrawn, and the place given to Hooker, to whom the Primate probably transferred his support, the Queen having declined to part with her chaplain. Hooker, it is said, by no means coveted the appointment; he rather accepted than desired it. He would much rather have had some better place in the country, where he could spend his days in quietness; such a place as he earnestly besought of Whitgift after some years' experience of the Temple.*

He probably foresaw, though Walton leaves us to infer otherwise, the troubles before him. He was connected through marriage with Travers; he must have known that the latter was the popular favourite for the place to which he himself had been appointed; nor could he have been ignorant of his puritanical opinions, and the zeal and activity with which he had maintained them; and, moreover, that the great body of the congregation strongly sympathized in those

* This incident recalls to Walton's biographer (Gouch), a similar domestic feature in the life of Melancthon, who was seen by one of his friends with one hand rocking the cradle of his child, with the other holding a book.

* See *seq.*, p. 430. Walton puts the same language into his mouth on both occasions.

opinions. At any rate he was not long left in doubt about this. For we learn from himself in his answer to Travers' supplication to the Privy Council, that the latter waited upon him, with the view of urging him to submit to a sort of popular call before beginning his ministry in the Temple. "He advised me," says Hooker, "not to enter with a strong hand, but to change my purpose of preaching there the next day, and to stay till he had given notice of me to the congregation, that so their allowance might seal my calling. The effect of mine answer was, that as in a place where such order is, I would not break it; so here where it never was, I might not of my own head take upon me to begin it."* In these few words we seem to see into the very heart of the controversy then raging. The proposal of Travers shews how deeply the puritanical spirit had leavened the Temple congregation. And how truly does the principle laid down by Hooker correspond to his whole views and character! It breathes the very tone of many parts of the Books of Ecclesiastical Polity.

In order to enter fully into the contest between Hooker and Travers, and the important results to which it led in Hooker's case, it will be necessary to review shortly the position of the two great parties now struggling within the Church of England.

There are few men who both so warmly interest, and so strongly repel our sympathies as the early Puritans. Their history is a strange mixture of lofty endurance, inflexible courage, and persevering integrity, with narrow views, impatient zeal, and factious temper. In one point of view they can never cease to engage our admiration; as the advocates of freedom of conscience against ecclesiastical and royal oppression,—as the determined opponents of Papal superstition and the heralds of political liberty; while the pathos of their sufferings, and the undying arbour of conviction that outlived and triumphed under all, move at once our pity and our pride. We cannot think of old Miles Coverdale, the venerable translator of the Bible, neglected and suffered to fall into poverty, and finally driven from his parish by the stringent demands of the Act of Uniformity (1557); nor of Sampson, prosecuted and expelled from his Deanery in Christ's Church; nor of Fox the Martyrologist, reduced to such straits in his old age as to complain of the want of clothes; without a kindling feeling of indignation and of sympathy. And yet the ground of their resistance to the Church fails to interest us, or even, in all the circum-

stances of their time, to justify itself. There was no doubt a real principle of abhorrence to Popery at the bottom of their scruples, as to the vestments and ceremonies; and it was therefore both a cruel tyranny and a misguided policy that insisted on enforcing them. But, if this strengthens our regard for their honesty, it does not raise our estimate of their intelligence and sober-mindedness. It argued a narrow comprehension not to be able to rise above such accidents and seize some higher point of discussion, and some nobler end of victory. It argued a weakness of judgment, and a rashness of self-complacency, to imperil the peace of the Church, and the real progress of the truth, by a mere obstinate determination in matters which suffering could not exalt nor even martyrdom dignify.

The disputes about the vestments date from the appointment of Hooper to the see of Gloucester in the reign of Edward VI. By the influence of Peter Martyr and Bucer the opening breach was then partially healed; and Hooper and Ridley, who had been kept opponents in so small a matter, testified to the unity of their faith in a common martyrdom. They had been "two in white" in the quaint but touching language of the message that passed between them in the awful moment of their fate, but they became "one in red." Yet the conduct of Hooper and the vehemence with which he denounced the vestments, had made a strong impression on the minds of many. The Marian exile, with all its anti-ceremonial associations, greatly strengthened this impression, as well in fact as opened up the way to far deeper and more important differences between the two parties. At the first, however, even in the reign of Elizabeth, the contest did not manifest itself in any more serious form, than in relation to the "habits;" it was for "scrupling the habits" that Fox and Coverdale suffered as we have mentioned; and there cannot be any doubt that it was a most fatal obstinacy which led the Queen to meet the Puritan scruples as she did at the outset of her reign. Some limited concessions then under the favouring circumstances of her accession to the throne, might have had the effect of allaying the troubles that were fast growing. Obstinacy in contempt was met however by obstinacy in demand; and the disputes which had been rekindled about vestments, especially in London and the University of Cambridge, gradually strengthened and settled into other and more determined forms of opposition to the existing Church system.

This more extreme puritanical movement was undoubtedly in the main of foreign

* Vol. iii., p. 571.

origin. Its principles were not Anglican, but Genevan. It embraced all the existing elements of dissent, and carried them forward in a more confirmed manner; but it was not the mere spontaneous development of these elements. It drew all its life and strength from deeper principles of hostility than any that had yet been put forward against the old rights and usages of the Church,—principles which may have been growing up in the minds of many in England, but which had become familiar and distinct to all who, during the reign of Mary, had sought refuge in Switzerland and the Low Countries. From this exile many able and earnest men returned, not only with their hatred of Popery deepened, but with their whole convictions as to Mediaevalism changed. Accustomed while abroad to a worship which had been purged not merely of papal doctrine, but of papal associations, this worship became identified in their minds with scriptural truth, as opposed to Romish error. Presbyterianism came to be viewed by them as the normal expression of Protestantism; and the Church of England consequently, when they returned, seemed only half reformed. It was the aim of Puritanism, in the form which it now assumed, to complete the reformation of the English Church after the Genevan model. Setting out from a definite scheme of church polity, supposed to be revealed in Scripture, it sought to apply this scheme rigorously to the destruction of the hierarchical constitution and mediaeval ceremonies of that Church.

In the year 1572, a bold step was taken, which served to precipitate matters, and bring the conflict between the two parties to a height. Two of the Puritan leaders, Field and Wilcocks, addressed an "Admonition to the Parliament for the reformation of Church discipline." The admonition was published and presented to the House by the two leaders themselves,—a proceeding for which they were immediately committed to Newgate. This, of course, only served to quicken the rising flame. Sympathy was excited towards the sufferers; and notwithstanding vigilant efforts made to suppress the Admonition, it passed through several editions. Whitgift, who had already distinguished himself on the side of the Church party, came forth with an "Answer to the Admonition," conciliatory in its principles, and moderate in its tone of argument, but harsh and overbearing in its language. This defence drew forth a reply from one who must beyond doubt be considered the great champion of Elizabethan Puritanism.

There is no name upon the whole, so illustrious in the Puritan annals of the time as

that of Thomas Cartwright; none which represents a union of so much intellectual power, persevering courage and noble suffering. His history gives us the idea of a very manly, if stubborn nature, of a high and even daring spirit under all its restlessness and frowardness. His fate, especially when we contrast it with that of his opponent, strongly excites our sympathy. They had been together at Cambridge, and their rivalry as disputants, dated from the period when they preached from the same pulpit before the University. Each maintained his cause with an earnestness and vigorous eloquence that stirred a tumult among their hearers. Whitgift, however, had chosen then, as afterwards, the winning side. He succeeded first in having his opponent silenced, then degraded from his professorship, and finally expelled from the University. The whole of Cartwright's subsequent career was one of obscure but incessant activity. He retired to the Continent after his expulsion from the University, and laboured, chiefly at Antwerp, for eleven years, when his health failed him, and he again sought his native country. Here he had scarcely landed, when he was seized and imprisoned at the instigation of Aylmer, Bishop of London, whose character, amid the fierce intolerance and oppression of the period, stands out as peculiarly contemptible in the vindictive severities with which it is associated.* He was liberated at the instance of Whitgift, who, however severe himself, did not care to see his victims in the hands of others. An interview is even said to have taken place between them at this time, which left a softening impression on the minds of both; and it is undeniable that Cartwright's friend and patron, the Earl of Leicester, addressed a letter of thanks to the Prelate for his "favourable and courteous usage" of his old rival. Cartwright retired to Warwick, and settled there as master of an hospital founded by his noble patron. The vigilant eye of Whitgift, however, still watched him; and though urged to allow him to resume preaching, he declined to do so until he should be better

* See Marsden's *History of the Early Puritans*, p. 163-9; Neale's *History of the Puritans*, vol. i. pp. 340-1, 66. We take this opportunity of expressing our high opinion of the former of these works. The spirit of fairness and moderation in which both this and Mr. Marsden's history of the later Puritans are written, is especially commendable; while their clear, well-balanced, and forcible style, rising in some cases into eloquence, and the general life and vigour of the narrative, make them very interesting and delightful reading. Neale's *History of the Puritans* is too well known to need comment. Prejudiced no doubt it is; but simple, graphic, and, upon the whole, faithful, after all the efforts of High Church critics to weaken and impugn its authority.

persuaded of his conformity. He even forbade him, some time afterwards, by a very imperious exercise of authority, to proceed with an answer, which he had been requested by a great body of the clergy of London and Suffolk to prepare, to the Rhemish translation of the New Testament Vulgate.* On the death of the Earl of Leicester, Cartwright's troubles were renewed. He was summoned before the Court of High Commission, and again imprisoned, along with a number of other Puritan divines,† till he was finally released in 1592, and allowed to end his days in peace in his old sphere of labour in Warwick, among attached friends.

It may easily be imagined in the circumstances we have mentioned, that a controversy between Cartwright and Whitgift was conducted with sufficient spirit and bitterness. The tone on both sides is, in fact, rude and vituperative, descending into endless minutiae of personal attack, wearying to the reader, and making it difficult for him in many cases to catch the main drift and meaning of the argument.‡ On which side the advantage lay it were needless to inquire. Both contended with marked ability, and were recognised as the champions of their respective parties; Cartwright displaying, perhaps, more vigorous eloquence and rough sense in details, a more pungent wit and superior learning, as some have maintained; Whitgift more freedom, comprehensiveness, and thoughtful force in general reasoning. We will afterwards have occasion to advert to the principles on which the latter maintained his argument.

He met Cartwright's reply with a defence of his answer, which appeared in 1573; and Cartwright again entered the field some years later, with a second and more elaborate Reply.§ These were the main combatants; but, of course, a swarm of minor writers took up the controversy, which raged long and hotly. The Martin Mar-Prelate

pamphlets on the Puritan side, and others not a whit behind them in scurrility on the Church side,* attest the vehemence of the contest, and the extent to which it interested and convulsed the nation.

Things were in this agitated state when Hooker succeeded to the Mastership of the Temple. The puritanical spirit, especially among the citizens of London, has spread widely, and all the efforts of Whitgift, backed by the power of the High Court of Commission, had, at the most, only restrained its outward expressions here and there while intensifying the feelings in which it originated. These feelings appear to have been particularly strong among many in the Temple congregation, fostered as they had been under the ministry of both Father Alvie and Mr. Travers.

The latter is to be reckoned, after Cartwright, the most distinguished of the Puritan leaders. Both of them inferior in learning to Reynolds, who is said indeed to have been the most learned man of his day, there are yet no others who claim so decidedly to be considered the literary representatives of Elizabethan Puritanism. They had been associated as preachers at Antwerp, and the same principles, and the same fiery zeal in their defence, had bound them closely together. In many points, both of mind and character, they seem to have resembled each other. The same mental restlessness, the same hard and extreme dogmatism, the same ambitious, ardent, and unflinching spirit, and, what cannot be denied by their fiercest opponents, the same purity of character, and integrity and manliness under suffering, unite and distinguish their names.† Travers appears to have been the more polished and attractive preacher; Cartwright the stronger and more systematic reasoner. Upon the whole, the latter strikes us as the higher character,

* See Marsden's Hist. p. 172.

† Do. p. 175.

‡ The "untempered speeches," "hard words," "bitter reproaches," ("as it were sticks and coals;") by which term Cartwright characterizes Whitgift's reasoning, are sufficiently met by the "flouts," "ap-probries," "slanders," and "disdainful phrases," which the latter imputed to the Puritan.—Works of Whitgift, Parker Society, vol. i. pp. 45, 46, 54.—Whitgift does not even disdain to reproach his adversary with the poverty which his own harshness had inflicted.

§ This is undeniable. Cartwright's Rejoinder to Whitgift, consisting of two parts, appeared, the first part in 1575, the second in 1577, after he had fled to the Continent, although Fuller (Church Hist. B. 9, p. 103, Fol.) seems to have been ignorant of this, and says that Whitgift's "Defence kept the field, and (for ought I can find) received no solemn refutation."

* Such as, "A Fig for my Godson, or Crack me this Nut, that is, a sound box of the ear, for the idiot Martin to hold his peace;" and "An Almond for a Parrot," by Cuthbert Curry-Knave, the pseudonyme of Tom Nash, who was, says Walton, "a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen."

† A somewhat interesting tribute to the character and learning of both, and the manner in which together they represented the cause of Puritanism, is found in Fuller's Church History, in the shape of a letter written by Andrew Melville, with the concurrence of the King and Scottish Estates, inviting them to accept chairs in the newly-established Divinity College of St. Mary's, in St. Andrews; an invitation, however, which they declined, either because (as Fuller in his own way explains it) "they would not leave the sun on their backs, and remove so far north, or because they were discouraged by the slenderness of the salary assigned to them."—Church Hist. B. ix., p. 216.

animated by a more living, a less captious earnestness in the work of controversy in which their lives were spent.

With such a spirit in the Temple Congregation, and such a beginning between the two preachers as we have already mentioned, little harmony was to be expected. Hooker, quiet and humble as he was in manner, was not one to yield his convictions for a moment, in deference to any opposition; and Travers, popular and self-confident, was as little likely to brook any sentiments which he considered inconsistent with the "Word and will of God." The former, consequently, had scarcely begun his ministry, when the flame of dissension broke out between them. Certain forms which Travers had introduced in the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, seem to have been among the first causes of disagreement. But they soon assailed one another's views in the pulpit, which spoke "pure Canterbury in the morning, and Geneva in the afternoon."

Any one who would understand the grounds of this controversy, memorable, it must be confessed, more in the weakness than the glory which it casts around two distinguished names, will find them fully detailed in Walton's Life; and especially, in Travers' Supplication to the Council, on the one hand, and Hooker's Reply, on the other, published together in both the Oxford editions of the latter. In order to understand its full merits, and, above all, the spirit which animates the respective disputants, it is necessary to study their own statements, which are, moreover, very interesting from the view which they give us of the character of the two men, and the marked contrasts which they exhibit between the Genevan theology and that of Hooker. It were a very invidious task to say upon which of them the chief blame of the contention rested. A higher spirit of love and freedom in both, would, no doubt, have found the means of averting it; but this were to demand what the age does not entitle us to seek, even in Hooker, noble and conciliatory as was his character, and far as he rose above its temper of polemic, in the quiet and thoughtful preparation of his immortal work. On looking back upon the controversy, however, we have no hesitation in pronouncing upon whose side the highest spirit, both of theological wisdom and of ecclesiastical feeling, is to be found. In these respects, Hooker stands greatly above his rival, whose narrow and one-sided views on the doctrines of predestination and assurance, and the relations of Christian feeling allowable between the Church of Eng-

land and that of Rome—the main topics which the controversy embraced—are in poor and unfavourable contrast with the comprehensive, tolerant, and enlightened sentiments of the former. We do not know, indeed, that Hooker appears greater anywhere than in the theological and Christian attitude which he was enabled to hold on such questions in his age, as we see this attitude preserved in the two sermons on "The Certainty and Perpetuity of Faith in the Elect," and on "Justification," which sprung out of this controversy. Here, as well as in his Criticisms on the Lambeth Articles, we can measure distinctly how far he rose equally above his opponents and his friends,—to what a height a truly reverent spirit and a divine philosophy carried him, beyond their hard oppositions and uncharitable dogmatisms.

As rival preachers, apart from their dogmatic differences, Travers easily maintained a popular superiority. In all personal qualities of voice and manner, as well, apparently, as in the easy handling of his subject, he had the advantage. The following are Fuller's portraits of them, respectively, in the pulpit:—

"Mr. Hooker:—his voice was low, stature little, gesture none at all, standing stone-still in the pulpit, as if the posture of his body were the emblem of his mind, immovable in his opinions. Where his eye was left fixed at the beginning, it was found fixed at the end of his sermon; in a word, the doctrine he delivered had nothing but itself to garnish it. His style was long and pithy, driving on a whole stock of several clauses before he came to the close of a sentence. So that, when the copiousness of his style met not with proportionable capacity in his auditors, it was unjustly censured for perplexed, tedious, and obscure. His sermons followed the inclinations of his studies, and were, for the most part, on controversies and deep points of school divinity....

Mr. Travers:—his utterance was graceful, gesture plausible, manner profitable, method plain, and his style carried in it *indolem pietatis*, a *genius of grace*, flowing from his sanctified heart."*

One can easily realize the mental and personal differences of the men, and understand how it was that the congregation "*ebbed in the forenoon, and flowed in the afternoon.*" Some, we are told, did not hesitate to ascribe the first occasion of difference between them to this cause. But all who appreciate, in any degree, the quiet wisdom and rich sense of Hooker in his writings, will not fail to concur in the pointed dictum of Fuller, "that he was too wise to take exception at such trifles, the rather because the most judicious is always the least part in all auditories."

* Church Hist., B. ix., p. 217.

The differences, however, between the rival preachers reached such a height as to require interference, or at least to give occasion for it. The archbishop interposed his power and silenced Travers. This appears to have been a harsh and injurious step, carried out in a harsh and discreditable manner. The notice of prohibition was only served upon the preacher on the Sunday afternoon, after he had entered the pulpit. The scene is so graphically described by Fuller in his grotesque fashion, that we cannot help quoting it.

"For all the congregation on a Sabbath in the afternoon were assembled together, their attention prepared, *the cloath* (as I may say) and napkins were laid, yea, the guests set, and their knives drawn for their spiritual repast, when suddenly, as Mr. Travers was going up into the pulpit, a sorry fellow served him with a letter, prohibiting him to preach any more. In obedience to authority, (the mild and constant submission whereunto won him respect with his adversaries,) Mr. Travers calmly signified the same to the congregation, and requested them quietly to depart to their chambers. Thus was our good *Zacharias struck dumb in the Temple*, but not for *infidelity*, impartial people accounting his fault at most but *indiscretion*. Mean time his auditory (pained that their pugnacious expectation to hear him preach should so publicly prove abortive, and sent sermonless home) manifested, in their variety of passion, some grieving, some frowning, some murmuring, and the wisest sort, who held their tongues, shook their heads, as disliking the managing of the matter."*

The Temple, it may be supposed, was not a very happy sphere of ministry to Hooker, notwithstanding the enforced silence of Travers. The seeds of discontent were deeply rooted in the congregation, and although countenanced and supported by the chief Benchers,† he met with many neglects and oppositions from the friends of his opponent. He sought a refuge from the discomforts of his position in the retirements of study; and his thoughts, taking their direction from the troubles in which he had been embroiled, he now sketched out, and laid the foundations of his great work. As the idea of it grew in his mind, and his mental life became more absorbed in it, his inclinations turned to some quiet country parsonage, such as he had formerly desired, where, without disturbance, he "might meditate," and pray for God's blessing upon his labours; and in his own touching language, see that blessing "spring out of his mother earth, and eat his bread in peace and privacy."‡ He accordingly applied to

the archbishop, who presented him, in the year 1591, to the rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarum, and six miles from that city. Here he remained for four years devoted to his important task; and in 1594 appeared the first four books of the Ecclesiastical Polity. In the same year he was transferred to the living of Bishopsborne, near Canterbury, where he spent the few remaining years of his life, and gave to the world the fifth book of the Polity. Here he is said to have formed an intimate friendship with Dr. Hadrian Saravia, about that time made one of the prebends of Canterbury, a German by birth, and who had been a pastor in the Low Countries. This Saravia, whose name is now so little familiar to us, appears to have been one of the most active controversialists of his day, and to have been one of the first who espoused those High Church views, a little before this time promulgated by Bancroft. The influence of this friendship is supposed by some to be discoverable in the tone of Hooker's latter books; but after all, little can be made of this, and certainly Hooker's principles were not essentially affected by Saravia's reactionary notions; however, his natural tendency to conservatism of feeling may have been strengthened by personal intercourse with him.

We have a pleasing picture of his life at Bishopsborne. In study, preaching, and visiting, and a somewhat ascetic devotion, he consumed his days: a quiet man of modest countenance, low stature, and awkward bashfulness, yet nourishing lofty thoughts amid all his lowliness, and carrying on a noble strife of argument amid all his peaceableness.

"We are told that he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth, possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations; his use was to preach once every Sunday, and he or his curate to catechise after the second lesson in the evening prayer; his sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal, and an humble voice; his eyes always fixt on one place, to prevent his imagination from wandering, inasmuch as that he seemed to study as he spake; the design of his sermons (as indeed of all his discourses) was to show reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons, such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter (which he never wanted), as for apt illustrations to enforce and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which inten-

* Church Hist., B. ix., p. 217.

† Walton's Life, Keble's Ed., p. 37.

‡ Ibid. p. 67.

tion, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher, as a natural from an artificial beauty.... The innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others (scholars especially) went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired; and, alas! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, 'What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen?' No, indeed, but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study, and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his inactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour. God and nature blest him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days, his pupils might easily look him out of countenance; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face, and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off at the same time; and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted; and where he fixt his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended; and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.*

Such was Hooker in his retirement at Bishopsborne. The picture wants relief; the touches are too uniformly quiet and sad; but we have no reason to doubt its general faithfulness. Still in the prime of life, unwearied study seems to have impaired his health, and incessant thoughtfulness to have cast a shade over his spirits. Meek and pure as was his life, however, he did not escape detraction, and even something worse. The allusions of Walton to this subject, indeed, are not very intelligible; and his gossiping propensities are clearly stamped on certain features of the story; but it appears certain that notwithstanding the gravity and simplicity of his character, Hooker was the victim of a serious slander, which occasioned him long uneasiness, until, by the intervention of his "two dear friends," Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, the matter was cleared up, and his enemies made to confess that they had wronged him.†

About the year 1600, and in the forty-

sixth year of his age, he caught cold in his passage, by water, from London to Gravesend. With his constitution already weakened, he never seems to have recovered from the effects of this cold, but gradually sunk under it. The sacrament was administered to him by Dr. Saravia the day before his death: and his last thoughts were of his sins, and the "perturbations of this world," in contrast with the sublime order and peace of heaven—"the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience."

Only five of the books of Ecclesiastical Polity were given to the world, we have seen, by Hooker himself. The history of the three remaining books is a very curious one. The story told by Walton as to their mutilation, or rather as to the destruction, of the complete copies, left by the author in his library after his death, by certain Puritan ministers, used to be considered a mere piece of credulous gossip on the part of old Isaak. It is a "blind story, a true Canterbury tale," exclaimed Coleridge;* and Hallam, in his *Constitutional History*,† was obviously very much of the same opinion. The investigations of Mr. Keble, however, have established that whatever credit may be due to the allegation of Puritan intervention, in the destruction of the MSS., there can be no doubt that in the case of the sixth book especially, we no longer possess in its complete form what was left by Hooker. It will be necessary to examine briefly the evidence of this, and the story in connexion with it, both on account of the interest of the subject itself, and the renewed light which it serves to throw on the character of his wife.

Immediately following Hooker's death, inquiry was made after his papers, by friends who had been watching with interest the completion of his work. He died on the 2d of November, and

"only five days afterwards, Dr. Andrews, being then at the court, wrote to Dr. Parry, who was, as it may seem, intimate with the Churchman family, and near at hand, requesting him to provide without delay for the security of the papers. He writes in a tone of the greatest anxiety, and regrets that he should be so late in giving this hint, having but just been informed of Hooker's death."‡

Nothing satisfactory seems to have been elicited by this inquiry; for the next thing we learn is, that at the end of a month

* Walton's Life, Keble's Ed., pp. 77-79.

† We profess ourselves unable, from the statements of the Life (see p. 82), to understand the exact nature of the imputation preferred against Hooker; and there is no light thrown upon it from any other quarter that we have examined. Fuller says nothing of it, notwithstanding his love for such miscellaneous gossip.

* Notes on English Divines, vol. i. p. 2.

† Constitutional History, vol. i. Notes, pp. 266, 267.

‡ Keble's Preface, p. xxi.

Whitgift sent one of his chaplains to inquire after the three remaining books,—“of which she would not, or could not, give any account.” After the lapse of some further time—three months, it is said—suspicion* having arisen, she was summoned to the Privy Council, and interrogated by the Archbishop, when she was represented as confessing,—

“That one Mr. Charke, and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and desired that they might go into her husband’s study, and look upon some of his writings, and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her that they were writings not fit to be seen, and that she knew nothing more concerning them.” “Her lodging,” Walton adds, “was then in King-street, in Westminster, where she was found next morning dead in her bed, and her new husband suspected and questioned for it, but he was declared innocent of her death.”

Within so short a period after her husband’s death, she had contracted, it appears, a second marriage, of which, however, we learn no further particulars.

So much for Mrs. Hooker. Whatever may be the truth of the story, her character comes out of it with a very base stamp; and the unintelligible tragedy of her death only deepens the unhappy perplexity of her whole life. The question suggests itself, Could she herself have been a Puritan? and did any of the unhealed bitterness of Hooker’s marriage spring out of this source? It seems undeniable, from the statement of Travers, and otherwise,† that family relations brought him into close connexion with the Puritans; his own daughter married a Mr. Charke, conjectured to have been the same person who is mentioned in the above statement. It is simply possible that his wife, besides her natural sourness of temper and indifference to him, may have been alienated from him by the force of ecclesiastical sympathies, the intensity of which, in the peculiar circumstances of the time, we cannot well overrate. And does not such a view impart a ready meaning to the emphasis of certain statements in Hooker’s Preface,‡ as well as to the distrustful anxiety regarding his papers, manifested by his friends, on hearing of his death? On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the fact of his having by his will entrusted his MSS. to the charge of his wife, seems opposed to such a view. Why, as Coleridge pertinently asks, did he not entrust them to

Dr. Saravia? We do not pretend for our part to clear up the mystery.

The satisfactory evidence that the MSS. were really interfered with, is to be found in the contrast which the sixth book, as it now stands, presents, not only to its design, as laid down by Hooker himself, but to its original course, as otherwise certified. The subject before Hooker in this book, according to his plan, was the Scriptural authority of lay eldership. To this subject, however, only the first two chapters, and the first section of the third chapter, have any relation. The remainder, being nineteen-twentieths of the whole, is devoted to the discussion of penance and absolution, as between the Church of England and that of Rome. That this absurd divergency from the proper subject of the book, to which he nowhere returns, did not characterize it as completed by the author, is shewn from a document published for the first time by Mr. Keble, bearing to be the critical notes of Cranmer and Sandys upon it, as submitted to them. It is known to have been the custom of Hooker to forward his work as he completed it, to his old pupils, for their advice and revision. The document is in their own handwriting; Cranmer’s part filling twenty-four folio pages, and Sandy’s part, which is more closely written, occupying six pages more. There can be no reasonable doubt of its genuineness; for who, as Mr. Keble says, would have ever thought such a paper worth forging? The collation of the existing sixth book, with this document, leaves no room for doubt as to its corruption. “First, it will be found that among all the notes there are not so many as four instances in which the *catchwords* at the beginning of the note occur in the text as it stands. Next, the whole subject-matter of the critical remarks, the scriptural and other quotations referred to, indicate an entirely different work. There is not a word about penitency, auricular confession, absolving power; but (in the third place) the frame of the whole, and each particular, as far as it can be understood, implied the annotators to have had before them a work really addressing itself to the question of lay elders, and meeting all the arguments which, as we know from contemporary writers, the upholders of the Puritan platform were used to allege.”*

This is the state of the case, no doubt put strongly, but resting on grounds that seem indisputable. Mr. Keble further endeavours, from the scattered hints of the notes, to sketch the several heads of the

* Appendix to Walton’s Life, p. 91.

† Works, vol. iii. p. 557.

‡ Works, vol. i. p. 153.

* Works, Editor’s Preface, pp. 27, 28.

book as it must have appeared to Cranmer and Sandys; but we need not follow him into this detail, only observing, the heads correspond very well with the nature of the task which Hooker had undertaken. It seems certainly to lend confirmation to the story of Puritan interference, that it is exactly that part of the three remaining books of the *Polity* which would have been most obnoxious to the Puritans, which have most clearly suffered mutilation. To Mr. Keble this evidence seems decisive; but we do not feel that it is entitled altogether to remove our doubts as to the fact of such interference, at least in the manner narrated by Walton.

Of the two latter books we have a more satisfactory account. The seventh book was first published in 1662 by Gauden, Bishop of Worcester, whose name is so questionably associated with the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*. The MS. of it, he alleges in his Preface, to be undoubtedly in Hooker's own handwriting throughout. He says nothing, however, as to where he got the MS., or what he did with it, and furnishes, in fact, no clue whatever whereby subsequent inquirers might determine its authority. Its authorship and value, therefore, rest entirely on the internal evidence which it bears of having come from Hooker's own hand; and Mr. Keble, from obvious reasons, considers this evidence as very complete. Upon the whole, there seems no reason to doubt that it is the genuine production of Hooker. The course of argument and flow of style clearly indicate this. But, at the same time, it must be borne in mind, that, if a real, it is at the best, as indeed Mr. Keble admits, a 'mutilated and imperfect relic;' and its special statements as to the Divine authority of Episcopacy, must accordingly be received and judged, if not with any definite qualification, which is by no means necessary, yet in the full light of the general reasoning of the first three books.

The eighth book originally appeared along with the sixth, in 1651. Additional fragments were published by Dr. Barnard in his *Clavi Trabalex*, 1661. Some of these passages were incorporated by Gauden in his edition, and the book further enlarged and compiled from apparently distinct sources; he added also a new fragment on the Limits of Obedience to Sovereigns. Such was the very imperfect state of the last book, previous to the labours of Mr. Keble. His very careful researches, founded on four different MSS., drawn from different quarters, Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, and Dublin, have issued in a text to some extent new—in his own words, "widely at variance"

with the previous texts "in very many material points; many portions being added, some few omitted, and the parts which remain transposed in such a manner as to form, on the whole, an entirely new arrangement.* The fragment added by Gauden on Civil Obedience is not incorporated with the book, as it had been by previous editors, but subjoined in an appendix.

Hooker's great work may be contemplated in two main points of view: in its general, philosophical, and literary character; and in its special polemical import and value. It is just its glory that it presents this twofold aspect of interest to the reader; that it remains a monument, not only of past controversy, but of the highest philosophical and literary genius. It is this latter character alone which gives it that weighty and time-honoured renown, and that classical position so universally conceded to it. It is this which makes it a living study now, while the works to which it was opposed, as well as that of Whitgift, which preceded it, are only subjects of research to the Christian historian. Had it been a mere repertory of ecclesiastical polemics, however able, it would have long since passed into the comparative oblivion by which these have been overtaken, or rather, it would never have emerged from the predestined obscurity which awaits all merely polemical writing. But animated by the light of a divine philosophy, and pregnant with a life of Thought, which clothes itself in the noblest forms of language, rising often into the most ripe and swelling eloquence, it at once took a rank in our literature, from which we can never conceive it displaced, however little interest may come to be attached to many of the special discussions which it embraces.

We see the influence of this higher character of Hooker's work strongly shown in the manner in which it is spoken of by Mr. Hallam.† It is the presence of a great mind dealing in the most profoundly philosophical spirit, with questions so easily narrowed by prejudice, and debased by faction, that above all interests such a critic. It is with the Treatise of Cicero, *De Legibus*, that a comparison at once occurs to him, of the English masterpiece, on the Foundation and Origin of Laws—the first book of the *Polity*. Upon the whole, Mr. Hallam would assign the palm to the Ciceronian Treatise, for dignity and force of language, and conciseness and rigour of reasoning, but he admits the latter to be "by no means less high-toned

* Works, Editor's Preface, p. 35.

† Lit. of Europe, vol. ii. p. 166.

in sentiment, or less bright in fancy, and far more comprehensive and profound in the foundations of its philosophy.*

Hooker's philosophical characteristics, as here indicated, are, profundity and comprehensiveness, combined with patience and calmness of reflection. He does not light up his subject by any vivid flashes of thought, nor startle by the force and quickness of insight with which he seizes hold of its deeper truth; but he never fails, in his own more elaborate way, to reach to its very ground, and lay open its foundations, and, moreover, to trace it out in all its windings, slowly, and sometimes even tediously, yet with the hand of a master, who knows it all well, and therefore is not impatient to complete his work. This largeness of handling is his one most distinguishing attribute. His mind did not work by strong and sudden impulses, leaping with irresistible force to its conclusions, but by calm and laborious processes, tending silently yet surely thereto. The meditative character of his life confirms this view, as well as both Fuller's and Walton's description of his preaching. It is not the facile and overflowing speaker that we contemplate, but the rapt and abstract student, restrained and hesitating with the weight of his subject, his eye not kindling with answering and sympathetic emotion, but fixed in dreamy introspection on the great ideal or outline of thought with which he is laboring. Hence, too, the frequent prolixity of his reasoning, in many cases returning upon itself, and only after repeated accumulations, again unfolding in linked and rolling sequences. For the clearness of his argument, and the more exact conveyance of his views, it would have been well, certainly, as Mr. Hallam observes,† using a phrase in itself very felicitous, but not strictly applicable—that we had “a little less of the expanded palm of rhetoric, and somewhat more of dialectical precision;” but, with more definiteness, we could not have had that very amplitude of research, and exuberance of language, which constitute the chief distinction of Hooker. And even when he is most voluminous, when he most tarries, and returns upon himself in his course of exposition, or expands into his most copious statements, “rhetoric” scarcely expresses what will be found instinct with meaning in all its involutions, and touched with power even to its extremities. It must at the same be admitted that Hooker's prolixity sometimes loses itself in confusion of ideas, and the indiscriminate use of general terms.‡

There are parts of his reasoning which, probably wrought out with great effort by himself—tracing a thread of living but tangled connexion in his own mind—must be very carefully, and even laboriously, examined by the reader, before they can be taken up in all their dependence and conclusive force. This is more especially the case when he is seduced into the meshes of some merely scholastic discussion.

As a writer, perhaps, even more than a thinker, Hooker marks an era in English literature. If not the creator of English prose, he was the first of its masters, as he remains to this day among the greatest of them. Four books of the Ecclesiastical Polity preceded the publication of Bacon's Essays, by a few years; and acknowledging to the full what had been already done by Latimer in his Sermons, and Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*, we must accord to Hooker the prime honour of working out the capacities of that language, which, with Bacon and Shakspeare, was about to reach, all at once, its consummate development. The extent of merit which here really belongs to our author, may be seen by turning from his great work to the writings of Cartwright and Whitgift, on the same subject, so immediately preceding. The comparative roughness and barrenness of their style, even when it is vigorous and animated; the want of any approach to that elevation, and dignity, and grace of movement, in which our author rejoices; stamp the progress which the language had made in his hands. In fulness and majesty, combined with pregnancy, and richness, and felicity of expression, the style of Hooker remains, indeed, unsurpassed. That of Bacon's Essays is more idiomatic, and terse, and intense in its meanings; but it does not move with the same swell, it does not rise to the same grandeur. It is more close and flexible, more living and expressive, throughout; but it does not carry along the same freight of eloquence, nor gather to itself the same splendour of utterance. And, certainly, in the supreme quality of harmony—at once the most subtle in its secret, and the most obvious in its presence, of all gifts of language—Hooker is singularly pre-eminent. While adding statement to statement, and clause to clause, along a series that seems extended to confusion, there will yet be found, through all, a proportion and sequence which, when well read, fall upon the ear like music. He is nowhere discordant, and but seldom confused; and now and then the chime of his many-toned sentences breaks forth into a sustained and overpowering chorus.

* Do. Constitutional History, p. 231.

† Lit. of Europe, vol. ii. p. 167.

‡ Do. Constitutional History, vol. i. p. 234.

The First Book of the Ecclesiastical Polity will always remain, as it deserves to be, the most generally read and admired. Here, in the lofty region of moral inquiry, with which the book is throughout engaged, the genius of Hooker was most at home. The largeness of spirit and wide range of thought, so characteristic of him, found in this region full scope. The consciousness of the nobler elevation to which, from his whole point of view, he was carrying the wearying, and often degrading, controversy of his time, brought forth to the full all his powers, and displayed them in their happiest exercise. It is the same shining and ample intellect, and the same calm and judicial wisdom, that meet us throughout the work; but here, in a congenial atmosphere, the mind of Hooker rose to its sublimest height, and expatiated with its grandest force and compass of reasoning. Nowhere in the literature of philosophy, has ethical and political speculation essayed a profounder and more comprehensive task—sought to take, at one flight, a broader sweep; and never, we may safely say, has the harmony of the moral universe, and the interdependence and unity of man's spiritual and civil life, in their multiplied relations, been more firmly seized, and more impressively expounded. The distinct character of the book, moreover, and its comparative completeness, have served to give it, by itself, a position and renown, which somewhat overshadow the others. It is a vestibule so magnificent, and here and there so richly adorned, that many, in their admiration of it, delay, or care not, to enter into the less inviting and intricate argumentative structure to which it leads.

The conception of such a plan of argument as Hooker's First Book embraces—a plan of argument underlying the whole structure of the work, and giving to it its pervading meaning—could only have sprung up in a mind of genuinely philosophical tendency and power. Amid all the din of controversy around him, there was no clear discernment of principles. Many talked of the truth, as he himself said, "which never sounded the depth from which it springeth." To such a mind as his, however, there could be no rest, save on a broad and comprehensive basis of philosophy. The particular controversy as to ecclesiastical order and ceremonies, only found its true importance in connexion with the whole subject of law and order. It was only from a fundamental inquiry into the "grounds and original causes of all laws," and carrying out the conclusions to which such an inquiry leads, that he could go forth with interest to the

settlement of the special questions before him.

Beginning, therefore, from "the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain," he inquires into the First Law Eternal,—“the order which God before all ages hath set down for himself to do all things by.” The ground of all being is at once Law and Life, Reason and Personality, working in most exact order, yet knowing what and why it worketh. This great Theistic principle is firmly seized and expressed by him. He holds with a fine hand the balance of truth, which has so often, on this deepest question, been allowed to swerve to the one side or the other; vindicating at once the harmonious necessity of the universe, and the living spring of personal agency that moves in it all. There is to him in all things no deeper meaning than *law*. A mere arbitrary will is wholly foreign to the essential idea of God; yet a mere blind necessity is still more foreign. This idea only attains its full illumination when apprehended as a Personal Agent, working “not only according to his own will, but the counsel of his own will.”

This First Eternal Law,—the everlasting order laid up in the bosom of God,—comes forth in diverse manifestations, adapted to the different kinds of things subject to it, and through which it is expressed. There is first of all the Law of Nature,—of the ever-revolving mechanism of inanimate objects. Nothing can be finer or grander in its way than Hooker's whole conception of the vast order of nature. No positivist-poet or philosopher ever expressed a more sublime admiration of its undeviating harmony,—its silent and ceaseless march; yet acknowledging to the full the naturalistic conception, he is not content for a moment to rest in it. It draws from him an eloquent awe; but all this the more, that he sees in it not a direct necessity, but an articulate revelation of the Divine will. Nay, so vividly, and in its highest form, does he seize this truth, that he beholds in nature the unconscious working out of a Divine pattern or archetype; and in the light of this idea—now scientifically verified by the genius of an Owen and a Sedgwick—the more adores the Living Presence operating in all.*

Following the law of nature comes the Celestial Law, or “that which angels behold, and without any swerving observe;” and here, as he rises to the full and animating thought of the harmony of heaven, he kindles again with his subject, and breaks forth into one of his richest and most swelling passages:—

* Works, vol. i. p. 209.

"But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the foot-stool to the throne of God, and leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures. Touching angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where is nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs and uncomfortable passions to work upon; but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever, doth dwell. As in number and order they are high, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them; such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself being to set down the perfect idea of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more than only that here it might be with us as with them it is in heaven. God which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels: for, beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excellency, they all adore him; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably for ever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness, maketh them unweariable and even insatiable in their longing to do by all means all manner of good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men: in the countenance of whose nature looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; even as upwards in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. Thus far even the Paynims have approached; thus far they have seen into the doings of the angels of God. Orpheus confessing that the fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels, careful how all things are performed amongst men; and the mirror of human wisdom plainly teaching, that God moveth angels even as that thing doth the man's heart, which is thereunto presented amiable. Angelical actions may therefore be reduced unto these three general kinds: first, most delectable love, arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto spirits that are pure; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace."*

He then enters upon the consideration of the Law of Reason,—“the binding principle of reasonable creatures in this world.” This opens up to him a wide field of ethical disquisition, in which he treats of the several functions of the will and reason in man. The will is the moral capacity in man which brings him into relation to his appropriate moral good. He has this capacity over and above the sensible capacity, common to him

with the lower animals, because he is fitted for a more divine perfection, and craves therefore a higher good than what belongs to them. Reason is the director of the will,—the light of the soul. Whereas the rule of nature is simple necessity; that of beasts an instinctive judgment of sense; and that of angels an “intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of that object, which with unspeakable joy and delight doth set them on work. The rule of voluntary agents on earth is the sentence that reason giveth concerning the goodness of those things which they are to do.”* It is the office of reason, therefore, to discover the good to which man's higher nature is adapted,—the laws which at once regulate and express its activity. This it does in various ways, and by various signs or tokens, which our author discusses at length. There is some intricacy and confusion in his argument here; but its general effect is, that there are clearly discoverable by reason certain axioms or principles of morality, which are universally binding, and to which the conscience answers as its appropriate rule and life. These moral laws witness to themselves in the orderly and happy lives of those who conform to them, just as the works of nature are all “behefeful and beautiful, without superfluity or defect.” The prevailing infraction of even the principal of these laws among certain nations, is not allowed as any evidence against their universal validity, but is attributed to “lewd and wicked custom, which beginning perhaps first amongst few, afterwards spreading into greater multitudes, and so continuing from time to time, may be of force even in plain things to smother the light of natural understanding.” There is a true and substantive moral law, therefore, according to Hooker, discoverable in the light of human reason, and binding upon human conduct; and in the relation which man bears to this the law of his nature, he is contradistinguished from all other creatures in the world. In his case alone is observation of law righteousness, and transgression of it sin. It is the moral reality of a living will in man that makes the difference. “Take away the will, and all acts are equal.”†

The law now mentioned binds man simply as man. Its force is irrespective of society; but out of the fact of society there springs up a set of correspondent laws. The ground of domestic society is found in human wants; the ground of political government in human crimes. The natural fountain of law and

* Works, vol. i. pp. 212, 213.

* Vol. i. p. 228.

† Cod. Justin. 968, quoted by Hooker, vol. i. p. 228.

authority in the former case, is the father of the family ; in the latter case, lawful authority can only be exercised by consent of society itself, or by the immediate appointment of God. These are the only two genuine sources of political power which may assume different forms, but in all its forms rests *ordinarily* on the same ground, the express or implied sanction of the community. A governing power resting on any other ground, save the special one of direct Divine appointment, is most strongly repudiated by Hooker ; and here, as has been often pointed out by Mr. Hallam and others, he clearly anticipated the theory of Locke. As the origin of government is thus traced to popular assent, so all laws for its regulation and control have the same rightful source, and no other. The language of Hooker on this subject is so forcible, that it well deserves quotation :—

“The lawful power of making laws to command whole politic societies of men belongeth so properly unto the same entire societies, that for any prince or potentate, of what kind soever, upon earth to exercise the same of himself, and not either by express commission immediately and personally received from God, or else by authority decreed at the first from their consent upon whose persons they impose laws, it is no better than mere tyranny. Laws they are not, therefore, which public approbation hath not made so. But approbation not only they give who personally declare their assent by vow, sign, or act, but also when others do it in their names by right originally at the least derived from them. As in parliaments, councils, and the like assemblies, although we be not personally ourselves present, notwithstanding our assent is by reason of other agents there in our behalf. And what we do by others, no reason but that it should stand as our deed, no less effectually to bind us, than if ourselves had done it in person.”*

Further, as there are laws appropriate to civil societies in themselves, so there are laws appropriate to these societies in their relations to one another, viz., International Laws. And the allusion to them leads him to speak of the necessity and propriety of laws of spiritual commerce between Christian nations — “laws by virtue whereof all churches may enjoy freely the use of those reverent, religious, and sacred consultations which are termed Councils-General.”

Finally, there are the laws specially revealed by God in Scripture for our spiritual guidance and government—Laws Supernatural to direct and control man in the way of salvation, which he has wholly lost by nature. Under this head Hooker, according to his wont, runs into a general and elevated

vein of discussion, pertaining to the true and only blessedness of man in communion with God ; how man has fallen away from this blessedness through guilt, and how it is restored to him in Christ. He considers the fact of so many laws of reason being republished in Scripture, and dwells upon the advantage of this in brightening our frequently dim natural perceptions, and guiding us in circumstances of particular difficulty. He is thus led to enlarge on the benefit of traditional Divine law, and of Holy Scripture, the perfection of which—wherein nothing is superfluous amid all its variety—he extols in a rich and eloquent passage.

Here he brings to a close the course of his general reasoning, and approaches its bearing upon his special subject to which it will be found to have a very intimate relation, far away as it may seem to have begun from it. Having enumerated the various laws that obtain among men, he now enters upon the consideration of their particular force and character. In all these several kinds of laws there are sundry both *natural* and *positive*,—that is to say, both arising out of the personal and social necessities of human life, and prescribed by external authority for the guidance of that life. They are in error, therefore, who make those laws only to be positive that are of man’s invention, attributing mutability to them and to them alone. Certain Divine laws are no less positive and mutable in their nature. The real ground of mutability or immutability in laws, is to be found, in fact, not in their origin, but in their character. They are permanent or changeable, not according as they proceed from God or man, but “according as the matter itself is concerning which they were first made. Whether God or man be the maker of them, alteration they so far forth admit as the matter doth exact.” This is the point towards which Hooker has been aiming in his extended discussion :—

“Wherefore,” he adds, “to end with a general rule concerning all the laws which God hath tied men unto ; those laws divine that belong, whether naturally or supernaturally, either to men as men, or to men as they live in public society, or to men as they are of that politic society which is the Church, without any further respect had unto any such variable accident as the state of men, and of societies of men, and of the Church itself in this world is subject unto ; all laws that so belong unto men, they belong for ever ; yea, although they be positive laws, unless being positive God himself which made them alter them. The reason is, because the subject or matter of laws in general is thus far forth constant ; which matter is that for the ordering whereof laws were instituted, and being instituted are not changeable without cause, neither can they have cause of change, when that which gave them their first institution

* Works, vol. i. p. 245, 246.

remaineth for ever one and the same. On the other side, laws that were made for men or societies or churches, in regard of their being such as they do not always continue, but may perhaps be clean otherwise a while after, and so may require to be otherwise ordered than before, the laws of God himself which are of this nature, no man endued with common sense, will ever deny to be of a different constitution from the former, in respect of the one's constancy and the mutability of the other. And this doth seem to have been the very cause why St. John doth so peculiarly term the doctrine that teacheth salvation by Jesus Christ, *Evangelium æternum*, 'an eternal Gospel,' because there can be no reason wherefore the publishing thereof should be taken away, and any other instead of it proclaimed, as long as the world doth continue; whereas the whole law of rites and ceremonies, although delivered with so great solemnity, is notwithstanding clean abrogated, inasmuch as it had but temporary cause of God's ordaining it."^{*}

In this paragraph lie the germ and ground of the whole reasoning of the Polity. Laws are such durably, according to the matter which they concern, whether they proceed immediately from a Divine or human source. It is not the mere fact of their revelation in Scripture which determines their permanent obligation. This can only be determined by a consideration of their whole character, and those circumstances in human life which they were intended to meet.

The question of the direct origin of laws was, in fact, from Hooker's whole point of view an indifferent one. For all law was to him only such, as forming an expression of the original Law or Reason of the universe; and whether this expression was found directly in Scripture, or in human reason and life, it did not matter; its sacredness was equally the same, as springing out of the Fountain of all light and order. This unity of Nature and Life and Scripture, as all alike true, if not alike important revelations of the Divine will, is really the foundation of Hooker's whole argument, although it is more implied than distinctly asserted by him. It is this comprehensive and germinant idea underlying its entire scheme and breathing life into it—inarticulate sometimes, but not the less powerful,—that gives to it its great force and mastery. It was on this ground above all that it met Puritanism, and proved its higher spirit and strength against it.

According to what we have already seen, it was the great aim of Puritanism in the more radical form into which it passed with Cartwright and others, to enforce its plan of discipline as expressly laid down in Scripture, and alone compatible with it. Scrip-

ture was maintained to be the sole authority not only in matters of faith, but of ecclesiastical order. Its fundamental principle, as expressed in the Admonition, was that "those things only are to be placed in the Church which the Lord himself in His word commandeth."^{**} On this exclusive scriptural basis the Puritans took their stand, and felt themselves firm in the character of the ground on which they stood. Their persistent keenness of purpose and stubbornness of resolution, as well as impatience of zeal, took their rise greatly in the fact that they thus supposed themselves in possession of the only ground of truth and law in the matter at issue. Destitute—as the spirit of Puritanism everywhere is—of speculative breadth and comprehension, and keeping their views closely within the limits of Scripture, they got a certain clearness of vision and intensity of aim from the very narrowness of their point of observation. Whitgift had so far in his reply to Cartwright taken the right view in opposition to them. He contended that while "the substance and matter of government must indeed be taken out of the word of God," yet "the offices in the Church whereby this government is wrought are not namely and particularly expressed in the Scriptures, but in some points left to the discretion and liberty of the Church, to be disposed according to the state of times, places, and persons."[†] He met the Puritan assertion by a simple negation; his thoughtful sense and shrewdness enabled him to see beyond the narrowness of that assertion, and practically as a question of policy he had no difficulty in dealing with it; he felt that thus far it was false and untenable. But he did not

* Quotation from Ad. Whitgift's Works, vol. i. p. 176.—It may be well to add the following emphatic statements from Cartwright:—"And it is no small injury which you do unto the word of God, to pin it in so narrow room, as that it should be able to direct us but in the principal points of our religion; or as though the substance of religion, or some rude and unfashioned matter of building of the Church, were uttered in them, and those things were left out that should pertain to the form and fashion of it; or as if there were in the Scriptures only to cover her nakedness, and not also chains, and bracelets, and rings, and other jewels to adorn her, and set her out." . . . "Is it likely that he who appointed, not only the tabernacle and the temple, but their ornaments, would not only neglect the ornaments of the Church, but that without which it cannot long stand? Shall we conclude that he who remembered the bars there, hath forgotten the pillars here? Or he who there remembered the pins, here forgot the master-builders? Should he there remember the besoms, and here forget archbishops, if any had been needful? Could he there make mention of the snuffers, to purge the lights, and here pass by the lights themselves?"—*Cartwright's Reply*, pp. 14-82.

† Whitgift's Works, vol. i. p. 6.

* Works, vol. i. p. 274, 275.

see further; he had no philosophic vision of any higher *principle* on which to meet the Puritans, and, while resisting their immediate purpose, to enlarge the sphere of moral and political contemplation, and carry men's minds up to a more catholic unity of truth. *It remained for Hooker to do this in the whole conception of his work. He saw still more clearly than Whitgift that the question confined to the limits of the Puritan basis, could only be one of endless polemics, while not shrinking from encountering it on this basis, according to a statement that has been often quoted from him;† but not content with a mere negative attitude, he sought by the native instinct of his mind some loftier and more comprehensive position from which he could discharge new elements of truth into the controversy for its possible settlement. Granting, he virtually said, that express Divine laws are our only warrantable guides in the ordering of the Church,—admitting so far the Puritan postulate,—yet laws are Divine not merely because they are found in Scripture. All true laws are no less Divine, as springing out of and resting on the same source as those of Scripture—the eternal Divine Law. To show this, was the simple and grand object of his First Book. For this “he had turned aside from the beaten path, and chosen, though a less easy, yet a more profitable way. Lest, therefore,” he adds, in language that admits of no mistake, “any man marvel whereunto all these things tend, the drift and purpose of all is this, even to show in what manner, as every good and perfect gift, so this very gift of good and perfect laws is derived from the Father of lights; to teach men a reason why just and reasonable laws are of so great force, of so great use in the world, and to inform their minds with some method of reducing the laws whereof there is present controversy unto their first original causes, that so it may be in every particular ordinance thereby the better discerned, whether the same be reasonable, just, and righteous, or no.”† The particular laws in dispute therefore, whether or not they had the express authority of Scripture, might have a clear Divine sanction. They might have a valid authority both in their proper substance and their direct origin, viz., the consent of reason expressing itself in the national feeling and will. For the eternal Divine Law as truly if not as perfectly expresses itself in this way as in Scripture. The question then came to be in this point of view, not

merely what is laid down in Scripture, but what in all respects is conformable to right and reason, and the consecrated usage of history, springing out of the exercise and development of the Christian consciousness in the Church.

This vein of thought runs throughout the Ecclesiastical Polity, and alone gives it coherence. The key to its philosophy, it is moreover the only principle that connects the several links of its polemic. For having in the first book cleared the way by showing the sacredness of all true laws, whether derived immediately from Scripture or not, he proceeds in the two next books to deal with the distinct assertions of the Puritans—first, that Scripture is the only exclusive rule of human life; and, secondly, that in Scripture there must be of necessity contained a form of church polity, “the laws whereof may in nowise be altered.” It was necessary for him, in the nature of the case, to deal definitely with both of these assertions. For the first plainly met the whole course of his preliminary reasoning; and the second leaving the general question unsettled as to the force and propriety of other laws save those given in Scripture, yet left no margin unsettled in the particular matter under discussion. If Scripture contained a definite and unalterable church polity, it was of no avail to show what force and sacredness attached to laws in general. By proving, however, that Scripture was not the exclusive rule of human action, nor yet necessarily the exclusive source of church polity, as the Puritans contended, he left full room for his opening argument to tell. The controversy expanded beyond the mere limits of Scripture, into the broad field of reason, national feeling, and historical usage. It became, in short, a question of what was behevoful and beautiful, and becoming in itself, and in all the circumstances of the case; and the remaining books are simply devoted to the elaborate proof against the several assertions of the Puritans, that the existing order of the Church of England answered to the full conditions thus dictated by a true expediency, as well as warranted by apostolical tradition.

We have discussed at such length, and with so much care, the main trace of Hooker's argument, not only because it is that which is most important in itself, but because it is that which has most living relation to existing Church questions. It is instructive clearly to understand the position taken upon such questions by one so profound in thought, and so reverent in spirit, as Hooker. Of what consequence

* Whitgift's Works, vol. i.

† Do., vol. i. p. 277.

some in our time have thought his opinions, has been strongly displayed by the eagerness with which they have sought for corroboration of their own in his pages. It is far from our intention to disturb the expiring embers of a controversy that has spent itself, as all wise men saw from the first it could only spend itself, in the hot flame of Romanism on the one hand, or the poor smoke of mediæval diletantism on the other. Yet it may be necessary in contrast to the different extremes of ecclesiastical opinion, somewhat more particularly to consider the views of our author.

In questions of church government and authority it will be plain to a little examination, that there are only two fundamental views of a positive character tenable,—the one of which rests on a basis of theoretical ecclesiasticism, and the other on a basis of practical Christian order. The former asserts that the government of the Church is a polity divinely instituted once for all, and in its form definitely revealed and established. The latter maintains that this government is no less divinely instituted, but that the grounds of its institution are found not merely in Scripture, but in the Christian reason, and the development of that reason in the history of the Church. The one, in short, upholds an exclusive *jus divinum*, the other rests on what has been called in modern language *expediency*, with which term we have no quarrel, save that it has been degraded to base meanings, quite inconsistent with what we here intend.

Theoretical ecclesiasticism may assume very different, and, in fact, opposite manifestations. In the sixteenth century its characteristic manifestation was Puritanism. The Puritans were beyond all question the church theorists of their day. They were the assertors of the *jus divinum* in church government, and the first Protestant assertors of it. Their very name still bears testimony to this, if their history throughout were not a living witness to it. Their essential belief was that they alone were in possession of the *pure* truth of God, derived from Scripture on this subject, and their persevering aim was to apply their exclusive view of this truth to the government of the Church of England. It is notorious, and admitted on all hands, that this idea of an exclusive Divine right was utterly unknown to the early defenders of the Church of England. Jewell was contented to occupy the ground of Christian expediency in his Apology; Whitgift, we have seen clearly, took up the same position against the Puritans; and Hooker, only on larger and philosophic principles, has laid down the

same basis. Christian expediency became in his hands the true *jus divinum*, resting not on one-sided interpretations of Scripture, but on the broad ground of the common Christian sense, verified equally in the light of Scripture and of Christian history.

It is needless to urge in opposition to this certain special statements extracted from the mass of Hooker's work as to the Divine right of Episcopacy, and the special authority of the Christian Ministry.* To any one who really understands Hooker's position, there is no inconsistency in such statements. It is at once granted that he contends for the Divine right of bishops, as he no doubt profoundly believed in that right; but he does not contend for it on the ground that this right is expressly revealed and exclusively taught in Scripture, so as to be everywhere and at all times incumbent on the Church. Such a view is not only inconsistent with explicit statements,† but what is far more important and satisfactory to every thoughtful reader, with the whole conception of his general argument. Episcopacy was simply to him a true and proper expression of Divine order in the Church; whereas the Puritans maintained it to be a usurpation or corruption, he maintained that it rightly represented the spirit and meaning of the primitive Apostolical system, and even that all the variety and grandeur of offices in the Church of England, was only a rightful development of that system. This is a clearly rational view, resting on grounds of common sense and Christian judgment, whatever we may otherwise think of it. Such a system of ecclesiastical polity may be well founded or not; but it plainly does not claim to be of exclusive Divine institution, definitely proclaimed from Heaven, and therefore universally paramount over the conscience and Christian reason. On the contrary, it directly seeks its origin and sanction in the assent of that reason, as expressed in the "whole church visible," which is declared to be "the" true original subject of all power‡ within the Church.

Such a system is utterly at variance with the modern High-Church theory, whose fun-

* Keble's Preface, p. 71, *et seq.*

† "So perfectly are these things (of faith and salvation) taught, that nothing can ever need to be added, nothing ever cease to be necessary; these (matters of ecclesiastical polity), on the contrary side, as being of a far other nature and quality, are not so strictly and everlastingly commanded in Scripture but that unto the complete form of a Church Polity much may be requisite which the Scripture teacheth not, and much which it hath taught become unrequisite, because we need not use it,—sometime, also, because we cannot."—Vol. i. p. 408-409; and vol. iii. p. 231.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 239.

damental idea is the exclusive Divine right of a three-fold ministry, without which the Church can nowhere exist. Episcopacy is with it, not merely as with Hooker a valid expression of Divine order in the Church, but truly the Church itself. Government by bishops and archbishops is not only a divinely-warranted polity, but a polity so peculiarly Divine, as to be of the very essence of the Christian revelation. Without Episcopal sanction, no rites of the Church can be validly administered; apart from such sanction they are not only deficient, but they are not at all. For all spiritual blessing and sacramental privilege are inseparably bound up in certain forms rightly dispensed, and this dispensation is only right, as it derives its authority from Episcopal ordination. Grace descends in a definite external channel, which is called apostolical succession, and beyond this channel it does not circulate, or, at least, we have no warrant for its doing so. What are called the "uncovenanted mercies of God," may prevail beyond the sphere of Episcopal influence; but those Divine mercies, which are yea and amen in Christ, are alone to be found within the consecrated shadow of this influence. This is the pure High-Church theory, whose logical termination is everywhere Romanism; and it is of the utmost importance to discriminate between this theory and the mere assertion of Episcopacy as a rightful form of Church government. The two views are divided by the whole circumference of reason, the one representing theoretical ecclesiasticism in its most extreme shape; the other being merely one form of upholding the great truth, that the Church is divinely warranted, in the light of Scripture and of reason, to govern itself as may be most suitable to the time and circumstances in which it is placed.

This, the really catholic position, controverted by the Puritans of the sixteenth century in behalf of Presbyterianism, and earnestly maintained by all the early defenders of the Church of England, is the very same which has been controverted by the Tractarians in our own day, on behalf of Episcopacy. Already, indeed, in the age succeeding that of Hooker, principles had changed sides;* and the Anglican clergy were found

fighting the battle of the Church with the weapons of Puritanism. Laud and his supporters became, in their turn, the Church theorists of their day,—so strange are the reactions of history. To this poor inheritance succeeded the late Oxford party, who marked their succession by a zeal and ability worthy of a better cause; but, once more, in the movement of thought, this extreme of ecclesiastical opinion is disappearing,—and necessarily so. Reversing, as it does, the essential nature of the Church—making it *ritual* instead of *moral*—*form* rather than *life*; resting logically only on this *πρωτον ψεύδος*, it is its inevitable destiny to sink, with the advancing tide of human reason, into the abyss of all false theories.

But while Hooker is thus to be distinguished from one extreme of ecclesiastical opinion, he must equally be distinguished from another. If not a High-Churchman in any modern sense of these words, neither is he an Erastian, in the common acceptance of that term. While no theorist in church government, he yet profoundly believed in the distinctive reality of that government, and its Divine necessity, as a preservative of Christian blessing and privilege. It is true that he acknowledges the Sovereign to be the supreme earthly head of the Church of England, and with a view to this, maintained, as the great argument of his concluding Book, the *identity of Church and State*; but, whereas Erastianism,* as commonly understood, makes the Church, in all things,

of foundation. The misinterpretation of Hooker's principles and reasoning—and they are easily capable of misinterpretation by those who approach their study without any of the spirit of philosophy which distinguished their author—combined with the mere tone of his language here and there, may have served to countenance the growing change of opinion which, even in his own day, we see represented by Bancroft and Saravia; but to this change the real meaning of his work, not only as it has been interpreted by us, but by all without a preconceived theory to support, is utterly opposed. The fact simply is, that Hooker, while defending such truly philosophical principles as we have described, has the appearance, as it has been well said—"owing to the vast extent of his generalizations, and his constant reference of all things to a primal law of God, of conceding a Divine origin to regal and sacerdotal power; and thus (however unintentionally) he announces a transition to the less noble and philosophical doctrines which distinguished the leading Churchmen of the next period." (Taylor's Religious Life of England, p. 64.)

* No term is really more ambiguous, but the popular acceptance of it certainly implies all that we have attributed to it. The special point of Erastus' teaching, as has been often pointed out, consisted in the refusing of all right of excommunication to the Church. From this root—a vile enough one certainly—have sprung up all the deadly associations connected with Erastianism, which is properly speaking not a theory of the Church at all, but a No-Church theory.

* We are sensible of the inference that may be drawn from this, and has in fact, although more in an implied than a direct manner, been drawn by Mr. Keble, viz., that Hooker's work contributed not a little to the change. The same notion is favoured by the admiration which James I. and Charles I. are known to have expressed of the Ecclesiastical Polity, and the story of James II. ascribing his adoption of Roman Catholicism to the impression made upon his mind by Hooker's Preface. The inference however, while it has such apparent support, is really destitute

the mere creature of the State—a mere part of its general organization—Hooker simply maintains, that there is no essential distinction between the two, so that, in a truly Christian nation, they would be practically indivisible. The one view absorbs the Church in the State; the other, more truly, absorbs the State in the Church. The one presents a pure negation of all peculiar Church life and authority; the other contains the most positive assertion of both, by identifying them with the national life and will, where these *have become thoroughly Christian*. The one, in short, says, there is no Church; Church prerogative is a mere political indulgence; Christian privilege a mere civil arrangement. The other says, the Church represents the highest social order on earth; and, therefore, in the case of a Christian nation, it is identical with the national order and government. "A commonweal is one way, and a church another way, defined, yet they are not perpetually severed;" but, on the contrary, unite, and practically become one, at their highest point of development. A view such as this, elaborately defended by our author, and associated in our own day with the illustrious name of Arnold, is certainly not to be confounded with the so-called Erastian denial of the Church as a Divine institution altogether.

And as Hooker was strongly opposed to such a mere negative view of the Church on the political side, he was no less strongly opposed to views essentially of the same negative tendency, though springing from directly contrary motives. While honouring the right of private judgment and the claims of the Christian reason, he was yet deeply at variance with whatever tends to make religion a mere personal matter, and the Church a mere arbitrary selection of individuals, seeking the evidence of their Christian fellowship rather in the conscious witness of their own internal nature, than in their participation of common Christian benefits. All such views, which have since developed into Quakerism, and other extreme forms of Dissent, and which, no less really than Erastianism, tend to destroy the Church in its corporate existence, and educative position and value,—to make it a mere collection of special voluntary organizations, adhering together under local accident and conventional impulse, overlooking those associations and influences which bind it, under whatever diversities, into a vast historical institute—a consecrated community life—all such views were utterly alien to his sympathies. No one, on the contrary, ever more vividly or sacredly realized the grandeur of such associations and influences, and the

living force of Christian education, and the gathering glory of Christian blessing that reside in them.

Of Hooker as a theologian, we have scarcely left ourselves room to speak; and yet in no capacity is he greater. His mind, indeed, has been sometimes supposed to be eminently legal or political. His reputation as a Christian jurist and philosopher, has overshadowed his reputation as a theologian. But his real eminence consists not in the predominance of judicial qualities of mind, although these he possesses in high perfection, but in the combination of these qualities with depth of Christian insight and profundity of doctrinal comprehension. As a theologian, no less than as a philosopher, he is singularly comprehensive; embracing in his capacious view the double aspect of all revealed truth, and with characteristic English healthiness and ripeness of spiritual culture, always preferring a complete and living aspect of a subject to any mere dogmatic exhibition of it, however dialectically clear and well-defined.

In no respect does he appear to greater advantage, as compared with one whose illustrious name does not occur in any degree as a rival, but to whose teaching and influence his own was undeniably felt in his day, as it must be still more obviously felt in ours, to present a contrast. In mere robustness of hard intellect, in critical acuteness and logical power, and undeviating trenchant skill of argument, Calvin out-matches Hooker; while in mere truth and intensity of Christian feeling, the Geneva Reformer is by no means behind; but he is certainly far behind in the geniality of that feeling, and in the catholic freedom and elevation of his views. Recluse as both were in their habits, and ascetically laborious in their lives—too much so not to have missed some elements of happy development in their own minds, and therefore of happy and harmonious sway over the minds of others—Hooker, in his mental and spiritual growth, yet kept closer to *life* than Calvin, and therefore closer to truth. He saw and felt more clearly, that the force of human logic, terrible and encompassing as it is, is no measure of the realities of human existence, nor yet of the possibilities of Divine grace. And, accordingly, while accepting, as all Protestant theologians of his time did, the general system of doctrine known under the name of Calvinism, he at the same time contended strongly against the rigorous following out of this system, along pathways where the intellect of man merely stumbles in darkness, and into results against which his moral instincts rise up in unconquerable rebellion. These

pathways did not deter Calvin, nor these results shock him, carried along as he was by the inexorable march of a reasoning faculty which subdued all before it. But Hooker's more poetic and concrete nature, gentler temper, and really larger reason, shrunk from such cold audacities of logic; and in order to be more truly rational, he was content to be less ratiocinative.

The very first controversy in which Hooker engaged, arising out of the sermon which he preached at St. Paul's Cross, concerned the limitations which he felt impelled to place upon the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination; and the prime source of argumentative difference between him and Travers sprung out of the same doctrine. It is not worth our while now to advert to the special character of these limitations,* or to weigh their polemical value. This may be small, as for our own part we are not indisposed to admit, but they serve sufficiently to indicate Hooker's theological bias. This bias however is fully seen, and his practical and comprehensive wisdom most impressively manifested in his series of Criticisms on the Lambeth Articles.†

Hooker's views on Justification, defended at length in his discourse on this subject, which will repay careful study, shows the same tendency to reaction against the extreme doctrines of the Genevan school. There was no point perhaps which both the Swiss and German reformers were disposed to insist upon in a more one-sided manner than this, and naturally so in the first excess of the reaction against the Popish doctrine of works. There was no point certainly on which they felt more sensitive, as to any opposition offered to their opinions. This may be forcibly seen in Calvin's treatment of Osiander, in the Third Book of the Institutes;‡ where, with a singularly intense, we had almost said, savage keenness, he assails the divine of Königsberg, and his views on this subject, which, however exaggerated and false in some respects, really pointed to a deeper and more comprehensive truth than that which Calvin opposed to them. Hooker, with his peculiar tendencies, was strongly alive to any Antinomian extreme that might lurk in the mode of stating the doctrine of Free Grace; and accordingly, while specially repudiating the Romish view of infused righteousness, and clearly distinguishing between justification and sanctification *in re*, he betrays great jealousy of any supposed separation between them *in tempore*. He

presents very felicitously the harmony of Faith and Works—the divine circle of salvation—which in our dialectical statements we necessarily break up and analyze into its parts, but which is really *one* in life, and only in its living totality, represents the truth of God.*

Besides such special points of controversy, in the main external to his great work, Hooker enters at large, and with characteristic expansiveness on the highest Christian doctrines, in the course of his Fifth Book; and the reader who would fully appreciate his mingled learning and wisdom as a theologian, his reverence and yet his penetration, his profundity and yet his caution, must study his disquisitions on the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Sacraments. If in any respect we feel a want of sympathy with these disquisitions, it is in the excessive deference which they sometimes manifest to the mere authority of Christian antiquity—the quality which constitutes to Mr. Keble their chief charm.

Viewing him altogether, Hooker must always remain one of the greatest names of the past; great as a theologian, yet more than a theologian; illustrious in the annals of the Church of England, yet still more illustrious in the general annals of philosophy and literature. He possessed and has embalmed in his work that living soul of truth and power of lofty eloquence in its expression, which only get fresh glory as ages gather, and amid whatever changes of opinion remain strong, and admirable as ever. Throughout life, save the few years he spent in the Temple, a retired student and hard-working parish priest, he has made his name memorable in English history, and his genius one of its proudest boasts.

ART. VII.—I. *Report from the Select Committee on Art-Unions.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.—5th August 1845.

2. *Report of the Committee of Management of the Royal Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, for the year 1855-56.*

3. *Report of the Council of the Art-Union of London, for the year 1856.*

4. *Catalogue of the First Exhibition of the Art-Manufacture Association in the National Galleries.* Edinburgh, 1856.

THE trick of giving piquancy to our articles by spicing our commonplaces afresh,

* See Keble's Pref., p. 102, also Eccl. Polity, vol. ii. p. 215.

† Keble's Preface, pp. 102-106.

‡ Chap. xi.

* Vol. iii. p. 508.

and serving them up to our readers in the form of startling paradoxes, is not, we believe, one of the charges most commonly brought against the *North British Review*. Whatever our critics may have to say of us in other respects, we find that they generally give us credit for letting our opinions shift for themselves, without clearing the way for them by any great amount of this, or any other sort of rhetorical trumpet-blowing. But seeing it is possible to run counter to received opinions not in semblance only but in substance, and seeing farther, that, the majority being almost as fallible as the minority, it is possible to do this on the side of truth as well as error, so there are paradoxes of more kinds than one, and there is one at least, the odium of which we trust we have not been slow to encounter. It was in the belief that we had this ultimate defence to fall back upon, that, with the alarming prospect of being written down as vendors of the whimsical for whimsicality's sake, plain before our eyes, we have more than once asserted, in the face of a generation by which popularity is regarded as the only conclusive test of merit,—that *whatever is highest in the productions of mind, must of necessity be unpopular*. It was by no means necessary that the converse of this proposition should be true, and that whatever was unpopular should therefore be high, for it was possible to dip below as well as to rise above the popular level, to shoot beside as well as to shoot over the common mark;—nay more, folly being commoner than wisdom, and failure than success, we were free to admit that, within the domain of presumption, the odds were wofully against the wanderer from traditionary paths. Still our proposition remained unshaken in its truth, and uncircumscribed in its range, and we felt warranted in asserting it, not of mankind in one stage of progress, but of mankind in every stage of progress, so long at least as there was a stage unattained, that is to say, so long as man continued to be man. Nor, paradoxical as it might seem, and little palatable as might be some of the consequences which it involved, did it appear to defy an explanation entirely consistent with ordinary modes of thinking:—for popularity being but another name for public sympathy, as no man can sympathize with what he does not feel at all, so no generation in the mass, can sympathize with what only the longest spiritual feelers of its foremost members have yet come in contact with.

It was in the region of speculation, abstract and concrete, and of that profounder sort of knowledge which furnishes speculation with its material, that we formerly

traced out this principle, and exhibited its workings. We treated it neither as a fact to be deplored, nor as a fault to be eradicated, but as a sound and permanent condition of progressive society, and one for which, consequently, it is the duty of those who watch over our social arrangements to make provision.

But to enunciate the problem was easier than to hit upon the solution, and for our own part we felt far more confident that we had established the permanent necessity of a support for science and learning, beyond what immediate public sympathy could yield, than that we had been successful in suggesting the form in which that support could be most readily and efficiently extended. That it must spring indirectly from that very same public by whom it could not directly be supplied, was clear enough in a country where the centre of sovereignty is the general will; and therefore it was, that, still holding to the public, we appealed from its sympathy to its faith,—from its understanding to its reason. We called to mind that, in the community as in the individual, there is, at all times, an under-current of perception, higher and nobler than has yet come to the surface in a conscious form, an intuitive recognition not only of the existence of problems to be solved, but a misty foreshadowing of the means of their solution, which far outstrips the operations of the understanding. Whence this involuntary foreboding of the dawn proceeds, and by what mysterious process it works its way, from the hazy regions of unconscious sentiment, into the noon-day of intellectual perception and logical enunciation, we shall never know.

“Was von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.”

But whence this feeling came, and what was the form of its operation, were alike immaterial for our purpose. That it existed and could be acted upon was enough, for we could go to the generality and say to them, “Surely it is not incredible that what, though still dim and vague, is in process of becoming clear and definite to you, may be still clearer and more definite to your foremost members, seeing that, to the eye of the spirit as to that of the body, the distant is dim, and the near alone is sharply defined. If you have got the length of feeling that, in such and such directions there is truth which you know not, why not believe that others who have outstripped you in the race may have crossed the frontier of the

promised land, and be already in a condition to put into your hands the heavy clusters of its spiritual grapes,—may be able to tell you the truth plainly?"

So we reasoned as regarded Learning and Philosophy. Now, when we turn to the region of Art, still keeping our attention directed to its highest forms, we find, in the documents before us, not only the most unequivocal evidence of the same want of direct sympathy, and consequently of support; but, what is far more precious, the most elaborate details of an institution by means of which it has been found possible to supply these defects by taking advantage of that indefinite longing for the beautiful, in purer and severer forms than those in which they could as yet appreciate it fully, which in their better moments swells the great generous breast of the public at large.

"Sweet are the paths, oh! passing sweet,
By Esk's fair stream that run;
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun."

It was whilst wandering along these paths, they tell us, and sitting, and smoking perhaps the Calumet of Contemplation, under trees, beneath the shade of which poets had sat and smoked before,—in a scene as rich in pleasing memories as in present charms,—that two of our fellow-townsmen schemed out the first Art-Union that was established in Britain.

But it was not in the leafy glades of Hawthornden, nor in the heads of the gentlemen to whom we have referred, that the first idea of such an association sprang up. It originated in Paris, in the stirring and suggestive days of Napoleon I. From France it passed over to Flanders, where, nourished perhaps by the artistic traditions of the land, it seems more than anywhere else to have taken root and flourished; and latterly it had been introduced into Prussia by no less distinguished a personage than Alexander von Humboldt.

All this was no doubt known to Mr. Glassford Bell, and his companion Mr. Hill, in 1834, as well as it is known to us at present. But though the merit of invention did not belong to them, that of suggestion and adaptation was unquestionably theirs, and the still greater merit of persuading their countrymen to lay aside the suspicions with which they usually regard every institution that has a Continental origin. Even the appeal which their scheme seemed to make to gambling propensities must have stood not

a little in its way when first proposed to such a public as that of Edinburgh. But the case which they endeavoured to meet was an urgent one, and the projectors probably derived their chief aid from the already general feeling that either something new must be done for Art, or its cultivation abandoned as an impossibility in modern society. The Scottish Academy had been in existence for several years, and there was annually exhibited a supply of pictures, not very numerous or of very high quality possibly, but still vastly beyond the demand; and the most hopeless part of the whole matter was this, that as the quality of the commodity improved, the demand invariably diminished. Never more than £300, sometimes as little as £35, had been expended in the purchase of pictures exhibited by the Academy, and these trifling sums had been paid, generally, for pictures of the very lowest class. If anything was aimed at beyond a clever imitation of a familiar scene, the picture was certain to remain in the artist's possession. In such days of "moral drizzle" a far saner man than David Scott might well have caught the disease of which he died.

Nor was there hope of improvement in Edinburgh from what was taking place elsewhere. The Royal Academy of London was the oldest, the richest, and the most influential institution for the encouragement of Art in this country, and on art and artists it had conferred unquestionably many benefits. Still, even in the centre of its operations, in the metropolis itself, the position of the artist, from the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds downwards, had continued to be a struggling one. If he painted portraits decently, he was sure to derive a large and steady income from a community so vast and so wealthy. Even if he varied the monotony of copying commonplace faces by copying commonplace scenes, or representing familiar occupations or popular customs, he might still, on a more limited scale, find both encouragement and support; but as he rose in the scale of artistic endeavour, down went the sympathy and interest of his countrymen. To train him to excel in the higher walks of his profession, was in such circumstances a very questionable kindness; and still such was the professed object of the Royal Academy of London, and of the Academies which had been formed after the same model in Edinburgh and Dublin. In the latter capital, the private patronage of art was at a lower ebb than in either of the others; and what as yet was peculiar to Dublin, though perhaps it was ominous of what was about to take place elsewhere, was,

that there matters were positively retrograding. Even with the advantage of the charter granted to the Royal Hibernian Academy, and an allowance made by government of £300 a year, so great was the apathy in Ireland with respect to all subjects connected with art, that it had for some time been in contemplation to close the doors of the Exhibition Room; and the year preceding the formation of the Art-Union, there actually was no Exhibition. What had been its value to the artists as an exposition for sale may be gathered from another part of the evidence of the witness to whom we are indebted for the preceding facts. "Previous to the Art-Union," says Mr. Cash, "in four years, during the exhibition of the works of the Royal Hibernian Academy, thirty shillings only was expended on the patronage of Art." "Thirty shillings annually?" asked the incredulous chairman of the committee. "No," said the witness, "thirty shillings was the entire sum expended in the four years!"*

Such was the condition of the private patronage of Art in Great Britain and Ireland, when the Association for its promotion was formed in Scotland. Notwithstanding a temporary opposition on the part of some of the leading members of that very Scottish Academy, to benefit which it was intended, its success was immediate:—

"A large annual fund," says the Secretary, in his statement submitted to the Select Committee in 1845, "exclusively devoted to the purchase of Paintings and Sculpture, and to the dissemination of Engravings, was speedily realized, which, in the course of nine years, amounted to not less than £36,900. During the same period 771 paintings, 40 pieces of sculpture, and about 30,000 impressions from engraved plates, were distributed among the members of the Association, and reports and circulars, containing interesting information upon subjects connected with the Fine Arts were circulated over the country, and in England, Ireland, and the Colonies, to the extent of more than 100,000 copies."

As may well be imagined, a very speedy change took place in the sentiments of the

refractory academicians. In their Report for the year 1833, as in every preceding report, they had deplored the indifference with which the public regarded their exhibitions. In 1834 their outburst of high spirits reminds one of the jubilations at a farmers' club dinner at the commencement of a war. "Whatever has been the complaint formerly, we have ground to hope that a new era is receiving its date. Genius is countenanced, and emulation will follow!" Nor did their cause of rejoicing prove to be of a temporary nature. In the last Report, for the year 1855-56,

"The Committee have much pleasure in announcing that the Annual Funds are continuing steadily to increase. The amount of the subscriptions last year, which was larger than that of any previous year since 1847, has been exceeded this year by £707. The sum is £4974."

The value of this financial statement, as a proof of the stability of the Edinburgh institution, is enhanced by the fact, that such has been by no means the experience of the London Union during the past year. In another part of their Report, the Edinburgh Committee tell us, that since the foundation of the Association, funds to the extent of nearly £100,000 have been subscribed by its members; and they farther inform us, with not unnatural self-gratulation, that by the similar societies which it was the means of calling into existence, the enormous sum of upwards of a million sterling has been subscribed throughout the country, and devoted in one way or other to the encouragement of art!

Into the history of these Societies, all of them formed more or less after the model of the parent Institution in Edinburgh, it is unnecessary that we should enter. The fact which we have mentioned tells very significantly the tale of their general success, and every detail regarding them will be found in the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Art-Unions in 1845, in the evidence by which the Report is supplemented, and in the Annual Reports which are published by their respective Committees.

But of all the proofs of the success of the Union as a means of encouraging art, the most unequivocal seems to us to be the increase which has taken place in private purchases. So far from being dried up by the substitute which had been found for it, this source has every year become more prolific. In the third year of the existence of the Association in Edinburgh, the private sales had mounted up from £300 to £1200. Our information as regards other places is

* The above testimony is confirmed by the following graphic picture from the lips of another witness. "When our Society commenced, the Exhibition of the Hibernian Academy had been gradually deteriorating, both in the number and the quality of the works exhibited. . . After five or six years of most praiseworthy, but unavailing exertions, it had got into difficulties, and the funds of the exhibition did not pay or remunerate the noblemen and gentlemen who were good enough to subscribe to the getting up of the fine gallery that they had built. The premises were sold under a decree of the Court of Chancery, and ultimately became an auction-room for furniture, and a receptacle for wax-works and dwarfs from Donnybrook Fair."

not so full as we could wish on a point so important, but so far as it carries us, it seems to indicate the same result everywhere else. In London, large sums are constantly added to the prizes which are there awarded in money, in order that pictures of greater value may be secured; and in the Exhibition of the New Water-Colour Society, the private demand has also increased. In 1836, the year previous to the establishment of the Union, the amount of private purchases was £333; in 1843 it was £782.

In Dublin, though the grounds of his opinion are not given, the Secretary tells the Committee, that "decidedly there has been an increase of private patronage."

Viewed, then, as a means of affording pecuniary aid to artists, and encouragement to art, the success of the Unions was beyond all question.

The notion that the demand which they created was an artificial one,—that the laws of political economy were outraged by the whole system, and that sooner or later they would assert their supremacy,—though it seems to have clung to the mind of one of the members of the Select Committee, could have scared very few intelligent persons at any time. The fact was that the demand was there, otherwise it is very unlikely that the Unions would ever have succeeded at all; but it was there to a small extent on the part of the many, rather than to a large extent on the part of the few; and what the Unions did was to render the supply accessible to the demand in the form in which it existed. Many persons were wealthy and liberal enough to expend a guinea, it might be two or three guineas, on art, but few were either able or willing to expend two or three hundred pounds on the purchase of a picture. But the value of two or three hundred pounds from two or three hundred persons, was not only as great, but, as the evidence of a wider interest, it was greater, as an encouragement to art, than the same sums when expended by single individuals; and thus it was that for art, as for so many other objects, it was found possible to effect by combination what, without combination, was altogether hopeless. The purchase of a picture by an Art-Union no more created an artificial demand for pictures, than the purchase of an estate by an Insurance Company creates an artificial demand for landed property. But, moreover, to a certain extent, the principle involved in Art-Unions was independent of the ordinary laws of trade. The chief object aimed at by the subscribers was not to secure an adequate return for their money, but to obtain the benefits which artistic taste and knowledge are sup-

posed to confer on a community without involving individuals in any sensible pecuniary loss. The question, therefore, as to whether the sum paid for the commodity was extravagant or not, was not answered by ascertaining whether or not it would sell for the same price again. The sum was paid, not for the commodity simply, but for the *εξίς* the whole habit and mode of being, on the part both of the artist and the public, as the result of which the commodity was produced.

All this, of course, was reversed in an instant, when the London printsellers attempted to do, for the benefit of their own pockets, what the Unions did for the encouragement of art. In order that their schemes might succeed, they chose, of course, not the high class of artistic works which it was desirable to encourage, but the low class which was already popular; and their sole object being gain, a distribution of such works by lot, in their hands, became a lottery in the strictest sense. To distinguish between such practices and the legitimate action of the Art-Unions, the Legislature most properly interfered, and the whole subject as regards the laws both of political economy and public morality, seems now to stand on as sound a basis as could be desired.

But grave questions remained behind regarding the principles on which the Unions ought to be conducted, with a view to the attainment of what they all professed to have for their ultimate end, namely, the encouragement of what in England is called "high," but what we shall here take the liberty, in common with the practice of the rest of Europe, of characterizing as ideal art.* Under this is included, properly speaking, neither more nor less than art altogether, for whatever does not aim at giving expression to the fundamental, generic conception, with greater force and clearness than it is reflected in the specific or individual variety in common life, is not art at all, but mere imitation. In fixing the principle of encouragement then, it was not necessary to commence by limiting the range of subjects, and setting apart one class as alone suitable for the higher artistic treatment. Some, it was true, offered a vastly wider scope than others, and in this respect the feeling of those who had been educated in the classic schools of art, in favour of religious and historical subjects, was thoroughly well founded. Still all subjects which did not absolutely exclude the element of the beautiful, were legitimate subjects of artistic treatment, the only indispensable requisite towards their becoming

* In their last Report (1856) the Council speak of "refined art." (?)

works of art being, that they should be treated artistically. In order to encourage art then, and to elevate public taste, it was not necessary that the public should all at once be deprived of those representations of familiar scenes in which they had hitherto rejoiced; but what was absolutely and entirely indispensable was that the mode of dealing with such subjects should be raised. Where this was not affected or even attempted, a large sum might indeed be brought together, the painting of pictures might be encouraged, and existing artists might be enriched, but the public would receive no benefit, beyond perhaps a little harmless amusement; and the artist, in place of being recognised as one of its guides and leaders, would of necessity continue to pander to its whims, and to depend for his subsistence on a support scarcely more dignified, and not at all more secure, than eleemosynary bounty.

Now two modes of distributing the funds of the Unions were suggested, both of them we must presume having the encouragement of art, in the sense which we have mentioned, ultimately in view. First,—there was the Edinburgh plan of putting the whole fund collected for each year into the hands of a committee of gentlemen, chosen for their supposed artistic knowledge and impartial character, and allowing them to select the pictures and other works of art, afterwards to be distributed to the subscribers by lot; and, second,—there was the London plan of distributing the money itself by lot in the first instance, and then permitting, or rather compelling, the prizeholders to go into the exhibition and purchase such pictures as their own taste and judgment might dictate, the value being in no case less than the prize, but the prizeholder being permitted to add to it whatever sum he might choose, in order to procure a picture of greater value. The first method was that of the Continental Unions, after which that of Edinburgh was modelled, and it was adopted by the Art-Union of Dublin; by numerous similar institutions which speedily sprang up in America; and latterly, we believe, by one of the most flourishing of them all in point of funds, that of Glasgow. The second seems to have originated with the Art-Union of London; and in this, as in every other respect, its example was followed by the provincial unions of England, most of which have since been again absorbed into the parent spirit.

At first sight it seems as if not a word could be said in favour of the English system without reversing the principle which we enunciated at the commencement of our discussion; and asserting not only that what is

highest in art is also most popular, but that this is true even in a community where the public taste, *ex hypothesi*, is low. If the chief, if not the sole object of corporate interference, be to raise art above the prevailing taste, and by this means to drag the public taste up after it, it seems difficult to imagine how this is to be effected, unless a purer and severer criticism is brought into play than that of the very taste which is thus to be raised. To found Art-Unions for the elevation of taste, and then to entrust the existing taste with the duty of determining the class of works to be encouraged, is to suppose this taste to be at once capable and incapable, low and high. But if the metropolitan public is not always very clear in its views, or lofty in its aspirations, it is always ingenious in defending what it holds to belong to the 'theoretical inconsistencies by which the great practical results of English life are worked out;' and here is a specimen of reasoning which, in point of substance, would do no discredit to the *Times*. It had come out in the course of the examination of the Secretary of the Art-Union, that the Committee, or Council of that body, selects both the picture to be engraved, and the artist who is to engrave it; and the chairman very naturally asks him, "On what principle, then, do you conceive that the Art-Union Council should not be empowered also to select the paintings, or other works of art, which they consider are deserving of the highest prizes, instead of leaving it to the choice of the subscribers at large?"—"In the one case," he answers, "we are choosing for the body, and seek to satisfy the majority; in the other we should be choosing for an individual. A prizeholder who might gain a sea piece, might desire an historical picture, and care nothing about the sea piece, and so *vice versa*. We find for this reason our plan is much more generally liked, and the subscription is larger than it would be if the committee were to choose. But the committee, I think, in adopting this plan themselves, have been actuated by a higher feeling than anything of that kind. They consider that a man who selects a picture, by the selection of that picture is induced to take an interest in the subject; he seeks the opinions of his friends; he goes into picture galleries, where it is known in many cases he had never been before: and if persons should, in some instances, choose inferior pictures to those which would have been obtained for them, that is an evil which will cure itself. It is speedily pointed out to a man by his friends, and if he does not improve this year he will the next; and so the public generally be-

come in some degree educated. Each man is the centre of a circle, and the knowledge which he gains in this manner spreads throughout that circle."

The first part of this answer is honest and straightforward, and in every way worthy of an ordinary Englishman. Money represented the means, Art the end,—and, seen through the medium of such equivalents, it was not wonderful that for a time the means should exclude the end from his view. But in the latter part of his reply he takes refuge in a fallacy of which, if we are not mistaken, he was himself half conscious. He assumes that the same man is to be a prizewinner year after year. Now, if that were the case, it is possible that the artistic education of that individual and his friends might make some little progress; though on the hypothesis that he commences at least by selecting a bad picture, even then his progress might not impossibly be in the wrong direction; for we entirely concur with the council when they say, in their last Report, that "every ugly carpet laid down, every ill-proportioned and unsightly building set up, aids in *preventing* the acquirement of a pure taste, and is an injury to the community at large." But what sort of artistic training is to result from a series of practical lessons, commenced, we shall say, by a ship-chandler at Wapping, prosecuted by a green grocer in Covent Garden, and completed by a perfumer in Regent Street or a pastry-cook in Piccadilly? The perfumer or the pastry-cook from the aristocratic west would disdain to converse, even on æsthetic subjects, with either of their fellow-pupils; and the ship-chandler and the green grocer would not be more likely to encounter each other than any other two of the million units that compose the population of London. But it is farther forgotten that it is not the taste of the public alone, but of the artists, as the leaders of that taste, that the Art-Union professes to form by means so inadequate. Now, this is a task which we should think would be felt to be both a delicate and a difficult one, even for a committee of accomplished critics of art, and surely it is one with which the chance prizewinners must be altogether unable to cope.* Still, by the London system, it is forced upon them, for they must select by such light as they possess, that of a rude and uncultivated nature being, we should fancy, the only one commonly at their command, and according as they select the artists must paint, or,—die. To say that the prizewinners call in the aid and counsel of friends more skilful than themselves, is but another ingenious mode of parrying the difficulty. The man who

has such friends, in a population so little trained to artistic criticism as that of London, is, we feel sure, the rarest exception; whilst he is also, for the most part, precisely the man who will stand least in need of their aid.

But it is unnecessary to speculate on the abstract merits and demerits of two rival systems, which have been before the public for upwards of twenty years. The Select Committee, in 1845, directed their special attention to the effects actually produced, and we refer both to their Report, and to the evidence on which it is founded, in confirmation of the views we have stated. Speaking of the formation of the Dublin Union, Mr. Blacket tells us,—

"We had the example of the London Society, and also the Scotch Society, which was worked by way of a Committee; and it was after deliberate inquiry into the advantages and disadvantages of both methods of proceeding, particularly as concerned the state of art, and the education of the public mind with regard to art in Ireland, we came to the resolution to adopt the system of selection by a competent Committee. . . . We tested it ourselves to a certain degree in our first exhibition. Some members of the Committee, myself in particular, took friends or acquaintances in different classes of society, and we asked them, 'supposing prizes of certain sums of money fell to your shares, how would you expend them in this exhibition?' And we found that some of the choices were of a kind that would not do much credit to the Society."

Guided by this and similar testimony, offered by the vast majority of all the witnesses examined, with the partial exception of the officials of the London Union itself, the Select Committee recommend for future Art-Unions the constitution of the Edinburgh Association, with two slight modifications, the advantages of which appear to us, we confess, more than questionable. Their first proposal is, to throw the election of the council open to the whole body of subscribers, and then as regards the more important matter of the Committee, they say,—

"From the whole body of the council a Committee of selection of three members to be chosen, with power to aggregate as assessors one artist and one amateur, and to be entrusted with the duty of choosing from the annual exhibitions the prizes intended for distribution. This Committee to change annually one-third of its members."

The chief points of difference between this recommendation and the existing constitution of the Association, are, first, the smaller numbers of the Committee recommended, which is to consist but of three, whereas in Edinburgh it consists of fifteen members;

and, second, in the recommendation that one artist and one amateur shall be consulted, whereas artists are excluded in Edinburgh altogether, and it is taken for granted that the Committee itself will contain at all times the most eminent amateurs that the Society of the place affords. Now, it seems to us that the only serious charge that has ever been brought against the Committee, that, namely, of favouring particular artists, would be rather increased than diminished, were both or either of these suggestions adopted. Suppose that in so small a body as three, any particular artist had either an intimate friend, or an open or secret enemy, is it not obvious that the public, in the one case, would suspect that he was favoured, and that he himself, in the other, would believe that he was injured, by every resolution which they arrived at with reference to his work? Again, the services of the committee being rendered altogether gratuitously, would it not always be difficult, often impossible, to find three gentlemen willing to undertake the amount of labour which must, and of odium which might, attach to such an office? Then, as to the assessors,—if the amateur was not not both eminent and impartial, his advice would be either worthless or dangerous, and if he possessed both of these qualities, why should he not be a member of the committee with a vote, in place of an assessor without one? Whilst as regarded the artist, however high might be his qualifications in every respect, we fear his impartiality would never be above suspicion. For these reasons we believe that the Association, as it stands, is equal to any scheme that has been suggested as a substitute for it. Though charges of partiality are no doubt mentioned by some of the witnesses, we do not find that any were brought home to it by the investigations of the Select Committee, and even the allegations did not approach, in their pernicious and demoralizing tendencies, to the gross collusion which in London was proved to have taken place between the prizeholders and the artists. Of these “dodges,” two were brought to light, so ingenious that we shall mention them for the amusement of those of our readers who delight in the records of acuteness. The holder of a prize of £150 goes to an artist who has a picture worth £50, and makes to him the following proposal: “If you will grant me a receipt for £150, which I can shew to the Union, I will pay you the price you ask for your picture, and what is more, I will leave you the picture besides.” By this means the prizeholder pockets £100, the artist pockets £50, in addition to which he retains the picture,

and “high art” goes to the wall. The second arrangement, not quite so satisfactory, is this:—An artist goes to the holder of a £150 prize, and says to him, “Here is my picture, which is well worth £150, but in order to induce you to take it in preference to the others for which the same sum is asked, I will give you this other picture to the bargain.” The prizeholder, whose artistic education is just at the stage that enables him to value pictures as articles of ornamental furniture, is delighted with the prospect of having two for one; and the artist chuckles secretly at having got £150 for two pictures that he knows ought never to have sold for anything,—“high art,” as before, being the only sufferer. Now these are not imaginary but real cases, and we are bold to say, that anything as nefarious has never been laid to the charge of any committee of selection whatever. The chief, if not the only reasonable objection that was made to Art-Unions, and which still we fear attaches to all of them more or less, is, that they tempt, by the prospect of moderate remuneration, many persons to betake themselves to artistic occupations, who are altogether destitute of artistic gifts; and that, by the number of small prizes which they offer, they stimulate the production of careless pictures on popular subjects, even by those who are capable of better things; in short, that they encourage a low style of art, which, whilst it drags down the artists, effectually prevents the public from rising. Now, to obviate these objections entirely can be no easy task, even for an intelligent committee, for the pecuniary interests of the Association must be attended to; and these seem, in the first instance, inevitably to depress it artistically, though the fact that the Edinburgh Association has prospered more evenly than the London Union, and is now advancing in funds whilst its southern rival is retrograding, proves that, ultimately, even financial stability will result from adopting the safer system. That on the other hand the committee does much to keep the patronage of the Association in the higher regions of art, is shown conclusively by the greatly higher prices given for pictures in Edinburgh than in London. In London, for the year 1856, the highest prize was £200, the second £150, and the following three £100 each. In Edinburgh, for the same year, the highest was £400, the next £250, the third £150, the following three £120, and the seventh £100; and, taking the lists from the other end, there were in London twenty-seven prizes of £10, thirty of £15, twenty-four of £20, and thirty of £25, making in all 111 prizes, at or under £25, whereas in Edin-

burgh there were only 17 pictures in all purchased by the committee at that price or under it! We regard these facts as in the highest degree creditable to the Edinburgh Committee, and as entirely decisive in favour of the system under which they act. If we might presume to offer advice to gentlemen who know their duties so well, we should say, carry out still farther the principle by which you are at present guided. Do not fear that you will injure the funds of the Association by adopting the only line of conduct which can secure the end for which it was instituted; but, on the contrary, be assured that public interest and support will grow, year by year, as the conviction that you are in the right path grows stronger and stronger. It is no doubt necessary that the prizes should be sufficiently numerous to open to all artists of real eminence or promise—all, in short, who ought to live by the profession—some remuneration for their labour; for we could scarcely be said to encourage a school of art if we collected the whole of the funds annually into one glittering heap, and presented it to the dazzled eyes of one happy artist. No one man would be likely to surpass his competitors so far as to merit so signal a preference, and if he did, it would scarcely be prudent to launch our whole artistic fortunes in the frail bark of one human life. But, short of committing this error, we believe the committee can scarcely keep the prizes too high; and we are persuaded that, in the meantime, the Edinburgh Association is far more mindful than the London Union of the advice of the Select Committee:—"The Art Union must remember that its province is not to secure the accumulation of a large fund in order to gratify a large number of subscribers, but to encourage and direct art, as far as it may be enabled."

But the most conclusive argument in favour of the system of patronage adopted by the Association, is derived from the success which has attended the labours of the Scottish Academy since its formation, and the present condition of that School of Art which these institutions were in common designed to foster. In every department of art we find Scottish artists, at the present moment, holding an honourable, and in several, among British artists at least, a confessedly pre-eminent place. In the very highest of all, we believe, we are within the limits of the strictest justice, when we say that Harvey is without an equal in this country, and with very few superiors in Europe at all. In entire mastery of the subjects which he chooses it is true Landseer surpasses him; but how different the subjects! Whilst Land-

seer may be said to have exhausted the poetry of lower animal life, and from that very feeling, perhaps, is occasionally tempted to step over into a higher region, the tasks which Harvey assigns to himself remain incomplete, because the poetry of human life is exhaustless. If the fact, so ably dwelt upon by one of the most active members of the Committee in proposing the health of the Scottish Historical Painters on a recent occasion, be kept in view, and the delineation of such national characteristics and customs as have powerfully influenced the current of national events, be recognised as falling within the province of the historical painter, not less legitimately than the events themselves, then the school which has produced "the Rent Day," "the Village Politicians," "the Curlers," and the like, is an historical school, and Harvey, with his "Preachings," "Baptisms," and "Communions," stands at the top of it, as it at present exists. After Harvey, perhaps, comes Noel Paton, just issuing forth into the world of reality from that dream-land which the exuberant fancy of his youth had peopled so charmingly. Then there are the brothers Faed, one still resident in Edinburgh, the other in London, but both in the strictest sense pupils of the Edinburgh school; there is Erskine Nicol, who rents a summer-house in Connemara, and has gone beyond the Irish themselves in appreciation of their national character; the brothers Lauder, whose artistic training would do honour to any school; and D. O. Hill, the gifted illustrator of the land of Burns, whom we have already mentioned as one of the founders of the Association. Of the younger sort are such names as Herdman, Archer, Burr, Gavin, and a crowd of others destined yet to be better known. In portrait, we have the president of the Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, whose "Renowned Provost of Peterhead" was acknowledged to be the best portrait exhibited in Paris. We have Graham Gilbert of Glasgow, who in vigour of drawing, and truth and warmth of colouring, is, we think justly, reputed to have outstripped the President himself; and we have Colvin Smith, John Faed, and Macnee, all still resident in Scotland; whilst in London our country is represented by Thorburn, Grant, Ross, Swinton, and Philip, who, were he to devote himself to portrait painting, would soon, we believe, surpass the whole of his metropolitan competitors. In recent times we have had Raeburn, and Duncan, and Wilkie, the latter of whom we are almost unwilling to mention in this category; though even as a portrait painter, we believe it would be difficult to find an English name that merited to be placed against

his, without going back to the days of Reynolds and Gainsborough. In landscape, it will surprise many of our readers to be told that we by no means appear to the same advantage; and the names of Macculloch amongst the living, and Thomson of Duddingston among the dead, (unless we reckon Harvey as an occasional contributor,) are the only ones that we can at all venture to place over against those of Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, Turner, and Constable. But it is in the region of pure form that the most unequivocal test of artistic ability is afforded; and this test we have stood in a manner which leaves no further question as to the capabilities of our countrymen. In Gibson we claim the greatest of all European sculptors since Thorwaldsen's death, or at any rate we contest the palm with the best of the Germans, such as Rauch and Kiss, and between him and Laurence Macdonald it is doubtful whether Tenerani can be named. Both Gibson and Macdonald, as everybody knows, have been resident in Rome so long as almost to be claimed as Romans; in London, however, we have Calder Marshall, Monro, Scoullar; and in Edinburgh, Steell and Brodie.

But though the names which we have here thrown hastily together, when taken in conjunction with the limited resources of Scotland, may well be read with honest pride, we are very far from putting the claims of Scottish art very high absolutely, or even comparatively, if the comparison is to range beyond the existing schools of modern Europe. Our opinion of it, when measured by higher standards, we expressed in these pages very fully several years ago;* and to some of the suggestions, and not a few of the strictures which we then ventured to put forth, we cannot but think that the attention of many of our artists might still be directed with advantage. But it is by no means our intention to recur at present to this wide and endlessly interesting field of discussion. Our object is to do justice to what we may denominate an æstheticico-economical institution, with the constitution and merits of which we were then very imperfectly acquainted. If art is to flourish at all in this country it must be by means of an organized system of patronage, which, springing from the people, is dispensed by a criticism higher than that of popular taste; and we have no hesitation in commending to the warmest sympathies of our countrymen, an institution by means of which this object has already been attained in a very remarkable degree. Holding such opinions as regards the influence of the As-

sociation on painting and sculpture, we cannot but rejoice to see its principles extended to the patronage of art in its application to manufactures. He who can add the *dulce* to the *utile* in the meanest object which we see or handle, contributes towards the civilization and humanization of mankind, and he who encourages and heartens another to do so, shall assuredly not go unrewarded. That to such reward those gentlemen who have founded the Art-Manufacture Association are entitled, no civilised man will doubt who has spent half an hour in the Exhibition, or ten minutes over the interesting catalogue by which it is illustrated.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Copy of a Minute by the Marquis of Dalhousie, dated the 28th day of February 1856, reviewing his Administration in India from January 1848 to March 1856.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th May 1856.
2. *The Opium Trade; including a Sketch of its History, Extent, Effects, &c., as carried on in India and China.* By NATHAN ALLEN, M.D. Second Edition. Lowell, (U.S.,) 1853.
3. *The Rise and Progress of the British Opium Smuggling: The Illegality of the East India Company's Monopoly of the Drug; and its Injurious Effects upon India, China, and the Commerce of Great Britain. Five Letters addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury.* By MAJOR-GENERAL R. ALEXANDER, Madras Army. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 1856.
4. *A Word about Opium.* (Published by the Society for Suppressing Opium Smuggling.)
5. *The Friend of India.* No. for December 21, 1854.
6. *The Calcutta Gazette.* December 13, 1854.
7. *The Chinese Missionary Gleaner.* December 1856.
8. *Seven Letters on the Opium Trade.* (From the "British Banner.")
9. *The Opium Monopoly.* (From the "Times," August 14, 1855.)
10. *Second Annual Report of the China Mission at Amoy.* Edinburgh, December 1856.
11. *Occasional Paper of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, dated July 1856, and the Paper dated January 1857.*
12. *The Spectator,* (quoted in the "Manchester Examiner and Times" of Decem-

* The Fine Arts in Edinburgh, 1851.

ber 18, 1856.) *Why does not India produce more Cotton?*

ONCE and again, during the last twenty-five years, the attention of the British public has been loudly challenged in regard to the painful and perplexing subject now before us, namely, the trade in opium, and particularly the bearing of that trade upon the welfare of the people of China. There are specific reasons just now for repeating this challenge, and for endeavouring to bring the facts thereto belonging under the eye of all thoughtful and humane persons. This, therefore, is what we are proposing to do within our own sphere—the circle of the readers of this journal.

The feeling with many such persons has been, and is still, that the opium traffic of the East India Company—a contraband traffic—with China, is a subject not more deplorable and humiliating than it is hopeless, as to any possible alteration for the better. There are many, and they are considerate persons too, who, when asked to give an ear to any suggestions on this subject, turn away with the apathy of despair;—"Oh, well, it is a sad affair, but nothing can be done; these Orientals *will* get their opium somehow; and, moreover, the trade, with its vast profits, is an absolutely indispensable item of Indian revenue: it must not be touched. We can only comfort ourselves with the thought that, if we are destroying the millions of China, we are saving the millions of India, with the money."

This is what one hears; but neither the statement of the case, nor the inference thence derived, has a good sound—we distaste both; and more than this, we have convinced ourselves, by means of a careful examination of the evidence, *first*, that the facts are not as is here supposed; and *secondly*, that they do not sustain any such conclusion as has been hastily drawn from them. With all possible brevity and simplicity we shall convey to the reader the result of our inquiries, as well as the grounds of the inference which we think they warrantably support.

No good purpose, just now, would be secured by our endeavouring to weigh one mass of human misery against another mass, so as to be able to affirm that the ruin and the woe attendant upon the trade in opium is as great as that which has made the African slave trade an object of execration to all nations. Whether it be a greater evil or a less, the traffic now in view is burdened with a weight which cannot be duly estimated; and the contemplation of which should press as an intolerable load upon the minds

of all men, and upon the consciences of those more immediately concerned.

In entering upon the case we put far from us the thought of decorating an argument so as to beguile the reader, and to touch his feelings or warp his judgment. The bare facts need no dressing up: the inferences ensue without any skill in the reasoning. But we are well entitled to the reader's most careful attention; and we demand it in the name of humanity and in the name of Christian consistency. Although some may believe that they are already familiar with the details of the subject—a subject which has repeatedly been brought forward in a variety of modes, we shall think it needful, in the present instance, to state the facts anew, and to do so as if they were not very distinctly apprehended by those to whom we address ourselves.

We confine ourselves at this time to so much of the general subject as relates to the East India Opium Trade with CHINA; and, as thus limited, the foremost fact, a true knowledge of which is essential to a comprehension of the problem, is—the physical, moral, and social characteristics of our victims—the Chinese people; and then the actual, and very peculiar circumstances of this vast aggregate of human beings at this present critical moment. When, as now, we speak of the people of China as our *victims*, we do not assume, as if it were already proved, the guiltiness of any who may stand forward as the immediate authors of the wrongs that are inflicted upon them: or we assume only that sort of general blame-worthiness which may rest upon all of us, and upon each, if, after being informed of the facts, we fail to do what might be possible to us for rescuing the sufferers from their miserable fate.

The vast plains of China are occupied by mingled races, aboriginal and immigrative, distinguished very broadly by their physical and moral characteristics, with which, however, we are not just now concerned. We restrict ourselves again by speaking of the genuine Chinese, not of the Tartar. What the man of China may have been in remote ages, and what he has done, we do not authentically know, and we need not now inquire. Such as we find him at this time, he is our equal in many of the arts of life;—in some of these arts he is our master, and has long been our superior:—he possesses every needful aptitude for general business, and for the ordering and administering of those interests which bear upon social, municipal, and political order. He is astute, apprehensive, and intelligent; but he wants the philosophic, or the intellectually abstractive

tendency, even if he be not altogether deficient in the inherent faculty. He is the practical man; and thus far he has the European characteristic, more than the Asiatic. But there is a want in his constitution which allies him more nearly to the Asiatic than to the European families. He is alive to the moral sentiments—the domestic eminently; but these sentiments in him are rather the immemorial form of the national mind, than the form and the personal property of the individual man:—the moral sentiments are the colour and the mould of a soft mass, that of the universal Chinese soul:—they escape our grasp when, on this side of human nature, we are endeavouring to get a firm hold of the individual man. In the Chinese individual man the moral sentiment does not fill its due place as the solid nucleus of the character;—it slips away when one would seize it;—the man is infirm in purpose;—he is loosely regardful of truth;—he is vaguely alive to responsibilities, if they be at all remote in their issues. Slightly, therefore, and superficially, and ritually only, is he a religious man. As the sensuous and animal elements are fully developed in him, and the relish of momentary pleasure is very keen, he is the creature of immediate impulses—he is the victim almost always of temptation. In every community, it is true, that those who have acquired the fatal habitude of indulgence, are, as we here say, the ready victims of temptation; and so are the infirm by constitution; but these are exceptive cases in a moralized community. In China the exceptions are very few with whom reason, prudence, or moral consistency hold sway, giving to the individual man a consciousness of power, and a degree of self-respect:—the Chinese people, if they are to be thought of as occupying a place among civilized nations, are, in mass, the prompt victims of every sensuous momentary indulgence. They are the very people, to coerce or to seduce whom should seem a wrong of the deepest atrocity.

That very same infirmity of the moral nature, whether it be the primeval characteristic of the race, or the consequence of ages of religious darkness, exposes them in another way to every ill influence. The Imperial Government has, on many occasions, and especially in relation to the opium-plague, shown an anxiety unquestionably sincere, to protect the people from what it has known to be working their ruin. It has enacted laws—it has submitted to very costly compromises of its fiscal interests—it has inflicted the severest punishments upon its agents; yet it has always failed to effect

its purpose to any appreciable extent: it has so failed because its officials, the men in its employ, are, almost without an exception, venal: they fulfil their trust when they are not tempted to betray it; but they betray it as often as they are offered a bribe. An administration, outstretched as it is over so vast an area, even if at the centre there were seated the highest energy and wisdom, could scarcely carry out its purposes for the wellbeing of the people—the people being such as they are—even if public opinion, well directed, were universally diffused, and were instantaneous in its appliance, and were at its command. How then should it realize any such purposes, wholly destitute as it is of these auxiliary means? On this ground again, therefore, and every way, the Chinese people are our victims;—the people, by their inherent moral laxity;—the nation, by the powerlessness of the Government; for when it would do good, evil, only evil, is present with it, in its agents. As a Government, even if it have some vitality in itself, it has to do only with a putrefying carcase. And so it is that, if for our own vicious purposes we are seeking to make a prey of hundreds of millions of people, we have, in the people of China, a victim quite ready to our hand.

But this is not the whole of the case with which we have just now to do. A victim is at our mercy—and at this moment this victim is torn, spoiled, and bleeding. The means of information which are within reach of Europeans, concerning the present insurrectionary movement in China, are too slender and dubious to afford ground even for a statement of the actual facts which might be relied upon; much less for forming any anticipation of the probable issue of this widely-spread civil war. Thus far, however, there can be no room for doubt: the imperial government is hard pressed upon, and is in a state of the utmost alarm, as to its very existence. What term should be applied to its assailants is not clear: are they rebels?—are they the rightful claimants of a position from which they have been ejected?—are they reformers, regenerators, and the armed propagators of a better religious belief, and a better morality, and a more liberal polity? Toward which side should the sympathies and wishes of the European nations go over? If aid were afforded to either party—to which party should it be given? We imagine that to not one of these questions can a satisfactory answer be given at this moment; and it may be long before we—that is, Europeans, can come to know the state of facts, or the rights of the conflict. Meanwhile these things are out of

question—that, in a country so extensive as China, so thickly peopled, so sadly wanting in moral energies and public virtue, and so much accustomed to spectacles of sanguinary atrocity, a civil war—or a war of any kind, when once it has got ahead, will be of long continuance—will draw in its course all conceivable and inconceivable miseries—slaughters, pestilences, famines, and these, and each of them, on a scale vastly outmeasuring the proportions of similar devastations taking place in a European kingdom.

Such being the facts—and it being also certain that an armed interference on the part either of Great Britain or America, which are the two potent spectators of the conflict, would be far more likely to aggravate the mischief, than to bring it to an end—nothing remains for us, and for all who profess the common sympathies of humanity, and who call themselves Christians—nothing but to stand aloof, not indeed with indifference, but with feeling—careful, on our own part, of taking any course through heedlessness, through arrogance, or from nefarious motives, the effect of which should be to render still more intense the sufferings of the people; or to put a cruel advantage into the hands of the one party, which will not fail to be used and abused by it, without compunction, against the other.

From the statements which we have yet to make, it will appear, beyond question, that the fast-spreading ruin of the Chinese people, consequent upon their infatuated taste for opium, brings peculiar aggravations with it, *at this present time*, when internal war, with its violences and confusions, are threatening to break down all those restraints of social order, which, through so many ages, have secured to the people of China a large measure of material wellbeing. The evils which are likely, for a long time to come, to afflict the empire, are of a kind that must aggravate each other—as thus;—that enervation—mind and body, of the male population which opium-smoking is rapidly producing, rendering millions of the people—the men—incapable either of self-defence, or of any prudential course of action for the preservation of order, invites the violence and rapacity of that portion of the people which is learning to live by brigandage. Thus, on the other hand, the miseries, the destitution, and the many forms of suffering which attend civil war, have the direct tendency (so it is with all modes of intoxication) to drive men to seek that fatal temporary oblivion and excitement which opium so readily affords. All the world over—and we may see it in every street of our crowded towns—as it is drunkenness which produces

wretchedness, so again it is this very wretchedness which leads to, and which promotes drunkenness. The two destructive forces are always adding intensity, each to the other. In China, at this time—we are speaking especially of those districts in which the insurrection is raging—so long as the miserable people, driven from their industrial courses, can find yet another silver coin, they will carry it, in utter despair, to the smoking shop, that they may there lose, for a season, the consciousness of their load of woe. This is a course of things—it is an interaction of cause and effect, which must go on with rapid acceleration, until the last stage of social dissolution shall have been reached by the mass of the people.

A principal element in the gloomy subject which we have now in view is the recentness, comparatively, of the evil. If the fact were this, that the use of opium as an intoxicating drug had been an immemorial practice, under the influence of which the people of China had, from the remotest times, some way, contrived to float forward—such as they have always been, and in the main, as well to do as other imperfectly civilized races, we might think that the mischiefs attending it, whatever they may be, do meet their corrective in some unknown manner; and, at any rate, that an ancient and inveterate practice, however bad it may be, is quite beyond our control; and that it must be thought of only as one among the many sources of evil which afflict humanity at large. But such is far from being the fact. It may not be possible to trace, to its actual rise, the practice in question, as an ordinary usage of Chinese life—say, among the wealthy and luxurious; but it is quite certain that, as a usage affecting extensively the masses of the people, it is quite recent; and equally certain that its spread among the millions is going on at so rapid a rate of increase that each year shows an enormous excess in the consumption of the drug, over that of the preceding year. The evil, as a source of national misery, is comparatively new; and it is swelling every moment as a flood; and it is now in full course to cover the surface of this vast region, from a seaboard of a thousand miles, and inward, a thousand miles deep.

It appears, and the evidence is of the most authentic kind, that whereas previously to the year 1767, the export of opium from India to China had not usually exceeded 200 chests annually—the time when a new impulse was given to the trade by the Company—it has, from that time to this, gone on increasing, with variations, from year to year, until the present time (or a time dated three years back) when not less than fifty or sixty

thousand chests are, every year, landed upon the coast of China, at a cost to the people of many millions sterling, and at a profit to the Indian Government of not less than five millions. For many years past

"a fleet of fast-sailing vessels, or steamers, fitted out in the most complete manner, and fully armed, is constantly traversing the eastern seas, laden with this drug, each vessel carrying seven or eight thousand chests: while large receiving ships, moored at various points along the coast of China, constitute so many floating warehouses, to which the Chinese smugglers have recourse, openly and constantly, and in defiance of the Government—its own officers conniving at the traffic."

At a time within the memory of men now living, the opium-pipe in China was the luxury of the opulent only; and the indulgence, well known to be of dangerous tendency, was kept within bounds, by all but a few; but in consequence of the endeavours made of late years to extend a trade which has been found to be more lucrative than any other, the drug has been placed within the reach of the middle and lower classes.

"Smoking-shops have been opened, and the needful smoking appliances have been brought within the means of the poorest, so as that at this time, and for some years past, the less wealthy gentry, the official class, tradesmen, mechanics of all kinds, labourers, and women, have very generally become habitual opium-smokers. Although calculations in cases of this sort can be little more than approximately correct, they are quite as likely to fall short of the truth, as to exceed it. It has been assumed as a basis of such a calculation, that an habitual opium-smoker consumes about seventeen grains daily; reckoning at this rate, 10,000 chests would supply one million of such smokers for a year; but of course a much larger number, if we include those who do, or who are compelled to allow themselves a smaller quantity daily. But lately 50,000 chests have been imported annually into China; and this quantity, distributed according to a probable supposition, over those districts within which opium hitherto has been freely offered to the mass of the people, will show that a larger *per centage* of the adult population has become the victim of the poison."

But whether this proportion be larger or smaller, it is a proportion that is always on the increase; and at the same time the area over which it prevails is always extending.

When we say that the average daily consumption is seventeen grains, there are many who use a much larger quantity; and as to the cost of the indulgence, men of the labouring class, questioned indiscriminately by Dr. Smith (bishop of Victoria) acknowledged that their opium-smoking took from them two-thirds of their daily earnings.

But now for the purpose of bringing the

principal facts of the case in due perspective before the reader, we must go back a few steps, and trace the course of things from its origin in India; and show what is the relation of the Opium trade to the interests of the East India Company.

The poppy, as we all know, flourishes within a wide isothermal belt; it gives a flaunty gaiety to our cottage gardens; and in the painter's eye, it relieves, in a happy manner, the monochrome of the ripening wheat-field. In every land, almost, it draws the eye to itself, and speaks its power to assuage pain: the milky exudation of the seed-vessel, when the petals have just fallen, comes into the hand of the pharmaceutical chemist as perhaps the most extensively useful, and the most urgently needed, of all the remedies he prepares, as the means of alleviating sufferings. But this plant, although it thus offers itself to the service of man, in almost every land, yet loves the warmest climates; and, to be available in a commercial sense, for the production of opium, it is scarcely cultivated further north than the fortieth, or thirty-fourth degree of latitude, on this side the equator. It is grown, as an article of commerce, in Turkey, and on some fertile and well-watered plains of Asia Minor, and Persia; but nowhere with so much advantage as on the plains of central India. It is there, and under a careful system of culture, that the poppy luxuriates, and that it yields its juice in the greatest abundance, and of the best quality. It is calculated that 100,000 acres of the richest lands watered by the Ganges, and in the plains of central India, are given to the poppy.

A very laborious husbandry is required to render the lands devoted to this growth remunerative; constant weeding and irrigation are needed. When the flower falls, and the unripe capsule is exposed, a knife, formed for the purpose, is used to make an oblique incision around it, from which exudes a milky juice, that becomes inspissate by the heat of the sun; and the next day is removed, and collected as a dark brown tenacious semi-solid. The many processes which this matter undergoes, first in India, and afterwards in China, to refine it, and to fit it for its different applications, it would be beside our purpose to describe. It is enough just to say that, when compacted into cakes or balls, it is packed in chests—each weighing from a hundred and twenty, to a hundred and forty pounds; and when carried to China, the chest is worth about £150, or £160 sterling. It is as thus made up in chests, for exportation, that we have to speak of it on the present occasion.

As to the culture of the poppy in Hindoostan, if it were left to take its course along with other congenial products of the soil—such as sugar, indigo, cotton, and corn, it would not be very extensively admitted—the labour being comparatively great, and the chances, dependent upon the season, being many of a failure; for one untimely storm of wind and rain may destroy a crop. The growth of the poppy, if not interfered with, would be confined to the most favourable spots; and in that case it would adjust itself to the demand for medicinal purposes. But this is not the state of the case; nor has it been for many years past. In all those parts of British India the soil and climate of which are at all favourable to opium farming, the occupier of the soil—the ryot, holds his land under a stringent obligation to produce a certain quantity of opium, yearly, which he is bound to sell to the agents of the Government at a price fixed by them. Regulations the most severe have been devised, and are rigorously enforced, for the purpose of keeping up the supply, and of securing a constant increase of it, such as shall furnish the opium markets at Calcutta and Bombay *monthly* with not less than 3000 chests for the one, and a third of that quantity for the other.

It is, to a great extent, by means of advances from the Government that the ryot—the native cultivator—is enabled to carry on the culture round the year; his condition, therefore, is always that of a debtor to the party to whom he is compelled to sell his produce.

The opium which reaches Bombay is produced chiefly in countries that are not under the control of the Indian Government, and the conditions of the culture are there different.

This particular produce having been thus forced up to its actual state, by a direct interference on the part of the Indian Government—a Government absolute and irresistible—its relation to other kinds of produce is altogether artificial; so that at any moment, if, by any means, this interference were to be withdrawn, and at the same time the efforts of the Chinese Government to exclude the drug, were to become effective, the poppy growth of India would fall into its proper relative insignificance, and the same lands would, with advantage to India and to the world, give themselves to husbandries that need no such forcing.

But how shall any such desirable change be brought about? An answer to this question may be difficult. The revenue derived by the East India Company from their monopoly of the opium trade has gradually come to constitute a large part of its revenues, and

it is a part upon the regularity of which, and upon its constancy of increase, the Indian Government can, with the most confidence, rely. To such an extent is this the fact, that the question has presented itself in this form:—

“How is the Government to go on at all, and how is the British Empire in the East to be maintained, if it be deprived of the opium revenue; if the forced production in India, and the forced introduction of opium into China, should in any way cease, or even if it should reach a limit, and in any degree decline?”

So long as ten years ago the East India Company received, in one year, a net revenue of three millions sterling from its monopoly, and from that time, to this, with variations arising from the seasons, and from the political and commercial condition of China, the trade has been augmenting at a rapid rate. The average cost of a chest of opium, up to the time when it is sold at Calcutta, at the monthly auction, and when it passes into the hands of the merchants who ship it for China, is about thirty-five pounds. The price obtained at these sales varies considerably, but an average may be £105; often it rises much above this amount. Looking back twenty years, the profits hence derived by the company have steadily increased, and are in course of augmentation. These profits arise, not merely from its own dealings directly, as producers of opium, but from the duty levied, as pass-duty, upon every chest which reaches Bombay from the districts that are not under its control. This duty has amounted to forty or forty-five pounds upon the chest. On the whole, the revenue derived from this source is so considerable, as we have stated above, that the opium question has come to be one which has been thought to touch, perhaps we might say, the existence of the British supremacy in the East; and if, without admitting any considerations of a moral kind into our calculations, we were thinking simply and coldly of the stability of that power, it must be with some anxiety, nay, a deep anxiety, that we come to understand the precariousness of a trade, upon the continuance and the increase of which everything seems to depend.

At this point we turn to Lord Dalhousie's Minute, named at the head of this Article—a splendid record as it is of his term of office! Nothing of the kind, perhaps, has lately appeared which better deserves perusal, or which suggests so many reflections, touching the wellbeing of hundreds of millions of the human family. But we keep to our immediate purpose. In Articles 19 and 20 of

this Minute, the noble Marquis reports the revenue of the Indian empire for the year 1854-55.

"By the several territorial acquisitions which have just been enumerated, a revenue of not less than four millions sterling has been added to the annual income of the Indian Empire. Stated in general terms, the revenue of India has increased from £26,000,000 in 1847-48, to £30,000,000 in 1854-55; and the income of the present year, exclusive of Oude, has been estimated at the same amount of £30,000,000 sterling. Without entering into any close detail, it may be stated that the main sources of revenue are not less productive than before; while the revenue derived from opium has increased from £2,730,000 in 1847-48, to £4,700,000 in 1854-55, and is estimated at upwards of £5,000,000 for the present year."—*Minute, Art. 20.*

From this statement it appears that the traffic in opium, which is mainly with China, yields as much as one-sixth part of the entire revenue of the Indian Empire.

If, then this source of revenue—the opium trade with China—be, as we think it must be granted that it is, of a precarious kind, then a due and prudent regard to the stability of the British rule in the East will give urgency to the question—whether provision should not be made—timely provision—for supplying a probable deficiency from sources that are less remote from British control? This question steers clear entirely of all moral considerations; it is political or economic purely. The possible failure or decline of the opium trade with China, may arise in several different ways, which it may be well briefly to mention.

It is not to be imagined as at all a probable event, that the Chinese Government should be able to effectuate its earnest endeavours to exclude the drug, and to suppress the smuggling trade. Hitherto, and in the present distracted state of the empire, these endeavours are still less likely to succeed; thus far they have utterly failed. The opium war—that dark passage of British history—has taught the Chinese Government and the people, that to any extent, inland, to which European armaments may penetrate, resistance to our military power is vain. The feeblér race, and the less perfect civilisation, must take law—right or wrong—from the stronger, and the more knowing. But even this consciousness of its weakness may lead the Government, or those separate Governments that may result from the present conflict, to defend themselves, commercially, at least, in another manner. The annual drainage of silver from China, on this account alone, is such as to drag it downward toward ruin; and a far-seeing Govern-

ment, understanding its commercial interests, would come to the conclusion—that, if now to deny opium to the people be a hopeless matter, it would at the least be better for China to grow the poppy at home, than to pay five times its cost to foreigners. Extensive districts within the limits of the empire are as well adapted to this culture as are the plains of Hindoostan; labour is cheaper in China than in India: the entire profits of the East India Company, the profits of the merchants concerned, and the costs of the transit, may be saved; and it scarcely admits of a question that opium agriculture in China might be so carried on as would enable the native dealer very far to undersell the importer of his drug. It is not easy to see why a change of this sort may not be introduced, clearly as it is indicated by the facts of the case, if only they be understood in China. Even the present disturbed state of the empire may lead to it; for whereas, while the Imperial authority was everywhere recognised, and, as to the interior of the country, was effective, the culture of the poppy might not be possible,—easy as it would be for the Government to come in upon all who should attempt it, it may now be the fact, or it may ere long come to be the fact, that districts favourable to this culture may have ceased to yield obedience to the Imperial authority, and that the occupiers of the soil in those districts may find themselves at liberty to pursue their own interests. When it is considered that every chest of opium paid for on the coast of China costs at least five times what it would cost if the poppy were grown, and the opium were manufactured by the Chinese people for themselves, it must be felt that, if once the prohibitive measures of the Government were removed, or were in any way to cease to take effect, the Indian opium trade would become dependent entirely, or to a great extent, upon the continued ignorance of the Chinese people as to their own interests; or, if not so, upon their utter want of capital, as well as of the spirit of enterprise.

If at one and the same moment the facts concerning the opium trade were to break in upon the Chinese mind, and the Imperial authority were to be weakened, and the present strain upon the monetary resources of China were to reach a crisis, the result, as affecting the Indian trade, would seem to be inevitable, or nearly so:—

"Fifty or sixty thousand chests of opium, at the cost of a hundred and thirty pounds sterling per chest, are annually paid for by China, either in hard silver, or in goods, equal to silver in relation to the resources of the country. This drain

has gone on always increasing, until the disturbing and ruinous effect of it has reached a point where it threatens a wide-spread calamity: the mass of the people is in course of becoming indigent to a degree which cannot be exceeded. It is only as the opium plague spreads further and further inwards, over the empire, that the funds upon which it draws can be maintained. But these funds are not inexhaustible. The tea and the silk which China brings in her hands, in part payment of the chest of opium, do not suffice for this purpose. For a long course of years the deficiency has been made up each year by something like fifteen millions of dollars, paid in hard silver. This drain has deranged the monetary condition of the empire to an extent which cripples its industry, and which has spread so much discontent among the people, as to have aggravated, if it have not originated, the intestine commotions by which, at present, it is torn. The silver mines of China have been very productive, but it is affirmed that the richest of them have long been exhausted, and that the Government has sent its agents in search of new veins. How far this search may have been successful, is not known; but this is certain, that the exhausted condition of the empire at large has not been relieved."

On such grounds as these, let it be for a moment admitted as probable, that China should cease, whether gradually or suddenly, to be willing, or to be able to take at our hands the opium of India. If this cessation should imply the abandonment of the pernicious practice of opium smoking to a great extent, all humane persons must rejoice, and rejoice, too, whatever might become of Indian revenue. But let us suppose nothing more than this, that China resolves to save itself the three or four hundred *per cent.* of artificial cost, and to raise and prepare its own opium. In that event, it is true, humanity has gained nothing; but at the least, the British conscience stands relieved from a heavy burden. China continues to destroy herself with this poison; but we no longer are the receivers of the pieces of silver which hitherto the suicide has brought into our hands.

But now, in such an imagined case, which implies nothing very improbable, what course would the Indian Government, or the "Honourable Court" at home, adopt and pursue? In attempting a reply, we turn again to Lord Dalhousie's Minute. This record of an eight years' administration may well be read with amazement by our European neighbours—north and south, and by us with a consciousness—let it not be in the world's vain dialect, "a proud consciousness" of a domination to which nothing in history is comparable—a domination so wide, so various in the national elements it embraces—so vast in its resources, and exercised, on the whole, in a manner so bene-

ficial to the peoples—many—that are subject to it. We have no space for historical comparisons, but may assume it as certain, that no well-informed Englishman, who is not perverted by malign and unpatriotic prejudices, would attempt to deny that the British domination in the East—the object as it is of wonder and admiration to the world,—is a good, incalculably great, to the nations of India; or that the overthrow of it would be a calamity, the depth of which none could estimate.

To treat any question touching the stability of the Indian Empire with indifference, must be an affectation. We hold this to be certain; nor should we give heed for a moment to any argument relating to the opium trade, the ground of which was this, that humanity at large has no concernment with the maintenance and perpetuation of that empire. It is with a feeling altogether of a contrary sort that we go about to inquire whether the Indian revenue, is, in fact, so dependent upon this one source of income as has been, and is usually assumed.

Lord Dalhousie's report of his eight years' administration brings under view, within the compass of a few pages, the territorial acquisitions which have taken place during these eight years, and the consequent augmentation of the revenue to the amount of not less than four millions sterling. The income for the present year is estimated at thirty millions sterling. We must abstain from going into details, any further than these may touch our conclusion in the question before us. During these eight years, "the tonnage which sought the port of Calcutta has more than doubled in amount." At the same time, internal trade, as well as those means which so vastly facilitate the measures of Government, have received incalculable aids by the completion of a thousand miles or more of railway—by the extension and improvement of canals; and, not least, by the extension of the electric telegraph through four thousand miles of country.*

But as to these territorial acquisitions, the direct increase accruing to the revenue is far from being the most important part of the advantage thence arising—or likely to arise.

"An extensive trade is springing up in Pegu, and when the deficient population of the country shall have been supplied—as it will be under the firm British rule—the province of Pegu will

* While writing, we see that the Company has just now authorized the further extension of this system over more than three thousand miles of its territory.

equal Bengal in fertility of production, and will surpass it in every other respect."—*Minute, Art. 26.*

The acquisitions of the Company in Berar and Nagpore have brought under its immediate control those districts which are most favourable to the culture of cotton. Nothing connected with the British Empire in the East, and with its bearing upon our manufacturing supremacy, can be more important than is the increase of the cotton culture in India: a large supply of cotton from that quarter, free-grown, if it were equal in quality, and on a level as to price with that of the slave States of America, is in every sense intensely to be desired. An increase, in this article alone, might quickly make good a deficiency in the revenue that is now drawn from the opium traffic. Some districts in the kingdom of Pegu are likely also to be devoted to the cotton culture.

"The cultivation of tea in Assam," we are here told, *Minute, Art. 79*, "has prospered in a remarkable degree. The plant has also been largely introduced into the upper districts of the north-west provinces; and, some years ago, plantations were established in the Deyrah Dhoon, and in Kumaon and Gurhwal. More recently Mr. Fortune has been employed to bring plants and seeds in large quantities from China, and to engage Chinese workmen for the manufacture of the tea. The cultivation has extended along the Himalayas. Extensive plantations are now growing up on the heights toward Kangra; and an experimental plantation has been formed on the Murree Hills, above Rawul Pindiee. Further to the eastward, in Kumaon and Gurhwal, the Zemindars have adopted the cultivation of the plant themselves. Very large quantities of tea are now manufactured every year. It sells readily at a high price. There is every reason to believe that the cultivation of the tea plant will be very widely spread in future years, and that the trade in tea produced in India will become considerable in extent."—*Minute, Art. 80.*

The growth of flax, of silk, the rearing of sheep in Pegu, and of horses—the preservation and renewal of forests (especially in the kingdom of Oude) "will now be carefully regulated and preserved." An extensive survey of districts likely to contain mineral treasures—coal and iron especially, has been carrying forward for some time, and promises to be productive to an important extent.

"On the ground of these encouraging facts, fair hopes may be built that the present most urgent want of India, in connexion with her material improvement, namely, an ample supply of good iron, within her own bounds, may at no distant date be abundantly supplied."—*Minute, Art. 85.*

But this exposition of the resources of India touches our present purpose at yet another point.

In India canal navigation is usually, if not in every case, a double-handed blessing:—it is the pathway of trade—the cheapest and the surest; it is the source of irrigation over wide levels—provinces, through which it passes. So it has already opened the interior to European manufactures, and at the same time has—may we not say so?—secured India to a great extent against those visitations of famine which have not failed to decimate the people periodically. At once to facilitate and extend trade, and to exempt the people from these devastations, is to augment the resources of the empire incalculably. On this subject we must cite the Governor-General again:—

"Of all the works of public improvement which can be applied to an Indian province, works of irrigation are the happiest in their effects upon the physical condition of the people. And foremost among all the works of irrigation that the world has as yet ever seen, stands the Ganges canal, whose main stream was for the first time opened on the 8th April 1854. . . . Within eight years the main lines of the Ganges canal, applicable to the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, have been designed, executed, and opened. Extending over 525 miles in length, measuring in its greatest depth 10 feet, and in its extreme breadth 170 feet, the main irrigation line of the Ganges canal is justly described as a work which stands unequalled in its class and character among the efforts of civilized nations."—*Minute, Art. 87.*

This Report then goes on to mention, in their order, as many as twenty-six public works connected with inland navigation, with irrigation, and with maritime security, which have either been completed within the same term of years, or which are now in progress. To canals succeed roads—almost novelties in India;—then railways, and the electric telegraph; in which last class of improvements India seems to be taking the lead in all the world:—but we must refrain, and answer the question—How do these magnificent undertakings—magnificent because beneficent, how do they touch our present subject—the opium revenue of India?

They touch this subject in two ways distinctly. In the first place, they spread before us a prospect not unsubstantial, or in any sense visionary, of such a development of the vast natural resources of India, and of such an expansion of its internal trade, and of its commerce, as may warrant a sure calculation of the gradual, and probably the rapid increase of the revenue. It is

true that wars may consume any such augmentations; but if peace be maintained, and if successive Governors-General shall be as wise and as able as the one who now lays down the reins, such an increase can scarcely fail to be the fruit of these new means of national wealth.

But, in the second place, they touch our immediate argument on another side; and to place it in the view of our readers, we ask their attention to another extract from Lord Dalhousie's Minute: speaking of the Indian Government generally, he says—

"During the years 1847-48, and 1848-49, the annual deficiency which had long existed, still continued to appear in the accounts. But in each of the four following years the deficiency was converted into a surplus, varying from £360,000, to nearly £580,000. During the years 1853-54, and 1854-55, there has again been a heavy deficiency, and the deficiency of the present year is estimated at not less than £1,850,000. But these apparent deficiencies are caused by the enormous expenditure which the Government is now actually making upon public works, designed for the general improvement of the several provinces of the Indian empire. Wherefore, a large annual deficiency must and will continue to appear, unless the Government shall unhappily change its present policy, and abandon the duty which I humbly conceive it owes to the territories entrusted to its charge. The ordinary revenues of the Indian empire are amply sufficient, and more than sufficient, to meet all its ordinary charges; but they are not sufficient to provide for the innumerable and gigantic works which are necessary to its due improvement. It is impracticable to effect, and absurd to attempt, the material improvement of a great empire by an expenditure which shall not exceed the limits of its ordinary annual income."—*Minute, Art. 23.*

That the Indian Government should, from whatever cause, find itself compelled to abandon the hopeful and enlightened course of "gigantic improvements" indicated in this Minute, would be a subject of profound regret to those among us at home, who, the most fervently, desire the welfare of our eastern fellow-subjects. But now, if we were to go through the details of the Report before us, we should bring our readers to the belief that there is a class of the great works which are now projected, or in progress, that are of inferior importance, and which are less certain than others, as to any beneficial result. Clearly a distinction of this sort there is room for; or, to come to the point, if there were a necessity for limiting these operations, there is a field where retrenchment might have place without the risk of visibly, or appreciably, bringing to a stand the material improvement of the people, or the commercial advancement of the empire.

The civil-engineering work in India has, we assume, a margin, whereupon curtailment, if it were unavoidable, might be effected, and yet no great damage be sustained.

Let it then be imagined, as we have already supposed, that, from whatever cause, the opium trade with China should come to be on the decline, and that even a total cessation of it should be in prospect;—what course in such a case would be adopted and pursued by the Indian Government, or by the Court of Directors? This question seems to admit of a reply that is not very far to fetch.

The revenue, we are here told, namely, thirty millions sterling, is "more than sufficient to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government." Loans are contracted only to give effect to "gigantic improvements." This being the fact, a falling off in any one branch of the public income would not imperil the Government, or render the maintenance of the army precarious. The only effect would be, *first*, to bring to a close, for a time, some of the less urgently needed, or more remote schemes of improvement; and, *secondly* (if this were needed), to increase, by a little, the loan requisite for carrying forward those public works which have the strongest claim on the ground of their immediate utility.

But it is by no means certain that either of these courses would, under the circumstances now supposed, be found unavoidable. If those who are conversant with fiscal and financial calculations, and who, moreover, are already pretty well acquainted with Indian affairs, will give close attention to the multifarious statements which are condensed within the five and forty pages of the Parliamentary paper above cited, they will, as we think, soon convince themselves, that, if years of peace in India should ensue, and if no unusual calamity should fall upon the Eastern empire, the revenue, which is now in a course of augmentation, will, from year to year go on to increase, and with rapidity too, when those public works of which the Minute makes mention, shall have come fully to bear upon the agricultural and commercial resources of the country; we should say, of these many kingdoms.

The opium culture, as we have seen, is sustained by means of large advances made to the Zemindars and the Ryots, occupying the soil in the districts favourable to it. Let it be imagined that the same outlay takes other channels, and is sent into the several districts above named, in which silk, cotton, and tea are produced with advantage. Assuming, as we ought, Lord Dalhousie's statements to be authentic, then it must be regarded as a very reasonable expectation

that (if indeed *any did* be needed in these instances) the amount of aid which is now afforded to the opium growth and manufacture, would yield a return not less remunerative than is yielded by this one pernicious drug.

In all this we are far from taking a position on the ground of romantic philanthropy, or supposing that the "Honourable Court" will spontaneously come forward, and will risk its revenue by throwing away the opium trade, and will give its mind to other supposable sources of income. What we are thinking of is this, that it may be compelled to do so, as the result of some movements in China, that are not highly improbable, which may at once dry up this source, or greatly diminish it. We then say that the energy, the intelligence, and the vast means always at the command of the Indian Government, would very quickly make up the deficiency, and would probably realize, after a year or two, a much larger return. Let so much as this be granted us, for argument sake, and we then go on to ask, in what way would a change of this sort affect the commercial and the manufacturing interests of the British empire at large? How would it touch us here, near at home, in the manufacturing districts of England?

At the conclusion of what we must call the "Opium war" (1842), and when the five ports were opened to European commerce, large expectations were entertained as to the demands of the millions of China for British manufactures. With the hope of meeting and of stimulating these demands, speculation ran before orders. But the actual demand fell far short of these bright surmises. The Chinese millions did not absorb the glut of goods provided for them at any such rate as had been supposed likely to be called for. From that time to this our Chinese customers have failed to realize even very moderate and reasonable expectations. Various causes for this disappointment have been alleged; and foremost among them is the distracted state of the empire, and the spread of insurrection from province to province, over a very large area of this vast surface. This, and other alleged reasons of the small demand for British goods, are no doubt valid; but there is one in relation to which there can be little room for difference of opinion. In fact, there is a remarkable concurrence of the evidence of all the best informed witnesses who have lately given their testimony on subjects connected with the trade with China. The enormous amount annually paid by China for opium is a drain which exhausts the means of the population as purchasers of manufactured goods. The opium smoker

has, for the most part, brought himself into a condition of poverty or even of abject indigence—so that if he purchases daily his grains of opium, and with it the barest subsistence, it is all he can do. Higher up in the scale there is still the wasteful expenditure on this same luxury, limiting the means of the middle and upper classes; and there pervades the upper and lower classes alike, that listlessness, indifference, apathy, which slackens the desire for the comforts and indulgences of life. Opium fumes dull the appetite for those articles with which the British manufacturer would tempt the Chinese people—tempt them at once by the excellence of the article and by its extreme cheapness. If Manchester goods hang on hand at Shanghai, and elsewhere, it is because millions of the people are spending their all upon opium. This, on the ground of abundant evidence, we believe to be the state of the case.

But shall we be warranted in looking for a favourable change on this ground? That there is any reason to expect a spontaneous moral reform among the Chinese people, as to the habit of opium intoxication, is far more than we dare venture to affirm. If it were to take place, humanity would indeed have gained a triumph—a triumph most signal! The Indian revenue would have sustained a temporary check, which it would speedily recover; and, of this there is no reasonable doubt, the trade with China in articles of British manufacture would immediately feel the impulse; and if once, to some large extent, a desire for such articles were to spring up among the people, a field—which in a sense is boundless—would be opened on which British enterprise, and industry, and skill would be free to enter.

But we must be content at present to take a lower ground for our calculations of what may be probable. We have already advanced the supposition that the Chinese people may come to see their interests just so far as this:—That inasmuch as opium is and will be sought for, and will, in some way, be obtained by the mass of the people, the wiser course would be to grow and manufacture it for themselves. The imperial government hitherto has shown its determination to the contrary; but either it may come over to another mind, or, in the present distracted state of the empire, its interdictions may be everywhere set at naught. Should a change of this kind come about, then, as we have said, the Indian revenue fails in that one item; but the Chinese people, obtaining what they *will* have, at a fifth of its present cost, save themselves this ruinous drain, and, *so far*, they come into a

condition for dealing with us in other and better articles; that is to say, for the produce of the mills of Lancashire, and the shops of Sheffield and Birmingham. So far it would be well, and there might be ground for hope that, if we could fairly stimulate and provide for a healthier taste among the people, some counteraction of the worse taste would be brought into play.

In either case the opium question, as affecting ourselves, is a question between the Indian revenue in one of its elements, and the incalculably larger interests of British commerce and manufacture.

But let us now understand what this opium smoking is, as prevalent in China. We shall condense the great body of evidence before us on this point within the compass of a page or two. It is to be collected from various quarters, but it is substantially accordant. In this country, those who have fallen into a state of deplorable dependence upon the excitement of opium are opium eaters. We do not know that opium smoking is to any extent practised among us. But the people of China have found, or they believe it to be so, that the delirium which they seek is produced more readily, and much more effectively, by smoking it; that is, by burning a grain or two in the bowl of a pipe, and, with a long inspiration, filling the lungs, and retaining the fumes as long as possible. Two or three whiffs, so taken, are enough for most smokers. The fumes, brought immediately into contact with the blood, as it is undergoing oxidization, affect the nervous system and the brain, more quickly and more thoroughly, it is said, than when the drug passes into the system from the stomach. And if this mode of assimilation be more complete, and if it be quicker in its operation than the other, so is it believed to be far more pernicious in its consequences, as affecting the human constitution.

"The opium pipe consists of a pipe of heavy wood, furnished at the head with a cup, which serves to collect the residuum or ashes, left after combustion: this cup is usually a small cavity at the end of the pipe, and serves to elevate the bowl to a level with the lamp. The bowl of the pipe is made of earthenware, of an ellipsoid shape, and fits upon the hole, itself having a rimmed orifice on the flat side. The opium-smoker, lying upon a couch, holds the pipe, aptly called by the Chinese *yen tsiang* (*smoking pistol*) so near to the lamp that the bowl can be brought up to it without his stirring himself. A little piece of opium, of the size of a pea, being taken on the end of a spoon-headed needle, is put upon the hole of the bowl, and set on fire at the lamp, and inhaled at one whiff, so that none of the smoke shall be lost. Old smokers will retain the breath a long time, filling the lungs, and exhaling the fumes through

the nose. When the pipe has burned out, the smoker lies somewhat listless for a moment, while the fumes are dissipating, and then repeats the process until he has spent all his purchase, or taken his prescribed dose."

Opium shops, adapted to the means and habits of the poorest classes, abound in the towns and cities of China. These shops are represented as the most wretched and miserable places imaginable.

"They are kept open day and night, each being furnished with a greater or less number of bedsteads, constructed of bamboo-spars, and covered with dirty mats and rattans. A narrow wooden stool is placed at the head of the bed, which answers for a pillow or bolster, and in the centre of each shop there is a small lamp, which diffuses a cheerless light through this gloomy abode of vice and misery." "Never, perhaps," says Mr. Squire, a Church missionary, "was there a nearer approach to hell upon earth than within the precincts of these vile hovels, where gaming is likewise carried on to a great extent. Here every gradation of excitement and depression may be witnessed."

Mr. Pohlman, an American missionary, who resided several years at Amoy, states, that "there are as many as one thousand opium shops in that city alone, where the drug can be obtained, and facilities are furnished for smoking."

Opium smoking, so it is affirmed, destroys its victim in about ten years, reckoning from the time when the practice has become habitual. Opium

"holds its victim by a tighter grasp than does any kind of intoxicating liquid: the drunkard sometimes breaks his chain and escapes, the opium-eater or smoker scarcely ever. When the habit is formed, he has entered a cavern with a steep descent, and which allows of no turn." "There is no slavery on earth to be compared with the bondage into which opium casts its victim. There is scarcely one known instance of escape from its toils, when once they have fairly enveloped a man. The practice quickly destroys the appetite and the digestion, vitiates the blood, weakens the command of the mind over the voluntary muscles, as well as its command over itself, and ends in helpless insanity and death."

A Chinese in authority says:—

"When the habit becomes inveterate, it is necessary to smoke at certain fixed hours. Men can no longer live without this poison. The symptoms are, difficulty of breathing, chalky paleness, discoloured teeth, and a withered skin. People perceive that it hurries them to destruction, but it leaves them without spirit to desist."

"It is," says another Chinese, "a fearful, desolating pestilence, pervading all classes of the people, wasting their property, enfee-

bling their mental faculties, ruining their bodies, and shortening their lives." A medical writer, long resident at Penang, says,—

"The hospitals and poorhouses are chiefly filled with opium smokers. In one that I had the charge of, the inmates averaged sixty daily, five-sixths of whom were smokers of chandoo. The baneful effects of this habit on the human constitution are conspicuously displayed by stupor, forgetfulness, general deterioration of all the mental faculties, emaciation, debility, sallow complexion, lividness of lips and eyelids, languor, and lacklustre of eye; appetite either destroyed or depraved. In the morning these creatures have a most wretched appearance, evincing no symptoms of being refreshed or invigorated by sleep, however profound. There is a remarkable dryness or burning in the throat, which urges them to repeat the opium smoking. If the dose be not taken at the usual time, there is great prostration, vertigo, torpor, and discharge of water from the eyes. If the privation be complete, a still more formidable train of phenomena takes place: coldness is felt over the whole body, with aching pains in all parts. Diarrhoea occurs; the most horrid feelings of wretchedness come on; and, if the poison be withheld, death terminates the victim's sufferings." The opium smoker may be known "by his inflamed eyes and haggard countenance,—by his lank and shrivelled limbs, tottering gait, sallow visage, feeble voice, and the death-boding glance of his eye. He seems the most forlorn creature that treads the earth."

Dr. Smith, bishop of Hong-Kong, Lord Jocelyn, Mr. R. W. Martin, and Sir John Davis, late Governor of Hong-Kong, give evidence to the same effect, and so Dr. Ball, many years resident in China. He expresses his belief that the practice of opium smoking has extended itself along the sea-coast, and up the course of the large rivers; that is to say, just so far as the drug has been brought within reach of the people by the smugglers. Throughout these districts, and in all the towns, may be seen—

"Walking skeletons,—families, wretched and beggared by drugged fathers and husbands,—multitudes who have lost house and home, dying in the streets, in the fields, on the banks of the river, without even a stranger to care for them while alive, and when dead, left exposed to view till they become offensive masses."

Much more to the same effect might be cited; but it cannot be needful. All the evidence bearing upon the subject is nearly of the same complexion; nor is there room to doubt that the fatal infatuation which opium produces is, at this time, spreading itself, year by year, over the vast regions occupied by the Chinese people; and is in course, at a rapid rate, of bringing about their perdition.

The Chinese Government has long been well aware of these deplorable facts, and alive to its duty to stop the plague by all means in its power. No man of any humanity can read without a deep and very painful feeling what has been reported of the grief, the dismay, the indignation of men in authority, and of the Emperor, when finding that their utmost efforts to save their people were defeated by the craft and the superior maritime force of the European dealers, and by the venality of their own official persons, on the coast. From the first year of the present century to this present time, the Chinese Government has continued to remonstrate, to protest, to plead, and, as to its own people, to enact severe laws, and to punish where it could, those concerned in the importation of the drug, and in its distribution among the people, as well as those who indulged in the practice. Small success had attended any of these endeavours. At length, in the year 1839, the Imperial Commissioner LIX, a man of distinguished ability and accomplishments, was sent to Canton to attempt the "utter annihilation of the opium trade." It is reported that the Emperor wept in delivering to this officer his instructions to this effect. The sad history of this endeavour—so humiliating in its issue to England—is only too well known. The Canton merchants were compelled to give up the opium in their possession—20,283 chests—which, in the sight of spectators, were destroyed—the opium macerated, and turned into the river. From the sale of these chests the Chinese Government might have realized an amount of not less than twenty millions of rupees. The consequence of this strong measure was—the Opium War; and the issue of it, among the other severe conditions of the treaty which ended it, was, to compel the Chinese Government to refund to the British merchants the full amount of the loss they had sustained. But let us stop short at this point. England used the customary argument of the strong against the weak, and gained her end. The wronged "barbarians"—these "pagans"—were wronged still further—they were taught a hard lesson;—they were plundered, and abandoned without remorse to the ruin which this trade has brought upon them! So it has been and is, up to this present time.

The Chinese people, our inferiors as they are in the higher elements of civilisation, find themselves always the weaker party in a quarrel—if a quarrel ends in blows; but they are fully our equals in shrewdness, and in that sort of prompt reasoning which interprets men's principles by their conduct.

The more intelligent among them draw a sure conclusion from the part we have acted towards them these fifty years past, in this matter of the Opium Trade—as to the quality of the religion which some of us are labouring to propagate among them. These inferences, how wrong so ever they may be, if the entire facts are known and allowed for—are perfectly warrantable on the part of the Chinese people. It would be inequitable to expect from them any other judgment, either as to the religion which we offer them, or as to the motives which impel us to send them books and missionaries. They must be left to look at the *whole* of the European—the British, scheme of intercourse with themselves, as *one* scheme. A Chinese must have been resident for many years in England, he must have acquired our language, and read our books, and have come to understand much of the social system among us, before he could be asked to set off the opium traffic from Exeter Hall. But then it would be vain for him to attempt, on his return, to convey to his countryman any measure of his own better convictions concerning us. They must still be left to look at missionary stations, and at Bibles, as seen over that mountain of opium chests which is set down, furtively, every year upon their coasts:—“black dirt,” they call it, and the fumes of this blackness darken all the objects that are seen through it.

“Almost the first word,” says Dr. Medhurst, “uttered by a Chinese, when anything is said concerning the excellence of Christianity, is, ‘Why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it directly in defiance of our laws? The vile drug has destroyed my son, has ruined my brother, and well-nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot wish me well, or be in possession of a religion better than my own. Go first and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic; and give me a prescription to correct this vile habit, and then I will listen to your exhortations on the subject of Christianity.’”

This kind of evidence has been frequently laid before English readers, and has been repeated on platforms very often, but it must, in brief, continue to be brought forward. The bishop of Hong-Kong says:—

“If those who profess to doubt the magnitude of this obstacle to the progress of Christianity in China, could hear the more patriotic of the Chinese, frequently with a sarcastic smile, ask the missionaries if they were connected with those who brought them poison, which so many of their countrymen ate, and perished, they would perceive it is vain—I will not say it is vain—but it is certainly inconsistent in us as a nation, to send

the Bible to China. The same breeze that wafts the missionary to that benighted land, brings on its wings the elements of moral destruction in that illegal traffic, which stamps with inconsistency the country of Christian missions.”

Testimonies to the same effect might be adduced in abundance, did our space permit of it.

A bare outline of the facts of the case we have now placed before our readers, many of whom are probably masters of the whole subject. What is it then that remains to be said? We might fill pages, warrantably, with expostulations; denunciations, pleadings, appeals to principles and to consciences:—there might be room for announcing Heaven’s coming judgment upon Britain. But nothing of this sort would touch the point at issue, in a practical sense, or, in fact, would reach those whose reason and conscience need to be reached; for, as to the humane—the right-minded—what we have already stated, or what they themselves have long known is enough, and more than enough, to move them to act if there were any course of action before them. We propose therefore, very briefly to state the case as it seems to be borne upon by reasons and motives of a lower sort, and the operations of which may be matter of calculation.

The light in which the subject will be looked at by practical men, by financiers, statesmen, members of the legislature, is this:—They will grant you, perhaps, that the evils which are now in our view are incalculably great; but they will deny that it can come within either the province, or the means, of the Indian Government, or of the British Government, or of Parliament, to find a remedy; or, if a remedy were found, to apply it. It will be said—this is simply a question of trade; and trade cannot be interfered with; a demand *will* get itself supplied, by fair means, or by foul means; and when it comes to this that millions of people are earnestly coveting an article—a means of indulgence, for which they are ready to lay down their last penny, no laws, no restrictions, will avail to keep it from them. We may, if we please, throw away our own benefit, large as it is; but the trade, with its train of evils, and all the miseries it inflicts, will flourish as before; or perhaps will be doubled, after a brief interruption.

If there were no substance or reason in these allegations, the whole question might speedily be brought to a conclusion; for we hold it for certain, as we have already said, in the first place—That the Indian revenue would quickly recover itself, and more than make good the defalcation arising from the

diminution, or the entire failure of, the opium trade with China. We believe that if a better direction were given to agriculture and trade throughout India, it would quickly overtake any temporary deficiency. We assume it to be certain, in the second place—That the Indian government, and the imperial government of China, if the two were in accordance, and if they were so minded, might with ease prevent the importation of opium along the coast of China. At present a fully armed marine force, on a large scale, is employed in defending and maintaining the importation, being as it is contraband. It needs only a good understanding between the Indian and the Chinese governments to render the smuggling trade dangerous and difficult to such an extent as would bring it to an end, or nearly so. A lawful and a profitable trade with China would well pay the cost of a force in the Eastern seas sufficient to keep them clear both of pirates and of smugglers.

But assuming these things as certain, the question has still its difficulties—some of them apparent only, and some real. It is well understood that measures of prohibition, or of restriction, are much more easily devised than carried out and made effective. Often have even the strongest and the most despotic governments been compelled, after undergoing a series of mortifying defeats, to leave things to take their course. Effectively to exclude anything from a country by high duties is to offer a premium to the smuggler:—to limit the consumption of it when already in the country, is an endeavour impracticable; or quite impracticable in a free country:—sumptuary laws and domiciliary intrusions upon the privacies of life are out of the question, or ought now to be thought so. Nevertheless there are exceptional cases—there are instances on behalf of which a special course may reasonably be pleaded for, and must in fact be allowed. The promiscuous sale of the more active poisons is an instance of this kind; the difficulty attaching to which is precisely this—that the restriction which is sought for must be made to bear upon a very large number of the articles that are kept for popular use in every druggist's shop. It may be asked, which *are* the poisons? If arsenic and strychnine are to be shut off from popular use, there are a dozen pernicious drugs out of which the suicide or the murderer may make his choice, though they may not be quite so convenient in the application.

But no such difficulty or ambiguity attaches to the article with which now we are concerned. In a singular degree (and we

think it stands quite alone on this ground) opium, as available for purposes of transient delirium, is a substance *sui generis*: it is not one of a class of drugs amongst which a substitute might easily be found. If this one drug—opium, can be kept out of the reach of the mass of the people, the evils it entails meet at once an effective remedy. Opium—invaluable, indispensable, as a means in the hands of the medical practitioner, has a use which is so limited, and which is so well defined, that, even if it may still remain within reach of the few, it may easily be placed on a high shelf, where none but the long arms of the wealthy can lay their hands upon it.

Then as to the production of this drug, the same kind of singularity attaches to it. It is not one of a class of products, to repress or forbid the whole of which would clearly be impossible. As an agricultural product, the poppy-field stands out with a broad and glaring individuality among the cereals, and the grasses, and the legumens, just as the single poppy in flower declares itself in the midst of a field of wheat. Every way, poppy farming is marked off from every other produce. It demands, if cultivated on a large scale for commerce—it demands especial conditions of soil, and of temperature: it needs atmospheric steadiness; and the nearness of cheap labour, for the husbandry of it is costly. Poppy farming is not within reach of every occupier of land under a tropical sun; it has its chosen spots. Then the opium manufacture must adjoin the poppy field. Opium is not like whisky, which if you give it only its share out of every stack-yard may be made to run a perennial stream from a kettle, in any hovel deep hid among the mountains. The poppy is, in a literal sense, and in a figurative sense too, the creature of the sun—it cannot be hid; the opium manufacture in India could no more be put under a bushel, than could hay-making be so served in England.

What is the inference? Just this, that opium culture offers itself as an exceptive product of agricultural labour, which more readily, perhaps, than any other that could be named, might be brought under control, and be made to confine itself within prescribed limits, and which, without inflicting any damage or disadvantage either upon the occupancy of land, or upon any vested interests, might be hedged in by statutes or regulations, easily and certainly enforced. If a man may say to his gardener, "Don't put in any more parsnips this year, they are not wholesome," so may a government—if, indeed, it can do anything—if it can enforce

any sort of restrictive rule, it may say, "No more poppy farms—so many acres in such a district may be given to this plant; but no more."

But it is said, if the opium manufacture were abandoned, or were only restricted in India, a stimulus would be given to the culture elsewhere; the people of China *will* destroy themselves in this way, and the Indian government may as well profit by their infatuation. This is the old plea for all kinds of abominations. It is, or it was, the argument of the slave-trader: it is the plea of those who live and fatten upon detestable practices—it is the plea of all who live by the crimes and vices of others—it is the pretext of the receiver of stolen goods—it is, and ever has been, the legend upon the rogue's escutcheon, all the world over—"I don't *make* the wickedness, I only live by it." It would be a great wrong to suppose that such a doctrine should be taken up and used, either in Leadenhall Street, or the Government House, Calcutta.

The time is passed, or it is passing away, in which courses of conduct on the part of governments or corporations, which the individual man would abhor, may be palliated, connived at, and left to weigh upon the soul of the automaton whose business it is to sign official documents. That which is false and wrong, and cruel and ruinous to the weak and the ignorant, is coming to be scouted as a mistake in political economy, as well as a crime.

The opium traffic of the East India Company with China has come down to us along with many other evil things and great mistakes from times when atrocities and political errors hugged each other complacently, and were seldom called to give an account of themselves. But the opium traffic, along with other mischievous usages, must now be prepared to show cause why it should not be condemned, not only as a source, and the direct cause of incalculable miseries, but as an enormous error in the international polity. That it is, in fact, a *mutual mischief* might be demonstrated in detail, and placed beyond the reach of doubt. An exact and copious statement of the results and the course of European and American trade with China will show this. At present we can only make an appeal to common sense on more general grounds.

Let it be imagined now, for a moment, that a future Governor-General of India—right-minded as a man and a Christian, and well informed in the principles of commerce, and also, by structure of mind, holding in due contempt the small wisdom which so often flourishes and prevails in public offices;

that such a man is offended and alarmed by what he learns concerning the opium trade. He finds that it is carried on in violation of the admitted principles of international law; that what may fitly be called the *perpetration* of this trade is consigned to the hands of buccaneers—men who would be hanged by dozens if their services were not in this case needed; and that the use of opium in China is attended with miseries deeper and more widely spread than those which sprang from the slave trade. This alarm, and this revulsion of feeling, leads such a man—to whom the care of the eastern world has been committed—to make inquiry concerning the traffic, on the common grounds of commercial policy, and to ask, Are we really doing ourselves any good by this infernal trade? Or can it be true that a barter which destroys the buyer and the consumer, and which stains with blood the hands of the seller, is a good trade on the whole? Such a man will soon convince himself that it is not so.

A good bargain is defined to be a transaction which is advantageous to both the parties; and it should be *equally* advantageous to both, all things allowed for. It may be good for a man, in certain cases, to give a diamond ring for a threepenny loaf; but this is not trade. Lately it was not understood, but now it is perfectly understood, that trade is at its best when both parties are flourishing, and are making money in the exchange. Lately it was not understood, but now it is well understood—thanks to the establishment of free-trade principles—that nations do not prosper in an inverse ratio to the prosperity of their neighbours; but, on the contrary, directly by means of their mutual prosperity. Need these things be demonstrated at this time? Surely not.

We may imagine a future Governor-General to be not merely a man of enlarged views, but one who is full of English feeling; that he is more than an able administrator of Indian affairs;—let him be a statesman, and he will then govern India, thinking of it as part and parcel of the British Empire; he will be fixed in his resolution to look at China as it stands related to the commercial prosperity of the British Empire—not as it chances to relate to the Indian revenue. Thus regarded, the question of the opium traffic would quickly resolve itself, and be determined in a sense consonant with the dictates of humanity, and of international justice. He would see that national interests, largely understood, are not in this instance, any more than in any other instance, at variance with the eternal principles of justice and humanity. It is nothing more than an

imaginary necessity which, in this case, stands in the way of our perceiving, that the enormous wrong we are doing, for the sake of an immediate gain, is even now avenging the injured people upon ourselves, and is sure to make thorough work with us in the end, with a full measure of disastrous results.

The Chinese people, whether they number, as is said, three hundred and forty millions, or some millions more or fewer—it does not signify to our argument—are just in that state of imperfectly developed civilisation which, under conditions we shall specify, might render them customers for British manufactures, to an extent that is incalculable. Their modes of life and their tastes embrace as large an *assortment* of the products of the mechanic arts as is required for what we may call the “outfit” of more highly advanced western nations. Their own imitative ingenuity, the traditionary perfection of some of the arts among them, and their eminent handiwork skill, their domestic habitudes, their love of decoration, their needs, as occupants of a region inclusive of great inequalities of temperature;—all these influences bring them before us, if we speak now as traders, as the buyers to a large extent of what we have to sell. It is true that native skill and industry, and cheap labour have hitherto sufficed, and will long suffice, for meeting the demand in certain of the industrial arts, especially in those in carrying forward which hand-labour has its advantages, as compared with the products of machinery. In the ceramic manufactures, and especially in the decorative branch of it, the Chinese potter and painter will be able to hold his own against the men of the Staffordshire potteries. Whoever has walked through the potteries, with an eye fixed upon China, will have seen that the antiquated processes which are there adhered to, especially in the decorative department, are so many premiums put into the hand of the Chinese potter. Then, again, it is not likely that we should ever manufacture paper here in England, or be able to print books upon such paper advantageously, for the Chinese reading public. On various points this ingenious people possesses an advantage which we must be content to leave in their hands.

But it is otherwise in almost every one of those industrial arts in which the command of boundless capital and the application of machinery on the largest scale serve at once to secure the highest excellence in the work, and cheapness too, in a degree which goes far beyond the limit of hand-labour, however cheap it may be, and with whatever ingenuity it may be employed. We should far exceed our limits if we were

to descend to the details on this ground. Let the reader, who would properly understand the subject now referred to, *first* acquaint himself with all that can be known of the processes and the means of the industrial arts in China; and then let him pass at leisure through those vast structures—the spinning “sheds,” the “mills,” the “shops” of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and of the manufacturing districts of Scotland; let him inform himself of the lowering of prices in various articles, looking back ten years. These reductions of price having been brought about almost entirely by the improvements and the extension of machinery, and by various perfectionments in the modes of applying it. The result of such an exploration must be the conviction, that the staple British manufactures may, for long years to come, and probably for ever, undersell the industry of China, even when charged with freightage and the profits of merchants.

But it must be well understood that the enjoyment of this advantage, in any but a very limited degree, is not a matter of course; for it is dependent upon certain conditions. We have already learned this to our cost. To make up cargoes for Canton and Shanghai may be easy, but to obtain a ready sale for these consignments on remunerative terms, is another matter, and is not so easy. The conditions of an extensive and enlarging and remunerative trade with China are several—some of which are beyond our present subject, but some bear upon it directly.

There is ground for believing that, although the absolutely indigent and destitute class in China may not be a larger proportion of the entire population than in some European countries, the class of those who subsist upon almost the minimum of the means of life is very large. What can we look for from these millions of barely-clad rice-eaters as customers for British manufactures? Very little in their actual condition, but much gradually, if only we can reach them extensively. In a mechanical sense the masses of China are now accessible:—their system of inland navigation is such that if these water courses were opened to European means of transit, these vast regions would at once spread themselves out before our enterprise; and to us, as a trading and manufacturing people, a nation of hundreds of millions would, in this sense, be born to us in a day. Not that the masses of the people, even if we had unrestricted access to them, would immediately, or soon be buyers of all we could send them. But it is a sure principle that the feeling, the taste, the coveting for conveniences and decorations,

the factitious need to have, and to enjoy what has been presented to the eye, and has lodged itself in the imagination—these tendencies, so deep-seated as they are in human nature, require to be stimulated and to be cultured, and then they are sure to grow. When stimulated to a certain extent, and when they have become habitudes, they bring with them, or they actually create, the very means of further expansion. Those races especially that are constitutionally *industrial*, are peculiarly apt to admit this kind of stimulus. It is by help of the taste for conveniences and for decorations—it is the desire for things which lie a little way beyond the border of primary necessity, that individuals and that communities are lifted out of the slough of physical wretchedness, and are urged to labour, to patient endurance, frugality, enterprise. Human nature does better when led than when driven. Drive him by the lash, or by the imminent dread of hunger and nakedness, and man remains a savage. Lead and tempt him forward by the prospect of comforts, and of a better condition of his home, and of an attire which shall allow him to maintain self-respect, and then his energies wake up, and you see what is in him.

If in the course of whatever changes in the internal condition of the Chinese empire—its breaking up, for instance, we should gain free access to the masses of the people—let us wisely use such an opportunity for promoting their domestic and industrial habits by tempting them to buy what we can sell them—a good article and cheap. Open before the people of China your packages of printed goods from Lancashire;—shew them your Sheffield cutlery;—offer them all those goods and wares which may be seen welling forth daily as a torrent from the vast machineries of manufacturing England and Scotland.

But it is just at this point that we reach the difficult, and, in truth, the afflictive stage of our present argument. The opium chest is a block of adamant in the way, stopping the course of British industry and enterprise, as toward the vast regions, and the many islands that lie east of the Straits of Malacca. We need not revert to the facts to which already we have made a cursory reference. These facts are, for the most part, out of question: they are established by the concurrence of almost all testimonies, and they leave us no room to doubt that the opium chest, landed upon the whole line of Continental China, and rapidly making its way inland upon the rivers and canals, is not merely draining the country of its means as a customer for our goods, but is actually destroying our custom-

er himself, by thousands or by millions; or it is bringing him down from a condition which is improvable, to a condition of desperate and irrecoverable wretchedness.

If the British commercial policy were to be thought of as a *whole*—as a devised scheme of national enterprise, what we are doing, described in its naked reality, is just this, we are drugging to the death the man whom we are hoping to see enter our shop daily, purse in hand!

It is true that, within the encyclopedia of commerce, and as related to fiscal questions, there are instances analogous to this of the opium traffic: there are instances, we admit, which a determined controvertist might bring forward and insist upon, in bar of the conclusion to which we would come. There are instances *resembling* this of the trade in opium; but, we confidently say it, there is no instance strictly parallel to it;—there is no instance so unambiguous, none so little complicated by admixture with impracticable exceptions:—there is no instance in the round of international intercourse which might so easily be dealt with, or in dealing with which so vast an amount of evil might be mitigated, or wholly excluded, at so small a cost. Our limits forbid that we should go into any of these comparisons. Rather than do so let it be granted that the principles which we should apply to the trade in opium ought, in consistency, to be applied to other similar cases. We do not, in fact, allow it to be so; but allow it for the moment, and then return to the instance in question.

Opium is not one of a class of products, some of which, or many perhaps, it would be impossible to exclude or prohibit. It is *one drug*, having a well-defined, and easily-marked, and conspicuous individuality. There is not, either in its legitimate quality as a medicine, or as a means of vicious indulgence, a substitute at hand. If the poppy were altogether to fail, the medical practitioner would be hopeless of supplying its place:—if the poppy culture were to be reduced within the limits of the demand for it on the part of the pharmaceutical chemist, the opium smoker must resign himself to the misery of wanting his dose. Opium eating and smoking may, alas! come in the place of intoxicating liquors; and this fatal substitution has, it is to be feared, extensively taken place in consequence of the ill-considered attempt to reform drunkards by a vow. But while neither gin nor rum will bring about the opium delirium, opium more than meets the cravings of the drunkard.

This clearly-defined simplicity, attaching, as it does, to the instance before us, there is

solid ground for the inquiry—What would happen if, induced by considerations of whatever class, whether moral, or political, or fiscal, the Honourable the East India Company should resolve to make up its revenue from other sources, and to wash its hands of the trade in opium? Already, in the course of this article, we have affirmed it as certain that a system of prohibition, if it is to be effective, must be made to rest upon a compact between the Company and the ruling power in China—either the present imperial, or its vanquisher; the cordial intention of which compact would be, to prevent the importation of opium into China. And, moreover, as the Chinese official persons along the coast are utterly venal and untrustworthy, it must be understood that the opium trade has been denounced as piracy; and that it must be followed and hunted out, along the coasts, and in all the eastern waters, as the slave trade has been in the Atlantic. On any conditions short of these, other trading nations—we will not say the Americans—would step into the place we had vacated, and the mischief would be scarcely checked.

But it is not to be supposed that the consumption of opium in China could be absolutely and universally brought to an end. To attempt an issue of this kind would be to fail, and perhaps to aggravate the evil. Instead of doing this, the Chinese Government might safely legalize the culture of the poppy, and hold it under limitations. Grant it that measures of this sort would be difficult in the execution; we are not called upon to consider or to devise the means for obviating such difficulties. What we have to do with, are the results of such a course as affecting ourselves; and yet, before we pass on, we may observe, that it must be a far easier task on the part of a government to make a fence round a poppy-farm, and to say to the occupiers—"these acres, and no more for this plant"—than to keep a look-out, night and day, along a thousand miles of indented and dangerous coast, so as to intercept the armed smuggler; this latter is a means of keeping opium out of the reach of the people, which the Chinese government, if unassisted, could never make effective: the former is at least supposable, and might be found easy.

As affecting ourselves, we mean British interests at large, inclusive of those of our empire in the East, the consequences of a relinquishment of the trade in opium with China would be, in the first instance, an earnest endeavour to develop, in a fuller degree, the several elements of national wealth throughout the Peninsula—from the Pun-

jab to Pegu, and from the temperate flanks of the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. In five years, or less time, the Indian revenue will have recovered itself, and far more than recovered the momentary defalcation. But the second of these results of such a course would be, a gradual and indefinite enlargement of the British commerce with China, and the Eastern Islands. China, even if it continued to consume opium, would obtain it at a fraction of the present cost; and its twenty millions of silver would be annually available for the purchase of commodities which, instead of paralyzing the national industry, stimulate and feed it, and open before it new fields of gainful enterprise. Instances many and various in illustration of this assumption might be adduced: take one;—any one who may chance to have seen those samples of Chinese dyed woven fabrics, which at different times have been exhibited in Manchester, will have gathered from these specimens two inferences; *first*, that from whatever causes, whether of climate or of chemical intelligence, or of manipulative skill, the Chinese dyer is likely to beat us, perhaps always, in bringing out brilliant and deep-toned colours, the blues, the purples, the crimsons. But then the woven tissue to which these rich dyes are imparted are far outdone in evenness of thread and beauty of texture by the looms of Lancashire: our machinery does its office, both as spinner and as weaver, in a manner which defies rivalry. And although we do not reach the splendour of Chinese colours (not in woven fabrics any more than in decorated potteries) we are able, and on terms of the extremest cheapness, to print what we weave: the printed goods of Lancashire will please the people of China, if only we first send to China for the pattern, and then faithfully copy it. On this ground, then—it is one among many instances—there is a division of labour instituted between nations on the opposite sides of the planet;—it is a distribution of tasks which is founded upon the nature of things within the two countries respectively; and it is therefore likely to be permanent; nor is it out of reason to imagine that cotton, grown on the flats of the Mississippi, and spun and woven in England, should be sent to China to be dyed, in whole colours, and then returned to the shops of London and Paris, taking a place, and commanding a price as goods not to be matched, and as evidences of what may be done when Europe, America, and Asia join hands and work upon a system—a system which nature has chalked out for them. Only take the poppy out of this world-wide field and we shall all fare the better—China, India, England, and America.

It is highly desirable that this subject of the opium trade should be temperately and quietly considered;—viewed on the open ground of commercial policy, and of international right. It is, while taking our stand *on this lower ground*, that we advert to a connected subject, which the readers of the *North British Review*, for the most part, are little accustomed to think of otherwise than in connection with reasons and motives of a far loftier range. But let them give us a few moments' indulgence. We need not offend the sacred associations of any sound mind.

The Jesuit missions in India, in Japan, and upon the South American Continent, met their deserved ruin on this ground, when, abusing the opportunity which their mission had given them, they laid a greedy hand upon trade, and made "a gain," a vast gain, "of godliness," or of its shams. A repetition of this fatal error is not likely to be risked in these times. Any such mistake would quickly be noised at home, and would meet a loud condemnation; this, we think, is certain.

Equally certain are two correlative principles, which have come to be recognised in a sort of spontaneous manner as the common results of the modern missionary enterprises of the Christian commonwealth. The first of these laws of international intercourse is this—that Christianity, while on some lines it follows in the wake of trade, on other lines it is the forerunner, the pioneer of trade, and has proved itself to be the most simple and the most auspicious means of making an inroad upon regions which could have been opened before us in no other way.

Now this beneficial reciprocity, if it is to maintain itself in vigour, and if it is to be *real*, must be carefully held clear of any designed relationship, or any explicit compact;—at least it must do so on *one* side, if not on both. Let the merchant recollect himself as a Christian man, and do his duty as such when he has opportunity to send out the Gospel as well as his bales. But the Christian missionary plunges himself into an abyss wherein souls are lost, if he allows himself, even in the most remote manner, *to be used* as a tool for opening the door of commerce. All this we take to be immovably and universally certain.

Meantime, the law above named stands good—that Christian missions (whether we intend it or not) have it in their nature to do, unconsciously, that which they should abhor to do wittingly, or of set purpose; they will, if not hindered, macadamize the wastes of the world, in preparation for the advances

of trade. How does this hold as to China? No question just now can be of more urgent significance than this. From the Company's dealings in opium with China, thus far, have sprung sideways a useful result of this sort:—A flagrant and shocking inconsistency has presented itself in the view of the more intelligent and shrewd among the Chinese people, when the nation which, for the sake of gain, is seducing and destroying helpless millions among them, comes to propound to them, and to entreat their acceptance of, a religion—a religion which, so far as appears, authorizes and prompts to the most flagitious conduct. The Christian missionary, alive as he is to the mortifying imputations to which he is open on this ground, has been driven to seek exculpation by marking off the ground on which he stands, by a broad border, from that occupied by his countrymen, the dealers in opium. To some extent he may have succeeded in clearing himself of the stain; and so far as he has done this, so far as he has persuaded the people to whom he addresses himself that he disallows the acts of these traders, and would put a bar to them if he could, *so far* he has set missions and trade clear the one of the other. If this needful preliminary work be done, or done to some extent, then things are in the most favourable position for giving *legitimate* effect to the reciprocity of Christian missions and of trade in China, if only this one stone of stumbling, the opium chest, were taken out of the way. We do not know that any course of things could be imagined more propitious than this, that the Christian missionary should find himself at liberty to address his hearers by the way-side in this manner:—"We told you that *we* had no connection with the opium trade, but abhorred it; our countrymen at home disapprove and disallow it too; and at length those who have made their gain in this way have been persuaded to abandon it, and to betake themselves to lawful and useful lines of trade; henceforward, therefore, they will deal with you in those articles only, the exchange of which is beneficial on both sides!" It will be an era in missions to China when the missionary shall be allowed thus to lift up his head, and when he may boldly say as much as this.

But a new era in missions is not *just now* our theme. To the British merchant we say, and we would say it if we had access to the "Honourable Court"—Put no obstacle in the way of Christianity in China. Be glad if you see the zeal of the missionary carrying him far inland, where the trader has not yet been, or would not venture to go. Christianity, with its inherent expansive forces—

with its proper dynamics, its solvents, its soul, its fire, its martyr resolution—its readiness to suffer and to die, so that it may win souls—Christianity will at length open China to Europe—will soften the mass—will split the rock—will mellow and leaven the lump. Christianity will interpret China to Europe, and Europe to China. Its electric fire will bring these countless millions of men into near correspondence with western industry. Are you asking how shall you get at the people of China? The Gospel shall show you the way. But on what condition shall it do so? This is the one condition, namely—the opium chest must be taken out of the way of the missionary.

To bring about so desirable a result, the British people must stand ready to do their part in this, as in many similar well-remembered instances. They must inform themselves on the subject;—they must convince themselves of the urgency of the case, and of the intimate connexion of the smuggling trade in opium with, at once, the welfare, the very existence of the people of China—with the spread of Christianity, and with the extension of British commerce in the Eastern world. When thus convinced and informed, the English public must sustain the efforts that are now making to press the subject upon the attention of Government. For unless it be known in Parliament that there is a strong feeling to that effect in the country, nothing will be done beyond the appointment of a Committee. Whether at this time any progress beyond this of “getting rid of the question,” shall be made, depends, we might say, entirely upon the strength of the conviction which pervades the thoughtful portion of the public. A day, however, will come when the people of England—slow as they are to move, but irresistible when they have come to be of one mind—shall condemn this wickedness as no longer tolerable, and shall give judgment accordingly. To carry out such a righteous decision will be found a far easier work than in most cases is the removal of extensive wrongs.

The papers and pamphlets named at the head of this article are, most of them, easily procurable; and they will be sought for by those who shall feel it a duty to inform themselves authentically and thoroughly upon the opium traffic question. They will read General R. Alexander's clear and very temperate pamphlet, “The Rise and Progress of British Opium Smuggling,” &c., of which an enlarged and revised edition has just now appeared. From this able statement of the question, we might have made large extracts; but would rather so speak of it as shall

induce every reader who professes Christian humanity to read it for himself. The author, General Alexander, who is honorary secretary of the Society for Suppressing Opium Smuggling, is not only perfectly master of the question, but he is a master also of himself;—we mean, that he writes with feeling indeed, but entirely without vehemence, or undue excitement; and this is a commendation not always merited by the humane when they undertake the task of bringing enormous wrongs into notice, and under reprehension.

We cannot come to a close without directing the attention of our readers to the “Occasional Paper” of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society—the paper last named at the head of this article. It contains a letter by a medical missionary at Canton; and while it exhibits a personal acquaintance with the subject—the opium trade, and opium smoking in China—it gives evidences also of the writer's freedom from that excitement, and that tendency to exaggeration, which too often betray themselves in the style of benevolent men, when they are endeavouring to “write down” an evil of any kind. This medical writer, from whom we should quote if our space allowed, advances opinions as to the effects of opium smoking which do not quite accord with the evidence we have cited from other writers. Nevertheless, he strongly urges the adoption of measures adapted to the diminution of the practice, which he admits to be extensively prevalent, and to be in the last degree injurious. We do not attempt to adjudge the question of fact as between this writer and others, whose testimony we have cited above. Let the truth in this instance be known—the truth, nothing less, and nothing more. Let the facts, as far as they can be ascertained, be perseveringly brought before the British public; and the issue, sooner or later, will be, the extinction of the British opium trade with China. The recent events at Canton give a deep meaning to the Opium Trade question; the explanations which will forthwith be heard in Parliament will show how deep that meaning is.

ART. IX.—1. *The Crime against Kansas.*

Speech of Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, of Massachusetts, in the Senate of the United States, May 19, 1856.

2. *A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Day.* By HORACE GREELEY. New York, 1856.

3. *The Republican Campaign Songster*. New York, 1856.
4. *Smith's Handbook for Travellers through the United States of America*. New York, 1856.
5. *American Slavery: a Reprint of an Article on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which a portion was inserted in the Edinburgh Review (No. 206); and of Mr. SUMNER's Speech of the 19th and 20th May 1856; with a Notice of the events that followed that Speech.* London, Longman and Co., 1856.

THERE are certain things which custom cannot stale and which we never cease to wonder at. We catch ourselves almost every day reverting in our own despite to the miracles effected within living memory by steam and electricity. A journey from London to Edinburgh in ten hours is seldom if ever made without the familiar expression of self-congratulation and surprise to our fellow-travellers; and a telegraphic message from Berlin or Vienna still almost infallibly elicits an ejaculation of astonishment. The fabulous rise and portentous greatness of the New World belong to the same range of topics. We are never tired of speculating on the past, present, and future of the American continent. Yet nearly an entire century has rolled away since Burke's famous apostrophe was placed in the mouth of Lord Bathurst's angel: "Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements, in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life. If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!"

The subsequent progress of the United States has been little less astounding; and if the angel were to reappear and address an inhabitant of Boston or New York, the celestial visitor might conclude with the same felicitation and the same warning. According to the last Report of the Secretary of the

TREASURY of United States, the agricultural and manufacturing productions of the Union had more than doubled in fifteen years. Or, to give an individual instance of fabulous increase, let us take Chicago, on the Lake Michigan, in Illinois. In 1830 it consisted of less than twenty houses; it now contains sixty churches and seven banks, besides all other public buildings appertaining to a large city. The population in 1849 was 23,047; in 1855, 83,509.* That the population of the New World will go increasing till the whole of its vast territory shall be occupied by the same bustling and active race, hardly admits of a doubt; but the same law of nature which enjoins them to go on and multiply, will eventually compel them to break abroad, and separate into as many distinct and independent communities, with contrasted and conflicting forms of government, as the kingdoms and republics of Europe. Projects of universal empire, to be attained by a combination of two or three hundred millions of freemen, actuated by one will from a common centre, are simply preposterous; and a very superficial knowledge of geography may suffice to dissipate the delusion that Great Britain must prepare to surrender her boasted dominion of the seas. The American seaboard is obviously ill calculated for the formation of sailors, although, when the coasts alone were occupied by the colonists, the marine part of the population necessarily bore a large proportion to those who lived farther inland. When the whole interior shall be filled up, the maritime character will no more preponderate in the American than on the European continent; and it is a remarkable fact, that during our last war with the United States, several thousand British seamen were serving in their navy. They were unable to man even their limited number of vessels of war from their own homebred and native stock of sailors.

So much for their dreams of conquest and supremacy on this side of the Atlantic; and quite independently of these natural and obvious limits to extension, they seem likely to have quite enough to occupy them at home for some time to come. If ever a people were destined to atone for the crimes or errors of their forefathers, it is the people of the United States; and clear-sighted must be the statesman who can point out any practicable or available mode of relieving them from the corroding cancer, the plague-spot, the blight, the curse, of slavery. We are not speaking of its unchristian character,

* See Captain Douglass Galton's masterly Report on the Railways of the United States.

nor of its palpable sin, but of the singular complication of causes which render it fatal to concord, good government, and national morality within the limits of the Federation, and of the apparent impossibility of getting rid of it without a civil or a servile war (perhaps both) of a thoroughly internecine kind. The feature which so fatally distinguishes it from the analogous institution amongst the ancients, has been placed in the most striking light by M. de Tocqueville. The Greeks and Romans made slaves of their captives, without regard to race. When these were ransomed or manumitted, they resumed their pristine rights and former place as freemen, and soon became blended with the rest of the population. Instead of being intentionally degraded below the intellectual level of their masters, they were taught accomplishments, and encouraged to distinguish themselves by the cultivation of their talents of which Terence and Plautus are examples. Something of the same sort takes place in the East, where slaves have frequently risen to the highest places of authority. In the United States, on the contrary, the slaves are all negroes, and a negro, be his condition what it may, is regarded as an inferior animal, condemned by nature and predestined for oppression and contempt. The smallest infusion of negro blood in a family is a taint which nothing can erase or compensate. Emancipate the whole of the blacks to-morrow, and a new difficulty would consequently arise, namely, how to deal with them, for they would still remain a distinct and subjugated caste. They would be watched with never-ceasing jealousy, and most probably be forbidden either to meet and remonstrate, or to bear arms. How long could such an anomaly endure? Would they succeed in vindicating their equality, or rise at intervals to provoke and justify renewed acts of injustice, or be gradually exterminated by the wearing and tearing tyranny of centuries? The possibility of their getting the upper hand has been constantly present to the minds of the proprietary class; and to prevent such a catastrophe, these have accumulated law upon law to place and keep their slaves on a level with the brute creation. It is sufficient to name the law forbidding them to be taught to read or write, which has been judged a politic precaution in the South, where the numbers of the slave population are sufficient to excite alarm.

Shuddering humanity may be excused for occasionally giving utterance to a wish that the unhappy victims of this soul-destroying legislation could be rendered entirely dead to the finest feelings of our common nature;

for Mrs. Stowe's vivid picture of their sufferings, when they are endowed with ordinary sensitiveness, and much more when it is quickened and refined by education, can hardly be overdrawn or exaggerated. It is painful to dwell upon the scenes which must be of almost daily occurrence in a slave-breeding state, where sensitive beings are literally treated like every other description of domestic animals, endowed indeed with instincts and appetites, but utterly destitute of parental or filial affection, beyond the period when it is required for the continuation or preservation of the species. The exports in this sort of live stock from Virginia, from 1840 to 1850, have been computed to exceed ten thousand head a year. How many cherished ties were ruthlessly severed, must be left to the imagination. Assuredly when philanthropists were struggling to abolish and stigmatize the African slave trade, with its middle passage horrors, they little thought that one direct result of their successful exertions would be to create or encourage a commerce which, in some respects, is even more heartless and demoralizing than that which they imperfectly suppressed. It is not unusual for slave-owners to turn their own sensuality and profligacy to account by sending their own children to market; and this brings us to what ought to touch all clear-headed and long-sighted Americans, namely, the irresistible and hourly increasing influence of slavery not only upon the morals but upon the material prosperity of the whites.

We agree with M. de Tocqueville, that the comparison of Kentucky with Ohio, is quite decisive upon this point. These states are only divided by the river Ohio, and are on a par as regards natural advantages. On the right bank (in Ohio) may be seen all the outward and unerring signs of industry and enterprise; whilst everything on the left (Kentucky) betokens neglect and indolence. The slave-holding state is outdone and outshone by its free neighbour in population, in buildings, in cultivation, in capital,—in short, in everything that indicates progress and prosperity. The reason is obvious. Labour is honoured in the one, and regarded as a badge of inferiority in the other; and the effects extend beyond the personal habits of the class of masters, who compose a kind of indolent, pleasure-loving, partially refined, and extremely self-satisfied aristocracy. The emigrant will avoid settling in a country where he cannot earn his bread by the sweat of his brow without personal ignominy; and the free labourers who chance to be settled there, partake of the general deterioration and degradation. Al-

though "the poor whites of the South," as they are called, outnumber their slave-holding fellow-citizens in the proportion of three to one, their wishes and interests are almost uniformly despised and trampled upon.

Here, then, is an institution which drops moral poison on all beneath its shade,—which curses both him who tortures and him who suffers through its instrumentality,—which contains within it the germ of a terrible retribution, which is the direct negation of the grand principle that pervades and underlies the whole system of republicanism, and which hourly threatens the dissolution of the Union. Yet, instead of losing, it has been gradually gaining ground; slowly and surely it has won its way forwards: those who have been bred up in it or under it, far from dropping to leeward, take the lead; and although, according to all the rules of sound reasoning, they ought to have been worsted in the contest, there they are, and there they have been, for more than half a century, the real rulers of the Federation.

If we look to the present, we see them in possession of both the incoming and the outgoing head of the executive, and commanding a majority in each branch of the collective legislature. If we turn to the past, we find that, starting from the very commencement of American independence, they have supplied or obtained more than two-thirds of the main objects of American ambition. Of the sixteen Presidents of the United States, eleven have been actual slaveholders, and three others wedded to their policy. They have also named 61 out of 77 presidents of the Senate; 21 out of 33 speakers of the House of Representatives; 15 out of 20 attorneys-general; 17 out of 28 judges of the supreme court; and other high officials in proportion. The slaveholders of the United States cannot, on the most liberal estimate, be more than 350,000; and of this number only the adult males can exercise political privileges. The total number of voters in the Union exceeds 3,000,000; and the North is pre-eminently the fountain of enterprise, the seat of intellectual activity, and the swarming hive of industry. What, then, is the solution of the problem thus presented? It is to be found in a complication of causes; and amongst the most prominent may be ranked the unity of purpose, clearness of view, and tenacity of will with which the dominant minority has seen and pursued its ends. According to Byron—

"There never yet was human power
That could escape, if, unforgiven,
The patience and endurance long
Of him that treasures up a wrong."

The maxim is as true of ambition as of vindictiveness. We have had in this country, and may have again, ample experience of what may be effected by an unscrupulous section against the convictions and interests of a better educated and more enlightened majority. O'Connell's well-disciplined band made him virtual ruler of Ireland for a period. Could Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli keep their diminished and disheartened troops together, they might again force themselves into the temporary possession of power, despite of their proved deficiencies as statesmen, and the ludicrous incapacity of their subordinates. The American slaveholders have been playing for a more important stake than the English Protectionists. Their lives and property are at stake; at all events they think so; and minor differences are never permitted to distract their attention from their paramount aim. They care not what price they pay for indispensable support; and they will vote for or against anything or everybody upon condition that their own unrighteous cause shall be upheld. Let it be observed, moreover, that their interests and prejudices agree in some essential particulars with those of a large portion of the Northern voters, who like them, are jealous of the interference of Congress in the internal affairs of the confederated states, and, like them also, have an inveterate contempt for blacks. Recent events, however, have brought on a crisis which promises to be unfavourable to the tactics of the slaveholders, by unmasking them. From the moment they exchanged "soft sawder" for bludgeons, and attempted to bully the North, their chances lessened apace; and unless they make a temperate and conciliating use of their electioneering triumph, it will be their last. At the same time, their position is a very embarrassing one; for if they do not go forward, they will speedily be stripped of all the advantages they have won. Unless they can secure a permanent working majority in Congress, they will have no alternative but to submit to see that body rapidly reverting to the doctrines of its founders, or to execute their oft-repeated threat of breaking up the Union.

Hitherto their strength has gone on increasing at a constantly accelerated ratio. It was vainly thought that what is called the Missouri compromise had placed a definite limit to their usurpations. This was an agreement by which Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave State, upon an understanding that slavery should be excluded from all the then (1818) federal territory west and north of the new State. This compromise was effected between the

two conflicting parties, one of which (the pro-slavery party) had a majority in the Senate, and the other in the House of Representatives. Of course, it had no binding force even on those who framed it, much less on any succeeding legislators. It was quite sure to be evaded or nullified by the side which subsequently got the upperhand, and charges of bad faith are powerless when levelled against corporate or collective bodies lying under no individual pledge or responsibility. In fact, no practical politician can view such a transaction in any other light than as an expedient for getting rid of a temporary dead lock. We shall presently see how little account was made of it.

The annexation of Texas led to the war with Mexico, which gave the United States an enormous acquisition of territory. The question necessarily arose in which category the newly acquired territory was to be placed California being the first battle-ground. On the 24th December 1849, the subject was introduced in the annual message of the President, which led to a prolonged and animated discussion. Mr. Clay, the framer of the Missouri compromise, again came forward in the character of an impartial mediator, and proposed a series of resolutions which pleased neither party. The purport of the most essential was, that California (and when the time arrived, the rest of the Mexican territory) should be admitted without any condition or regulation touching slavery, which was to be strictly regarded as a matter of local or provincial arrangement; and that more effectual provision ought to be made by law for the restitution, or delivery of persons bound to service or labour in any State, who may escape into any other State or territory in the Union. He also moved, that it was expedient to prohibit the trade in imported slaves within the district of Columbia, accompanied with a resolution that Congress has no power to prohibit or obstruct the trade in slaves between the slaveholding States. A bill embodying these resolutions, called the Omnibus Bill, was rejected after a prolonged discussion, but the enactments comprised in it passed eventually, and the most momentous consequences have resulted from one of them, the one for adding to the severity and effectiveness of the fugitive slave-law. Fortunately it simultaneously called attention to the detestable character of that law, and to its incurable incompatibility with civil liberty, or with the personal security of any class.

The original constitution of the United States had provided that "No person held to labour or service in one State under the

laws thereof escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labour is due." A law of 1793 provides means for the enforcement of this provision, but these were found insufficient, inasmuch as they required reasonable evidence of the claimant's title, and left the decision in the hands of the local authorities, who, in the free states, were commonly disinclined to act. By the bill of 1850, the enforcement is entrusted to commissioners appointed by the circuit courts of the Union, who are to be paid ten dollars when a certificate is granted, and five when it is refused. They are to decide summarily; and the testimony of the alleged fugitive is declared inadmissible. The whole executive power, backed by the *posse comitatus*, may be set in motion to assist and escort the slave-taker if required. There is no statute of limitations or period of prescription to operate as a bar; so that any one with a drop of negro blood in his veins, or a tinge of the African complexion on his cheek, may be suddenly caught up and hurried off by due form of law into a slaveholding state, where it would be as much as his friends' or his family's lives were worth to look for him.

There is therefore no cause for wonder at the indignant protests which this law has called forth, nor at the determination with which it has been perseveringly denounced and occasionally resisted. All honour to the people of Boston, where public feeling produced so memorable a demonstration against this law, that cannon were obliged to be planted in the streets through which the reclaimed fugitive was to pass with his captors. But what were the enlightened North dreaming about, when they sanctioned such a measure, thereby permitting themselves to be deluded a second time by one of Mr. Clay's most mistaken, if well-intended, compromises? One good effect certainly followed. They became fully aware of the real character of the institution which they had helped to domesticate in the vain hope of modifying or neutralizing its most revolting tendencies; and they hardly needed the additional lesson which has been afforded by the "Crime against Kansas," with its characteristic concomitants.

Five years ago, the territory which, under the name of Kansas, has acquired European celebrity, was an unsettled and uncultivated tract. "Very little, if any, of it," says Mr. Greeley, "was legally open to settlement by whites; and, with the exception of the few and small military and trading posts

thinly scattered over its surface, it is probable that scarcely 200 white families were located in the spacious wilderness bounded by Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota on the east, the British Possessions on the north, the crest of the Rocky Mountains on the west, and the settled portion of New Mexico and the line of $36^{\circ} 30'$ on the south, at the time when Mr. Douglas first (at the session 1852–53) submitted a bill organizing the territories of Nebraska, by which title the region above bounded, (comprising both Kansas and what is now called Nebraska,) had come to be vaguely indicated." This region was undeniably within the scope of the Missouri compromise, which excluded slavery north of $36^{\circ} 30'$; nor was it ever intimated in the course of the discussion of the compromise measures of 1850, that they involved or implied a repeal of the antecedent compact. As soon, however, as the territory was opened to emigrants, those from the slaveholding states insisted on bringing their slaves with them, and demanded the protection of the law for their human chattels, as for any other description of property. They contended that, whether the Missouri compromise had been superseded or not, Congress had no right to interfere with the internal government of the territory, which, so soon as it became a state, would be at full liberty to legalize or prohibit slavery as it thought fit. This exciting question being once fairly raised, each party naturally exerted itself to outnumber and outvote the other at the meetings and elections which were to decide the future character of the district. In the bill for its organization, it was provided that none should vote but actual *bona fide* settlers; but amidst such a crowd of newcomers, it was obviously no easy matter to distinguish between *bona fide* settlers and the intruders who came to usurp or trample upon their privileges. The President, in his message, and the Committee of the Senate, in their report, threw the blame of the first irregularity on the anti-slavery party, and assumed that their adversaries only took to swamping for fear of being swamped. The Committee of the House of Representatives, after taking evidence on the spot, came to an opposite conclusion. The fact is, that the President (Pierce) was the avowed partisan of the Southern faction; and as for the Committees, their reports, like those of our own election committees in the olden time, depend on the political leaning of the majority. The Committee of the Senate (with one dissenting voice) report, that

"Those who were opposed to allowing the peo-

ple of the territory, preparatory to their admission into the Union as a state, to decide the slavery question for themselves, failing to accomplish their purpose in the halls of Congress, and under the authority of the Constitution, immediately resorted, in their respective states, to unusual and extraordinary means to control the political destinies and shape the domestic institutions of Kansas, in defiance of the wishes and regardless of the rights of the people of that territory, as guaranteed by their organic law. Combinations, in one section of the Union, to stimulate an unnatural and false system of emigration, with the view of controlling the elections, and forcing the domestic institutions of the territory to assimilate to those of the non-slaveholding states, were followed, as might have been foreseen, by the use of similar means in the slaveholding states, to produce directly the opposite result. To these causes, and to these alone, in the opinion of your Committee, may be traced the origin and progress of all the controversies and disturbances with which Kansas is now convulsed."

President Pierce took the same view of the origin of the contest, but added the saving clause, that the designs and acts of the anti-slavery emigrants were far from justifying the illegal and reprehensible counter-movements which ensued. On the other hand, the majority (two to one) of the Committee of the House of Representatives report, that although emigration might have been encouraged by anti-slavery societies or companies, the emigrants despatched or assisted in this manner were *bona fide* settlers, in the peaceful exercise of an acknowledged right. The absence of what lawyers call the *animus revertendi* was what essentially distinguished them from the Missouri invaders, by whom the elections were carried. The Committee, therefore, resolve:—

"First,—That each election in the territory, held under the organic or alleged territorial law, has been carried by organized invasions from the State of Missouri, by which the people of the territory have been prevented from exercising the rights secured to them by the organic law.

"Second,—That the alleged Territorial Legislature was an illegally constituted body, and had no power to pass valid laws, and their enactments are therefore null and void.

"Third,—That these alleged laws have not, as a general thing, been used to protect persons and property and to punish wrong, but for unlawful purposes."

Although thus far the weight of authority would seem to be in favour of the Missouri men, who have the President and the Committee of the Senate on their side, the probabilities, as well as the direct evidence, are decidedly against them. The Committee of the Senate destroy their own case when they describe the Emigrant Aid Company of Massachusetts as "a vast moneyed corpora-

tion, created for the purpose of controlling the domestic institutions of a distinct political community, 1500 miles distant;" and the Missouri movement as "the spontaneous action of the people living in the immediate vicinity of the theatre of operations, excited by a sense of common danger to the necessity of protecting their own firesides from the apprehended horrors of servile insurrection and civil war." Which of the parties thus contrasted was most likely to be composed of *bona fide* settlers or to offer the first provocation?—Those who had travelled 1500 miles, and had no hope of immediate support, or those who had only to cross the border, and who could rely on any amount of reinforcement at the shortest warning? Nor, unless we suppose the Committee of the House of Representatives to be under a still more extraordinary hallucination than that of Mr. Arrowsmith when he indited his well-known narrative of railway duelling in Georgia, can we refuse credit to what they state they themselves saw as well as heard during the progress of their inquiry. The evidence collected by them fills nearly 1200 large and closely printed pages; and the following are a few of the curious incidents to which attention is especially directed in their Report. They take district after district, and show how each election was carried. The "judges" are the returning officers, nominated for the occasion:—

"The Company of persons who marched into this (the first) district, collected in Ray, Howard, Carroll, Boone, La Fayette, Randolph, Saline, and Cass Counties, in the state of Missouri. Their expenses were paid, those who could not come contributing provisions, waggons, &c. Provisions were deposited for those who were expected to come to Lawrence, in the house of William Lykins, and were distributed among the Missourians after they arrived there. The evening before and the morning of the day of election, about 1000 men from the above counties arrived at Lawrence, and encamped in a ravine a short distance from town, near the place of voting. They came in waggons, of which there were over one hundred, and on horseback, under the command of Colonel Samuel Young, of Boone County, Missouri, and Clayborne F. Jackson, of Missouri. They were armed with guns, rifles, pistols, and bowie-knives, and had tents, music, and flags with them. They brought with them two pieces of artillery, loaded with musket-balls. On their way to Lawrence some of them met Mr. N. B. Blanton, who had been appointed one of the judges of election by Governor Reeder; and after learning from him that he considered it his duty to demand an oath from them as to their place of residence, first attempted to bribe, and then threatened him with hanging, in order to induce him to dispense with that oath. In consequence of these threats, he

did not appear at the polls the next morning to act as judge.

"Before the voting had commenced, the Missourians said, if the judges appointed by the Governor did not receive their votes, they would choose other judges. Some of them voted several times, changing their hats or coats, and coming up to the window again. They said they intended to vote first, and after they had got through, then the others could vote. Some of them claimed a right to vote under the Organic Act, from the fact that their mere presence in the territory constituted them residents, though they were from Wisconsin, and had homes in Missouri. Others said they had a right to vote, because Kansas belonged to Missouri, and people from the east had no right to settle in the territory and vote there. They said they came to the territory to elect a legislature to suit themselves, as the people of the territory and persons from the east and north wanted to elect a legislature that would not suit them. They said they had a right to make Kansas a Slave State, because the people of the North had sent persons out to make it a Free State. Some claimed that they had heard that the Emigrant Aid Society had sent men out to be at the election, and they came to offset their votes; but the most of them made no such claim. Colonel Young said he wanted the citizens to vote in order, to give the election some show of fairness. The Missourians said there would be no difficulty if the citizens did not interfere with their voting; but they were determined to vote, —peaceably if they could, but vote anyhow. *They said each one of them was prepared for eight rounds without loading, and would go the ninth round with the butcher knife.*"

In the second district the proceedings of the Missourians were equally summary:—

"They threatened to kill the judges if they did not receive their votes without swearing them, or else resign. They said no man should vote who would submit to be sworn; that they would kill any one who would offer to do so; 'shoot him,' 'cut his guts out,' &c. They said no man should vote this day unless he voted an open ticket, and was 'all right on the goose,' and that if they could not vote by fair means, they would by foul means. They said they had as much right to vote, if they had been in the territory two minutes, as if they had been there for two years, and they would vote. Some of the citizens who were about the window, but had not voted when the crowd of the Missourians marched up there, upon attempting to vote were driven back by the mob, or driven off. One of them, Mr. J. M. Macey, was asked if he would take the oath, and upon his replying that he would if the judges required it, he was dragged through the crowd away from the polls, amid cries of 'Kill the d—d nigger thief,' 'Cut his throat,' 'Tear his heart out,' &c. After they got him to the outside of the crowd, they stood around him with cocked revolvers and drawn bowie-knives, one man putting a knife to his heart, so that it touched him, another holding a cocked pistol to his ear, while another struck at him with a club. The Missourians said they had a right to vote if they had been in the territory

but five minutes. Some said they had been hired to come there and vote, and get a dollar a day, and, by God, they would vote or die there."

In a third district, the qualified voters were completely driven from the field:—

"Previous to the day of election, several hundreds of Missourians from Platte, Clay, Boone, Clinton, and Howard Counties, came into the district in waggons and on horseback, and camped there. They were armed with guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, and had badges of hemp in their button-holes, and elsewhere about their persons. They claimed to have a right to vote, from the fact that they were there on the ground, and had, or intended to make claims in the territory, although their families were in Missouri.

"The judges appointed by the Governor opened the polls, and some persons offered to vote; and when their votes were rejected on the ground that they were not residents of the district, the crowd threatened to tear the house down if the judges did not leave. The judges then withdrew, taking the poll-books with them. The crowd then proceeded to select other persons to act as judges, and the election went on. Those persons voting who were sworn, were asked if they considered themselves residents of the district, and if they said they did, they were allowed to vote. But few of the residents were present and voted; and the Free State men, as a general thing did not vote. After the Missourians got through voting, they returned home. A formal return was made by the judges of election, setting out the facts, but it was not verified. The number of legal voters in this district was 96, of whom a majority were Free State men. Of these — voted. The total number of votes cast was 296."

The badges of hemp were a well-understood intimation that they intended to hang any judge or adversary who should prove troublesome. The offence of the professional gentleman mentioned in the next extract was neither more nor less than a protest against the legality of the election proceedings in question:—

"On the 17th day of May, William Phillips, a lawyer of Leavenworth, was first notified to leave, and upon his refusal, was forcibly seized, taken across the river, and carried several miles into Missouri, and then tarred and feathered, and one side of his head shaved, and other gross indignities put upon his person.

"Subsequently, on the 25th of May, A.D. 1855, a public meeting was held, at which R. R. Rees, a member-elect of the council, presided. The following resolution, offered by Judge Payne, a member-elect of the House, was unanimously adopted.

"Resolved, That we heartily endorse the action of the committee of citizens that shaved, tarred, and feathered, rode on a rail, and had sold by a negro, William Phillips, the moral perjurer."

Another gentleman, who had given simi-

lar offence, was tarred and cottoned,—a pleasing variety of this truly American infliction, by which the victim is invested with a garment as adhesive and almost as disagreeable as the shirt of Nessus. Startling scenes have not unfrequently occurred at English, Scotch, and Irish elections. Qualified voters have been kept away by intimidation or force; disqualified voters have turned the scale; returning officers have been threatened; candidates have been struck senseless with stones or bludgeons; and the military have been called out. But the effervescence has been temporary; the regular tribunals, raised far above the hubbub, held the scales equal; and even the juries of the excited districts continued to uphold the sacred principles of justice and order. The distinguishing mark of the condition of society which prevails in the out-lying American communities, is, that the very forms of law are converted into instruments of oppression. The minority are first robbed of their rights, and subjected to personal outrage, and then persecuted for making any show of defence, or so much as uttering a protest against the violence put upon them. The popular grand juries find bills; the popular petty juries supply verdicts; and the popular judges deliver judgments, which the popular sheriffs or marshals forthwith proceed to execute. There is no tyranny imaginable equal to that exercised by the majority over the minority in a democracy like that of the United States at one of those epochs when men's minds are inflamed by anger or excited by fear. The fate of the town of Lawrence strikingly illustrates the defects of a form of government where there is no legal or practical check on the sovereign will of the people. This place, although the head-quarters of the anti-slavery interest of Kansas, appears to have kept strictly within the letter of the law; yet the entire force of the executive has been used for its spoliation, and the inhabitants have been treated as banded conspirators against the public peace, for simply standing on the defensive, and adopting measures for self-protection. The Committee thus describe what occurred in their own immediate vicinity, or fell under their own observation, during their official inquiry on the spot:—

"While we remained in the territory, repeated acts of outrage were committed upon the quiet, unoffending citizens, of which we received authentic intelligence. Men were attacked on the highway, robbed and subsequently imprisoned. Men were seized and searched, and their weapons of defence taken from them without compensation. Horses were frequently taken and appro-

priated. Oxen were taken from the yoke while ploughing, and butchered in the presence of their owners. One young man was seized in the streets of the town of Atchison, and under circumstances of gross barbarity was tarred and cottoned, and in that condition was sent to his family. All the provisions of the constitution of the United States, securing persons and property, are utterly disregarded. The officers of the law, instead of protecting the people, were in some instances engaged in these outrages, and in no instance did we learn that any man was arrested, indicted, or punished for any of these crimes. While such offences were committed with impunity, the laws were used as a means of indicting men for holding elections, preliminary to framing a constitution and applying for admission into the Union as the State of Kansas. Charges of high treason were made against prominent citizens upon grounds which seem to your Committee absurd and ridiculous, and under these charges they are now held in custody and are refused the privilege of bail. In several cases men were arrested in the State of Missouri while passing on their lawful business through that State, and detained until indictments could be found in the territory."

We request particular attention to the next paragraph:—

"These proceedings were followed by an offence of still greater magnitude. Under color of legal process, a company of about 700 armed men, the great body of whom your Committee are satisfied are not citizens of the territory, marched into the town of Lawrence, under Marshal Donaldson and S. J. Jones, officers claiming to act under the law, and bombarded and then burned to the ground a valuable hotel and one private house; destroyed two printing-presses and material; and then, being released by the officers, whose posse they claim to be, proceeded to sack, pillage, and rob houses, stores, trunks, &c., even to the clothing of women and children."

"Legal process" may now be brought to bear against almost any member of the anti-slavery party, and it is difficult to understand how any one of them can venture to remain in the territory; for, according to the formally declared law of the land, not only is death to be inflicted on every person who shall advise, persuade, or induce any slave to rebel, or who shall knowingly aid or assist in bringing in or circulating any book or paper for the purpose of exciting insurrection, but it is declared a felony, punishable by imprisonment with hard labour for two years, to assert or maintain, or to introduce or circulate any writing or book asserting or maintaining, that persons have no right to hold slaves within the territory. It is further provided, that "no person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any of the sections of this Act."

Such are a few of the enactments of what has been printed under the befitting description of "The Border Ruffian Code in Kansas," passed by the "bogus" legislature. These are the laws which President Pierce eagerly enforced at the head of the Federal Executive, after publicly recognising their binding force, and treating as enemies to order all who ventured to impugn the motives of the framers.

We can make ample allowance for almost any strength of language within conventional bounds that might have been employed in denouncing so startling a series of outrages. But a really strong case is weakened by exaggeration, and we can neither allow nor account for the style of oratory with which Mr. Sumner introduced the subject, in the memorable speech that provoked the no less memorable brutality of Mr. Brooks. When Mr. Sumner visited England, some twenty years since, his society was courted in the most cultivated circles, as that of a man of quiet manners, unassuming deportment, solid acquirements, liberal opinions, and sound plain understanding. We are not aware that his mind and character, as manifested amongst his friends, have undergone any material transformation in these respects. Yet this is the man who, in the maturity of his judgment, instead of detailing the circumstances of "the crime against Kansas," in unadorned language, and leaving them to tell their own convincing story, racks his imagination, or his memory, for tropes and figures, which the youngest pupil of what used to be called the Irish school of eloquence would hardly have hazarded in a debating club. We will give a few samples:—

"Take down your map, sir, and you will find that the territory of Kansas, more than any other region, occupies the middle spot of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west; from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the north, and the tepid gulf stream on the south, constituting the precise territorial centre of the whole vast continent. To such advantage of situation, on the very highway between two oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness, and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people, worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions.

"A few short months only have passed since this spacious mediterranean country was open only to the savage, who ran wild in its woods and prairies; and now it has already drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens crowded within her historic gates, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon; more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to

return with their shields or on them; more than Rome gathered on her seven hills, when, under her kings, she commenced that sovereign sway, which afterwards embraced the whole earth; more than London held, when, on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt, the English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France."

Then after dwelling on the prosecution of Verres, he proceeds:—

"Sir, speaking in an age of light, and in a land of constitutional liberty, where the safeguards of elections are justly placed among the highest triumphs of civilisation, I fearlessly assert that the wrongs of much-abused Sicily, thus memorable in history, were small by the side of the wrongs of Kansas, where the very shrines of popular institutions, more sacred than any heathen altar, have been desecrated; where the ballot-box, more precious than any work, in ivory or marble, from the cunning hand of art, has been plundered; and where the cry, 'I am an American citizen,' has been interposed in vain against outrage of every kind, even upon life itself. Are you against sacrilege? I present it for your execration. Are you against robbery? I hold it up to your scorn. Are you for the protection of American citizens? I show you how their dearest rights have been cloven down, while a tyrannical usurpation has sought to install itself on their very necks!

"But the wickedness which I now begin to expose is immeasurably aggravated by the motive which prompted it. Not in any common lust for power did this uncommon tragedy have its origin. *It is the rape of a virgin territory, compelling it to the hateful embrace of slavery*; and it may be clearly traced to a depraved longing for a new slave State, the hideous offspring of such a crime, in the hope of adding to the power of slavery in the national government."

The all-pervading influence of the slave States is thus illustrated and brought home to senatorial comprehension:—

"There, sir, stands the criminal—all unmasked before you—heartless, grasping, and tyrannical—with an audacity beyond that of Verres, a subtlety beyond that of Macchiavel, a meanness beyond that of Bacon, and an ability beyond that of Hastings. Justice to Kansas can be secured only by the prostration of this influence; for this is the power behind—greater than any President—which succours and sustains the crime. Nay, the proceedings I now arraign derive their fearful consequence only from this connection.

"In now opening this great matter, I am not insensible to the austere demands of the occasion; but the dependence of the crime against Kansas upon the slave power is so peculiar and important, that I trust to be pardoned while I impress it by an illustration, which to some may seem trivial. It is related in Northern mythology, that the god of Force, visiting an enchanted region, was challenged by his royal entertainer to what seemed a humble feat of strength, merely, sir, to lift a cat from the ground. The god smiled at the challenge, and, calmly placing his hand under the belly of the animal, with superhuman strength, strove,

while the back of the feline monster arched far upwards, even beyond reach, and one paw actually forsook the earth, until at last the discomfited divinity desisted; but he was little surprised at his defeat, when he learned that this creature, which seemed to be a cat and nothing more, was not merely a cat, but that it belonged to and was a part of the great Terrestrial Serpent which in its innumerable folds, encircled the whole globe. Even so the creature whose paws are now fastened upon Kansas, whatever it may seem to be, constitutes in reality a part of the slave power, which, with loathsome folds, is now coiled about the whole land. . . .

"Such is the crime, and such the criminal, which it is my duty in this debate to expose, and, by the blessing of God, this duty shall be done completely to the end. But this will not be enough. The apologies which, with strange hardihood, have been offered for the crime, must be brushed away, so that it shall stand forth, without a single rag, or fig-leaf, to cover its vileness."

The "individual instances" relied upon in the following passages are positively brought into doubt, instead of being more deeply impressed, by historic allusions and superfluous epithets:—

"But our souls are wrung by individual instances. In vain do we condemn the cruelties of another age—the refinements of torture to which men have been doomed—the rack and thumb-screw of the Inquisition, the last agonies of the regicide Ravallac—'Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel'—for kindred outrages have disgraced these borders. Murder has stalked—assassination has skulked in the tall grass of the prairie, and the vindictiveness of man has assumed unwonted forms. A preacher of the Gospel of the Saviour has been ridden on a rail, and then thrown into the Missouri, fastened to a log, and left to drift down its muddy, tortuous current. And lately we have had the tidings of that enormity without precedence—a deed without a name—where a candidate of the Legislature was most brutally gashed with knives and hatchets, and then, after weltering in blood on the snow-clad earth, was trundled along with gaping wounds, to fall dead in the face of his wife. It is common to drop a tear of sympathy over the trembling solitudes of our early fathers, exposed to the stealthy assault of the savage foe; and an eminent American artist has pictured this scene in a marble group of rare beauty, on the front of the National Capitol, where the uplifted tomahawk is arrested by the strong arm and generous countenance of the pioneer, while his wife and children find shelter at his feet; but now the tear must be dropped over the trembling solitudes of fellow-citizens, seeking to build a new state in Kansas, and exposed to the perpetual assault of murderous robbers from Missouri. Hirelings, picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilisation—in the form of men—

'Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Sloughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are called
All by the name of dogs.'

leashed together by secret signs and lodges, have renewed the incredible atrocities of the Assassins and of the Thugs; showing the blind submission of the Assassins to the Old Man of the Mountain, in robbing Christians on the road to Jerusalem, and showing the heartlessness of the Thugs, who, avowing that murder was their religion, way-laid travellers on the great road from Agra to Delhi; with the more deadly bowie-knife for the dagger of the Assassin, and the more deadly revolver for the noose of the Thug."

Most readers will suppose that the orator had reached by this time the very acmé of exaltation, but he has reserved an illustration for the climax, as the Irish postilion reserved a trot for the avenue:—

"I would go further, if language could further go. It is the *crime of crimes*—surpassing far the old *crimen majestatis*, pursued with vengeance by the laws of Rome, and containing all the crimes, as the greater contains the less. I do not go too far, when I call it the *crime against nature*, from which the soul recoils, and which language refuses to describe."

There is an old story about a gentleman, who, whilst listening to a popular preacher, took the liberty of audibly ejaculating, as they occurred to him, the names of the divines from whom the most ambitious passages had been borrowed—"that's Jeremy Taylor"—"that's Barrow"—"that's South"—and at length when the exasperated preacher turned round and rebuked him for his irreverence—"that's his own." With equal facility could any one tolerably well read in ancient and modern oratory, assign much of Mr. Sumner's highly coloured and grandiloquent sentences to their original owners—"that's Burke"—"that's Grattan"—"that's Erskine"—"that's Curran," and on coming to the plain, appropriate, and really effective passages—"that's his own." This oration was addressed to the Senate, a grave unexcitable body, who may be seen seated at their desks, writing or reading, and only lifting their heads to listen at intervals; and it occupied two consecutive sittings in the delivery. The ornate and emphatic parts, therefore, must have been deliberate compositions, written out and committed to memory, not sudden bursts elicited by the enthusiastic applause of a sympathizing audience; and Mr. Sumner's friends justify them on the ground that the speech was meant for general circulation and popular effect. If so, the exordium and peroration would constitute the strongest implied satire on the taste of his countrymen. But this would be unmerited and uncalled for, as may be inferred from the effect produced by the speech of Governor Seward on the same side; a speech

which, though not unadorned by flights of fancy, hardly ever deviates from the severest canons of good taste. At the same time it is right to add that the main argument is clearly stated and powerfully enforced by Mr. Sumner, and that, if he occasionally invites the critic's rod, his transgressions are never of a kind to be repressed or retaliated by the bludgeon or the bowie-knife. He had a clear right to designate the series of outrages, advisedly and with malice aforethought perpetrated against the *bona fide* settlers in Kansas, as a "crime;" and if his language was unparliamentary (or unconstitutional) he might have been called to order at the time. Whether any strength of expression could be considered irregular or unprecedented in the United States, is a question. In the Journal which Sir James Mackintosh kept of his visit to Paris in 1814, he has set down,—“There is another Madame de —, who is said to be still more clever than her namesake. She is out of society. I should like to know what her offences could be.” We should like to know what could be the oratorical transgressions of an orator who should shock the feelings of a transatlantic assembly. At all events, Mr. Sumner's opponents paid him off so amply in the coin of abuse upon the spot, that they might surely have refrained from encouraging or sanctioning the knock-me-down arguments of their chivalrous champion, Mr. Brooks.

We have to thank Mr. Senior, (the author of “American Slavery”) for the only readable reprint of Mr. Sumner's speech, and also for an instructive “Notice of the Events which followed that Speech.” Here are two of the replies which it elicited in the Senate:—

“Is it,” said Mr. Douglas (*a candidate for the Presidency*), “the object of the senator to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement?”

“The senator, by his charge of crime, stultifies three-fourths of the whole body, a majority of the North, nearly the whole South, a majority of Whigs, and a majority of Democrats here. He says they are infamous. If he so believed, who could suppose that he would ever show his face among such a body of men? How dare he approach one of those gentlemen to give him his hand after that act? If he felt the courtesies between men, he would not do it. He would deserve to have himself spit in the face for doing so.

“The attack of the senator from Massachusetts now is not on me alone. Even the courteous and the accomplished senator from South Carolina [Mr. Buller] could not be passed in his absence.”

Mr. Mason.—“Advantage was taken of it.”

Mr. Douglas.—“It is suggested that advantage

is taken of his absence. I think that is a mistake. I think the speech was written and practised, and the gestures fixed; and if that part had been struck out, the senator would not have known how to repeat the speech. All that tirade of abuse must be brought down on the head of the venerable, the courteous, and the distinguished senator from South Carolina. I shall not defend that gentleman here. He will be here in due time to speak for himself, and to act for himself too. I know what will happen. The senator from Massachusetts will go to him, whisper a secret apology in his ear, and ask him to accept that as satisfaction for a public outrage on his character! I know how the senator from Massachusetts is in the habit of doing those things. I have some experience of his skill in that respect."

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said:—

"Mr. President, the necessities of our political position bring us into relations and associations upon this floor, which, in obedience to a common government, we are forced to admit. They bring us into relations and associations which, beyond the walls of this chamber, we are enabled to avoid,—associations here whose presence elsewhere is dishonour, and the touch of whose hand would be a disgrace.

"The necessity of political position alone brings me into relations with men upon this floor whom elsewhere I cannot acknowledge as possessing manhood in any form. I am constrained to hear here depravity, vice in its most odious form uncoiled in this presence, exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and vilification against the quarter of the country from which I come; and I must listen to it because it is a necessity of my position, under a common government, to recognise as an equal, politically, one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise. I did not intend to be betrayed into this debate; but I submit to the necessity of my position. I am here now, united with an honoured band of patriots, from the North equally with the South, to try if we can preserve and perpetuate those institutions which others are prepared to betray, and are seeking to destroy; and I will submit to the necessity of that position at least until the work is accomplished."

These specimens prove that the senators of the South can hold their own in vituperation; and the wonder is that they did not rest satisfied without resorting to an outrage, which could hardly fail to throw lasting discredit on their cause. We are assured that the assault on Mr. Sumner was preceded by a consultation as to the safest mode of perpetrating it. The notion of encountering him on equal terms in one of the public walks was speedily dismissed, upon the ground that, he being a stout man of acknowledged spirit, his assailant might get worsted in the struggle. A proposition to make a rush at him from the higher ground as he was ascending the steps of the Senate

House was abandoned for similar reasons, and it was at length determined to strike him when he was off his guard, or in a defenceless position, and to strike in such a manner as to disable him at once. This plan was executed. He was seated at his desk, with his head bent upon it. The first blow stunned him, and it was followed up by a succession of blows till the weapon broke, by which time the victim was in a state of stupor. Mr. Brooks, a tall strong man, was accompanied by a brother legislator, Mr. Keith, armed also with a cane, and obviously prepared to give his friend the advantage of odds in case of resistance. There had been no antecedent demand of explanation or satisfaction, and the alleged provocation did not individually or directly effect Mr. Brooks.

Yet, instead of being repudiated by his party, who claim to represent the refinement of the United States, Mr. Brooks is applauded by them; congratulatory and approving address are voted to him at public meetings; gold-headed canes, inscribed "At him again," have been presented to him; and his example has been vehemently recommended to "other gentlemen." The "Richmond Inquirer" of June 12, remarks:—

"In the main, the press of the South applaud the conduct of Mr. Brooks, without condition or limitation. Our approbation, at least, is entire and unreserved. We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence. The vulgar Abolitionists in the Senate are getting above themselves. They have been humoured until they forget their position. They have grown saucy, and dare to be impudent to gentlemen! Now, they are a low, mean, scurvy set, with some little book learning, but as utterly devoid of spirit or honour as a pack of curs. Intrenched behind 'privilege,' they fancy they can slander the South, and insult its representatives with impunity. The truth is, they have been suffered to run too long without collars. They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine-and-thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Brooks frightened him, and at the first blow of the cane he bellowed like a bull-calf. There is the black-guard Wilson, an ignorant Natick cobbler, swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not somebody take him in hand? Hale is another huge, red-faced, sweating scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abates something of his impudent talk. . . . In the absence of an adequate law, Southern gentlemen must protect their own honour and feelings. It is an idle mockery to challenge one of these scoundrels. It is equally useless to attempt to disgrace them. They are insensible to shame, and can be brought to reason only by an application of cowhide or gutta serena. Let them once understand that for every

vile word spoken against the South, they will suffer as many stripes, and they will soon learn to behave themselves like decent dogs—they can never be gentlemen. Mr. Brooks has initiated this salutary discipline, and he deserves applause for the bold, judicious manner in which he chastised the scamp Sumner. It was a proper act, done at the proper time, and in the proper place.

"Of all places on earth, the Senate Chamber, the theatre of his vituperative exploits, was the very spot where Sumner should have been made to suffer for his violation of the decencies of decorous debate, and for his brutal denunciation of a venerable statesman. It was literally and entirely proper that he should be stricken down and beaten just beside the desk against which he leaned as he fulminated his filthy utterances through the Capitol. It is idle to talk of the sanctity of the Senate Chamber, since it is polluted by the presence of such fellows as Wilson, and Sumner, and Wade. They have desecrated it, and cannot now fly to it as to a sanctuary from the lash of vengeance.

"We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, that so a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of Abolition speakers. If need be, let us have a caning or cowhiding every day. If the worst come to the worst, so much the sooner, so much the better."

That the Senate Chamber was "of all places on earth" the fittest for the perpetration of such an act, may sound paradoxical on this side of the Atlantic, but our American descendants have notions of their own touching the fitness of things and places. The "South Side Democrat" entirely agrees with the "Richmond Inquirer."

"The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the classical caning which this outrageous Abolitionist received, on Thursday, at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks, of South Carolina. It is enough for gentlemen to bear to be compelled to associate with such a character as Sumner, and to be bored with the stupid and arrogant dogmas with which his harangues invariably abound; but when, in gross violation of Senatorial courtesy, and in defiance of public opinion, the unscrupulous Abolitionist undertakes to heap upon the head of a venerable Senator a vulgar tirade of abuse and calumny, no punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified, and classical caning."

Colonel Brooks, adds the "South Carolina Times," "has done nothing that South Carolinians ought to be ashamed of. He has boldly stepped forward at the risk of his life, love, and social relation, in defence of the chivalrous Butler, and we know that there will be found but one sentiment among the people of South Carolina, which is, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

The only punishment inflicted on Mr. Brooks was a fine of 300 dollars. "This," says Mr. Senior, "is the value at Washington on freedom of debate. Any ruffian willing to pay £60 may waylay and disable an opponent." The nearest parallel in the social or parliamentary history of England is afforded by the circumstances which led to the passing of the Coventry Act (22 & 23 Car. II.) In the course of a discussion on the Court Theatre, the expense of which was defended on the ground that it was for the King's pleasure, Sir John Coventry inquired whether his Majesty's pleasure was derived from the acting or the actresses. To revenge this indiscreet allusion, some of the court bullies set upon him in the dark, slit his nose, and cut off his lips. The offenders were not discovered, although no pains were spared for their detection, but the Statute declared that any such act in future should be a capital felony. We know of no instance out of America in which virtual impunity has been openly awarded to an armed offender against the honour and dignity of the Supreme Legislature, as well as against all the rules and decencies of civilized life.

We dwell upon this remarkable incident, with its curious details, because we regard it as the turning point of the cardinal question, and the conclusive test of the relative strength, spirit and confidence of the slaveholders and the Abolitionists. The free and enlightened population of the North are insulted in the person of one of their most distinguished advocates. They are practically told that they are an inferior caste, not even entitled to the privileges of the so-called law of honour. They are addressed in pretty nearly the same terms which Roderick Dhu addresses to a supposed spy:—

"Though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd how, where, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped and slain?"

It is ridiculous in the representatives of the United States to dwell upon the sarcastic, or, if they choose, insulting terms in which Mr. Sumner denounced their plans, or answered their arguments; for, as we have shown, they habitually indulge in a still wider license of exasperating expression. He was notoriously singled out as the boldest and most persevering opponent of the pro-slavery party, when he was struck down. The boasted equality of the Free States was prostrated along with him, and they should have risen as one man to vindicate it.

The tameness with which this national outrage has been endured by one side is little less dishonourable to the people of the United States than the effrontery with which it has been lauded and vaunted by the other. How happens it that the high-minded and thoughtful, yet vehement and impassioned, appeals of Emerson and Dana have struck no universally responsive chord; at all events, have been followed by no becoming or adequate result? Mr. Dana (the author of "Two Years before the Mast,") fully expressed the degrading and precarious position in which the people of the Free States are now placed. After dwelling on the aggravated details of the assault, he continued:—

"All this may seem bad, wrong, grievous, intolerable. But I have not begun to name the great evil yet. There are ninety representatives from the Slave States. Every one present at the vote, voted against inquiry. There were several senators from the Slave States present at the assault. Blow after blow fell on his defenceless head. No one knew that the next blow might not be the fatal blow; yet no one interfered; no word, no cry, no motion. [Yes, Mr. Crittenden did.] Perhaps he did, at the close, a little, but for that little he was threatened with chastisement on the spot. Not one press south of the Potomac has condemned the act. Not one public man or public body, has condemned it. On the contrary, all have adopted and defended it. It is recognised as a policy—as a system—and commendation and honour are heaped upon the perpetrator, so that others may be stimulated to do the like. Already the leading southern journals are pointing out the next victim. A kind of Lynch law is to be instituted wherever the subject of slavery is involved.

"Now, fellow-citizens, I beg you to ask yourselves what all this indicates. Let us not be children, gazing at the painted scene; let us lift the curtain and look at the movers and actors behind.

"Freedom of speech is at stake in Congress. Freedom in the choice of institutions is at stake in Kansas. Seven in every eight of the inhabitants of Kansas desire free institutions; yet slavery is forced upon them. The people cannot select their institutions, nor can Congress prescribe them. Force governs—irregular, unlawful brute-force governs; and governs by aid and countenance of the national authorities!"

Bold and eloquent words, pregnant with wise warning. Yet, since they were spoken, the South has obtained a fresh victory, with the aid of a large section of the North. Mr. Buchanan has been elected president; and if he carries out his pledges as these were understood by his southern supporters, the whole power of the Executive is again at their disposal for four years. The Committee of the House of Representatives appointed to inquire into the Kansas affair, reported "that Andrew H. Reeder received a greater number of votes of resident candidates than

John W. Whitfield, for delegate;" and "that, in the present condition of the territory, a fair election cannot be had without a new census, a stringent and well-guarded election law, the selection of impartial judges, and the *presence of United States troops at every place of election.*" The out-going President Pierce declared in his parting message that the Executive had no right to intervene in the internal legislation of any state or territory; nor is it easy to point out how such intervention can be reconciled with the democratic principles of the Federal Constitution. How, then, is the Border Ruffian Code of the Bogus Legislature to be repealed? How, till it is repealed, can the authorities refuse to enforce its provisions? Or how, whilst it remains in force, can any one who disapproves of slavery live under it, without constant liability to personal outrage or to death?

It were a waste of time to speculate on a problem which is in a process of solution as we write; and although the new President's mode of dealing with Kansas will be the best criterion of his statesmanship and policy, there are other indications to be narrowly watched and carefully appreciated. Mr. Buchanan was the principal author of the famous Ostend Manifesto of 1854. He was then accredited Minister to Great Britain; Mr. Mason filled the corresponding position at Paris, and Mr. Soulé (the hero of the Madrid duel) at Madrid. These three gentlemen were commissioned by the Foreign Secretary of the United States to meet and report on the best means of getting possession of Cuba. They conferred accordingly, and reported, in effect, by paraphrasing a well-known axiom:—"Get Cuba—honestly, if you can; but, at all events, get Cuba." We extract a portion of this curious document:—

"Our past history forbids that we should acquire the island of Cuba without the consent of Spain, unless justified by the great law of self-preservation. We must, in any event, preserve our own conscious rectitude and our own self-respect.

"Whilst pursuing this course we can afford to disregard the censures of the world, to which we have been so often and so unjustly exposed.

"After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question,—Does Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endanger our internal peace, and the existence of our cherished Union?

"Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain if we possess the power; and *this upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbour, if there were no other means of preventing the flames from destroying his own home.*

"Under such circumstances, we ought neither to count the cost nor regard the odds which Spain might enlist against us. We forbear to enter into the question, whether the present condition of the island would justify such a measure. We should, however, be recreant to our duty, be unworthy of our gallant forefathers, and commit base treason against our posterity, should we permit Cuba to be Africanized and become a second St. Domingo, with all its attendant horrors to the white race, and suffer the flames to extend to our own neighbouring shores, seriously to endanger, or actually to consume the fair fabric of our Union.

"We fear that the course and current of events are rapidly tending towards such a catastrophe. We, however, hope for the best, though we ought, certainly, to be prepared for the worst."

If we remember rightly, the illustration of the burning house—the *proximo ardet Ucalagon*—was employed by a leading London journal to justify the intervention of Great Britain in the affairs of Naples. It would obviously serve equally well to justify the interposition of France to put down the free press of Belgium, or that of Austria to suppress (what she would call) such a hotbed of liberalism as Sardinia. Necessity is proverbially the tyrant's plea, and its occasional employment for a good purpose, or from a good motive, simply strengthens it, and facilitates its employment when it is used as an offensive weapon by the strong against the weak. In the majority of such instances, the fire is kindled, or some smouldering emblems are blown into a flame, by the intervening party looking about for a pretext; and, in almost all, the conflagration is too far off or too slight to excite well-founded alarm,—it simply causes temporary inconvenience: it does not threaten existence, which it should do, to bring the case fairly within the paramount law of self-preservation. "*Il faut vivre*," said the thief; "*Je n'en vais pas la nécessité*," replied the judge, and sentenced him to be hanged. The whole civilized world may make the same reply to the Fillibusters of the United States, when they say that their "cherished Union," or their no less cherished institution of slavery, requires to be upheld or extended by robbery and bloodshed.

That Mr. Buchanan will consider himself bound by his Ostend Manifesto is by no means probable. A candidate, or an opposition leader, will profess or encourage doctrines which he knows to be utterly incompatible with official responsibility.

Mr. Buchanan will thus, most probably, accommodate his policy to his position. Yet the "Go-ahead" party seem by no means inclined to let him off. In the *New-Orleans Delta* (the organ of Jefferson Davis) the new President is forewarned that his northern supporters will speedily fall off from him when

he endeavours to introduce Kansas as a slave State; and that his only chance of retaining his majority lies in throwing himself heart and soul into the arms of the South, or rather into those of the fillibusters, if we read aright such passages as these:—

"But if Mr. Buchanan turn his back on those expedients, if he refuse to abdicate his mission as a President of the United States at this juncture, and direct the energies of the Government where the Ostend letter—the best document he ever signed—points, to wit, towards the tropics, towards Cuba, Nicaragua, and Mexico, he will succeed. He owes his election to the vote of the South, and to the defiant attitude of resistance which she was beginning to assume. He should bear that fact well in mind. He will be a traitor and insensible to every manly feeling of gratitude, if he forget it and disregard the obligations it implies. Then let him live up to the letter and spirit of the Ostend letter; let him look to our interests in Cuba, which, by right of geography and of political necessity, should be ours; let him fortify Walker in Nicaragua and forestall Spanish and French designs upon Mexico; let him place the great Tehuantepec route beyond the hazard of being lost to us by securing the grant of a strip of territory across that isthmus. Let him do these things, and we can laugh to scorn the subtle policy of Seward, the rhetorical raving of Sumner, and the blatant menaces of their followers. There would be a howl from the Abolitionists and free negroes, of course. But the great issues such a policy would bring up would confront us face to face with England and France. The Opposition would be borne down by that national spirit which always sways the national heart when confronted with other nations. *The acquisition of Cuba, in defiance of England and France, would not split the Union—it would strengthen it. The regeneration of Central America by Walker in alliance with the United States would lead to the gradual emancipation of the West Indies from the infamous free-negroism established by the enemies of American Republicanism.* The people from Maine to California are sick and tired of old issues. They want something new, bold, and expansive. They want a policy, in keeping with steam, railroads, and telegraphs. They want new leaders, new homes, and new ideas."

The effect of a war with the great maritime powers of Europe on American commerce is sagaciously kept in the background, but it is constantly present to the apprehensions of the most influential people in the States, including the cotton planters; and we are not at all afraid that either President or Congress will advisedly provoke hostilities, although circumstances may occur which may render a foreign war expedient to avert a civil war; just as it is well understood that Napoleon the Third, with all his personal regard for England, would not hesitate to quarrel with or invade her to-morrow, if such a step were necessary to divert atten-

tion from his domestic embarrassments. The slave question may bring about such a crisis at any moment, and the settlement of the Kansas affair (which is still unsettled) will produce at best but a temporary lull. At present there are fifteen slave States and sixteen free States, each appointing two senators, without reference to population. The admission of Kansas as a slave State, therefore, would apparently equalize the parties. But in point of fact, the slave party has already a majority in the Senate, and so strong a minority in the House of Representatives, that they uniformly obtain their main objects. Their success in this respect, combined with their extreme arrogance, seems to have roused at last the pride or jealousy of the free States; and they are pressed with an argument which hardly admits of a logical or even plausible reply.

In apportioning the number of representatives according to population, five blacks are equivalent to three whites. If blacks are mere chattels, why should they confer political rights any more than other chattels? or why should a slave State, by virtue of its live stock, claim to out-vote a free State, which could buy it up twenty times over? If, even in theory, they contemplated or would admit the remotest possibility of the black taking his place in the social system as a thinking being and independent member, the contradiction would be less glaring, but this is precisely what they never will recognise; whilst, what complicates the problem, and clouds the future, the more enlightened people of the North shrink from social contact with the negro race, and stigmatize any mixture of black blood, with every external sign of more inveterate prejudice than the slaveholder. The explanation is simple; and a phenomenon of the same sort may be observed in any European country where the aristocracy of birth or position is fenced round by a strict line of demarcation. The nobles will there constantly be found more affable to their inferiors and less anxious to repel the familiarity of the plebeian, than in countries where the highest class blends gradually with the middle. Just so, the removal of the legal distinction between the black man and his white neighbour simply leads to the strengthening of the conventional barrier. The black may have rights and privileges, but it is as much as his life is worth to exercise them. If he entered a jury-box, he would be motioned out of it or left alone. If he attempted to vote at an election, he would be hooted and pelted from that pure emblem of uncontrolled liberty, the ballot-box. The very magistrate, could such a one be found, who should administer im-

partial justice on his requisition, would shrink from personal contact with him as instinctively as the feudal baron shrunk from the touch of the Jew from whom he sought to wring gold by torture.

Dr. Johnson used to relate exultingly how he had given Mrs. Macaulay, a professed republican, a practical lesson:—"Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, moreover, that I am in earnest, here is a sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." Let Mrs. Stowe try this experiment with some of the leading Abolitionists, and she will find the measure of the progress that has been made in the good work, and of the mountains of prejudice that yet remain to be levelled or cut through. Yet this is the only mode in which the desired object can be consummated; and we do not agree with those who condemn her or Mr. Sumner for infusing exasperation, irritability, or the phrenzied violence of fear into the discussion. Revolutions are not made with rose water. It was not by mild language or soothing epithets that Luther roused Europe to a sense of the abuses of the Church. The coarse and selfish must be frightened and startled into humanity. They must be compelled to look about them, and read their history in the eyes of the best and most honoured of their cotemporaries in every quarter of the globe. It is only by so doing, and by deeply meditating on what they see and learn, that they can save themselves and the glorious land which they inhabit from great calamities and great crimes.

Lord Carlisle has stated, as one result of what he had observed during his travels in the New World,—“I should not object to be a slave if I had a good master; but I should very much object to being a slaveholder anyhow.” Mr. Monckton Milnes, to whom we are indebted for this anecdote, pointed it by adding: “This is the true way of putting the question; for how sad must be the condition of that man who is afraid to educate and elevate those about him?” Most probably Lord Carlisle was also thinking of the sinfulness of such proprietorship, and of the inevitable tendency of irresponsible power to foster the worst passions, to destroy all self-command, to ruin the temper, and to harden the heart. Mrs. Stowe may not have been eminently successful in *Dred*, in which she aimed at depicting the social effects of slavery on the proprietary class. She may have proved wanting in that instinct of genius which enabled Bal-

zac to paint Parisian men and women *comme il faut*, without knowing them; but no one who has studied the mind or heart of man can doubt that the institution in question is irremediably destructive of the highest qualities of both.

Nor are its blighting, blinding, cramping, and corrupting influences confined to those who directly profit by it. These manifestly extend, more or less, to all who live within its sphere or partake of the modes of thinking engendered by it. Look at the rest of the population of the slave states, "the poor whites of the South," who outnumber the actual slaveholders with their families in the proportion of at least three to one. They are almost wholly destitute of education: they are wretchedly poor; and it is only necessary to compare their condition with that of the labouring class in the free States to see at a glance that their degradation is owing to slavery. Yet they are the willing tools of their proud and lordly neighbours, and are always ready to perpetrate any amount of violence at their bidding. It was they who invaded Kansas, intimidated the judges, and did the tarring and feathering business as it was wanted. It is they who, when they emigrate, retire to the outskirts of civilisation, where they lead a semi-savage life, owning no law but that which they themselves carry out under the familiar name of Lynch. Whilst slavery is upheld, there is confessedly no chance of supplying their place with a more industrious or better-conditioned race. "Slave labour and free labour," says Governor Reeder, "as all men admit, North and South, cannot exist together. Dedicate a State to slave labour, and northern emigration, guided by the sure hand of self-preservation, will shun it as it would the valley of the upas-tree. Having shut the gates of Kansas and the other future states against northern emigration by making them slave states, whither will you turn this immense empire-building human stream? Theory and experience both demonstrate that no temptation of natural advantages or low prices will induce it to enter a slave state."

The logical corollary to this indisputable truth is, that the internal increase of wealth and population must be in favour of the Abolitionists, and that all the future Chicanos will throw their weight into the scale against the hitherto triumphant and domineering policy of the South. The slaveholding interest can only maintain its position by the annexation of new states lying in southern latitudes; and for this reason their continued predominance will infallibly be found synonymous with an aggressive and

grasping spirit on the part of the government of the United States. But little more can be attempted in the way of purchase or conquest, without provoking a general war; and in the natural course of events, therefore, their sadly abused sway will be wrested from them. In that case, will the hackneyed threat of breaking up the Union prevent the majority from legislating in accordance with the fundamental principles of the Republic?

Mr. Seward made light of this threat.

"The Slave States," he says, "practically governed the Union directly for fifty years. They govern it now indirectly through the agency of Northern hands temporarily enlisted in their support. So much, owing to the decline of their power, they have already conceded to the Free States. The next step, if they persist in their present course, will be the resumption and exercise by the Free States of the power of the government, without such concessions as they have hitherto made to attain it. Throughout a period of nearly twenty years, the defenders of slavery screened it from discussion in the national councils. Now they practically confess to the necessity for defending it here, by initiating the discussion themselves. They have at once thrown away their most successful weapon, compromise, and waived that one which was next in effectiveness, threats of secession from the Union."

But no extent of idle flourishing can wear out or blunt a powerful and trenchant weapon, although, like the cry of *wolf* in the fable, it may have ceased to inspire fear; for separation touches the pockets as well as the natural pride of the Northern States. If they refuse to protect the slave interest, the Southern planters will refuse to protect manufactures; and the abandonment of slavery will be revenged by the proclamation of free-trade. At present one set of vicious and impolitic measures or regulations is kept up by way of compensation for another, and the paramount considerations of self-interest, well or ill understood, bid fair for some time to prolong both. That slavery should be actually voted illegal, without separation or civil war, is hardly to be anticipated; and much as we may regret or reprobate the tone assumed by the now dominant faction, we cease to wonder at it when we reflect that their lives and property are imperilled by every fresh appeal or demonstration of the Abolitionists. News arrives as we write that formidable conspiracies have been recently formed amongst the slaves of several districts, and that fresh laws have been passed for subduing them, and keeping them, in point of knowledge, as much as possible on the level of the brutes that perish. From all we read or hear, it

seems clear that things have not changed for the better since Mr. Tocqueville thus spoke of the impending struggle between the races:—"The danger, more or less distant, but inevitable, of a struggle between the white and black population of the South of the Union, is unceasingly present, like a painful dream, to the imagination of the Americans. The inhabitants of the North converse daily about these perils, although directly they have nothing to fear. They seek in vain for the means of conjuring away the evils they foresee. In the States of the South they are silent; the future is never mentioned to strangers; they shun coming to an explanation even with their friends; each hides it, so to speak, from himself. The silence of the South has something in it more appalling than the noisy fears of the North."

If the blacks were emancipated, what would they do, or what would become of them? This is a question which the Abolitionists have hitherto failed to answer satisfactorily; yet it is one to which every thoughtful moralist or philanthropist, as well as every prudent politician, will demand a reply, before impoverishing a full third of the leading families in the Union, and placing three millions of human beings in a condition of responsibility for which they have been advisedly disqualified from infancy.

The object of this Article, however, is not to suggest caution or to give advice to American statesmen, but to describe and explain, for British readers, the present state of feeling and opinion in the great federal Republic. With this view we have referred to speeches and writings, as well as to known deeds and supposed views, by way of affording the most striking illustration of the tone and manner in which measures and questions of paramount importance are decided and discussed amongst the most enlightened people of the New World. The estimate would be incomplete without comprising some account of the travelled or travelling Americans, who crowd the hotels of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and occupy a prominent position in the society of Paris. These differ widely from one another in breeding, fortune, habits, and modes of thinking. They have been inaccurately set down as a class; and what may be true of many of them, is commonly untrue of the majority. Their least prepossessing features and most unfavourable peculiarities are displayed when they get together and take to boasting; and as they rarely speak plainly any language besides their own, no travellers (except the French) derive less profit

or instruction from what they see and hear amongst foreigners. Mrs. Stowe, with her mind full of her own subject, complains that their interested or prejudiced support of slavery at home has given them a perverted taste for oppression abroad. She denounces "young America" as the habitual partisan of the arch-enemy of French freedom, and exclaims, "Thus from the plague spot at her heart has America become the propagandist of despotism in Europe."

But, we say with Mr. Senior, our own experience does not enable us to confirm Mrs. Stowe. We may have heard "young America" express astonishment, mingled with something like contempt, at the blindness with which contending factions paved the way for the iron heel that was to trample down all of them, or the tameness with which Frenchmen submit to political nonentities, or the complacency with which many of them hug themselves on their good fortune in having got a government of Foulds, Walewskis, Billauts, and Persignys to take care of them. But the *élite* of the Americans settled in Paris are content to look on, like other rational observers, whilst the country whose hospitality they accept is working out her destiny; and their aspirations for her eventual restoration to her proper place amongst free nations are as ardent, if not quite so loudly or so indiscreetly uttered, as Mrs. Stowe's.

What is far more difficult to excuse in their conduct is the fastidiousness which has led to their voluntary exile, their preference of the polished circles of a European metropolis to a sphere where—at some sacrifice of comfort, it is true—they might apply their wealth and their acquirements to beneficial and patriotic uses. But their influence, though greatly lessened by distance, is not altogether lost upon their countrymen, who are sensitively alive to European and (above all) to French and English opinion. No one has enjoyed better opportunities of ascertaining to what extent the United States would be lowered in the scale of nations by any of the irregular proceedings demanded of him by the ultras of his party than Mr. Buchanan, and he has obviously no inclination to be hurried into the open defiance of international law, justice, and propriety, which marked the turbulent close of his predecessor's rule. He knows that we have, and can have, no well-founded alarm for Canada, which is well able to protect itself; and that our desire to retain a voice in Central American arrangements has no imaginable connexion with projects of territorial aggrandizement. The renewal of diplomatic relations by the nomination of so dis-

tinguished and accomplished a representative as Lord Napier, is a decisive proof of the spirit in which American questions will be discussed on our part. Despite, then, of the Ostend Manifesto and electioneering pledges, there seems little reason to fear any aggressive movement which should practically interrupt the commercial and friendly intercourse between Great Britain and the

United States; and it would be with peculiar reference to internal discussions and difficulties that our Transatlantic brethren, when they boast of their growing prosperity, might be addressed:—"Fortunate men, you have lived to see it. . . . Fortunate, indeed, if you live to see nothing to vary the prospect and cloud the setting of your day!"

NOTE.

In our last Number, (Art. VII., *Cockburn's Memorials*, pp. 138,) in the passage referring to Lord Jeffrey's change of feeling towards Christianity, the following sentence occurs:—"In Cockburn's hands the materials of explanation were placed, which he had no right to keep back." In that sentence we alluded to information regarding certain circumstances in Lord Jeffrey's history, which indicate that, in the closing years of his life, he was led to take a deep interest in Christianity. These circumstances were known to not a few before the "Life of Jeffrey" was published; and we were led to suppose, that documentary information regarding them was placed before his biographer. In this we now find that we have been mistaken; there being no evidence that the materials we referred to were placed in his hands, or that their existence was known to him. At the same time, we must express our great regret, that facts of so much moment in their bearing on Lord Jeffrey's history, were either unknown to his biographer, or, if within his knowledge, were regarded as unworthy of notice.

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ART. I.—*Bacon's Essays, with Annotations.*
By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop
of Dublin. London, 1856. 8vo, pp. 517.

AFTER the novelists, and after Mr. Macaulay, Archbishop Whately is, perhaps, the English writer of the nineteenth century who has been most read. Between his first and his last publication forty-six years have passed, during few of which, perhaps during none, has his pen been unemployed. The mere catalogue of his works fills six pages. Several of them have reached a tenth edition—one a fourteenth; many are text-books in our universities and schools, and, from the elementary nature of their subjects—from their containing the rudiments of most of the mental sciences and of the mental arts—they have exercised, and continue to exercise, more influence over the opinions and over the moral and intellectual habits of those who are now actively engaged in public and in professional life, than can be attributed to the labours of any other living author.

And yet, when we attempted, in 1844, almost at the commencement of our career, to give a general view of his works, we had to remark, that a writer so widely popular had been almost ignored by the periodical critics. "He has been scarcely mentioned," we then said, "by any of the prouder and more august arbiters of destiny, and journalists of humbler pretensions have been slow to notice his publications."*

With one or two remarkable exceptions, this is still generally true. It may be accounted for, partly by the nature of the studies to which Archbishop Whately has

mainly devoted himself, and partly by the manner in which he has executed his task. Neither his material nor his workmanship is such as critics like to meddle with. Theology, morals, and metaphysics, are the tritest portions of human knowledge. During thousands of years, the attributes of the Deity, the affections of the human heart, and the faculties of the human mind, were the favourite subjects of philosophical inquiry. They engrossed the attention of the acutest and the most diligent thinkers. Reason was enlightened by Revelation; and, for more than 1800 years, the Revelation itself has been commented on by the whole civilized world. To be original in such matters—to discover inferences and analogies of any value, which shall have escaped undetected by so long and so careful an examination—is an attempt from which the most sanguine may well recoil. The bulk of our writers prefer gleaning from fields which have been less carefully reaped. They turn to political economy, to legislation, to criticism, to history, to biography, to physical science,—in short, to studies which are so recent, that their most accessible treasures are still unexhausted, or which, depending rather on observation than on consciousness, rather on testimony than on inference, are practically inexhaustible. Working on such materials, they may expect to inform or to amuse. As expounders of Archbishop Whately's reasonings, all that they can hope is to instruct—to lead the reader to admit propositions which, though unperceived, had been implied in his previous knowledge.

This, without doubt, can be done. Trite as are his subjects, the Archbishop's works are eminently original. They are full of new analogies, of subtle discriminations, and

* North British Review, vol. i., p. 489.

of inferences; of which the reader recognises both the truth and the novelty, feels that they had never struck him before, but that they follow necessarily from premises with which he is familiar.

But a critic is not satisfied by acting the part of a mere expounder. He wishes not to follow, or even to accompany, but to precede, his author; to clear up his confusion; to expose his fallacies; and to show that even when he is right, he is right imperfectly—that he has seen the truth, but not the whole truth, and has left it to his reviewer to draw from his premises their full conclusions.

We have all studied Bacon's advice—"In seconding another, yet to add somewhat of one's own; as, if you will grant his opinion, let it be with some distinction; if you will follow his motion, let it be with condition; if you allow his counsel, let it be with alleging further reason."*

The victim whom we delight to immolate is a puzzle-headed, ingenious rhetorician, whose absurdities and inconsistencies may serve as pegs for our own theories, and as foils to them. But against this treatment Archbishop Whately's works are proof. They have been carefully elaborated in a capacious and patient intellect, animated by a love of truth, and a hatred of disguise, amounting almost to passion. They contain few premises thrown out rashly, none assumed insincerely, and no inferences which the author does not believe to be legitimate; and small indeed are the chances of finding a flaw in the logic.

The work, of which we have prefixed the title, is not peculiarly fit for criticism. Its fragmentary nature makes it impossible to give any general view of it. But, though it has already reached a third edition, it is the newest of the Archbishop's works; and though, without doubt, already widely known, it is probably less so than anything that he has published since 1844. We shall incur less danger of encumbering our pages with quotations with which the reader is already familiar, and of pronouncing judgments which he has himself anticipated.

The essays of Bacon do not require an annotator for the purpose of explaining obscurities; for, as is the case with almost all clear thinkers, he is an eminently perspicuous writer. Nor is there much that is obsolete in his language. Like Shakspeare, he seems to have anticipated many modern refinements. Whole pages occur in which nothing betrays antiquity except a naïveté

and simplicity of diction, seldom found in the writings of those who have the fear of critics before their eyes, and an exuberance of classical quotation, which was natural when the bulk of our literature was Roman or Greek. But, though Bacon's essays require little explanation, they are susceptible, as this volume shows, of great development. They were intended, as the Archbishop remarks, and as the word essay in its original acceptance expresses, to be tentamina, not finished treatises, but sketches, to be filled up by the reader—hints, to be pursued—thoughts, thrown out irregularly, to suggest further inquiries and reflections. It is true that his sketches and hints are worth far more than the most elaborate performances of other men, but they never have been turned to better account than when they have been expanded and illustrated by Archbishop Whately.

In reviewing a work without unity, or even continuity, it is difficult to find a principle to follow in the selection of topics. We will begin by the essay on Unity in Religion, partly on account of the peculiar importance of its subject, and partly because, in his annotations to that essay, the Archbishop has noticed some speculations for which the author of this article is responsible, and has subjected them to strictures so serious, that he feels bound either to admit that they are well-founded, and, in that case, to retract, or to show that they are undeserved.

Bacon had the misfortune to live in a bigoted and a persecuting age—in an age which believed that, in religious matters, error, though merely speculative, though totally incapable of influencing human conduct, though relating to things far beyond the reach of the human faculties, is not only sin, but sin for which men "without doubt shall perish everlastingly;" and, still further, believed it to be the duty of the civil governor, in the words of the English Liturgy, "to execute justice, and to maintain truth;" that is to say, to maintain truth by the execution of justice. From bigotry, however, he appears to have been free. In his advertisement on Church Controversies,* he reprobates the "curious questions and the strange anatomies of the natures and person of Christ," which divided the Christian churches in the first centuries, when *ingeniosa res fuit esse Christianum*; and still more those "about ceremonies, and things indifferent, and the external policy and government of the Church." He suggests a doubt—a doubt which, in those days, must

* Essay on Ceremonies and Respects.

* Works, vol. ii., p. 501.

have shocked the majority of his readers—whether, “in the general demolition of the Church of Rome, there were not, as men’s actions are imperfect, some good purged with the bad;” and he ends his “considerations on the pacification of the Church”^{*} by a passage which we quote below, and which well deserves to be pondered by our modern ecclesiastical factions. But he cannot be as fully exonerated from the charge of having been, to some degree, intolerant. He disapproved, indeed, of “the propagation of religion by wars, or by sanguinary persecutions, to force consciences;” but he adds, that “there be two swords among Christians, the spiritual and the temporal, and both have their due office in the maintenance of religion;” and “that the temporal sword is to be drawn with great circumspection in cases of religion.” He objected, therefore, not to the use, but merely to the abuse of persecution. He did not perceive that any employment whatever of the temporal sword in cases of religion, whether rashly or with circumspection, is opposed not merely to the spirit, but to the express precepts, of Christianity—to the formal renunciation by our Lord of all temporal dominion, and of all coercive influence.

His desire for unity, indeed, in “points fundamental, and of substance in religion,” was very earnest. “For the point,” he says,† “that there should be put one form of discipline in all churches, and that imposed by necessity of a commandment and prescript out of the word of God, is a matter volumes have been compiled of, and therefore cannot receive a brief redargution. I, for my part, do confess that, in revolving the Scriptures, I could never find any such thing; but that God had left the like liberty to the Church government as He had done to the civil government—to be varied according to time, and place, and accidents: which, nevertheless, His high and Divine providence doth order and dispose. For all civil governments are restrained from God unto the general grounds of justice and manners; but the policies and forms of them are left free; so that monarchies and kingdoms, senates and seignories, popular states and communalities, are lawful, and, where they are planted, ought to be maintained inviolate.

“So likewise in Church matters, the substance of doctrine is immutable, and so are the general rules of government; but for rites and ceremonies, and for the particular hierarchies, policies, and disciplines of

churches, they be left at large. And therefore it is good we return unto the ancient bounds of unity in the Church of God, which was, ‘One faith, one baptism,’ and not, ‘One hierarchy, one discipline;’ and that we observe the league of Christians, as it is penned by our Saviour, which is, in substance of doctrine, this—‘*He that is not with us, is against us;*’ but, in things indifferent, and but of circumstance, this—‘*He that is not against us, is with us;*’ as it is excellently alluded to by that father that noted, that Christ’s garment was without seam, and yet was of divers colours; and thereupon setteth down for a rule, ‘*In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit.*’

“Heresies and schisms are of all others the greatest scandals, yea, more than corruption of manners; for as, in the natural body, a wound or solution of continuity is worse than a corrupt humour, so in the spiritual; so that nothing doth so much keep men out of the Church, and drive men out of the Church, as breach of unity; and, therefore, whensoever it cometh to that pass, that one saith, ‘*Ecce in deserto,*’ another saith, ‘*Ecce in penetralibus;*’—that is, when some men seek Christ in the conventicles of heretics, and others in an outward face of a church, that voice had need continually to sound in men’s ears, ‘*Nolite exire.*’ The Doctor of the Gentiles (the propriety of whose vocation drew him to have a special care of those without) saith, ‘If a heathen come in, and hear you speak with several tongues, will he not say that you are mad?’ and, certainly, it is little better. When atheists and profane persons do hear of so many discordant and contrary opinions in religion, it doth avert them from the Church, and maketh them ‘to sit down in the chair of the scornors.’ It is but a light thing to be vouched in so serious a matter; but yet it expresseth well the deformity. There is a master of scoffing that, in his catalogue of books of a feigned library, sets down this title of a book, ‘*The Morris Dance of Heretics;*’ for, indeed, every sect of them hath a diverse posture, or cringe, by themselves, which cannot but move derision in worldlings and depraved politics, who are apt to contemn holy things.”

To this passage the Archbishop has appended the following note:—

“There occurs, in a late number of a leading periodical, a remark, which one may find also in the mouths of many, and in the minds of very many more, that the great diversity of religious opinions prevailing in the world, and the absence of all superhuman pro-

^{*} *Ibid.*, p. 529.

† Essay on Unity in Religion, p. 19.

vision against them, is a proof that it is the will of the Almighty that such should be the case—that men were *designed* to hold all diversities of religious belief. Now, the inference which will naturally be drawn, on further reflection, from this is, that it is no matter whether we hold truth or falsehood; and next, that there is *no* truth at all in *any* religion.

"But this is not all. The same reasoning would go to prove that, since there is no infallible and universally accessible guide in *morals*, and men greatly differ in their judgments of what is morally right and wrong, hence we are to infer that God did not design men to agree on this point neither, and that it matters not whether we *act* on right or wrong principles; and, in short, that there is no such thing as right and wrong, but only what each man thinks. The two opposite errors (as we think them), from the *same source*, are—'If God wills all men to believe, and to act rightly, He must have given us an infallible and accessible guide for belief and practice. (1.) But He does so will; therefore, there is such a guide; and (2.) He has *not* given us any such guide; therefore He does not will all men to believe and act rightly.'

"Now, this is to confound the two senses of 'WILL,' as distinguished in the concluding paragraph of the 17th article of the Church of England. In a certain sense, the most absurd errors, and the most heinous crimes, may be said to be according to the Divine will since God does not interpose His omnipotence to prevent them. But, 'in our doings,' says that article, 'that will of God is to be followed which we have *expressly* declared in Holy Writ.'

The passage thus referred to is to be found in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Sir George Lewis's Essay "on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," contained in the number for April 1850:—

"If," says the author of that article, "religious faith be favourable, and religious error unfavourable, to the welfare of a people; if it be in the power of the State, by means of persecution, to diffuse the former, and to extirpate, or at least to discourage, the latter; and if it be the duty of the State to do all that it can do to promote the welfare of its subjects, on what ground ought it to abstain from persecution?"

The able author of the "Letters on the Church," admits "that he can find no arguments against persecution which ought to convince a Mohammedan or a Pagan ruler." We believe "that the duty of abstaining from the forcible propagation of religious truth may be maintained by an argument of

universal application—one to which a Mohammedan or a Pagan must yield, as well as a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. It consists in the impossibility, in almost all cases, of demonstrating that what is persecuted is really error. We have already remarked, that most of the disputes which separate Christian sects relate, not to practical morality, but either to questions respecting Church discipline and government, which may receive different answers among different nations, and at different times; or to questions as to the nature and attributes of the Deity, and as to His dealings with mankind, which depend on the interpretation given to certain portions of Scripture, as to which men have been differing for eighteen centuries, with a tendency rather to further divergence than to agreement."

"The Trinitarians think that the eternal co-existence of God the Father and God the Son is the Scriptural doctrine: the Arians think that the Begetter must have existed before the Begotten. The Latin Church believes that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son: the Greek Church believes that the Holy Spirit proceeds only from the Father. Each of these opinions has been supported by hundreds of learned, conscientious, and diligent inquirers; each has been adopted by millions of enthusiastic votaries; each has been propagated by violence, and resisted by endurance; each has had its doctors, its persecutors, and its martyrs."

"It is possible that many of the opinions for which we persecute one another, relate to matters which our faculties are unable to comprehend. It is possible that, if our controversies could be submitted to the decision of beings of higher knowledge and intelligence than those of man, they would tell us that, for the most part, we are disputing about words which signify no realities, and debating propositions which, being unmeaning, possess neither truth nor falsehood. *One thing at least seems clear—that, if the Being who inspired the texts on which different sects found their arguments, had intended us to agree in one interpretation of them, He would not have left them susceptible of many.*"

"The fact, then, on which the expediency of persecution depends—the falsehood of the persecuted doctrine—being, in general, incapable of demonstration, it follows, as a general rule, that persecution is not expedient. We say, in general; for there are some religious opinions so obviously mischievous, that the magistrate may be bound to put them down. Such are the doctrines once attributed to the Church of Rome—that faith is not to be kept with heretics;

that the Pope may release subjects from their allegiance; and that indulgence may be purchased for the darkest crimes. And, with respect even to such doctrines as these, all that the State ought to prevent is their active dissemination. The mere holding them being involuntary, is not a fit subject for legislation."

There is obviously no subject which man ought to approach with such reverence, such caution, indeed such timidity, as the attributes of the Deity. We cannot venture to set any bounds to them. We cannot venture to treat His power, His knowledge, or His benevolence, as limited. But nothing that is unlimited is conceivable by the human mind. A Being, therefore, of infinite attributes is to us incomprehensible. When we attempt to reason about Him, it is only on hypothesis, and by analogy. Our hypothesis—an hypothesis which looks rash and absurd, and probably is absurd, but is after all our only hypothesis—is, that His motives and His conduct resemble the motives and the conduct of the only being with whom we can compare Him—a wise and benevolent man.

Now, if a man, with power to express his meaning clearly, and with knowledge enabling him to foresee how his words will be interpreted, uses language susceptible of different interpretations, we cannot but infer that he intends it to be differently interpreted.

The Archbishop answers, that "if men were designed to hold *all* diversities of religious belief, the natural inference is, that it is no matter whether we hold truth or falsehood, or rather, that there is no truth at all in any religion."

This must be admitted.

But the Archbishop, perhaps from inadvertence on his part, perhaps from a want of perspicuity on the part of the author of the article, has not apprehended his meaning. He does not affirm, nor does he believe, that men were designed to hold *all* diversities of religious belief, or that it is in consequence of the will of God that men are Buddhists, Hindoos, or Mohammedans.

Why they are so—*why* false religions are permitted to spring up and to endure, is a portion of the insoluble problem of the origin of evil—a problem which meets and arrests every speculator, Christian, Pagan, Deist, or Atheist, at every turn.

The questions as to which he ventures to think that men are designed to differ, are narrowly limited in kind and in number; and, so far from including all diversities of religious belief, apply only to the Christian creed, and to a very small portion of that

creed. They are "questions as to the nature and attributes of the Deity, and as to His dealings with mankind, *depending on the interpretation of certain portions of Scripture.*"

The examples given in the article, are the disputes as to the pre-existence of the Father, and the procession of the Holy Spirit;—disputes which relate, perhaps, to matters above our comprehension, and may resemble those of blind men as to colours, or of deaf men as to sounds.

The Archbishop adds—"This is not all; the same reasoning would go to prove that, *since there is no infallible and universally accessible guide in morals*, and men greatly differ in their judgments of what is morally right and wrong, hence we are to infer that God did not design men to agree on this point neither."

Now, the author's reason for holding that men were intended to differ as to some of what may be called the metaphysical questions in theology, is not the *absence* of an infallible and universally accessible guide, but the supposed *presence* of an ambiguous revelation. If the Sermon on the Mount were as susceptible of different interpretations as are the texts which Greeks and Latins cite against one another, it might be imagined that our Saviour intended it to be differently interpreted. But the moral precepts of the Gospel are as perspicuous as some of what may be called its metaphysical statements are obscure. There is scarcely a Christian sect which has separated from the general Church solely on any moral question. The schisms which have been founded on points of doctrine, or of discipline, or of ceremonies, may be counted by hundreds.

We may add, that we see some reasons, we will not say for affirming, but for suspecting, that such schisms are not without their utility.

Men do not seem to be improved by being thrown together in great homogeneous masses. The Chinese Empire—the largest aggregation of human beings with one government, one language, and substantially one religion, that was ever collected—contains, perhaps, the most corrupt and the least improvable people that can be called civilized. Differences of language, of climate, and of habits, seem to be among the means employed by Providence in order to break men into smaller communities, in which individual merit may hope to make its way, and which improve one another by emulation and collision.

Some of the speculative differences which divide Christians may be intended to pro-

duce the same effect. We have no doubt that we owe much of the earnest religious belief and feeling which distinguish the Anglo-Saxon race to the prevalence of dissent. The great improver of the English clergy was Wesley. In Italy there is no dissent; but how much is there of religion?

Bacon's Essay on Envy is the work of a man who had suffered much from the envious. He passed the earlier and the most active portion of his life in a small, ambitious, intriguing society, in which all were acquaintances and rivals; and the sovereign—the last and the best despot that England has ever endured—could scatter prizes, such as, in our sober aristocratical community, only Parliament can give, and only once perhaps in a century. All the ambitious, all the covetous, and all the vain, crowded to the court, to contend, by flattery, by subservience, and, we must add, by real service, for the favour which gave power, wealth, and station. Such a court was a hot-bed of envy; and Bacon's masterly enumeration of those apt to envy, and of those apt to be envied, is evidently the result of personal observation and experience. It is remarkable that he appears to have been infected by the Oriental superstition of the evil eye.

"There be none of the affections," he says, "which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes, they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects, which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye, and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation or irradiation of the eye; nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt, are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph, for that sets an edge upon envy; and besides, at such times the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow."*

We once, in Cairo, conversed on this superstition with an intelligent Cairene, who described it as the great curse of his country.

"Does the mischievous influence of the evil eye," we asked, "depend on the will of the person whose glance does the mischief?"

"Not altogether," he answered. "An intention to harm may render more virulent the poison of the glance; but envy, or the desire to appropriate a thing, or even excessive admiration, may render it hurtful without the consciousness, or even against the will, of the offender. It injures most the thing that it first hits. Hence the bits of red cloth that are stuck about the dresses of women, and about the trappings of camels and horses, and the large spots of lamp black which you may see on the foreheads of children. They are a sort of conductors. It is hoped that they will attract the glance, and exhaust its venom."

"A fine house, fine furniture, a fine camel, and a fine horse, are all enjoyed with fear and trembling, lest they should excite envy and bring misfortune. A butcher would be afraid to expose fine meat, lest the evil eye of passers-by, who might covet it, should taint it, and make it spoil, or become unwholesome."

"Children are supposed to be peculiarly the objects of desire and admiration. When they are suffered to go abroad, they are intentionally dirty and ill-dressed; but generally they are kept at home, without air or exercise, but safe from admiration. This occasions a remarkable difference between the infant mortality in Europe and in Egypt. In Europe it is the children of the rich who live; in Egypt, it is the children of the poor. The children of the poor cannot be confined. They live in the fields. As soon as you quit the city, you see in every clover field a group, of which the centre is a tethered buffalo, and round it are the children of its owner, with their provision of bread and water, sent thither at sunrise and to remain there till sunset, basking in the sun, and breathing the air from the desert. The Fellah children enter their hovels only to sleep, and that only in the winter. In summer, their days and nights are passed in the open air; and, notwithstanding their dirt and their bad food, they grow up healthy and vigorous. The children of the rich, confined by the fear of the evil eye to the 'hareem,' are puny creatures, of whom not a fourth part reaches adolescence. Achmed Pasha Tahir, one of the governors of Cairo under Mehemet Ali, had 280 children; only six survived him. Mehemet Ali himself had 87; only ten were living at his death."

"I believe," he added, "that at the bottom of this superstition is an enormous prevalence of envy among the lower Egyptians. You see it in all their fictions. Half of the stories told in the coffee-shops by the professional story-tellers, of which the Arabian Nights are a specimen, turn on malevolence.

* Essay on Envy, p. 75.

Malevolence, not attributed, as it would be in European fiction, to some insult or injury inflicted by the person who is its object, but to mere envy : envy of wealth, or of the other means of enjoyment, honourably acquired and liberally used."

In distinguishing the persons more or less subject to envy, Bacon states, that "persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for that their fortune seemeth but due to them ; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather."

The Archbishop has qualified this remark by the following very acute note :—"Bacon might have remarked, that, in one respect, a rise by merit exposes a man to more envy than that by personal favour, through family connection, private friendship, etc. For, in this latter case, the *system* itself of preferring private considerations to public, is chiefly blamed, but the *individual* thus advanced is regarded much in the same way as one who is *born* to an estate or title. But when any one is advanced on the score of desert and qualifications, the *system* is approved, but the *individual* is more envied, because his advancement is felt as an affront to all who think themselves or their own friends more worthy."

"It is quite right to advance men of great merit ; but, by this rule, it is I, or my friend so-and-so, that ought to have been preferred. When, on the other hand, a bishop or a minister appoints his own son or private friend to some office, every one else is left free to think, 'if it had gone by merit, I should have been the man.'"⁷³

The Essay on Goodness is, according to our use of the word goodness, improperly entitled ; for by "Goodness" Bacon means Beneficence.

"It admits," he says, "no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall ; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall. But in charity there is no excess : neither angel nor man can come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, inasmuch that, if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures ; as is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds. Errors, indeed, in this virtue may be committed ; therefore it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies ; for that is but facility

or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barleycorn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly : 'He sendeth His rain, and maketh His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust ;' but He doth not rain wealth nor shine honour and virtues upon men equally : common benefits are to be communicated with all ; but peculiar benefits with choice. And beware how, in making the portraiture, thou breakest the pattern ; for Divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern — the love of our neighbours but the portraiture : 'Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow Me ;' but sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow Me ;—that is, except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great ; for otherwise, in feeding the streams, thou driest the fountain."

In illustration of Bacon's remark, that the Turks, though a cruel people, are kind to beasts, we will repeat a little more of the conversation of our Cairene friend.

"The remark," he said to us, "that Orientals are not to be judged according to European notions, is so obvious that it has become trite ; but on no point is the difference between the two minds more striking than in the respect for life."

"The European cares nothing for brute life. He destroys the lower animals without scruple, whenever it suits his convenience, his pleasure, or his caprice. He shoots his favourite horse and his favourite dog as soon as they become too old for service. The Mussulman preserves the lives of the lower animals solicitously. Though he considers the dog impure, and never makes a friend of him, he thinks it sinful to kill him, and allows the neighbourhood and even the streets of his towns to be infested by packs of masterless brutes, which you would get rid of in London in one day. The beggar does not venture to destroy his vermin : he puts them tenderly on the ground, to be swept up into the clothes of the next passer-by. There are hospitals in Cairo for superannuated cats, where they are fed at the public expense."

"But to human life he is utterly indifferent. He extinguishes it with much less scruple than that with which you shoot a horse past his work. Abbas, the late Viceroy, when a boy, had his pastry-cook bastinadoed to death. Mehemet Ali mildly reproved him for it, as you would correct a child for killing a butterfly. He explained to his little grandson that such things ought not to be done without a motive."

It is to be observed, that the evils which

Bacon points out as likely to follow ill-directed benevolence, are evils affecting the giver. He does not appear to have seen that it inflicts evils, far greater in amount, and far more mischievous in kind, upon the receiver. In the long contest between the labourer, desirous of choosing for himself his residence, his master, and his occupation, and the employer, anxious to confine him in the political prison of a parish, and to force him to work there for such wages as the justices should think fit, success was then on the side of the labourer. The imprisonments, whippings, slavery, chains, mutilation, and death, denounced against sturdy vagabonds—that is, against those who, having no property but their labour, presumed to act as if they thought that they had a right to dispose of it—had failed. “Partly,” says the preamble to the 1st Ed. vi. c. 3, “by foolish pity and mercy of them which should have seen the said goodly laws executed, and partly from the perverse nature and long-accustomed idleness of the person given to loitering, the said goodly statutes have had small effect.” It was not until the times of George III., when the prime minister proposed to make parochial relief a matter of right and an honour, and one of the leaders of the Opposition complained that he had searched the statute-book in vain for a law to compel the farmers to do their duty, and to raise wages with the price of provisions, that the friends of the labourer succeeded in reducing him to a slavery and a degradation which his enemies had been unable to inflict.

Archbishop Whately, writing after the experience of two centuries and a half, sees much more clearly than Bacon the real mischiefs of misdirected beneficence.

“Bacon,” he says, “is speaking of what is now called benevolence and beneficence; and his remark is very just, that it admits of no excess in quantity, though it may be misdirected and erroneous. For if your liberality be such as to reduce your family to poverty, or—like the killing of the hen that laid the golden eggs—such as to put it out of your power hereafter to be liberal at all, or if it be bestowed upon the undeserving, this is rather to be accounted an unwise and misdirected benevolence than an excess of it in quantity. And we have here a remarkable instance of the necessity of keeping the whole character and conduct, even our most amiable propensities, under the control of right principle, guided by reason, and of taking pains to understand the subject relating to each duty which you are called on to perform. For there is, perhaps, no one quality

that can produce a greater amount of mischief than may be done by thoughtless good nature. For instance, if any one, out of tenderness of heart, and reluctance to punish or to discard the criminal and worthless, lets loose on society, or advances to important offices, mischievous characters, he will have conferred a doubtful benefit on a few, and done uncalculable hurt to thousands. So also—to take one of the commonest and most obvious cases, that of charity to the poor,—a man of great wealth, by freely relieving all idle vagabonds, might go far towards ruining the industry, and the morality, and the prosperity, of a whole nation. For there can be no doubt that careless, indiscriminate alms-giving does far more harm than good, since it encourages idleness and improvidence, and also imposture. If you give freely to ragged and filthy street-beggars, you are, in fact, *hiring* people to dress themselves in filthy rags, and go about begging with fictitious tales of distress. If, on the contrary, you carefully inquire for and relieve honest and industrious persons, who have fallen into distress through unavoidable misfortunes, you are not only doing good to those objects, but also holding out an encouragement generally to honest industry.”

“You may, however, meet with persons who say, ‘As long as it is my intention to relieve real distress, my charity is equally virtuous, though the tale told me may be a false one. The impostor alone is to be blamed who told it me: I acted on what he said; and if that is untrue, the fault is his, and not mine.’ Now, this is a fair plea, if any one is deceived after making careful inquiry; but if he has not taken the trouble to do this, regarding it as no concern of his, you might ask him how he would act and judge in a case where he is thoroughly in earnest,—that is, where his own interest is concerned. Suppose he employed a steward, or other agent to buy for him a horse, and this agent paid an exorbitant price for what was really worth little or nothing, giving just the same kind of excuse for allowing his employer to be thus cheated, saying, ‘I made no careful inquiries, *but took the seller’s word*; and his being a liar and a cheat, is his fault, and not mine;’ the employer would doubtless reply, ‘The seller, indeed, is to be condemned for cheating; but so are you for your carelessness of my interests. His being greatly in fault does not clear *you*, and your merely intending to do what was right, is no excuse for your not taking pains to gain right information.’

“Now, on such a principle we ought to act in our charities; regarding ourselves as stewards of all that Providence has bestowed, and

as bound to expend it in the best way possible, and not shelter our own faulty negligence under the misconduct of another.

"It is now generally acknowledged that relief afforded to want, as mere want, tends to increase that want; while the relief afforded to the sick, the infirm, and the disabled, has plainly no tendency to multiply its own objects. Now, it is remarkable, that the Lord Jesus employed His miraculous power in healing the sick *continually*, but in feeding the hungry only twice; while the power of multiplying food, which He then manifested, as well as His directing the disciples to take care and gather up the fragments that remained, that nothing might be lost, served to mark, that the abstaining from any like procedure on other occasions was deliberate design. In this, besides other objects, our Lord had probably in view to afford us some instruction, from His example, as to the mode of our charity. Certain it is, that the reasons for this distinction are now, and ever must be, the same as at that time. Now, to those engaged in that important and inexhaustible subject of inquiry, the internal evidence of Christianity, it will be interesting to observe here one of the instances in which the superhuman wisdom of Jesus forestalled the discovering of an important principle, often overlooked, not only by the generality of men, but by the most experienced statesmen and the ablest philosophers, even in these later ages of extended human knowledge and development of mental power."

Bacon published, at different times, two comparisons of Youth with Old Age: the first in 1612, when he was in his 42d year,* the second in 1623, when he was in his 62d year,† and already sinking under premature decrepitude.

It is remarkable that his earlier work is by far the less unfavourable to old age. He admits that, "for the moral part, *perhaps*, youth will have the advantage, as age for the politic;" that "the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth;" and that "age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections." But these are the only hints of any moral superiority in the young.

In the *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, however, in almost every moral quality, the advantage is given to youth.

"The young," he says, "are modest; the old, hardened. The young are kind and compassionate; the old, callous. To the

young belongs laudable emulation; to the old, malignant envy. The young are inclined to religion and to devotion by their fervour and by their inexperience of evil; the piety of the old is chilled by their want of charity, by their long familiarity with evil, and by their tendency to unbelief. In youth, the will is strong; in age, it is moderate. The young are volatile and changeable; the old, grave and firm. The young are liberal and kindly; the old, avaricious, self-seeking, and self-wise. The young are confiding and hopeful; the old, diffident and suspicious. The young please and are easily pleased; the old are morose and fastidious. The young are open and frank; the old, cautious and reserved. The young desire what is great; the old take pains for what is necessary. The young admire the present; the old, the past. The young revere their superiors; the old judge them. Still the old, until they are in their dotage, have some advantages: though their invention be barren, their judgment is clear; they prefer the safe to the specious; their garrulity, and even their vanity, has its use; as they cannot act, they talk,—hence the fable that Tithonus was turned into a cricket."

The reader may perhaps be interested by comparing Bacon's view of old age with that of Aristotle. We will translate the 15th chapter of the second book of the *Rhetoric*.

"The aged," says Aristotle, "having lived long in a world in which evil predominates—having frequently failed, and frequently been deceived—rely on nothing, trust nothing, and have rather opinions than knowledge. Their propositions are always qualified by a 'probably' or a 'perhaps.' They are uncharitable, taking everything in its worst sense. They are suspicious, because experience has deprived them of confidence. They neither love nor hate; or, rather, obeying the precept of Bias, they treat their friends as possible enemies, and their enemies as possible friends. Life has humbled them; they desire nothing great or even extraordinary, and are satisfied with what is barely necessary. They are stingy; for they know that money must be had, and that it is hard to earn and easy to lose. Their coldness makes them timid, as the warmth of the young makes them bold. They love life, and more and more dearly as its end approaches; for men desire most the things of which they have least. Their selfishness makes them prefer what is useful to what is great; for utility is relative to the individual, greatness is intrinsic. They are shameless, because, caring only for what is profitable, they are indifferent to opinion. They have seen that most things are bad, and that

* Essay on Youth and Age.

† *Historia vitæ et mortis*. Discrimina juventutis et senectutis.

most events turn out ill; and therefore they are desponding. As their past life is long, and their future life short, they live rather in memory than in hope, and hence their garrulity. Their resentment is quick, but weak, and so are the desires that have not left them; hence their apparent temperateness. Their great object is gain. They are governed rather by reason than by impulse; for reason comes from the head, impulse from the heart. Their injuries are rather malicious than insolent. Their pity is the result not of kindness, but of weakness: if they sympathize with misfortune, it is because they expect misfortune."

We cannot but suspect that the picture drawn by Bacon was, in some of its features, borrowed from Aristotle. It is less full and less precise, and inferior to the comparison of the intellectual qualities of the young and the old contained in his essay on Youth and Age. There are passages in that essay equal in wisdom of thought, and force, and concentration of style, to anything that he ever wrote.

"Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them, but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business, but the errors of aged men amount but to this—that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and that, which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success."

Archbishop Whately has accounted, with great perspicacity, for the unfavourableness of Aristotle's picture of old age:—

"Many readers of Aristotle's admirable description of the young and the old forget that he is describing the *same* man at different periods of life, since the old must have been young. As it is, he gives just the right view of the character of the 'natural man' (as the Apostle Paul expresses it), which is, to become, on the whole, gradually worse, when no superior and purifying principle has

been implanted. Some people fancy that a man grows good by growing old, without taking any particular pains about it. But 'the older the crab-tree, the more crabs it bears,' says the proverb. Unless a correcting principle be *engrafted*, a man may, perhaps, outgrow the vices and follies of youth, but other vices, and even worse, will come in their stead. If, indeed, a wilding tree be grafted when young with a good fruit-tree, then, the older it is, if it be kept well pruned, the more good fruit it will bear."*

This explanation, however, does not apply to Bacon, for *he* wrote in a Christian community: a community in which men were as eager as to religious questions, and probably as much influenced by religious feelings, as they are now. If it be true, as we think that it is, that our aged contemporaries are more amiable and more agreeable than those whom he has described, that superiority must be accounted for by supposing either that they have been improved by the general progress of civilization, or that the society from which Bacon took his models was morally below the average at that time, or, lastly, that he wrote under the influence of temporary ill-humour.

It is remarkable that Bacon, who took this desponding view of the influence of time on the human heart, appears himself to have improved as he grew older. His Essays, as they were first published in 1597, when he was about twenty-seven, are addressed almost exclusively to the intellect. As intellectual exercises, they are unsurpassed. The very first, the Essay on Study, contains more thought, and more closely packed, than perhaps any other English composition. But there is no *ῥηθός* in any one of them. If a person unacquainted with their respective dates were to compare the Essay on Followers and Friends, which is now nearly in the state in which it was printed in 1597, with that on Friendship, published fifteen years afterwards, he would suppose the former to be the work of a veteran, whose kindly feelings have been dried up by long experience of treachery and ingratitude, and the latter, that of a youth, eager for sympathy, ready to trust, and miserable if he cannot find one to whom he can "impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, by a kind of civil shrift or confession."

There cannot be a more melancholy opinion than that with which the Essay on Followers and Friends concludes:—"There is little friendship in the world, and least of

* Note, p. 388.

all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other."

Contrast this with one of the first sentences in the Essay on Friendship:—

"Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*,"—because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods; but we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and, even in this scene also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity."

The first three of the Essays, which appeared for the first time in the edition of 1825, and are probably among the very last things which he wrote—the Essay on Truth, on Revenge, and on Adversity, give to his character its most Christian, its loftiest, and its grandest features. He must have soared high above the region of ambition, avarice, subservience, and intrigue, in which he lived, as a lawyer, a courtier, and a chancellor, when he wrote, "Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature. Certainly it is a heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."*

He must have conquered resentment and regret, when he felt that "that which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters.

"There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like; therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should be wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other.

"Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting

friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. 'You shall read,' saith he, 'that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends.'

"But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: 'Shall we,' saith he, 'take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?' and so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that *a man that studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.*"*

We believe that the explanation of his improvement is to be found in the Essay on Adversity.

"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours: most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."†

The five years of shame, poverty, and sickness, which followed Bacon's disgrace, are the brightest part of his life. He did not waste them in sorrow or in anger. He felt that "that which is past is gone and irrecoverable, and that they do but trifle with themselves who labour in past matters." He felt that, having, as he says, wasted his best years and his best exertions in matters for which "he was not very fit by nature, and was more unfit by the pre-occupation of his mind,"‡ he ought to dedicate the remainder to the improvement of mankind.

Not that Bacon was positively unfit for the worldly struggles which nearly filled his first sixty years. He was the very best debater, he was one of the best courtiers, and he was one of the best lawyers of his time. He gained every prize for which he contended—wealth, favour, rank, and power.

* Essay on Revenge, p. 41.

† Essay on Adversity, p. 47.

‡ Letter to Sir Thos. Bodley, 1605.

* Essay on Truth, p. 3.

But he was relatively unfit. His abilities for practical life were great, but they were inferior to those of several of his contemporaries. He was not so good a lawyer as Coke, or so good a courtier as Villiers; and, above all, he wanted the masculine virtues, the courage, the firmness, and the self-denial, without which an ambitious man is a gladiator unprotected by defensive armour. The humblest and the commonest of these virtues is frugality. Bacon knew well its importance. The Essay on Expense was printed before he was thirty. "Certainly," he says in that essay, "if a man would keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part." He estimates himself, while Attorney-General, his official income as £7,600 a-year,* equal at least to £40,000 a-year at present. He had no children; his wife was an heiress; he had a patrimonial property; yet he was always in debt, and, when he could borrow no more, had recourse to the desperate expedient of judicial corruption.

In the Essay on Great Place, he dwells on the necessity of binding the hands of the servants; yet he allowed his own servants to plunder both the suitors in his court and himself. "Sit down," he said to them after his disgrace, when they rose on his approach; "your rise has been my fall." No man could owe more to another, than he did to Lord Essex. His benefactor was on his trial: Bacon had not the courage to refuse to act as counsel against him. Elizabeth wished to escape from the odium thrown on her by Essex's execution. She required Bacon to write a pamphlet to blacken the memory of his friend: Bacon complied.

James, with his cruel cowardice, was eager to punish, as a traitor, Peacham, whose only crime was the possession of an offensive manuscript. Bacon submitted to declare what was at most a misdemeanour to be treason; to extort, by private solicitation and intimidation, the concurrence of the judges; and to try to obtain further evidence against the prisoner, by questioning him "before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture."

Bacon, during his greatness, always proclaimed his preference of study to business, of theory to practice; whether sincerely may be doubted. "You may observe," he says, in his Essay on Envy, "that the more deep and sober sort of politic per-

sons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a '*quanta patimur*,' not that they feel it so, but only to abate envy."

It has often occurred to us to consider what we should have gained, and what we should have lost, if the reversion of the registrarship of the Star Chamber had fallen to him in his youth, and he had retired on it into contemplative life.

He would have left us a much purer example, but a less useful warning. It is exquisitely mournful, but perhaps equally instructive, to see a man of gigantic intellect, of kindly affections, who had long and deeply meditated on virtue and on vice, who was carried away by no violent passions, who was borne down by no overwhelming temptations, seduced into crimes the most hateful and the most despicable—into cruelty, oppression, falsehood, ingratitude, and corruption, by mere weakness; by the want of firmness, to resist the solicitations of the sovereign, or of the favourite of the sovereign; and by the want of self-denial, to abstain from gratifying his vanity or his taste, by an expense to which even his enormous income was unequal.

He would probably have completed the *Instauratio Magna*. Much of it no doubt would have been very valuable; much would have consisted of speculations in physical science, depending on premises deduced from insufficient evidence, or assumed without any evidence whatever. But we should not have had the Essays, such as we have them now. Only long experience of active life; only constant collision with every class of mind, and every diversity of character; only passing through every variety of fortune, from poverty to wealth, and from wealth to poverty—from obscurity to fame, and from fame to infamy—from mediocrity to power, and from power to humiliation—could have given to him the deep and practical insight into human nature which produced the Essays in their last form. And we are not sure that we should gain, even if it were possible to exchange them for the *Desiderata*.

The few portions of Archbishop Whately's Annotations which we have extracted, give, of course, a most inadequate specimen of his part of the volume. It is, as we have already remarked, a work of which it is impossible to give an outline, or a comprehensive view. We must refer the reader to the original: it cannot be read by deputy. It is of "the few books that are to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." It is not often that such a man as Whately comments on such a man as Bacon.

* Letter to the King, Feb. 12, 1615.

ART. II.—1. *Horæ Lyricæ. Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind.* By ISAAC WATTS, D.D. With a Memoir of the Author by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D. London, 1834.

2. *The Poet of the Sanctuary. A Centenary Commemoration of the Labours and Services, Literary and Devotional, of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.* By JOSIAH CONDER. London, 1851.

IN the gloomy reign of James II., the most diligent boy in the Grammar School of Southampton was a little Puritan. So tiny, that he would hardly have passed for eleven years of age, he was so grave and good, as to be at once a model and a reproof to his sturdier class-mates; and, although in repose there was nothing peculiarly prepossessing in his pale face, with its prominent cheek-bones, and a forehead far from lofty, the moment that some hard question posed the form, the sparkling eye and the slight nervous figure quivering with the pent-up answer, betrayed the genius and the scholar. Already he had made good proficiency in French, Latin, and Greek, and had delighted his mother, whilst he astonished his companions, by ingenious acrostics and clever impromptu stanzas; and altogether, with his quiet, docile disposition, and his precocious attainments, he made glad the heart of the Rev. Mr. Pinhorn, who, like many a disconsolate preceptor before and since, at last foresaw a dim and distant Ararat, and hailed the youth who should yet "comfort him concerning his work and the toil of his hands."

The little Nonconformist, so dear to the good rector of All Saints, probably owed something of his early sedateness to his family circumstances. His father, a man of gentle and noble nature, and an excellent scholar, had kept a boarding-school; but, whilst his first-born was a babe, he lay in prison to expiate his crime as a frequenter of conventicles. On the sunny days his wife used to come and sit on a stone near the cell of her husband, nursing her child; and now that he was grown to be dux of the grammar school, whatever might be a father's pride and pleasure, he was obliged to forego all personal share in superintending the education and forming the mind of his boy. For the last two years, Isaac Watts the elder had been a fugitive, hiding somewhere in London; and the best holiday known in the household, was when a letter arrived to assure them that he still had escaped from the hands of his persecutors.

The "grandmother Lois" is often as in-

fluent on the opening mind as the "mother Eunice." Our young friend's mother carefully taught him the Shorter Catechism, encouraged him to write verses, and helped him with his tasks; but the venerable lady of threescore and ten, in addition to the hold which maternal tenderness takes upon the heart, had for her grandson the fascination which saintly worth and a beautiful old age exert on a susceptible and imaginative childhood. The husband of her youth had been a gallant sailor. In "the piping times of peace," he wielded the pencil and played on the violin, and, with his wit and his traveller's tales, he was the life of the friendly circle; but his favourite tune was the breeze whistling through the shrouds, and the roar of the cannon was the music which he could not resist. With Blake for his admiral, and with the Dutch for his foe, the young captain hasted out to sea; but in the battle a shot penetrated the powder magazine, the ship blew up, and Mrs. Watts was a widow. And now, in her old age, her grandson loved to hear the story of those terrible sea-fights, and how his bold ancestor had fought with beasts as well as men;—how, for instance, in the East Indies, he had once run into a river to escape from a tiger, but the enraged creature followed him, and it was only by putting forth a wild paroxysm of strength, and holding under water, till it was drowned, the head of the struggling monster, that he saved his life. But deeply as such recitals stirred the listener's spirit, they enkindled no emulous aspirations. To the cutlass and the truncheon he preferred the captain's flute and fiddle, and showed more disposition to copy his drawings, than to rival his deeds of naval daring. Had he been a strong and active boy, the nautical succession would have developed in boating, "pluck," and pugilism. As it was, with the tarry-at-home necessities imposed by a feeble frame, it only imparted to the thoughtful lad a tinge of romance, and a certain tone of unselfish and chivalrous feeling.

At last King James's indulgence allowed the persecuted Nonconformist to return to his family. There he was cheered by the gentle virtues and studious dispositions of the "Isaac whom he loved," and soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of finding that the lessons and musings of these carefully instructed and well-guarded years had ripened into earnest piety. All along an affectionate onlooker might have hoped the best for a child so duteous and so blameless; but it was not till his fifteenth year that his apprehension of the Gospel became

so distinct, and his love to the Saviour so influential, as to mark to his own mind the commencement of personal Christianity.

Impressed with his piety and his promise of rare ability, a kind friend offered to send him to the University, if he would consent to study for the Church. But no one will wonder that Isaac Watts had "determined to take his lot among the Dissenters." He was no bigot. Many have felt more strongly on questions of religious worship and ecclesiastical government. But he had his preference; and, after all that his parents had done and suffered in the cause of Protestant Nonconformity, he would have felt it a filial treason, as well as an apostasy, to go over to the other side. Accordingly, as soon as he had learned all that his father and Mr. Pinhorn could teach him, he went, in his seventeenth year, to study at the Dissenting Academy then kept at Newington, a pleasant village now nearly absorbed in London.

At the time we speak of, and for nearly a hundred years thereafter, a Dissenting academy was a very simple and unostentatious institution: Its local habitation was usually a plain but commodious building in a country town, or in some peaceful and sequestered hamlet near the capital. The principal was a divine, judicious, experienced, and learned, whom the esteem of his brethren had invited to the office, and who not only combined in his single personality the entire faculties of arts and theology, but who was almost always a pluralist, discharging, alongside of his multifarious professorship, a diligent and effective pastorate. But it was really wonderful how much a conscientious student contrived to learn during a three-years' sojourn in one of these unpretending colleges. His tutor was himself an adept. Perhaps he had studied under Perizonius and Witsius at Leyden, or had brought over from their learned contemporaries at Utrecht and Franeker vast collectanea on all the mental and material sciences; and it was only a revival of his own earlier enthusiasm to traverse those fields afresh in the society of his ingenuous and youthful companions. The inexorable bell rang at five in the morning, and the hours of prime were devoted to Hebrew and Jewish Antiquities, Euclid and Astronomy, Locke on the Understanding and Heereboord's Logic. Divinity lectures were interspersed with theses and discussions on controvertible points; and, as a preparation for the direct work of the ministry, the composition of sermons and the arts of communication were largely cultivated. During "school hours," the language was Latin; and a respectable

scholarship must have been required in order to read the Hebrew Bible into Greek, as was the custom under some tutors. The system may not be adapted to modern times; but, last century, most of the men who entered on their ministry fully furnished, came from these quiet but industrious seminaries. As one example may be mentioned the Academy at Gloucester, where, out of sixteen contemporary pupils, we recognise at least four distinguished names: Jeremiah Jones, the author of the still unsuperseded work on "the Canon;" and Bishop Butler, author of a no less enduring work on "the Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature;" Dr. Daniel Scott, the learned continuator of Stephens' "Thesaurus;" and a youth who shared the same apartment with Scott, Thomas Seeker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the three years which Isaac Watts spent under Mr. Rowe at Newington, there is abundant evidence still extant of his intense application and his progress in knowledge. But, what was still better, his piety kept pace with his intellectual attainments. Amidst devout and warm-hearted fellow-students, and in daily contact with a holy and high-minded teacher, there was much to maintain that fervour which sometimes subsides in academic halls, and which needs to be revived by the solemn urgencies of the actual pastorate. At the end of his curriculum the student returned to his father's house, rich in acquirement, but with that reluctance to enter on the actual ministry, which sometimes occasions a long pause to conscientious minds confronting near-hand the responsibilities of the sacred office; and before he would take any further step, he lingered two years and a half at Southampton, giving himself to reading, meditation, and prayer.

However, it was during this interval that he entered on that special ministry by which he, "being dead, yet speaketh" in the churches of Christendom.

Isaac Watts was born a poet, and there were many things in his early life which fostered and developed the faculty divine. His ancestors had been musical: his father was not only a man of taste and intelligence, but was given to "versing;" and his mother used to beguile the rainy afternoons, by offering to the boarding-school pupils a prize for the best poetical effusion. On one occasion Mrs. Watts's copper medal was gained by the following rather saucy couplet of her eldest son, then seven or eight years old:—

"I write not for a farthing, but to try,
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

Afterwards under his excellent instructors at Southampton and Newington, he was introduced to the best models, English and classical. Of these, none laid such a hold on his imagination and affections as the Latin Psalms of Buchanan, and the soaring, high-sounding lyrics of Casimir Sarbiewski:—

“ See from the Caledonian shore,
With blooming laurels covered o’er,
Buchanan march along!
Hail, honour’d heir of David’s lyre,
Thou full-grown image of thy sire,
And hail thy matchless song!

“ Methinks, enkindled by the name
Of Casimir, a sudden flame
Now shoots through all my soul.
I feel, I feel the raptures rise;
On starry plumes I cut the skies,
And range from pole to pole.

“ Touching on Zion’s sacred brow,
My wand’ring eyes I cast below,
And our vain race survey:
O how they stretch their eager arms
T’ embrace imaginary charms,
And throw their souls away!”

Besides, Watts’s was a serious childhood. Not only was there much in the state of the times to make him grave—the danger of attending their chosen place of worship—the imprisonment of their favourite ministers—the breaking up of their home—the flight of his father,—but the solemn views of revealed truth, to which he had all along been habituated, and to which days so dark imparted a deeper shadow, were fitted to increase his thoughtfulness. He had been profoundly impressed with his inherent depravity, and the Divine displeasure at sin; and the doctrines of election and sovereign grace were not only sayings of his Catechism, but convictions penetrating his inmost soul; and, whilst they must have been suggestive of much anxiety to one who feared that he was still unconverted and unsaved, we cannot but regard them as eminently conducive to the function for which Providence designed him. No one feels so thankful for the Rock of Ages as one who has been snatched from the abyss; nor can any one so celebrate the glories of redeeming and rescuing grace, as the man who has felt the raptures of a great deliverance. Moreover, it may be doubted if any bard has ever taken deep hold on the heart of humanity, who has not early learned to “sit alone and keep silence.” As the greatest Christian poet of the present century has described the solitude, the spiritual isolation, and the gloomy forebodings, from which at

last unfolded the beautiful flower of his genius:—

“ A pensive child I slank away
A lonely spot to find;
And, musing, sat the livelong day,
The playmate of the wind.

“ No victor’s palm waved o’er my head,
No poet’s laurel-spray;
For me no lily fragrance shed,
No little bird its lay.

“ Dark grew the dunes, down died the blast,
The ghostly air was dumb;
I gazed on desolation vast,
And thought on wrath to come.”

Without supposing that Isaac Watts was a child so sad and sequestered as William Bilderdijk—or, we may add, as William Cowper—we are sure that there was an analogy in their early experience; and, just as the story of Rembrandt in the mill teaches us that nobody can paint light so well, as one who has been accustomed to look at it from the darkness, so no one can be a Christian psalmist who has not thought and felt profoundly, and in some form or other been, like the Chief Musician, “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”

At fifteen years of age, as has been already mentioned, a new world opened to his hopes, and, along with the peace of reconciliation, there flowed into his mind fresh elements of life and power. In the right of his Divine Representative, he now humbly ventured to regard himself as a child of God, and an heir of the promises; and all that was refined in his taste, or generous in his aspirations, received a proportional impulse from prospects so unspeakable, and a calling so divine. The very materials of poesy seemed to multiply without limit; for he had got the clue to the labyrinth, the key to creation’s cypher. The stars sang, and he tried to make his brothers and sister understand the tune: it thundered, and he thought of the day when exhausted long-suffering

“ Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling His wrath abroad.”

He looked out on the surging rain-swept tide, on the spot where it had once put to flight Canute and his courtiers, and exclaimed—

“ Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Or, on some peaceful evening, he gazed
across Southampton Water, to trees and
meadows steeped in the sunshine, and re-
membered—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

He took his walk in the New Forest, and
the gipsy outlaws made him thankful that
he did not

"Wander like an outcast race,
Without a Father's love;"

and the mournful notes and anxious gyra-
tions of the turtle suggested—

"Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widowed state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate;

"Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides His love."

After the glorious Revolution, the little
congregation at Southampton regained liberty
of worship; and Isaac Watts, senior, was
elected one of its two deacons. Here it was
that, for the two and a half years after the
completion of his academic course, Isaac
Watts, junior, worshipped. At that period
there were congregations which eschewed
all psalmody, and in whose worship there
was to be heard as little of the voice of
melody as in a meeting-house of "Friends."
But this was not the case in the congrega-
tion of the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson. They
sang; but whether it was Sternhold's Psalms
or Barton's, or some one's hymns, we do
not know. However, the collection did not
come up to the standard which the devo-
tional feeling and poetic taste of the young
student craved, and, having hinted his dis-
content, he was challenged to produce some-
thing better. Accordingly, on a subsequent
Lord's day, the service was concluded with
the following stanzas:—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

"Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

"Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

"—Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

"Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

"The worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath Thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no rea-
son to question its truth. But more re-
markable than the composition of the hymn,
is the alacrity with which it is said to have
been received. The attempt was an innova-
tion, and the poet was a prophet of their
own country; but, to the devotional instincts
of the worshippers, so welcome was this
"new song," that they entreated the author
to repeat the service—till, the series extend-
ing Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient num-
ber had been contributed to form the basis
of a book.

It was not, however, till 1707, and when
the publication of his "*Hora Lyrica*" had
given him some confidence in his powers,
that Watts committed to the press his
"*Hymns and Spiritual Songs*." For the
copyright Mr. Lawrence, the publisher, gave
him ten pounds; and in less than ten years
six editions had been sold. He then brought
out what he deemed a more important con-
tribution to the cause of public worship—
"*The Psalms of David Imitated in the Lan-
guage of the New Testament*," which he
hoped would escape some of the objections
urged against his Hymns. Their texture
was the language of Inspiration; and they
chiefly differed from the Hebrew Psalter by
introducing "the name of Jesus" in passages
which, as Christians believe, refer to His
person.

Since the publication of the first of these
volumes a century and a half have passed
away, and only twelve years fewer since

the publication of the second; yet nothing has appeared to dim their lustre—as yet, nothing threatens to supersede them. With their doctrinal fulness, their sacred fervour, their lyric grandeur, they stand alone—by dint of native sovereignty, overtopping all their fellows. In particular features they may be occasionally surpassed. With his gushes of heart-sprung tenderness, and his exquisite execution, amidst the sacred choir of Britain, the nightingale would represent the Bard of Olney: with his melody filling all the ethereal vault, and then, in its abrupt conclusion, leaving long silence in the expectant firmament, in the soaring grace and sudden close of Toplady there is what reminds us of “the lark singing at heaven’s gate;” and when he “claps his wings of fire,” there are empyrean heights to which Charles Wesley can ascend, defying aught to follow. But “they that wait upon the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles.” To elevate to poetic altitudes every truth in Christian experience and revealed religion, needs the strength and sweep of an aquiline pinion; and this is what Isaac Watts has done. He has taken almost every topic which exercises the understanding and the heart of the believer, and has not only given it a devotional aspect, but has wedded it to immortal numbers; and, whilst there is little to which he has not shown himself equal, there is nothing which he has done for mere effect. Rapt, yet adoring—sometimes up among the thunder-clouds, yet most reverential in his highest range—the “good matter” is “in a song,” and the sweet singer is upborne as on the wings of eagles; but even from that triumphal car, and when nearest the home of the seraphim, we are comforted to find descending lowly lamentations and confessions of sin—new music, no doubt, but the words with which we have long been familiar in the house of our pilgrimage.

Of no uninspired compositions has the acceptance been so signal. They are naturalized through all the Anglo-Saxon world, and, next to Scripture itself, are the great vehicle of pious thought and feeling. In a letter from his friend, Dr. Doddridge, we find that affectionate correspondent telling him, “On Wednesday last, I was preaching in a barn to a pretty large assembly of plain country people, in a village a few miles off. After a sermon, from Heb. vi. 12, we sung one of your hymns (which, if I remember right, was the exl. of the second book); and in that part of the worship, I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the auditory; and, after the service was over, some of them told me that they were

not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected with it; and the clerk, in particular, told me he could hardly utter the words of it. These were most of them poor people who work for their living.”* (A climbing-boy was once heard singing in a chimney,

“The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place,
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.”

And, like King David’s own Psalter, the same strains which cheered the poor sweep in the chimney, and melted to tears the Northamptonshire peasants, have roused the devotion or uttered the rapture of ten thousand and worshippers; and there is many a reader who, in his experience, can imagine nothing more akin to celestial enjoyment, than the sensations which he shared in singing, when the heart of some solemn assembly was uplifted as one man, “Come, let us join our cheerful songs,” or, “Jesus shall reign where’er the sun.”

So naturalized in the common mind of Christendom is the language of Watts, that, were all copies of his hymn-book to perish, probably half the stanzas could be recovered from quotations in printed sermons, and in the pages of Christian biography; and so necessary a supplement to pre-existing psalmody are these spiritual songs, that we know not of any Church of England collection which has not adopted some of them, and it was mainly the demand created by their popularity which constrained the most cautious and conservative of all the churches to compile those “Translations and Para-

* In case there should be any of our readers who do not already know it, we may here transcribe the hymn:—

“Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

“Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

“I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

“They mark’d the footsteps that He trod,
(His zeal inspir’d their breast:)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis’d Rest.

“Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of Witnesses
Show the same path to Heaven.”

phrases," in which the superior poetry of Logan and Cameron only sets off to greater advantage the superior devotion to Watts.

But for any book of verse or devotional manual, there is reserved an ordeal more trying than the suffrage of a public assembly, or the criticism of an ecclesiastical committee. The Book of books excepted, there is little authorship which we care for in the sick-room, or which we can tolerate on the verge of eternity. But so essentially scriptural are the sentiments and sayings which, in this case, metre has helped to make memorable, and so near the better country must the author have been when he first felt their inspiration, that, like bright shapes, or balmy airs blown seaward from the exotic shore, some of their holiest breathings seem indigenous to Immanuel's land, and can only be fully understood on the confines of heaven.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

"Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

With such accents on their lips, what multitudes of pilgrims have approached the "land of pure delight!" and, with the tear in their eyes, but no murmur in their hearts, how often have survivors sung—

"Why do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms."

But there are many who cannot rise to such exulting strains, and who still, in the words of the familiar volume, have breathed out their latest prayer. When Daniel Webster lay dying, almost the last employment of that oracular voice, which had so often thrilled the senate, and given the signal of action to his country, was to repeat again and again, in deep and solemn pathos, the psalm beginning,

"Then pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace!"

And, to mention no other, there is a grave-stone in Bengal which, besides a name and date, contains nothing but the lines,

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;"

an inscription peculiarly affecting, as the testamentary injunction and final confession of faith, of one in labours so abundant, and for strength of character so conspicuous, as William Carey.

Wonderful as these effusions of sanctified genius are, they are by no means perfect. Of many, the mechanical execution could be improved by almost any poet of the million. The rhymes are often wretched; and it is perfectly marvellous how the author could survive the first publication forty years, and allow edition after edition to appear with such couplets unaltered, as,

"How can I sink with such a *prop*
As my eternal God?"

"Our souls can neither *fly nor go*
To reach eternal joys."

Some of the grandest hymns are marred by a poor and unworthy ending. After launching in mid-air in a style worthy of Pindar, the muse is suddenly winged, or seized with vertigo, and flutters down into a bathos deeper than Sir Richard Blackmore. But there are graver faults than artistic blemishes. Their representations are sometimes unreal.

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,"

is a libel on that earth which the meek do inherit, and is entirely inconsistent with the excellent writer's general appreciation of the beauties of nature and art, and, like some other forms of a mistaken asceticism, it is a relic of Popery, which even the Puritan had failed to discard. But more injurious than any monkish or Manichean anathema on life and its material enjoyments, is any misrepresentation of the Divine character and dispositions; and such an unwitting misrepresentation, we fear, is sometimes conveyed by language like the following, applied to the throne of the Eternal:—

"Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appeared 'consuming fire,'
And Vengeance was His name.

"Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calmed His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace;"

where a vindictive aspect is given to Paternal Diety, in direct contradiction to the gracious assurance that it was "God who so loved the world, that He give His only begotten Son." It is only when we realize the Saviour's mission and satisfaction as the

result and expression of the Father's love, that in the Christian atonement we have "strong consolation," and therefore we regret, as injurious and reacting towards opposite errors, the language, whether in sermons or in hymns, which, in order to dramatize the work of redemption, exhibits as stern and severe one person of the adorable Godhead, as mild and compassionate another.

For Dr. Watts Mr. Montgomery has claimed the honour of being "almost the inventor of hymns in our language," and the claim is not extravagant. Of sacred poetry, from the humblest rhymes up to the great English epic, there had already appeared an ample store; but of compositions adapted to public worship, there was no choice, except as it lay between the various metrical psalters. How far the father of English hymnology may have availed himself of existing materials, we leave to the research of those who love such curiosities of literature. As far as any instances occur to our casual recollection, the resemblance is remote, or, where it is closer, the improvement on the original is so great as to reconcile us to the plagiarism. For example, in some old copies of King James' Bible, we find verses beginning—

"Here is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.

"Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices fail;
Here is the bread that feeds the life,
That death cannot assail."

In Watts' hymn "On the Holy Scriptures" (Book ii., 119), the same thoughts thus reappear:—

"Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale."

In our own North Britain, as in many of the sanctuaries of the Church of England, the words of Dr. Watts are sung every Lord's day, although the authorship is often unsmirched by the worshippers; and, in many instances, owing to the material changes which have been made, it is fairer to affix no author's name, or insert, as is sometimes done, "*Anon.*" in the table of

contents. Some of our readers may, therefore, not be displeased if we offer them a sample of the old wine undiluted and undulterated; and even those to whom the specimens are most familiar, will not deem their introduction irksome or unwelcome.

"My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

"In darkest shades if He appear
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

"The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,*
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, 'I am His!'

"My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

*In this hymn, Mr. Milner (*Life and Times of Dr. Watts*, page 276) says, that Dr. Watts "avails himself of a beautiful idea from Gray's 'Fragment on Vicissitude,'" quoting the well-known passage—

"See the wretch that long has tost,
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

It may be questioned whether there is more than a casual coincidence between the two poets. At all events, Watts could not have borrowed from Gray as the above hymn was published nine years before the author of the "Fragments on Vicissitude" was born!

Thomson's beautiful "Hymn of the Seasons," as every one remembers, concludes with the line,

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

The first book of Watts' *Lyric Poems*, with a reference to Psalm lxxv., "Tibi silet, O Deus," ends with the stanza—

"God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues."

The *Lyrics* were published in 1705, and, if we mistake not, Thomson's hymn was first published in 1730. Is it at all unlikely that the cadence of the earlier poem, lingering in a congenial memory, reappeared in the later and more exquisite production? In many cases of seeming plagiarism, it is extremely difficult to distinguish betwixt unconscious absorption and deliberate abstraction; and there can be no question, that some of the most curious examples of "parallel passages," are in the same category with those accidental coincidences which are constantly occurring in the history of scientific discovery.

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear the Conqu'ror through."

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,¹
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

"But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

"My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

"Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love."

"When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

"Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

"Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

"Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise;

"The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb."

Before taking leave of the Christian psalmist, it may be well to mention that the last time he took up the lyre, was to entertain and instruct the lambs of the flock. Arrived at middle life, a bachelor, a student, and an invalid, it might have been supposed that he would have lost his interest in children, if he did not even find their company an irritation and a trouble. But as long as the heart is green—as long as it retains aught of the poet's ingenuousness, or of the Master's graciousness, it will try to secure some leisure for the little ones; it will survey them with tender and sympathising reminiscences, and will seek to resuscitate its earlier self, in order to commune with them. So was it with Isaac Watts. He felt that his mental harvest had been reaped, and fancied that with his powers it was coming to the sear and yellow leaf. But there was still the Michaelmas summer. It brought out again some blossoms of the spring; it revealed some birds of passage which had not taken flight; and for the sake of the children he caged the birds, and made a posy of the flowers, and he has left them in his "Divine" and "Moral" songs. And what should we have done without them? How tame and tuneless would the days of our childhood stand out to our retrospect, if stripped of "The Cradle Hymn," and "Abroad in the Meadows," and "The Rose, that Beautiful Flower, the Glory of April and May!" And cross and lazy and hard-hearted as we are, how much worse might we have been were it not for "The Dog's Delight," and "The Busy Bee," and "The Voice of the Sluggard," and "Whene'er I take my Walks Abroad!" Kind tutor! how mellow is thy memory! How hallowed and how innocent do the days now look that we spent with thee! and how glad we are to think that in the homes and the Sunday Schools of Britain and America, some millions of young minds are still, from year to year, enjoying thy companionship, so loving, wise, and holy!

With poetical contempt of dates we have arrived at the minstrel's last lay, whilst we have scarcely reached the majority of the man. Suffice it then to add, that after being a short time tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp, in his twenty-fourth year he was

invited to become the pastor of the congregational church in London, of which Joseph Caryl, Dr. Owen, and David Clarkson, had been successive ministers. This, for half a century, viz., from 1698 till his death on the 25th of November 1748, was his office, and its work was what he loved; but through manifold infirmities his labours were often intermitted. At last, in 1712, he was seized with a nervous fever, which continued for many months, and from the effects of which his constitution never perfectly recovered. And then it was that Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, having tempted him out to their charming retreat at Theobald's, made him their prisoner for life, and converted a week's visit into a delightful detention of five-and-thirty years. "Here," in the words of his biographer, Dr. Gibbons, "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favour the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, the most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enabled him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight."

In all the annals of hospitality there is hardly such another case. "A coalition," as Dr. Johnson calls it, "a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits;" and in which, it may be added, there must have been, on either side, a rare exemption from the foibles with which ordinary goodness is afflicted. The Abneys did not weary of their guest, nor did that guest, amidst unwonted luxuries, grow soft and idle; and as it was in the cheerful asylum which they opened to the shattered invalid, that most of the works were penned, which now fill the six collective quartos, we are all of us the debtors of the generous knight and his gentle lady, nor, we may well believe, is their labour of love forgotten by Him, who, in the case of the least of His servants when sick, remembers those who visit them.

Never was kindness more considerate—never was interposition more providential. As far as his own instincts and the circumstances of the times could indicate, Dr. Watts's calling was the improvement of Christian literature. In the previous centu-

ry Bishop Hall had published the banns between Letters and Religion, and in his pungent "Characters" and entertaining "Epistles," he had laboured to press into the service of the sanctuary the shrewd observation of Theophrastus, the varied intelligence and vivacity of Pliny. But the example had not been followed. Notwithstanding the unprecedented amount of theological authorship with which the intervening age had overflowed, little or nothing had been done to propitiate men of taste to evangelical religion; and although, as regarded the older generation who had listened to Baxter and Owen, this was of minor moment, it greatly concerned their successors. Pious matrons in the country and Godfearing merchants in the city, felt a famine of the word, and whilst in the meetings they frequented, they sighed for the sap and the savour to which they had been accustomed in their youth, their sons and daughters were reading Pope and Addison throughout the week; and, in the self-same meetings to which they were dragged by their pious seniors on the Sabbath, they were yawning at the prolixity of the sermon, or tittering at the grotesque similes of the preacher. Nor on the Sunday evening, in the parlour at home, was the matter greatly mended. It would have been well for the young people if they had read the good books which their parents recommended, or sung the psalms of which these never wearied; but, after yesterday's Spectator, Owen on Perseverance was heavy reading, and even the best-disposed youth could hardly convince himself that Sternhold was sublimer than Dryden. Dr. Watts felt the desideratum. The whole course of his studies had prepared him for supplying it, and there was nothing to which he was more inclined by the entire bent of his genius. And now, in the good providence of God, he enjoyed the opportunity, and the rest of his life was mainly spent in advancing the cause of Christian culture, through the medium of an attractive authorship.

But the congregation in Bury Street was as self-sacrificing as the Abneys were generous. They could not part with a pastor whose praise was in all the churches, and of whom they themselves were proud; neither would they selfishly restrain him from his higher calling and his wider ministry. They released him from all his more toilsome duties. They found for him a colleague, with whom, for thirty years and upwards he was happily associated. They were glad to hear the Doctor when he was able to preach; and when the Doctor was nervous or indisposed, he himself was happy to join the rest

in listening to Mr. Price. And, indeed, in preaching he was not so pre-eminent. Although his voice was musical and his utterance delightfully distinct, his manner was calm and deliberate, and more fitted to instruct an affectionate circle than to arouse a promiscuous auditory. He had neither the material volume and sonorous vehemence which constitute the modern Boanerges, nor the excitable temperament which sometimes makes up for physical defects; and it may be questioned, whether it was not, on the whole, better for Bury Street that Mr. Price was the stated preacher.

So Dr. Watts was allowed to ply the ministry which God had given him; and in the longer or shorter intervals of illness, he went on replenishing more and more his richly furnished mind, and giving forth, volume after volume, those books for which after ages were to bless his memory. Few subjects of rational inquiry escaped his versatile and eager pursuit, and every new conquest was a tribute to his Master and a present to mankind. True to his own maxim, "I hate the thoughts of making anything in religion heavy or tiresome;" he sought to make every attractive theme, and every useful science, the handmaid of religion, even as he longed to see religion the mistress of an intelligent and well-instructed family. And with this twofold aim,—seeking at once to Christianize knowledge and to refine and expand the mind of the Christian community, and with a prevailing reference to the rising race,—he took up in succession, Logic, Astronomy, Geography, English Grammar, Scripture History; and as, in his "Logic," he had given directions for the right use of reason, so, in his work on the Passions, he gave instructions for the right guidance of man's moral and emotional nature; besides publishing treatises more purely theological on Prayer and Christian Ethics, and on controverted questions in divinity, and a volume entitled, "*Reliquiæ Juveniles*," perhaps the most characteristic of the whole, as containing in its miscellaneous pages short papers on all kinds of topics, grave and gay, mental and material, terrestrial and celestial, in Latin verse and English prose.

Of these a few are now obsolete, owing to the advancement of the sciences, and others have been pushed out of favour by brisker or more brilliant competitors. But still they have accomplished their purpose. For the instruction of youth, they have necessitated the preparation of manuals at once attractive and thorough, and conveying information in a tone of cheerful affection and benevolent solicitude for their higher interests. Some,

however, cannot easily be superseded. We doubt if even Todd's "Student's Guide," with all its modern adaptation and its welcome minuteness, will consign to oblivion the "Improvement of the Mind," so practical in its details and so inspiring in its tone; and although the universities may have now produced systems of logic more suitable to their objects than our author's clear and masterly compend, we know of nothing so likely to interest the non-professional reader in his own mind and its intellectual processes, or to aid him in his inquiries after truth.*

In his theological disquisitions, Dr. Watts was not so successful as in his contributions to Christian literature. The best of his hymns leave little for the most fastidious to censure, and nothing for the most aspiring to hope; and his sermon on "The End of Time," is as profoundly awakening as "The Happiness of separate Spirits" is elevating to our nobler sentiments and improving to our earthliness. But when he quitted the devotional and the practical for the speculative, he was away from home. Every one wants to climb a mountain, and it is exceedingly difficult to believe beforehand that it needs much strength to achieve the task, or that mists can be very dangerous: it looks so clear from below, and we feel so strong in the valley. And all of us can remember how, in the days of our youth, the first use we made of our Aristotelian alpenstock, was an attempt to ascend some metaphysical Mont Blanc or theological Jungfrau; and although we cannot exactly say that we reached the summit, yet we are sure that we were a great deal higher than the Origin of Evil, or the water-shed betwixt Liberty and Necessity. Even to old age, Dr. Watts felt something of this temptation, and very naturally. His forte was explanation. He had an admirable faculty of clearing up confusion, within his own line of things. In every-day ethics, and in the elements of mental science, he could expound, distinguish, simplify, so as few could do better. But it was unfortunate that he tried to set philosophers right on the subjects of Space, and of Liberty and

* The merits of Watts' Logic are admirably stated by Tissot of Dijon, in his preface to a French translation. (Paris, 1846). "Il y a aussi plus de méthode et de clarté peut-être dans la Logique de Watts que dans celle d'Arnauld. Le bon sens Anglais, le sens des affaires, celui de la vie pratique, s'y révèle à un très-haut degré; tandis que de sens spéculatif d'un théologien passablement scolastique encore, est plus sensible dans l'*Art de penser*. Or, Watts a su être complet sans être excessif; il a touché très-convenablement tout ce qui devait l'être, et s'est toujours arrêté au point précis où plus de profondeur aurait pu nuire à la clarté."

Necessity, nor less unfortunate that he sought to readjust for theologians the doctrine of the Trinity. It is scarcely presumption even in us to say, that these were matters too high for him. His mind was not naturally designed to master such difficulties; nor were his habits those of profound, continuous, abstract thinking. He was neither Joseph Butler, nor Jonathan Edwards, nor William de Leibnitz, but the Isaac Watts, whom the most of good men would have rather been; and it is no reproach to his general ability to say that he failed to ascend those dizzy altitudes, although it might it have been more to the credit of his prudence if he had never tried.

If rightly told, a life like that of Isaac Watts would read great lessons; but, for brevity, and notwithstanding the exception we have just taken, the whole might be condensed into—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business." Dr. Watts had his own convictions. He made no secret of his Nonconformity. At a period when many Dissenters entered the Church, and became distinguished dignitaries, he deemed it his duty still to continue outside of the National Establishment. At the same time, he was no agitator. He felt no call to rail at his brethren for their ecclesiastical defection, nor did he write pamphlets against the evils of a hierarchy, real or imagined. But God had given him a "business." He had given him, as his vocation, to join together those whom men had put asunder—mental culture and vital piety. And, studying to be quiet, he pursued that calling, very diligently, very successfully. Without concealing the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, without losing the fervour of his personal devotion, he gained for that Gospel the homage of genius and intelligence; and like the King of Israel, he touched his harp so skilfully, that many who hardly understood the words, were melted by the tune. Without surrendering his right of private judgment, without abjuring his love of natural and artistic beauty, he showed his preference for moral excellence, his intense conviction of "the truth as it is in Jesus." And now, in his well-arranged and tasteful study, decorated by his own pencil, a lute and a telescope on the same table with his Bible, he seems to stand before us, a treatise on Logic in one hand and a volume on "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" in the other, asserting the harmony of Faith and Reason, and pleading for Religion and Refinement in firm and stable union. And as far as the approval of the Most High can be gathered from events or from its reflection in the conscience of mankind, the Master has said, "Well done,

good and faithful servant." Without trimming, without temporizing, he was "quiet;" and without bustle, without boasting or parade, he did "his own business," the work that God had given him. And now, no Church repudiates him, Nonconformity cannot monopolise him. His eulogy is pronounced by Samuel Johnson and Robert Southey, as well as Josiah Condor; and whilst his monument looks down on Dissenting graves in Abney Park, his effigy reposes beneath the consecrated roof of Westminster Abbey. And, which is far better, next Lord's day, the Name that is above every name, will be sung in fanes where princes worship and prelates minister, as well as in barns where mechanics pray and ragged scholars say, Amen, in words for which all alike must thank his hallowed genius; and it will only be some curious student of hymnology, who will recollect that ISAAC WATTS is the Asaph of each choir, the leader of each company.

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- ART. III.—1. *Traité des diverses institutions complémentaires du Régime Pénitentiaire.* Par M. BONNEVILLE. Joubert, Paris.
 2. *Système pénitentiaire complet. Ses applications pratiques à l'homme déchu dans l'intérêt de la sécurité publique, et de la moralisation des condamnés.* Par A. LEPELLETIER DE LA SARTHE. Guillaumin et Co. Paris.

THE great social sore festering beneath our modern civilisation, demands everywhere a more certain and more healthful treatment than has yet been given it. Hitherto, criminal legislation has been in extremes of unnatural severity on the one hand, or of impractical sentimentalism on the other; either it has denied to the criminal the rights of manhood, or it has provided for him as for a species of fallen hero; either it has shut him out from the possibility of moral and social rehabilitation, or it has made his very crimes the means of his worldly advancement. Any one who reads the reports of the inspectors on the various prisons in England, must see what a lamentable want of uniformity exists in our own prison discipline; what a chaotic, experimental, undetermined state the whole question is in, and how we are still undecided between entire seclusion and unchecked association,—between a mode of treatment which offers premiums to hypocrisy, and one which necessitates brutalisation. And the French are in as chaotic a state as our-

selves in point of system, with even less uniformity in matters of discipline. In France, a prisoner or a convict with money may live the life of a lord in many ways of personal luxury; and one celebrated forger, Anthelme Collet, was the scandal of the bagne at Rochefort, for the luxurious life which his secret supplies enabled him to lead. Of itself, this uncertainty of discipline is a strong incentive to crime, by the kind of lottery character which it gives to punishment. For a smaller amount of punishment, of which the criminal may be morally sure, will deter him from the commission of an offence sooner than the risk of the severest penalty, with the chance of escape, or amelioration, to counterbalance it. Indeed, one of our greatest living authorities on this question, enumerates as one of the causes of crime, "Temptations caused by the probability either of an entire escape, or of subjection to an inefficient punishment."

While, then, the detection of crime and the degree of consequent punishment are uncertain, we need not look for any good result from the deterring terrors of the law. They are only terrors in name; in fact, they may become excitants and stimulants, even as the chance of loss may excite the gambler in exact proportion to the hope of gain. And, in like manner, under an uncertain system the criminal has, superadded to other temptations, the fascination of a tremendous game of chance, compared with which the maddest stake ever thrown on the green baize, sinks into insignificance. The criminal gambles with his life; he stakes on a legal possibility, his manhood, freedom, good name, and very existence,—not only for a few feverish hours over night, but continuously; his excitement never failing and never slackening. Were he certain of his fate—certain of discovery, and certain of the award—all that gambling incentive would be withdrawn; his calculations would resolve themselves simply into a question of gain and loss, where he must strike the balance between his profits and his penalties, and prove to his own satisfaction that what he got outweighed what he paid:—that a month's freedom and one night's evil-doing, were worth seven years' imprisonment; and a week's orgies well bought by a year's hard labour and seclusion.

The first step, then, to a practical settlement of this much-vexed question is, for each nation to organise a fixed and certain system, which shall be in general and universal use; to allow of no difference in the arrangements of the various gaols throughout the country, but to have the discipline

of each precisely the same, according to its purpose; and to make the classification of offenders and places of punishment as rigid and distinct as possible. The destruction of uncertainty would be the destruction of the first and most powerful encouragement, the establishment of a rigid uniformity of discipline, the foundation of the most certain deterrent, of crime. But to accomplish this with success, it is necessary to examine minutely into the workings of the present various penal systems; and only after a careful weighing of their merits and defects, to decide on those, or on parts of those, which seem most favourable to the grand modern objects of prison discipline,—the reformation, and moral as well as social rehabilitation, of prisoners.

This question is agitating the French mind quite as powerfully as our own, and, perhaps, even more confusedly; as, with the exception of Mettray and La Colonie Agricole for youthful offenders, no attempts have hitherto been made to reform the criminal class. Consequently their systems have not been so thoroughly ventilated as ours. Of the writers on criminal discipline now flooding the French press, we select two, of ten years' interval; M. Bonneville, who wrote in 1847, and M. Lepelletier, whose work has but just appeared. It will be interesting to trace the change of feeling which may have passed over the public, on this question, during this period.

We give M. Bonneville's own resumé of the principles advocated by him:—

- "1. La réparation par les condamnés des dommages civils résultant du crime;
- "2°. Le droit du grâce;
- "3°. La libération préparatoire des condamnés radicalement amendés;
- "4°. La détention supplémentaire des condamnés incorrigés;
- "5°. La raffermissement de l'intimidation préventive envers les libérés de justice;
- "6°. Un système de surveillance purement *observative*, pour les libérés amendés, énergiquement et efficacement *coercitive*, pour les libérés réputés dangereux.
- "7°. L'organisation prudente et régulière—d'un patronage, s'appliquant, dans une mesure diverse, aux prévenus relaxés, aux familles indigentes des détenus, mineurs, et aux libérés adultes amendés; de moyens *extrêmes* de travail pour les libérés surveillés;
- "8°. Enfin la réforme du système actuel de réhabilitation des condamnés."

We will give the details of each clause in order.

1. The principle involved in "the reparation of all civil losses and damages caused by crime," has been generally and ably ad-

vocated. Years ago Mr. Hill urged that prisoners should be put to self-supporting labour; and that out of their earnings they should make compensation to the injured party, pay the costs of the prosecution, support themselves and help towards the support of their families, and, if possible, save out of the residue a certain sum, to be given to them on their release.* A slight modification in M. Bonneville's scheme, is the proposal to inscribe, among the "extenuating circumstances" of the French code, the *voluntary* reparation or restitution, by the accused—say in cases of robbery—of the thing stolen, or its value. That this necessity of restitution would be a strong deterrent, by destroying the balance between gain and loss, and making detected crime entirely loss without any gain whatsoever, M. Bonneville argues at some length; adding his protest against fines paid to the State, which suffered no damage, while the prosecutor and victim goes with *his* damage unrepaired. What he would restore to the State, out of the prisoners' earnings, would be the legal costs of the prosecution—not suffering a centime of these to fall either on the prosecutor, or ultimately on the rate-payers through the public funds.† He also would have a "masse de réserve," or reserve fund, for the time of liberation, put into the hands of the *patrons*, whose office we shall presently discuss. At present his

* Few men have done more for criminal jurisprudence than Matthew Devonport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, and his brother, Frederick Hill, late Inspector of Prisons for Scotland. To the former, especially, we are indebted for a very able and deeply interesting digest of the recent Literature of Criminal Jurisprudence. At the request of many friends, he has published his Charges to Birmingham Grand Juries. These extend over a period of eighteen years (1839 to 1857), during which great interest has been taken in all questions connected with the treatment of criminals. To most of the Charges, Mr. Hill has added a sequel, in which he illustrates the positions taken up in them, and in which he states what has been done recently, in regard to the special aspects of crime dealt with. Among the subjects so ably treated by Mr. Hill, are—Riots—Forgery—Embezzlement—Strikes—Reformatory Schools—Causes and Prevention of Crime—Burglaries—Charity—Lodging Houses—Transportation—The Ticket-of-Leave System, etc.

As an illustration of the fresh and graphic style in which these subjects are discussed, we would refer to the Sequel to the Charge of 1845.

We cordially recommend to all who take an interest in these great questions, the able and statesmanlike volume, "Suggestions for the Repression of Crime, etc. By M. D. Hill. London, 1857. W. Parker and Son, West Strand."

† A party of four pickpockets in Manchester, was estimated as having cost the country L.26,000 in the amount of plunder they retained and spent, and in the cost of their various prosecutions and imprisonments.

figures give us 5,612,825 fr. worth of stolen property left in the hands of criminals ("les coupables que frappe la justice"); and, as "the first crime committed by two-thirds of the recommittees is robbery," his arguments, though diffuse, show how essential it is to do away with every kind of premium on theft, and to make it a matter of certain dead loss to the thief, both by the way of restitution and by that of punishment. Part of his plan—the award of costs—is in force here. We should do well to adopt the other part—the restitution of the full value of the loss sustained by the prosecutor, and the payment of the costs of the prosecution out of the prisoner's earnings. M. Bonneville would make restitution precede the payment of costs; and he would rigorously insist on the perfect fulfilment of both these conditions prior to the "octroi des grâces," of which he makes great account. He does not ground his scheme of payment only on the prisoner's own earnings after conviction, but would draw it from his private funds, if solvent; from his family and friends, if insolvent; draw it, in any case, before the convict should be held eligible for preliminary freedom, free pardon, or ulterior liberty, thus introducing into the criminal question an extension of the principle of warrant to arrest ("contrainte par corps"), recognised in actions for debt. But he also strongly advocates the infliction of pecuniary fines in lieu of imprisonment for certain offences and for special offenders;* and that each criminal *gracié*, of whom there are about 2000 annually, shall pay a sum of 100 fr., either as

* We cannot refrain from recording our most emphatic protest, against the introduction into the French code of this system of pecuniary damages in certain criminal actions, which hitherto have been kept clear of this blot. We are sorry that M. Bonneville should have advocated such an introduction, the hideous evil of which he might have read in the Anglican statute-book. We allude to the following paragraph:—

"Dans un siècle d'argent, comme le nôtre, il n'est point de moyen plus efficacement préventif que la condamnation aux dommages-intérêts résultant du crime. Dernièrement, la sixième chambre du tribunal civil de la Seine a condamné, pour délit d'adultère, le docteur S— à 40,000 fr. de dommages-intérêts au profit du mari outragé et des enfants déshonorés. Cette décision aura, pour la prévention des délits semblables, une immense portée intimidative; toutefois, si, au lieu d'une femme riche, il se fût agi d'une simple ouvrière, dont le mari n'eût pu faire l'avance des frais, aucune condamnation à des dommages-intérêts n'eût pu intervenir. Il y a donc lieu de modifier une loi sous l'empire de laquelle le pauvre ne peut réclamer la réparation du préjudice que lui a causé le délit."

We trust that the chivalrous feeling, the delicacy and the manhood of the French, will resist the adoption of a law which our own highest legal authorities have stigmatized as "disgraceful and dishonouring."

re-imbusement of the legal costs, or, if the costs have been paid and the injured party satisfied, then as contributions to the bureau de bienfaisance, under the name of *Denier à Dieu*—"God's penny," generally pronounced, and sometimes even written, as *dernier adieu*—which has, by the way, degenerated into a fee to the concierge on taking a new apartment, and as the "earnest" generally for good faith in any bargain. It strikes strangely on the ear of any one accustomed to France to hear this *denier à Dieu* spoken of with solemnity.

2. The "right of pardon," appealing as it does so entirely to the feelings and sentiments, makes large capital for our author. He devotes more than a hundred pages to it—his main argument resting on the "necessity of the right of pardon, because the law is imperfect; on its legitimacy, because the judge is fallible,"—on which pleas his argument, surely, should have been for *justice* not *pardon*. Add to these reasons sundry rhetorical flourishes about "royal clemency being the most beautiful ornament of the crown," and we come to a few, very few, practical arguments. Having first made positive restitution an extenuating circumstance, M. Bonneville would widen this into a plea for pardon. He asserts the inspiring effect of this chance on the reformed criminal, and quotes the custom of Lausanne, where "*la diminution de la peine est également classée au nombre des récompenses accordées à la bonne conduite des détenus*;" and of Berne, where "*surtout on cherche à agir sur les détenus par l'espoir des récompenses*. Aussi les grâces sont elles très nombreuses dans le pénitencier de Berne." Louis XVIII. is selected, for somewhat extravagant praise, on account of a certain ordinance promulgated in 1818,* advocating mercy and offering pardon.

M. Portalis made some sensible remarks on this ordinance, requiring a continuance of good conduct, industry, and strict economy, as the conditions for recommendation to mercy; and, above all, enjoining that these recommendations be made in just proportion—neither so numerous as to render punishment illusory, nor so few as to dispirit instead of encouraging the prisoners: the pardon to be withdrawn if, after its promulgation, the prisoner's conduct was unsatis-

factory, and to be made doubly difficult of attainment after a recommitment. At the Bagne at Brest, there is a *Salle d'épreuve*, to which, after many years of irreproachable conduct, the *forçat* is admitted. When once inscribed here, he is not put to the worst kinds of labour; he is allowed a small mattress for his camp-bed, and a little meat on Sundays, etc. The "royal clemency" chooses every now and then some one from this hall, and a list of the so chosen is hung against the wall. "*Voyez, Monsieur*," said an old man, the tears in his eyes, "*nous pouvons de notre purgatoire entrevoir le paradis*. Voilà l'espoir qui nous soutient et nous remencra à la société. Nous aurons commencé ici à être honnêtes; nous pourrions continuer quand nous serons rendus à la société."

A longer delay between the sentence and the execution of that sentence is advocated, justly enough. At present there is not time to make an appeal to the Cour de Cassation from any of the remoter parts of France, though the law theoretically grants that privilege to every one found guilty of a crime, or cast in a civil suit. But M. Bonneville's peculiarity comes out in strong relief when he objects to these appeals to the Cour de Cassation, in favour of direct petitions to the throne. He says that the present law, which prescribes these appeals, "forces the condemned to quit the humble and suppliant attitude which he would have taken in approaching the throne, and to assume an insolent and rebellious one against justice." Is not this marvellously like nonsense? Is it not simply placing law below royalty, and asking, from crowned pity, what the nation has decreed as an attribute of justice? All recommendations to mercy, sent up by jurymen, are to accompany the verdict, says M. Bonneville; if sent afterwards, they are to be treated as "*non avenue*;" for a singular reason—"because we are not Romans in our day," and a wife's tears and a son's prayers are held to be irresistible. No jurymen could withstand these appeals, he says; and though it were the greatest villain unhung, for whom the wife wept and the son prayed, he must perforce recommend him to an ill-deserved mercy, under such domestic pressure. The weakest point of French reasoning is this exorbitant and excessive influence given to all sorts of sentiment; above all, to the domestic and family feelings, which are held as incontrovertibly more powerful than any law or reason.

3. The scheme of "preparatory liberation," contains a larger machinery than our ticket-of-leave system, but a machinery which our author develops only by degrees. See-

* The preamble runs—"Si la punition des crimes et délits est le premier besoin de la société, le repentir, quand il est bien sincère et bien constaté, a d'autant plus de droits à notre clemencé royale, que souvent il n'est pas moins utile pour l'exemple que la peine même, et qu'il offre la meilleure garantie de la conduite future du coupable."

ing that the first two years after liberation are the most fatal to a man, and that of the number of recommitments, more than three-fourths are made within that time — this scheme is proposed, both in order to modify the suddenness of the transition from incarceration to perfect liberty, and also to give discharged convicts a better chance in the outer world, than they have now. Want of work and consequent poverty, arising chiefly from the dislike of workmen to associate with criminals, discharged or on leave, are generally fatal both to the English convict and the French *forçat*. To remedy this, M. Bonneville proposes firstly, to distinguish so accurately between the reformed and the incorrigible, that a man with a ticket-of-leave shall be known from that fact to be trustworthy; secondly, to deliver to the first the "passport of the working-classes," or the "livret," which every domestic even, as well as every working-man, is now bound to possess; and, thirdly, to require valid securities, either of his own family, private employers, or a *société de patronage*, both for his good conduct and certain employment during the whole of the time of preparatory liberation. In no case is this indulgence to be given until a prisoner has satisfied all the pecuniary claims we have enumerated in the previous sections, as *sine qua non*; nor until he has suffered four-sixths of his time if his sentence was *travaux forcés*, four-fifths if *réclusion* (transportation to a *colonie agricole*), and three-fourths, if the lowest simple imprisonment. He is bound to a certain area of residence, and in case of infraction of this rule, he is to undergo the "supplementary detention,"—to be spoken of hereafter,—and his "*masse de réserve*," which has been left as a guarantee in the hands of the director of the prison, is to be forfeited to the State. With this, he preserves the right of return to the prison, if he finds the outside world too hard for him, and always the right to return at night to sleep, if employed near at hand as a day-labourer. This is already done at Berne, and many years ago was proposed by Mr. Hill, who would make prisons asylums for indigence, as well as comfortable retreats for guilt.

The principle of this provisional liberty has been recognised since 1832 in the treatment of young criminals, and has been found entirely successful. They are placed under the strictest possible surveillance during this period of probation; still it is outside surveillance, not prison confinement; and the discipline under which they live, though stern and hard, is preventive, not punitive. We can easily believe that the good results of which M. Bonneville speaks in somewhat

excited terms, are yet not beyond the truth; for the most logical political economist must sometimes include natural instincts and moral susceptibilities in his mathematical calculations.

Continuing his discussion on this probationary period for adults, our author goes into statistics. Assuming that one in three convicts will be reformed under his new system, and taking their cost at an average of 1 fr. a day (?), he shows by Cocker, that the State will save 736,293 fr. yearly by the adoption of this system of preparatory liberation. A certain sum is fixed, on a not very certain basis, and utterly valueless, now that the whole proportions are changed.

4. "*Détention supplémentaire*" comes into the same division of this work as "*La libération préparatoire*," and may be compressed into a very few words.

It is proposed that every convict not inscribed on the list of the reformed, be detained, "*à titre de punition disciplinaire*," for a twelfth-part of the time to which he was originally sentenced, if his sentence had been imprisonment; a tenth-part if *réclusion*; and an eighth if *travaux forcés*: the recommitment to have these respective periods doubled.

Beside this "supplementary detention," it is proposed that punishment-days in prison shall not be counted as part of the sentence. Thus, if a man be punished a hundred times, he must remain in gaol a hundred days beyond the time of his original sentence, his punishment-days going for nothing. But M. Bonneville has provided a way of escape, even for the impenitent sinner; and this is, to obtain respectable recognisances, mounting up from 100 to 1000 fr., as guarantee for his good conduct for the first two years of his liberation; or, in the case of one utterly without means to procure so large a sum, a bail reduced to 25 fr., with the addition of the *caution morale* of a householder. Which plan gives, in point of fact, full and irresponsible extra-judicial powers to the governors of gaols, who may, at their pleasure, mulct, fine, detain, and punish a man to the last hour of his life.

5. How is "preventive intimidation" to be rendered more complete? asks M. Bonneville; by which he means, How can the number of recommitments be reduced? His answer is, "*La nécessité d'une aggravation forcée envers les récidivistes*." At present, the judge and jury can lessen the gross sum of punishment fixed by the law,—reducing a sentence of death to five years of hard labour (*travaux forcés*); one of hard labour for life to five years *réclusion*, or confinement in a penal settlement; hard labour for

a fixed period to two years imprisonment; réclusion to one year's imprisonment; and this, too, even where there are no extenuating circumstances, and in the face of numerous recommitments. Seeing that, in the last few years, recommitments have augmented more than 25 per cent., the question certainly calls for some resettling.

6. His ticket-of-leave men at large, and his prisoners at last discharged—fines paid and supplementary detention satisfied—we have now to act with, for, or against them by means of the high police. “La surveillance de la haute police est pour la société un droit de légitime défense,” said M. le Ministre de l’Intérieur in 1842; and “la question de la surveillance des libérés est un des plus graves problèmes qui puissent attirer l’attention des philosophes et des législateurs,” said an honourable senator. The liberated convict of France was once placed under one of the strictest forms of surveillance which even this police and formula-loving country contained. But the present system is a considerable modification of the ways of the past. Government may still determine, if so minded, the place of residence where the freed convict must remain; but, in effect, the prisoner fixes on that himself, before his liberation. He then receives a *feuille de route*, regulating the line of country which he is to take, and the time he is to remain at each point of rest. His *feuille* bears on it a large C, to intimate more easily to the police that he was once a “Condamné.” He must present himself before the maire of the commune within twenty-four hours after arriving at his place of destination; and he cannot change his residence, without notifying that fact to the same functionary, three days beforehand: when he receives from him a new *feuille de route*, traced on the plan of the old. So that, virtually, a freed prisoner may both choose and change his place of residence at his will.

M. Bonneville is wroth with these regulations, both for their harshness to his reformed, and their laxity to his impenitent, criminals. The *feuille de route* and its tell-tale C, the line of road so rigorously mapped out, the incessant surveillance of the police at each step, all these he says—and truly—are so many hindrances in the way of the honest rogue, and, therefore, so many necessities for new crimes; while they are perfectly ineffective for the hardened and vicious man in the facility for crime and vagabondage which they leave him. Citing numerous opinions against the system in present force, he then presents his own, as follows:—A certain and fixed place of resi-

dence, chosen by the prisoner himself—for the hardened, Algeria or any other colony named by Government; a passport instead of a *feuille de route*, with all special indications suppressed; his *masse de réserve* doled out only in proportion to his needs; in case of recommitment, the surveillance of the police to continue as long as the second sentence pronounced; reformed criminals to be able to buy off this surveillance, by sureties depositing from 100 to 3000 francs, and answering for their good conduct; if relapsing into crime, the recognisances to be forfeited to the State; exemplary criminals to be simply under the moral bail of a householder and a pecuniary recognisance of 25 francs, then released from all further surveillance—the government, however, still retaining the right under letters from the procureur du roi, to exercise that suspended surveillance when it will; criminals guilty of grave offences, to be under surveillance for not longer than twenty years.

7. Patronage, as we have more than once indicated, is put forward as one of the most important elements in M. Bonneville’s scheme for the repentance and well-doing of his liberated convicts. Societies on this helpful principle, have already been established for the young; none in 1847, for adults. “Les amis de l’enfance,” in Paris—formed, though for the protection of innocent children—and Mettray and La Colonie for guilty ones, have demonstrated the moral utility of such institutions for those who have fallen, or for those who, from any cause whatsoever—ignorance, crime or inability—cannot help themselves. The patronage proposed is to be extended also to the wives and families of criminals during the term of their imprisonment (a substitute for our work-houses); to all young prisoners, when released, and to released adults of *good conduct*; taking, if need be, the form of public places of refuge or large workshops; but, says M. Bonneville, rigorously placed as a *corollary to the cellular system of imprisonment only*. The incorrigible offender is to share in none of these benefits. For him Algeria,—or some other Gallic Botany Bay,—where he can do but little mischief, and is directly under “coercive surveillance.”

8. The rehabilitation of the condemned, both for possessions and fair fame, has long occupied the attention of the French law-givers. In 1791, a very remarkable set of articles was drawn up concerning the “civil baptism” of a released prisoner. Modified, but substantially preserved in the code of 1808, it is in force at this day, with two

small alterations. There suits are, that out of 37,955 criminals condemned in seventeen years to "*peines afflictives ou infamantes*," up to 1847, only 388 had been restored to their civil rights. M. Bonneville would widen the basis of rehabilitation, and so augment the number of the rehabilitated; he would not absolutely exclude the recommended from this civil grace, after they have undergone a period of penance double that which he requires from first offenders; and he would shorten the term of civil death for all. A man condemned only by the correctional police, now loses all his civil rights, equally with one condemned to "*afflictives and infamantes*" punishments. He (1) cannot vote at elections; (2) nor be elected; (3) nor sit on juries, nor be employed in any public or administrative capacity; (4) nor bear arms; (5) nor have a vote in the family councils; (6) nor be tutor or guardian except of his own children, and with the consent of the family; (7) nor be a verifier or a witness of any legal acts; (8) nor give evidence in court, excepting as a simple statement; (9) nor go on the Bourse, nor exercise the functions of agent de change or commission agent, nor vote in the merchants' meetings; (10) nor make one of the national guard; (11) nor serve in the French army; (12) nor keep a school, nor teach. A curious anomaly existed when M. Bonneville wrote, in the working of this law of civil degradation. A man condemned to five years réclusion for a crime, might be reinstated in his civil rights; but a man condemned to five years imprisonment only for a less heinous offence, could not be so on account of an omission in the code providing for the rehabilitation of criminals, which forgot to include "*correctional offences*" in its category. A strangely unjust and anomalous position truly, giving privileges to crime not accorded to simple offences, and making the "*extenuating circumstances*," which reduced the scale of punishment, exaggerate the after disabilities. This deficiency M. Bonneville proposes to supply in his new code; also, he would render rehabilitation the reward of approved amendment only; but more easily to be obtained by the amended, than at present.

It will be seen, by this brief summary, what is the master-chord of M. Bonneville's theory—namely, the distinction to be made between the reformed and the incorrigible criminal—the indulgences that are to be granted to the one, the severities practised towards the other; the moral anodynes on the right hand, the social scourges on the left. To all of which we should have no

objection, provided there was no analogy between crime and disease, no connection between crime and organization, and no such things, in human nature, as hypocrisy or partiality, the greed of gain or the lust of power. But with what we know of human frailty—with, for instance, the Birmingham gaol and Lieutenant Austin in our memories, with John Frost's pamphlet in our hands, and the painful revelations that surge up from the abyss of the Bagnes and other places of irresponsible power, we should prefer to give governors as little latitude as possible; and rather frame such laws as would of themselves deal out justice, so as to make a man's liberty, regeneration, and well-being, depend wholly on himself, and not in the least on the capricious favour of an individual or a board.

A very different book to the one we have been condensing, is the scientific production of M. Lepelletier de la Sarthe, of the Medical Academy. M. Bonneville's literary forte lies in apostrophes, M. Lepelletier's in ancient history, physiology, and Greek. The one brings the hour-glass of the orator, which, by the way, he forgets to turn; the other, the scalpel of the anatomist. But both belong to the reformatory school of punishment, in opposition to the blind old revengeful school, which, like that cruel code of 1810, "*punished for the sake of punishing*." Their means are different, but their ends are the same. The reformation, rehabilitation, and gradual abolition of the criminal class, is what they both aim at; and both by the ways of hope and humanity. But M. Lepelletier recognises an element in crime not touched on by his fellow-labourer; namely—disease. And, amongst other forms of disease, he speaks of monomania, as an exciting cause; quoting, as an example of the ignorance as well as the brutality of the primitive school, these words of M. Marc:—

"*La monomanie est une ressource moderne; elle serait trop commode pour arracher tantôt les coupables à la juste sévérité des lois; tantôt pour priver un citoyen de sa liberté: quand on ne pourrait pas dire qu'il est coupable, on dirait: Il est fou; et l'on verrait Charenton remplacer la Bastille. Si la monomanie est une maladie, il faut, lorsqu'elle porte à des crimes capitaux, la guérir en place de Grève;*" that is, by the scaffold. Treating of the imitative propensities of monomaniacs, M. Lepelletier speaks distinctly, but not violently, of the evil effects of publicity in matters of crime; public executions, the published details of murder, robbery, arson, etc., all arouse the imitation of latent monomaniacs, and pro-

duce fresh crimes in the same track. An assertion supported by quotations from various writers on medical jurisprudence, and by his own private professional experience; and the principle of which has more than once engaged the attention of thinking men among ourselves, with reference to our own excessive police publicity. Our author lays down a guide for legal distinction between monomaniacal and criminal offences; namely, that with the first, the crime itself, the mere action of murder, robbery, incendiarism, theft, is the end; with rational offenders it is the means to an end. Of idiotism, insanity, madness, and febrile delirium, there is no question, judicially or medically, as to the moral responsibility they include; but, of somnambulism, a puzzling condition, abnormal, but not clearly defined, he can give no certain rules, but leaves the question of guilt or responsibility to the "perspicacity of the magistrate." The same with drunkenness and delirium tremens. He concludes this section by opposing the execution of a criminal capitally condemned, who, in the meantime, has become insane or mad. "Subordination of liberty," recognised by the penal code but not defined, and "absence of intention," may both stand as excuses under certain circumstances; but no mere moral coercion is held sufficient for the one, nor homicide, though unintentional, if resulting from imprudence, for the other. Self defence, either against assassination or burglary, "*le meurtre commis par l'époux sur son épouse ains que sur le complice, à l'instant où il les surprend en flagrant délit dans la maison conjugale,*" are both excusable motives of homicide, in the French code. To these M. Lepelletier would add the *chance* meeting of enemies inflamed with hatred and passion, as on the same list with madness and insanity, and in contradistinction to the orthodox duel, which he characterises as a "mad, brutal, and unjust act, without reason, without dignity, without devotion, without national spirit in its principle; having egotism for its basis, a false point of honour for its motive, and, too frequently, injustice and deception for its results." The duel is legally forbidden in France, but not to any good and practical results. Parricide, premeditated assassination, poisoning, and other "first-class crimes," are unpardonable; the "kings of France, on ascending the throne, engaging themselves by oath never to listen to the petitions for mercy presented by their authors."

The French have four modes of citing a man before the magistrate:—1. "*Le mandat de comparution,*" simply a summons to

appear before the *juge d'instruction* on a certain day and hour, to be interrogated; a mode which is not held dishonouring, and which is resorted to in most cases not of extreme gravity. 2. "*Le mandat d'amener;*" to be put in force "*si l'inculpé fait défaut,*" or if he is accused of a crime "*important peine afflictive ou infamante.*" 3. "*Le mandat de dépôt,*" or immediate arrest and imprisonment, under the simple designation of the person: the nature of the crime with which he is charged not specified; and 4. "*Le mandat d'arrêt,*" which is the same as the foregoing in its action, with two additions—a specification of the crime for which the arrest is made, and a citation of the law against the criminal. This last mode is only used in extreme cases of patent guilt. The different tribunals are in the following order:—The *tribunal de police*, for simple offences; the *tribunal correctionnel*, for graver offences; the *cour d'assizes*, for crimes; and the *haute cour de justice*, for offences against the State—such as attempted regicide, high treason against the monarch or the country, or the political offences arising out of a *coup d'état manqué*, or premature insurrection.

Without any servile Anglo-mania on him, M. Lepelletier cannot refrain from eulogising our expeditious manner of despatching causes, and the large latitude given to our accused, by the practice of taking bail and entering into recognisances. He complains bitterly of the long imprisonment before trial, usual in France, where an imprisonment of two months or more may end in acquittal or a sentence of seven days; or where, by the tyranny of the magistrate, a man may pass two years before a trial which shall result in a sentence of a month or two. He also inveighs against the bad state of the *violons*, or lock-up houses, where drunkards, and vagrants, and sharpers, and perhaps an innocent artisan, are huddled together in a room, and under conditions to which a careful cattle-breeder would not send his beasts. By all accounts, our own lock-ups are not much superior; and we can match Alphonse Karr's suicides in the *violons*, with the like, as well as with sudden deaths, in our own. It seems as if, in the first and most trifling arrest—an arrest for police offences yet unproved—the law had exhausted all the ingenuity possible to render such a casualty degrading and demoralising, though the offence be of the smallest possible amount, or though the arrest be an entire mistake. Rising higher in the criminal class, the legal offender qualifies himself for comfortable lodgings, and often a luxurious dietary, in a grand stone

palace where he has—sometimes and under some systems—all that his depraved nature desires; food, warmth, physical well-being, long hours of sleep, and idleness. But he must have committed some great crime before he obtains this promotion. A small one, including a short sentence, leaves him to rigorous treatment; and an arrest, in a case of mistaken identity, consigns him to a night of degradation and filth.

The criminal class, says M. Lepelletier, may be divided into eight types; to each of which belong distinctive moral characteristics and unerring physiognomical signs. To the first, the vagabond, belongs recklessness; he must therefore be taught prudence. To the second, the ruffian (*querelleur*), passion; to him therefore moderation. To the third, the sharper (*escroc*), cunning; teach him in the prison school good faith. To the fourth, the fanatic, violence; replace this by mildness. To the fifth, the thief, covetousness; teach him equity. To the sixth, the depraved, corruption; show him the beauty of purity. To the seventh, the poisoner, perfidy; give him instead benevolence. To the eighth, the murderer, cruelty; lead him back to humanity. "And to all give legal probity, by the salutary intimidations of human justice, while perfecting that higher lesson of 'virtuous probity.'" The physical signs which M. Lepelletier details with all the precision of a mathematical science, are too lengthy for quotation, and are, besides, too arbitrary to be exact. Lavater did not go farther on the dangerous road of formulizing a shadowy theory, when he said that squint-eyed people were wicked, and short-sighted ones stupid and bad both, than our medical jurist when he asserts of the vagabond, that "*aventurier, vaurien, garnement, mauvais sujet, et polisson*," that "*sa démarche nonchalante ou grotesquement cadencée, présente assez littéralement la traduction de son insouciance, de sa paresse, ou de l'excentricité de ses conceptions*;" that the *querelleur* has "dirty and disordered hair;" the fanatic "a proud and bold look, mobile and quivering lips;" that "everything about a thief betokens indelicacy and contempt of the rights of others;" that the debauchee has "a penetrating and diabolical glance—the dazzling and fatal look of the panther and the caïman," and that his "sourire grimacé, perfide, porte dans l'âme une sorte de froid glacial, une influence pénible et presque lethefère;" that a poisoner has a "*voix flûtée et mielleuse; la parole flatteuse, obligeante; le geste captieux, indécis; l'attitude flexible et mal assurée*;" and that the lips of a murderer are "thin, quiv-

ering, contracted, his nostrils open and dilating, and his walk convulsive and bounding." This is the only weak part of M. Lepelletier's book, but it is a weak part; the riding of a hobby to the ridicule both of hobby and rider, and their final landing in a pathless swamp.

Speaking of the predisposing causes of crime, M. Lepelletier notes, (1) age; (2) sex; (3) original condition; (4) profession; (5) place; (6) time. What a different classification to the following searching practical list in Mr. Hill's Causes of Crime:—

* 1. The largest number of young criminals are orphans, or illegitimate; or, if their parents are living, they are of bad conduct and character. Seldom has the adult criminal received a word of good advice before his committal to prison; the young have rarely a mother deserving the name of mother, and the filial affection which they often show to the matron and chaplain, touchingly points out the grand want and the grand loss of their lives.

"*Les mineurs*," says M. Bonneville, "*sont entraînés au mal par le défaut d'éducation, par la misère, par l'impuissance du travail; la plupart du temps pervertis par l'exemple ou les conseils vicieux pernicieux de leur famille*." "Even the mere power of reading and writing, without reference to exercise in their intelligent use, are comparatively rare among criminals. Of more than 16,000 persons in Scotland (where education is more general than in England), received into the prison in one year while I was inspector there, only 4700, or less than one in three, could read well; and less than 1200, or one in thirteen, could write well; and of the whole number, 312, or one in fifty, had learnt more than mere reading and writing; 3400 of these prisoners could not read at all; and 8510 could not write at all." The governor of Edinburgh prison said, that he never met with a single person who was at the same time addicted to crime and in the habit of reading.

2. Above sixty-five millions are spent in the United Kingdom in intoxicating drink; ten times the amount of English poor-rates.

3. Although there were, at that time (1847) about 1000 depositors in the Savings Bank at Jedburgh (no inconsiderable portion of the population of the district) only one of these depositors, during a period of five years, had been committed to prison.

4 and 5. Two young women were sent to prison in Edinburgh for beating a carpet at a wrong hour, and a boy of twelve was sent to the lock-up for playing at marbles in the street. Sergeant Adams speaks of a child of ten years old, sent to prison five times, for similar offences. The game laws are a fertile source of crime; as also the indissolubility of the marriage tie, together with the laws of property relating to married women. The cost of unworthy husbands, discharged convicts and soldiers, runaway and returning, of any man however vile, being allowed to come and claim their wives' earnings, is incalculable. In my time the mass of murders were of wives and husbands, which a facile law of divorce would have prevented.

6. The trickery of the bar, and the purely technical defences so often set up, are among the most fertile sources of crime, from the lottery character they give to punishment.—(See *ante*.) Men have barristers or others arguing on known and confessed false grounds. Must not that shake what little notion of truth and morality they have got, to

1. Bad training and ignorance.
2. Drunkenness and other kinds of profligacy.
3. Poverty.
4. Habits of violating the laws engendered by the creation of artificial offences.
5. Other measures of legislation, interfering unnecessarily in private actions, or presenting examples of injustice.
6. Temptations to crime, caused by the probability either of entire escape, or of subjection to an insufficient punishment.

Of age, says M. Lepelletier, it is between 16 and 35, that the greatest number of crimes are committed, and the greatest number within these limits, at 19 years of age.

In sex, the woman has an advantage of one-seventh to one-half over the man; of youthful crimes he commits five times as many as she, and of suicides three times as many. "Sedentary life, maternal education, and religious duties," are given as the causes of this favourable proportion: the man's greater strength and energy, his larger passions and larger needs, "pride, ambition, the imperious necessity of honours, dignities, and fortune," are the causes of his facility to fall.

Of original condition, celibacy and bad training are placed as the two most strongly marked predisposing causes. The unmarried, widowers, and widows, forming about four-fifths of the accused.

Speaking of professions, our author gives the following comparative numbers:—Seventy-three proprietors and rentiers, out of that large unnumbered class in France; twenty-five salaried public functionaries out of 158,227; two physicians and three officers de santé; forty solicitors (avoués) "poursuivis disciplinairement," and two taken before the court of assizes, out of a roll-call of 3016; of 9765 notaires, twenty-two before the court of assizes, one hundred and thirty in the minor courts; eleven artists; five hundred and thirty-one merchants out of 7096 causes before the assizes; twelve sheriff's officers at the assizes, two hundred in the minor courts, out of 7828; nine hundred out of 364,133 artisans, "employed in the animal kingdom;" six hundred out of 457,371 of those "employed in the vegetable kingdom;" eight hundred, out of 236,411, of those "employed in the mineral

kingdom;" nine hundred and twenty-eight servants, out of 3,501,768, almost all for robbery, their numbers increasing every year, representing a tenth part of the entire population, and bearing a sixth part of the accusations; eighteen hundred vagabonds and beggars, out of a floating population of 200,000, according to M. Villeneuve's calculations—more than half having been already convicted. If these numbers may be relied on they are wonderfully significant of the state of public morality in France, and of the wide difference there is between the criminal class at home and the same class abroad. We are glad to see our friends, the medical men and the artists—which word includes every denomination of art—come out so cleanly in such a veritable Black List. Eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the year when this list was calculated, was a white year for them; but we fear they are not always so prudent and inoffensive.

The departments of the Seine, the Bouches du Rhône, Seine-Inférieure, Loire-Inférieure, and the Rhône, are the worst in France. Murder in Corsica and Les Bouches du Rhône; forgery in Paris; robbery and domestic thieving in the department of the Seine; and an excess of criminality in towns over the country of five to two: these are the statistics given under the head of places. Under that of time, is nothing but an observation, that in barbarous periods men were brutal, in civilised ones they are cunning.

Crime is on the increase,* say the French jurists. From 1846 to 1850, M. Béranger states, it has increased in the proportion of 310 in 1000. Parricide has doubled; infanticide increased 49, and assassination 22, per cent.; and certain offensive crimes against children below sixteen years of age have more than tripled. The total number of prisoners in France in 1852 was 66,260.†

* I am happy to be able to state, as the result of many years of inquiry and observation, that my belief is, that even under present circumstances the quantity of crime in this country is steadily decreasing, and taking a milder and milder form; that it is less than at any previous period of our history, even without reference to the increase of wealth and population; but, that bearing these in mind, and estimating the extent of crime by the average amount of privation, fear, and suffering, which it causes to each member of society, the decrease is great indeed.—*Hill*.

† Nothing can be more fallacious than taking the returns from time to time of the number of persons apprehended, and of the offences of which they are convicted, as indications of the comparative amount of crime; yet this fallacy is still commonly persisted in. These returns take no notice of the increase of population, the greater efficiency of the police, the increased willingness to give evidence (arising in part

the very centre? Also, the custom of bestowing large premiums on the police for the discovery of great crimes, is an inducement, both to the police to let the small offender ripen into the full criminal, to the offender, from the belief that, as he got off last time, so he shall this. Again introducing the question of chance.—*Hill on Crime*.

The recommitments are a fifth of all accused of offences, and a third of those accused of crimes. Out of 33,005 reaccused in 1852, 14,115 had been convicted once, others four times, and 1700 from ten to thirty and even more times than these. How best to reduce this terrific proportion is now the object of M. Lepelletier's future pages; in which he examines first the penal condition of the past and present, before offering his suggestions towards a code and a condition of the future.

Passing by the tortures of the past—the burnings and quarterings, the bootikins and the thumbikins, the oubliettes, the maiden, the brandings, and the various mutilations beloved by a savage time—we come to the code of the present, the eleven modes of punishment now in force in France:—

“Comme peines *correctionnelles*: 1°, L'amende; 2°, L'interdiction, à temps, de certains droits civiques, civils, ou de famille; 3°, L'emprisonnement simple. Comme peines *infamantes*: 4°, La dégradation civique; 5°, Le bannissement. Comme peines *afflictives et infamantes*: 6°, La séclusion; 7°, La détention; 8°, Les travaux forcés à temps; 9°, La déportation; 10°, Les travaux forcés à perpétuité; 11°, La mort.”

Of the first, the fine (if an offence against the simple police, from one to fifteen francs; if against the correctional police, from sixteen francs to twenty thousand francs and over) is characterized by M. Lepelletier as “une peine regrettable en ce qu'elle frappe la famille innocente du condamné seul coupable.”

The temporary suspension of certain civic rights, also, he condemns as often falling short of, or overpassing, its end; and then he turns to the other penalties, which he masses together as imprisonment, banishment, transportation, and death.

Opposed to M. Bonneville, who strenuously advocates the “cellular system,” which he, on the other hand, calls a “living sarcophagus,” he is equally opposed to the want of classification which unhappily marks the internal arrangements of the French prisons. He insists on a total separation of sexes; not merely separation under the same roof, but in distinct and distant establishments;* a separation of the young and

the adult; a separation of debtors and untried and political prisoners from the criminals: these, again, to be classed according to the nature of their offences and the terms of their sentences,—in time, to be resifted into “intractable, well-conducted, and reformed.” Uniformity of internal régime; coarse and scrupulously clean clothes; simple fare, sufficient and varied, but not running into the “culinary luxury” of our English model prisons; isolation at night only, and then not by means of closed cells, but simply by screen-work; the abolition of prison *cantine*,* which now supplies spirits, wine, and tobacco, and has been the means of extravagant excesses on the part of wealthy prisoners and forcats; no pocket-money (*denier de poche*) allowed for personal indulgences; intellectual, moral, and religious instruction, of which there seems to be at present a fatal and dreary want; moral, not material, surveillance; punishment to consist, in an ascending scale, of private and public reprimand—the temporary suspension, or complete suppression, of previous marks of distinction—the assignment to a certain part of the prison where the refractory alone are kept, and which occupies the lowest place in the prison-world—retrenchment both in the quantity and quality of the food—isolation—the cells (*cachot*)—strait-jacket; rewards to be liberal and effective, and labour self-remunerative and self-supporting;—these are M. Lepelletier's propositions, treating of prison discipline generally.

We come now to the various kinds of prisons and places of punishment appointed for the service of the state; beginning with Les établissements des Jeunes Détenus, at Mettray, &c. We shall not enter on these now, but pass at once to the adult prisons.

The first are, “Les prisons municipales,” for those condemned by the simple police; the second, “Les maisons d'arrêt,” for those accused of offences falling under the jurisdiction of the correctional police—also, provisionally, and in distinct parts, for those suspected of crimes; the third, “Les mai-

* “I earnestly recommend that wine and spirits be among the articles thus, *but thus only*, permitted to be bought (that is, under the Mark System of delay to the prisoner's liberation, by appropriating the marks he has earned to sensual indulgence). They should be charged very high; be at the same time earnestly dissuaded from; and would thus, I am convinced, be for the most part *voluntarily* resisted. But it is expressly to cultivate this latter habit and power that the privilege is recommended; and the training for return to society would be obviously incomplete, which authoritatively excluded from a prison this, one of its most powerful temptations.”—*The Mark System of Prison Discipline*. By Captain Maconochie, R.N.

from a diminished fear of maltreatment), a less reluctance to prosecute (owing partly to the abolition for many offences of the punishment of death, and to the State now taking upon itself, in England, the chief, and in Scotland the whole, expense of prosecution); and they take no account, also, of the increase of wealth, or the change in what the law declares to be crime.—*Hill*.

* See, on that point, Colonel Chesterton's amusing but illogical book.

sons de justice," for those accused of crimes, while waiting for their trial; the fourth, "Les maisons de correction," for those condemned by the correctional police. But all these are for short times and small offences. They are rather houses of correction than prisons, properly so called. The first that present any grave or serious attempts at discipline or purpose are, "Les maisons centrales," answering to our county gaols.

The Maisons Centrales are divided into "maisons de correction pour les condamnés par voie de police correctionnelle, à plus d'un an d'emprisonnement," and into "maisons de force pour les sujets des deux sexes condamnés à la séclusion par les cours d'assises, pour les femmes qui doivent subir la peine des travaux forcés." There are twenty-one in all; thirteen for men only, six for women, and two for men and women together; and their inmates in 1854 were 22,328, of whom 267 were condemned to irons, and 6075 were recommitments. Insufficient food and of bad quality; the *cantine* in full activity; "the absence of all means of nocturnal isolation; the enforcement of absolute silence always and everywhere; the deplorable state of the yards, dangerous in summer from the want of shade, space, and air,—more dangerous still in winter by the damp, rain, snow, and freezing winds, against which there is no shelter, etc.;"—these are M. Lepelletier's principal counts of complaint on the score of the physical arrangements. In their work, he objects to the number and the kind of "industries" taught. Above sixty different trades, most of them sedentary and practicable only in towns, are followed in these prisons. Some of the trades are—the fabrication of portemonnaies, chapelets, and accordions, against which we cannot endorse M. Lepelletier's wrathful italics. Intellectual and moral education at the lowest possible ebb, and apparently no efficient machinery for its improvement; punishments, including the cell, the dark cell, irons, and the lash; 6·33 deaths per cent. (in a free life, the proportion is 2½; in Paris even, only 2·62 per cent.); 52 mental alienations and 9 suicides per annum, give no very favourable data of the Maisons Centrales, as revealed by the statistics of M. Lepelletier. In fact, they have confessedly failed. Men come out worse than they went in; and, in spite of all their personal privation while in them, are not disinclined to return. They are ineffectual in preventing crime; they are effectual in increasing criminals; they deepen the criminal stain on all who come within the shadow of their walls; and every criminal jurist feels that

they are failures, and something worse. In opposition, then, to these Maisons Centrales, the cellular system, or solitary confinement, has found many advocates. We should have thought that the results of this experiment, both in America and England, and its partial abandonment as a system by us, its practical cruelty and its practical inutility, would have cooled the enthusiasm of the French theorists. M. Lepelletier, while confessing, loudly as may be, the horrors of the Maisons Centrales, sees no good substitute in the cellular system; excepting, indeed, for the short time he would have between arrest and examination, when it is needful to keep perhaps an innocent man uncontaminated and an honourable one undisgraced, and as a temporary and severe mode of punishment for the refractory. Under other than these conditions, he would erase the cellular system from the list of even possible methods of imprisonment.

Next in order, and superior in severity, are the Bagnes; originally rowing vessels and galleys. The Bagnes now are places where "prisoners are confided to the triple care of walls, chains, and the strictest surveillance." Prior to the institution of these former pandemoniums, there was nothing between simple imprisonment for life and the punishment of death; and even now they immediately precede that sentence as the last degree of living punishments. Branded with hot irons on the shoulders, under Charles VII., with nose, tongue, ears, and lips, slit; the "sorcerer, the blasphemer, the forger, the bankrupt, the assassin, the poacher, and the smuggler," mixed up together; even so late as 1818, chained immovably to their seats, decimated by death, and almost all struck with hideous diseases; tortured, and the tariff of the executioner's dues fixed by written and declared regulations—one price for hanging, another for burning alive, another for breaking on the wheel, mutilation, etc., etc.; the executioner, to whom large latitude of time and additional cruelties was allowed, being one of the *forçats* himself;—such was the condition of the *forçats* of the Bagnes, a gang whose name was synonymous with every human vice, and from which no man could come out undefiled or worthy of the name of man; yet to which, in the time of the Empire, five hundred prisoners of war would be sent at once; and which, in the days of the Restoration, was reinforced by the beaten political party of La Loire. They are somewhat changed in the present day, but still far from what they should be, or might become, under a humanizing and

moral discipline. There are three Bagnes—Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort; and their average population is from 7000 to 8000.

Formerly, the journey to the Bagne was made on foot. A file of forçats, sometimes as many as 200, called the Chain, was heavily ironed at Bicêtre. Their irons consisted of a collar rivetted round the neck, from which hung a heavy chain as low as the waist, whence it was taken to the collar of the next forçat, and so on to the last of the file; by this means all were literally chained together. This terrible procession was commanded by the captain of the chain, as he was called, accompanied by volunteer officers and a physician, and by the gendarmerie of the various localities through which they passed. If they took in additional prisoners by the way, they were called “chaines volantes,” with the addition of “cordon,” and the name of the town which furnished them; such as, Cordon Lyons, Cordon Nantes, etc. Their stages were short, and they slept in granaries and stables on fresh straw.

At present, and ever since 1836, the forçats are conveyed to the Bagnes in “voitures cellulaires,” where each forçat has a little box to himself. But they do not always quite answer. M. Alhoy's testimony runs thus:—“I am yet examining into facts, to see if this progress is not rather a return towards those times of torture which reason and humanity condemn. The voiture cellulaire is rarely an inviolable ark; it is always a place of torture; sometimes it is a tomb.” As soon as the prisoner is installed at the Bagne, he loses his character as a man and becomes simply a number; his head is shaved and he is loaded with chains. His wardrobe is composed of two shirts of coarse unbleached linen; of a long red waistcoat of very common woollen, without collar or buttons; of two pairs of large trousers, like either the waistcoat or the shirt, according to the season; of a woollen cap, with his number on a little tin plate, red for those condemned only for a certain time, green for those condemned for life; finally, of a pair of heavy nailed shoes. These clothes must last him two years, and are never changed, not even when soaked with rain, or when he himself is bathed in perspiration from his hard work. His irons are,—first, “la manille,” a thick ring round one of his legs, above the ankle, and firmly rivetted;—second, “la chaîne particulière,” a heavy chain fastened to the manille and the hook of the leathern waistband which he wears; the links of this chain are oval, large, and heavy; formerly a ball—“the bullet”—was added, to make walking more difficult

and painful;—third, “la chaîne d'accouplement,” which binds him to a fellow-prisoner; this is fourteen pounds in weight, and has eighteen large links, and is fastened to the manille. Lastly, at night, there is a ring called “ramas,” affixed to the common bed, into which are passed the chains of all the forçats in the same row. M. Lepelletier condemns the inhumanity of the present system of ironing, but upholds the system itself, “as offering the most powerful means of intimidation,” continually reminding the guilty of their “condition, and the difficulties of flight.” He would lessen the present weight of the chains, abolish the “coupling” chain, and by degrees uniron those whose good conduct entitled them to trust and respect; but he would retain irons, *per se*, in his armoury of punishments.

At five in summer, at six in winter, the firing of a cannon, the bell of the Bagne, and the whistle of the superintendent, successively give the signal for work. On leaving the prison, each man is searched, and his irons well looked to; when from 16 to 24 are put under the care of one guard, who leads them to their work in the port. These are “great and small fatigue.” La grande fatigue consists of drawing trucks (la traction des charettes) and rowing heavy boats, performing the hardest work of, besides cleaning, the port;—all in the open air, and during the most inclement or the most oppressive seasons. This labour is generally performed by the life convicts, or the unruly ones: those who would formerly have been chained immovable to their benches. La petite fatigue consists of work done under cover, in warehouses, on board ship amongst the sails and cordage, etc. The convict on this list receives from 5 to 20 centimes a day (from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 2d.), of which the government retains a third; half of what is left being given as a masse de réserve when he is freed, the other half deposited with the maire of his commune. Our author is somewhat enthusiastic on the easy life of these men condemned to “les travaux forcés.” He ridicules the idea of their work being hard or painful, or they themselves discontented or turbulent. They go, he says, to their work calmly, without constraint and without bad humour; 16 to 24 men accompanied by only one guard with a loaded carabine on his shoulder; this “inoffensive and and brave ‘garde,’ tranquilly seated, his carabine between his legs, and assuredly more crushed under the torpor of ennui than they under the weight of labour. When they walk even slowly and without fatigue, no harsh word, no bad treatment, hastens their movements, or renders their task

onerous and painful." In fine, the *forçats* are, he says, less badly off than solitary confinement or the *Maisons Centrales* would have made them, and less hard worked than the generality of free *ouvriers*.

At Brest, there is a kind of bazaar of articles made by the *forçats*, and sold by some of the better conducted. These are men who have passed into the *salle d'épreuve*, of which we spoke before. They are better treated than the ordinary convict in every respect. Their food includes fresh meat once a week; while the ordinary *forçat* has only bread and beans, or biscuit and haricots, and not enough of these. Indeed, many of them positively suffer from hunger. Those who receive funds from their families may certainly buy any luxuries they like, *éprouvé* or not; but they are the exceptions.

They go to bed at eight o'clock; five or six hundred in one dormitory. Twenty-five benches in a line—like *lits de camp*, back to back, and called "*tollards*"—accommodate, on each bench, twenty-four convicts, twelve in a row, lying on an inclined plane. Each man has a coverlet of coarse grey woollen; and to each his particular number of inches is rigorously marked out. When laid down, all the chains of one row are fastened to the *ramas*, and the whistle of the guardian gives the signal of sleep and silence. But, as none of these poor wretches can stir without every one in the row feeling it—as a "*rondier*" goes the rounds all through the night, tapping with a hammer at the bars of the grilles as he passes, to see that they have not been tampered with—as very many complain, and often the turnkeys swear—one can understand what kind of sleep the whistle of the superintendent signals to the unhardened!

Not only guards and turnkeys, but spies among themselves, keep the *forçat* population in good order. But, when once the spy is known, "*the wet dock for him*" (*gare à lui*)! He is either thrown into the sea, or crushed beneath a mass of stones, or secretly stabbed by one to whom the lot had fallen to do the job: one way or another, he is sure to be got rid of. Religious and moral care left entirely out of the *forçat's* daily life; his own moral condition, if slightly improved from the terrible traditions of the past, yet still in a fearfully low state; his life a life of toil, of vices without name, of hopelessness, and evil; his death the simple wiping out of a number from the superintendent's books; no loving sorrow for the time that, with its affections and its duties, is ebbing away; no hope, no joy, no surety, in the dread eternity that is rushing on—a poor worn wretch, bowed down with guilt and

pain, sullenly quitting this world to stand before a righteous God;—such is the life, and such the death, of a *forçat* of the *Bagne*—of the man whose sins have given his brother man the power to crush all light and virtue and humanity out of him. The *Bagnes* are now in a state of temporary suspension, while transportation is under trial. We trust, contrary to M. Lepelletier, that they will not be continued on the chance of a better system of regulation. Such as they are and have been, let them pass from the penal code of France for ever. The traditions of so much hideous evil hang too closely round them to render their reinstatement wholesome. The failures of the past are best swept clean away, and new systems and new names adopted for the needs of the future.

Banishment stands, after death, the highest in the scale of severity for political offences. Of this there are two kinds: the first, banishment within fortifications—as to the Valley of *Vaïthau* in the island of *Tahuata*, one of the *Marquesas*, for those who would formerly have been condemned to death; the second, simple banishment to a certain spot, without fortifications or material appliances of imprisonment—as to the Valley of *Taïohaé*, in the island of *Noukahiva*, also one of the *Marquesas*. The first sentence includes total civil degradation; the second allows the exercise of civil rights in the place of banishment. But banishment has hitherto been rather a theoretic than a practical law. On the 20th December 1851, there certainly were three men sentenced by the Lyons Council of War to banishment, together with their wives and families. They were to be sent to *Taïohaé*, the station second in degree of severity. After a voyage of five months and a half duration, they anchored in the Bay of *Taïohaé*, where they were received with the greatest kindness by the missionaries and officials. They cost the State 150,000 fr. (L.6000) the first year; and, after a short sojourn, the Emperor "gave them the hope of return;" and by this time, perhaps, they and their wives and families are sailing back to France again. Banishment may pass, then, as a written, not an actual, law of punishment. It is a legal luxury, a penal gentillesse, that reads very well on paper, but is in fact null.

Transportation, with hard labour, is intended to supersede the *Bagnes*. This too has been but an experiment, of which the following is the chief instance:—

On the 31st of March 1852, a ship-load of *forçats*, 311 in number, sailed from Brest

for French Guiana. In less than five months seventeen merchant vessels had followed, carrying materials for the convict colony. Huts, a steam saw-mill, tools of all kinds, instruments, a sumptuous wardrobe, luxurious sleeping appurtenances, including musquito curtains, a perfectly stocked pharmacopeia, and other luxuries of civilized life, made up their freight. A large number of guards, sisters of charity, doctors, surgeons, assistants, priests, and others, were appointed to the personal service of the prisoners; and, as a final provision of success, only picked men were chosen for the expedition—the strongest and the best behaved men to be found in the prisons of France. Moreover, they were joined at the Antilles by sixty black prisoners, associated with the expedition for the express purpose of doing such labour as the white man could not perform. It should not be forgotten that the dietary table included fresh meat, milk, vegetables, etc., etc.; in fact, such a dietary table as is not always in use in the houses of the well-to-do bourgeoisie. On the 10th of May, then, this trial convoy disembarked at the Salutation Islands, and the experiment commenced.

The first governor, M. Sarda Garriga, was soon recalled. His philanthropic zeal and reformatory extremes did not suit the public at home. Originally, it had been decreed that the convicts should have the power of marrying, so as to create for them "the family," to which social condition so much moral influence is due. M. Sarda Garriga went beyond the general interpretation of the authorizing clause, which, according to most, only allowed the *family already existing* to settle in the colony near the convict husband, or reserved the right of marriage for the free, or the provisionally freed. Amongst his first acts was a project for making a road between the Silver Mountain, where the male prisoners were lodged, to the Coumarouma Mountain opposite, destined for the female prisoners, so as to permit "des relations fréquentes entre les condamnés des deux sexes, pour arriver aux unions qui doivent achever de réhabiliter nos transportés en leur créant une famille." This was an after-thought on his first plan of installing the wives of the convicts on the Coumarouma Mountain. He also allowed plays, fêtes, days, triumphal arches, etc.—doubtless of great individual use, but not according to the notion of penal discipline generally. M. Fourrichon, the new governor, soon changed all that; and the convict colony of Guiana was in full activity on its new system. By May 1853, 2146 convicts were dispersed among the various stations, of whom 711

were in hospital when that year's report was sent home; and, though the health of the current month was reported *good*, there had been thirty-seven deaths. M. Lélut, speaking of this report, said truly, that Guiana "was no penal, but rather a death colony!" It was a difficult undertaking altogether. M. le Commissary-General expressed himself thus:—

"Calmer les inquiétudes et dissiper les préventions des habitants: installer sur la terre ferme cette population des bagnes rendue à l'air et à l'espace; voilà deux grandes tâches à remplir; ce n'est rien moins que la colonisation de ce beau pays, aujourd'hui vaste désert, à reprendre à nouveau sur de nouvelles bases. La position du gouvernement local dans la Guyane est plus difficile qu'elle n'a jamais été, car il s'agit tout à la fois de rendre à la vie une colonie agonisante et de créer une colonie pénale. Le secours actuel le plus nécessaire pour cet établissement est celui d'une police énergique et bien centralisée."

M. le contre-amiral Fourrichon soon sent home a statement, that the establishment on the Silver Mountain had not realized the advantages anticipated, and that henceforth Haut-Oyapok was to be the principal point, the Silver Mountain being kept only as a poste de transition. This change was to cost only two thousand francs, and no other expenses were to be incurred. In the month of July, he said (this statement was sent home in April), a hundred prisoners would be employed on the Haut-Oyapok works; by the end of August, three hundred. Health, condition, moral as well as social, productive labour,—all were to be placed on the highest possible point of development by this change in the scene of action; and "if," says M. Fourrichon, "the experiment does not succeed, at least we must not blame local circumstances."

By May, forty-nine convicts are at Oyapok; by June, eighty-eight; with the confession, that "unforeseen difficulties" retarded the progress of this establishment, backed up by details of revolts, flights, murders of convicts by each other, shootings of convicts attempting to escape by the guards, etc., etc. In September M. Fourrichon was recalled, after six months' experiments and non-success. M. Bonard succeeded him. The report of January 1854 announces almost a general revolt of the convicts, "stirred up thereto by the political prisoners;" and the report of April, a new search after the definitive resting-place of the penal colony. This time it was the vast plateau of Cacao, the lower lands being given up altogether as incapable of European labour. On this plain of Cacao blacks were obliged to be employed in the first labours of trench-

ing and digging the foundations for the new establishment; and a lucky discovery, that lime could be made from shell-sand, obviated the necessity *there had been of sending to France for limestone*. In other stations, too, free blacks were employed at the rate of 1 fr. 25 cent. a day, and food; it being found utterly impossible to employ European labour without openly avowing it was a species of legalised murder. Out of all the convicts sent in the two years and three months during which this colony had been tried, only 2550 remained in August 1854, with an average of twenty deaths a month. The result of their labours also was sent home, in the shape of a small sample of coffee, "the whole of that year's gathering;" and the weary confession, that without a grated and closed prison there was no labour, no health, and no discipline possible. Flights were frequent: in the year 1854 forty-one escaped from the Silver Mountain alone, seventeen of whom were not recaptured; and in one attempted evasion there had been bloodshed and loss of life. On the whole, the penal colony of Guiana is proved a mistake—a costly, deplorable, deadly mistake. Undertaken in too irrational excess of philanthropy; carried on under the fearful odds of climate and physical impossibilities; proposed now to be converted into the worst form of *bagne* or hulks, Guiana has added another to the long list of penitentiary failures which impoverish a state, demoralize men, and recruit a class they are meant to abolish. Let it be remembered too—what M. Lepelletier passes over very lightly—that most of the Cayenne transports are political prisoners; that some are mere children—youths, in the first fever of life, whose crime was an exalted imagination and a strong political belief; that these, often well-born, innocent, and honourable men and lads, are sent to herd with the veritable criminal forcat, in a climate which kills off Europeans almost as rapidly as an epidemic in a city; and then we can judge, even more clearly than by the statements above, what a weight of judicial crime hangs over France for its convict colony of Guiana. Add, too, the expense of this fatal experiment—valued at about 4,245,000 fr. a year—and think what a costly grave France has dug beneath the tropics for her misguided thinkers and her criminal actors!

The punishment of death—the last in the scale of modern punishments—is comparatively of rare occurrence in France, excepting for parricide; which includes the assassination, effective or attempted, of the *chef d'état*, and of a priest. M. Lepelletier would still hold to these exceptions, but outside these,

he characterizes capital punishment as "unjust, immoral, and excessive;" concluding his section on that subject with offering, as the crowning point of the new system of prison discipline, "*l'abolition definitive de la peine de mort*." But not yet, nor till the penal question has undergone thorough revision.

Passing to the moral appliances of punishment, M. Lepelletier, above all, urges the necessity of work;* manufactures for some, for others field labour. He ridicules the idea of flight or "armed revolt," in setting convicts to work in the fields, armed with spades and pickaxes. And so far as the experiment has been tried, and wherever it has been tried, the evil effects predicted by the simply punitive school have not been realized. A strict classification of agricultural and manufacturing criminals—not setting one to do the work of the other, but employing each in the manner best suited to him and most profitable to him hereafter,— "would be found one of the best penitentiary institutions, with the immense advantage of satisfying all needs and conciliating all interests." Mettray and the prison at Berne have no walls. The young criminals of the first, and the adults of the second, work in the fields guarded by a very few armed guards; and from both these establishments flights are more possible, and more rarely attempted, than in our strictest stone and iron gaols. Careful instruction, both secular and religious, and that instruction made pleasant and enticing, complete the rapid sketch of the moral agents which M. Lepelletier would use for the regeneration of his convicts.

After liberation, he would both institute patronage, and do away entirely with the surveillance of the high police, which we have

* The basis of all true prison discipline is work, remunerating and self-supporting. The tread-wheel, labour-machines (which do nothing but fatigue the prisoner),—all work that is punitive only, and not productive, is worse than useless; but all work that has an object, is the most valuable agent the prison reformer has. In this the French are before us. They have more varied, more amusing, more interesting and intelligent labour among their convicts than we. Intelligent and remunerative labour was the secret of Captain Maconochie's successful management of the Norfolk Island convicts. While unremunerative and simply punitive labour occasions "malingering," insubordination, mental depression, and physical sickness, work that has an object and a reward with it, will keep in good order and good condition the most refractory and the least robust of the whole establishment. This experiment has been tried again and again, and never varied in its results; yet still simply punitive labour is the rule of our county prisons, and still the cry goes on against self-supporting prisons, as interfering with the rights of free labour.

seen M. Bonneville still hold by. This surveillance, and the award of "degrading" punishments, he sets down as the causes of the increasing number of recommitments, by the "signalement" which they give to all the world that such and such a man has been condemned; the consequence being the natural repulsion of every honest man to employ or associate with any one thus "flettri." A "solemn, judicial, and public rehabilitation," after the expiry of his sentence—not after a period of probation, as formerly, but immediately on the fulfilment of his sentence—our author demands, as the justice which vindicated law and satisfied society owe to the convict who has paid his debt. Holding crime in the same rank as disease, he would have punishment curative; and when the cure was effected he would throw off all the trappings and appurtenances of the disease. His punishments would be "just, proportioned, equal to all, prompt, certain, immediate, exemplary, expiatory, moralising, never degrading, and finally leading to the regeneration and rehabilitation of the condemned." So that all continuous action of punishment, like the *peines infamantes*, carrying the effects of a sentence beyond the term of that sentence, he would aboish as both demoralising and illogical; in which view he is assuredly borne out by facts as well as by reasoning. His scale of punishments he graduates thus:—

1. Irons and *travaux forcés* for life for regicides and parricides, with the infliction of the double chain; that is, "if the generosity of the legislature is so sublime as to deliver them from the last punishment" (death). These, too, are to be isolated, apart from all the rest. For every other crime irons are to be only from five to twenty years; recommitments to have that time doubled.

2. The penal colony (*séclusion*), from five to ten years. Irons to be used here only in cases of repression.

3. The agricultural colony for young offenders, and for adults on the way of reformation, who have been already proved in other establishments. For the young, up to their 20th year; for adults, from three to five years.

4. The correctional prison, with less real punishment, and more liberty than the others; from a month to five years.

5. Legal reparation, including monetary restitution and public apology in cases of insult, etc.

6. Privation of political, civil, or family rights; from two to ten years.

7. Lock-up houses (*les maisons d'arrêt*); from five days to a month.

7. Fines, from 1 fr. to 200 fr.

This, we think, closes the practical suggestions of M. Lepelletier's book; in which it is easy to see a totally different spirit, though with the same end in view as his predecessor, M. Bonneville. The one, overflowing with pity for fallen humanity, would carry his philanthropy almost into flattery, if thereby he could gain converts; the other, treating crime as a disease, yet sometimes retains flashes of the old punitive school, as in his irons for life and isolation for the parricide, and in his meaningless and valueless short term sentences. But both—writing at such a long interval one from the other, during which, too, so much has been said and written and attempted in other countries, if not in France, for the moralisation of the criminal classes,—both show what a lamentable state the question still is in, and how little real advance has been made towards its satisfactory arrangement. Our own costly and fatal Model Prisons; the even more fatal and more costly experiment of Guiana; the failure of the *Maisons Centrales*; the awful state of our convict colonies; the unsatisfactory working of the Ticket-of-Leave System; the unsatisfactory result generally of the Punitive System here and in France,—all ought to have opened the eyes of men in authority, long ere this, to the value of the only rational principles on which punishment can be based, namely, self-support and the enlisting of each criminal's efforts in the working out of his own reformation. In vain have Captain Maconochie, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Pearson, spoken and written and acted and proved;—in vain have the glorious lessons of success been read from the various reformatories for youthful offenders, undertaken by private benevolence;—the old principles are retained in all new State undertakings, and men are still punished merely for the sake of punishment, while no rational efforts are made for their reformation. Still, too, are prisons regulated on military rules, which are just the reverse of those which make a man independent, self-supporting, and self-reliant; and prison special discipline is still regarded as the most important thing to be maintained, without reference to the future life outside.

The truth is, men are afraid of any sweeping reform; and without a sweeping reform, including not only the internal discipline of the prison, but the whole system of criminal jurisprudence, not much good will be done. And further off—beyond the proximate causes of crime, striking down to the material condition of the poor, to their intellectual advancement and their moral training—must the real criminal reformer carry his reform.

Still, the question is stirring both here and in France; and, though not to any solid utility as yet, it is nevertheless active, present to men's minds, and not forgotten in their deeds. In time, after painful failures and weary gropings in the dark, we must come out into the light of truth and common sense. No human question can go backward; it must eventually progress. So that, saddened as we may be by the long list of mistakes and failures which meet us everywhere in the past and present, we may yet continue to hope for the ultimate establishment, in the future, of the best and truest systems in sociology as well as in the physical sciences.

ART. IV.—1. *A Glance at the Interior of China, Obtained during a Journey through the Silk and Green Tea Countries.* By W. H. MEDHURST, D.D. London: Snow, 1850.

2. *A Residence among the Chinese: Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Honorary Member of the Agri-Hort. Society of India, Author of "Three Years' Wanderings in China," etc. London: Murray, 1857.

ABOUT the end of 1813, a young man, plainly dressed, but of thoughtful and earnest look, entered the Sabbath school-rooms of Southgate Congregational Chapel, Gloucester, and said to one of the teachers, "Have you anything to do for me here? I want to teach some children." He gave his name as Walter Henry Medhurst. Born in London, in 1796, Medhurst had been taken to Gloucester when fourteen years of age, and apprenticed to a printer. For some time he seems to have led a somewhat thoughtless life: theatre-going, and other profitless, if not pernicious amusements, engrossed all his spare time. At the request of a brother, he had agreed to spend one Sabbath evening in Southgate chapel. The text for the evening was, "A brand plucked from the burning;" and, during the discourse, one thought and another of his own likeness to the earnest preacher's vivid descriptions of character, laid their firm grasp on young Medhurst's soul. A time of spiritual crisis had come unsought for. The power of the higher life had entered the youth's heart, and his strong will was enlisted on the side of good against evil. The earnest question in the Sabbath school, "Have you anything for me to do here?" finds its explanation in the presence of the

new life in the soul of the printer's lad. Medhurst could not long continue idle. The thought of a life-time of earnest work had been before him in the years of his folly, and the same thought passed with him over the threshold into the kingdom of God. There was much deep moral and spiritual darkness prevailing in many of the villages around Gloucester. There was work which he thought might be attempted by him; and, with characteristic earnestness and zeal, he set about doing it "with his might." In some small Congregational chapel, in some mean cottage, or, in summer, by the wayside, and under the shadow of the hedgerow trees, he discoursed, to the rude company that gathered around him, of those grand truths which had thrown their living power over his own soul, and set him apart for work in behalf of others. He had learned what Lord Bacon calls "the real end and use of all knowledge—the dedication of that reason which is given us by God to the use and advantage of man."

While he laboured at "whatsoever his hand found to do"—printing diligently on week days, and preaching as diligently on Sabbath—the stirring letters of Morrison and Milne, the Chinese missionaries, inoculated him with the strong desire to devote himself to the work of God in the East. An opportunity soon presented itself. His eye fell on an advertisement by the directors of the London Missionary Society for a printer, to be associated with the Malacca Mission. Medhurst offered, and was accepted. His love of preaching went with him to the Malayan Archipelago, and he was very soon as earnestly engaged in it as he was with his printing press. The sagacious Milne soon saw that they had among them a man full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom—one who had been called to the ministry by the great Head of the Church Himself; and, in 1819, the printer's apprenticeship was ordained by Milne to the work of the ministry.

Medhurst laboured with great zeal for twenty-two years in Batavia; and when Shanghae was opened to foreigners in 1842, he was appointed to that station, where he continued till September last year, when, wasted but not weary, enfeebled in body but strong in spirit, he left it, in the hope of meeting health on the sea, or amid the green fields around his beloved Gloucester. But he returned to die. He landed on the 22d of January, and on the 24th of the same month his soul quietly passed from the enfeebled body into the presence of Him who was waiting with the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Medhurst may be regarded as another in that long and noble list of self-educated men, which, in our day, has had so many great names added to it; and as another illustration, among many, of the fact that, notwithstanding what foreigners call "the exclusive caste-characteristics of English society," there is no country in the world in which devotion to some great principle, and absorbing earnestness in realizing some grand design, are so sure to lead to name and fame as in Britain. When the printer's lad left the workshop in Gloucester, he had received but a meagre education; yet, before he had spent many years in missionary work, he had become the most eminent Chinese scholar of his day: he had made great attainments in the knowledge of the Javanese and Malayan languages, and was an able Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar.

In 1845, Dr. Medhurst went on a journey through the silk and green tea countries, and he has left us a record of this in the book which stands at the head of this article—"A Glance at the Interior of China." Some gleanings from this book will give our readers a somewhat correct description of the "central flowery land," and its, to us, odd inhabitants.

In the opening sections of his volume, the missionary describes the articles of dress which a foreigner, intending to visit "the interior," as he did, should purchase. The articles of a Chinaman's wardrobe are exceedingly picturesque; and we now find that the figures, at which we have so often smiled, painted on vessels of old porcelain, are veritable portraiture of the true Chinaman. The word pictures of adventurous travellers, and the ready pencil sketches of European artists, have made us familiar with the personal appearance of the Chinese gentleman. He stands before us in his p'haou, or loose robe of silk, reaching from his collar of blue satin or velvet down to his ankles. We see his mà kwá or cloth jacket, fastened in front with the ornamental buttons; and when he is introduced to us on occasions of state or ceremony, he has on the longer, more loose, and more expensive waé tháou, or outer dress-coat. Then there are the grotesque shoes, which Medhurst tells us "are awkward in the extreme; for not only are the soles made so thick that they never give to the feet in walking, but they are curled upwards towards the toe, so that the front part of the person's foot is much higher than the hinder part, and he is in danger of falling backwards. This is, according to a Chinese rule, of almost universal application, viz., that of doing everything the contrary way to other nations; for while

we raise the heel of a shoe, and depress the toe, they do exactly the opposite." We are inclined to think, that this rule of contraries in Chinese habits, throws much more light on them than the volumes of speculation which have been written on the history of that strange people, and which trace up their present social peculiarities to an antiquity in which Noah himself was yet alive, and the gopher wood of the ark was still lying uninjured on the lofty peaks of Ararat! This dress, so absurd-looking in the eye of an Englishman, seems to be neither awkward nor uncomfortable to its wearers. It harmonizes well with their olive complexions, their broad bare brows, high boned and wide cheeks, soft eyes, and long cues. The Chinese hat, too, indicates the character of the head that wears it. For example, "the round-crowned hat of broadcloth or satin, stiffened with pasteboard, with its brim turned up in a slanting direction all round," and projecting before and behind, like those at present worn on fairer heads among ourselves, tells, by its knob of twisted silk, that its wearer thinks a good deal of himself, and wishes to give out that he is well to do in the world. Sometimes the knob is seen replaced by a button of bright brass or sparkling crystal, or the soft-gleaming lapis lazuli; and each of them proclaims the learned attainments of its wearer.

The Chinese differ as much from Europeans in their mode of eating as in other things. The chopstick seems to have been invented for the education of the young Chinaman in patience and perseverance. It appears next to impossible that any hungry man, except one greatly exercised in these social graces, should be able to sit patiently down to this weary work of chopstick and rice. They begin their feasts with wine, and it would be held a breach of all good breeding to return to it after the rice. Dr. Medhurst, referring to the Chinese table, says—

"The viands to be met with on a journey into the interior of China, and particularly in mountainous and unfrequented parts, are not of the most exquisite and delicate description; so that a person at all delicate about his food had better not enter upon the experiment. Of beef and beer he must take his leave immediately he quits the vicinity of Europeans; but of pork and samshoo he will have abundance, if he has got money to pay for them. The staple article on a Chinese table is rice, sometimes white and sometimes red; but always in sufficient quantity to satisfy the craving of the appetite. In order to tempt rice down, the Chinese employ various condiments; the most common of which is pulse jelly, whitened and rendered solid by a mixture of gypsum. The writer remembers attending in London on a geo-

logical lecture, when, hearing the lecturer descant upon the properties of gypsum, he ventured to observe, that the substance referred to, was used as an article of food by the Chinese. Whereupon the learned lecturer lifted up his hands, with pity and astonishment, lamenting that the necessities of life should be so dear and scarce in that country, that the inhabitants are under the necessity of eating stones; in which sentiment all present cordially sympathized. Subsequently, however, the writer visited a gypsum quarry in the north of England, and, on asking the owner of it what they did with so much gypsum, received for answer, that a large quantity of it was sent to the Durham mustard-makers, and not a little to the London pastry-cooks; so that the ladies and gentlemen who pity the Chinese for eating stones, have probably, on more occasions than one, had to eat of the like."

Whoever first brought out, or afterwards elaborated, the doctrinal elements of Buddhism, must have been, by head and shoulders at least, both morally and intellectually superior to the people among whom the religion of Buddha was first promulgated. They must, moreover, have had a very thorough understanding of the tendencies to moral and social disorganization at work among the people. What are called "The Shih-keae," or ten prohibitions of Buddha, illustrate this. In several of the temples Dr. Medhurst found these ten commandments hung up:—1st, Against killing animals. 2d, Against theft. 3d, Against adultery. 4th, Falsehood. 5th, Discord. 6th, Railing. 7th, Idle talk. 8th, Covetousness. 9th, Envy. And, 10th, Heresy. Scattered over the Gandjour, or eight hundred volumes of the verbal instructions of Buddha, are found many more precepts, whose morality bears witness to higher moral attainments on the part of the author, or authors, than prevailed among the three millions of people who soon yielded themselves to Buddhist claims. These precepts all deal with tendencies and common characteristics of social and domestic disease. But, as the roots of these are deep down in the hearts of the poor devotees, all the broken rays of something like a true light, which the great ones whom God sends among all nations come to believe in, and to try to gather into one, fail—however applied—to influence for good; because they can never, in these circumstances, be seen streaming from the person of a True One as a centre. They cannot lead our fallen humanity out of the gross darkness of sin; they cannot make men equal to an effective struggle against it; they cannot lead to what Coleridge so powerfully describes as—"a true efficient conviction of a moral truth—the creating of a new heart,

which collects the energies of a man's whole being in the focus of the conscience." All this can come only in one way—in the gift of the Spirit of Life, whose dealing is with the conscience, through the written word. And thus the high importance of every movement having for its object the circulation of the Scriptures among those foreign nations, which have been chosen as fields of missionary enterprise. God has chosen this as the means by which He again puts Himself in communication with the souls of men. Thus, Romanism has failed in all her missionary endeavours among the Chinese. She may indeed have baptised many sleeping infants by stealth,—she may have made the sign of the cross over many in the hospital or the sick-room, and have, by commending her claims to the sinful features of the heathen, have made many professed disciples; but she has not laid the pure word of the true God alongside of the consciences of her converts, and her victories have been nothing more than compromises between her superstitions concerning the name of Christ, and the superstitions of the degraded heathens among whom she has sent her missionaries. She has baptised their heathenism—repeated the old story of turning the statue of Jupiter into an image of the apostle Peter. It is curious to notice her opinion of a mode of missionary endeavour, in which Protestantism must ever find the explanation of its success. "The Methodist ministers," says M. Hue, late missionary apostolic in China, "who lie in ambush in all the five ports open to Europeans, having remarked that the prodigious quantity of Bibles furtively scattered along the shores of the empire have not proved remarkably efficacious in working the conversion of the Chinese, have at last given up this harmless and useless system of propagandism. They seem convinced now that bales even of well-bound and cautiously distributed Bibles, will not make much impression on the Chinese nation, and they have lost some of their faith in the miraculous effect of this measure."

The conscious helplessness of the Chinese to walk by the higher precepts and principles contained even in the dogmas of Taou, Buddha, and Confucius, and the tendency to make this realized sense of inability an excuse for their neglect of their own religions, are vividly brought out in a legend in high favour among the Chinese.

"In the course of conversation this day," writes Dr. Medhurst, "the guide related an old story. Formerly, he said, Confucius, Laou-Keun, and Buddha, the founders of the three sects of religion professed in China, were talking together,

in fairy land, of the want of success which attended their doctrines in the world, and proposed a descent into those sublunary regions, to see if they were right-minded persons, who might be commissioned to awaken the age. After travelling for some days through town and country with little success, they came at length to a desert place, where the smoke of human habitations was not visible. The three sages, being wearied with their journey, looked about for some place where they might quench their thirst, when suddenly they espied a fountain, and an old man sitting by to guard it. They concluded that they had better ask him for a little drink, and consulted together on whom the task should fall of soliciting the favour. Come, said the other two to Buddha, your priests are in the habit of begging, you had better go forward and obtain permission to drink of the fountain. Buddha accordingly advanced and put in his petition. The old man asked, Who are you? I am, replied he, Shikyamuni, who formerly appeared in the west. Oh! you are the celebrated Buddha, then, of whom I have heard so much; you have the reputation of being a good man, and I cannot refuse you a draught of water; but you must first answer me a question, which, if you can do, you may have as much water as you please; but if not, you must go away empty. What is it? said Buddha. Why, said the old man, you Buddhists constantly affirm that men are equal, and admit neither of high nor of low; how is it, then, that in your monasteries you have different degrees, viz., abbots, priests, and noviciates? Buddha could not answer, and was obliged to retire. The sages then deputed Laou-Keun to go and ask for water, who, on coming up to the old man, was asked his name. I am Laou-Keun, was the reply, Oh! the founder of the Taou sect, said the old man; I have heard a good account of you; but you must answer me a question, or you can get no water. What is it? Pray announce it. Why, you Taoists talk about the elixir of immortality, have you such a thing? Yes, said Laou-Keun, it is the partaking of this that has rendered me immortal. Well then, said the old man, why did you not give a little to your own father, and prevent his decease? Laou-Keun could not reply, and was obliged to retire, saying to Confucius, Come, brother, you must try your skill, for I can make nothing of the old man. Confucius, therefore, advanced with the same request. And who are you? said the ancient. I am K'hung-chung-né, of the Loo country, said he. Oh! the celebrated Confucius, the sage of China; I have heard of your discourses on filial piety, but how is it that you do not act up to them? You say, 'When parents are alive, do not wander far; and if you do, have some settled place of abode;' why then have you strayed away to this uninhabited region? Confucius was unable to reply, and retired. Upon this, the three worthies consulted together about this old man, and came to the conclusion that, as he was such an intelligent man, they could not light upon a better individual to revive their doctrines, and spread them through the world. They therefore came to him with the above-named proposition. But the old man replied, with a smile, Gentlemen, you do not seem to know who or what I am. It is the upper part of me only that is

flesh and blood, the lower part is stone; I can talk about virtue, but not follow it out. This the sages found was the character of all mankind, and, in despair of reforming the world, returned to the aerial regions."—MEDHURST, p. 50.

Thus can they make their very sense of moral impotence a subject of ridicule. Nevertheless, there are abundant evidences that the labours of the missionary and the Christian philanthropist are beginning to tell on the national mind. Even in 1845, when Dr. Medhurst set out on his journey into the Interior, this was evident, and many recent events go to prove the same thing. The account which Medhurst gives of his guide, introduces us to a class which, there is good reason to believe, is greatly on the increase.

"The writer was fortunate in meeting with a man who combined the qualities of daring and caution in an eminent degree. He was adventurous enough to undertake the business, and yet sagacious enough to perceive every slight appearance of danger, and to avoid it. He would venture through crowded places with his charge, and yet scrutinize the countenances of individuals at every stopping-place. He was fully alive to the danger he ran, and yet, for the sake of the object he had in view, willing to encounter it. The way in which he came to undertake the business was as follows:—Having heard, at the city of Hang-chow, of the arrival of foreign teachers at the newly opened ports, and seen some of their publications, he determined to make their acquaintance, and, on his arrival at Shanghai, called on the writer. There was something peculiar in his manner, which could not fail to strike at a first interview; a solidity and earnestness, an apparent sincerity, which excited an unwonted interest in him. Subsequent opportunities of conversing with him, tended to increase that impression, and a peculiar friendship sprang up between the writer and his future fellow-traveller. Listening to the doctrines of Christianity, he fancied he could trace some resemblance between them and the dogmas of his spiritual guide, to whom he paid great deference. On inquiry, it was found that the instructor to whom he referred was a very enlightened Chinese, who had extracted all that was good from the Confucian, and other systems within his reach, with reference to the Supreme Being, and the purification of the heart. The old gentleman alluded to had compiled a number of essays, which contained many good things, and, what with one system and another, a scheme was got up which far surpassed any that had hitherto been culled from native sources. Our new acquaintance had conceived the idea, that, if he could effect an interview between the compiler of these essays and the preacher of foreign doctrines, he could get them to agree; and, while the one brought an element, which China did not possess, of spiritual and experimental godliness, the other would assist in clothing such ideas in the best possible language, and thus present and future ages be benefitted. His teacher, however, was old, and could not

travel; what then was to be done? The writer proposed a solution, and offered to go and see the Chinese reformer. This, after some deliberation, was acceded to; and the parties agreed to start on a given day, as friends, and without any self-interested object. Having seen something of the habits and manner of life of Christians, the Chinese guide had conceived a favourable idea of the Gospel: he believed that there was only one Supreme God, that Moses was His lawgiver, and that Jesus Christ was a true sage, who had suffered much for the benefit of mankind; but his ideas were still very confused on many important topics, and he needed to learn which be the first principles of the oracles of God. He belonged, however, to a school of superior men, and had been accustomed to exercise his mind in deep reflection. It was thought, therefore, that by a visit to his usual abode and fellow-disciples, something might be done towards benefiting the individual, and paving the way for the introduction of the gospel into Central China."—MEDHURST, p. 36.

Leaving out of view, for the present, the route over which our travellers passed, before they arrived at Kēang-se, the residence of the author of the essays referred to in the preceding extract, we will notice the impressions made on Dr. Medhurst in his intercourse with the old man:—

"April 23-28.—These days were spent in the house of my guide's friend, who, though informed, after the first day, of the character of his guest, was not the less kind and attentive; indeed, after the first surprise was over, he appeared rather pleased than otherwise to have a foreigner in his house, putting a variety of question to me regarding my country, its distance from China, the extent of its dominion, the amount of population, character of its inhabitants, religion literature, manners, customs, etc. Frequent discussions were held on religious subjects with him, and the rest of the school of reformers who are congregated hereabouts. The prevailing character of their minds seemed to be a ruling desire to carry out the system of Confucius, as they thought, in its genuineness, free from that atheistic gloss which the commentators of the Sung dynasty had put upon it; and an especial aim to cultivate the virtues of benevolence and righteousness, as laid down by him. Some of their observations and sentiments regarding self-examination, victory over evil desires, constant vigilance, searching after their own errors, and ingenuous confessions of them when ascertained, were tolerably good, and would not have disgraced a Christian moralist. But, while they had some sense of sin, they had, of course, no idea of atonement, and were utterly in the dark as to the manner in which their sins could be pardoned, or the Divine Being reconciled. Their prevailing errors appeared to be, too great a veneration for the sages, whom they actually idolized; and, in many instances, put upon a level with the Author of wisdom; as well as too high an estimation of their deceased parents and ancestors, to whom they paid divine honours, and from whom they expected protection and every bless-

ing. It was found very difficult to give them any idea of the difference between the veneration and respect due to parents, and the worship which was demanded by the Supreme Author of our being. The Chinese term for worship being one which applies to all sorts of obeisance and compliment, it sounds strange in their ears to be told that they must not *paé*, that is, behave civilly, towards their parents and brethren. But as these subjects are familiar to those well acquainted with Chinese matters, and are not very interesting to others, we shall pass over the discussions then held, and content ourselves with observing generally, that the matter took very fast hold of one of the parties, who could not rest in his mind until he had discovered where the truth lay. He was heard praying in the dead of night, very earnestly to the Giver of light, that he might be directed in his search after truth; and it is pleasing to add, that, as the result, he did not pray in vain."—MEDHURST, p. 168.

The boasted antiquity and advanced state of Chinese civilization, do not seem to have included in them the comfort of travellers. The way-side sleeping places in Russia, which have recently been so graphically described by "Our own Correspondents," however ill suited they may be for those who have been accustomed to the comfortable hotels and village inns of the West, are certainly outdone by the Chinese houses of entertainment. In Russia, it had been found impossible, even after the fatigues of fourteen hours' jolting in the uncomfortable Tarantasse, to get an hour or two of refreshing sleep in one of those wretched places of "entertainment for man and beast;" but what must it be in places like those described by Dr. Medhurst, as prepared for travellers in the interior of China?

"On all the great roads, where there is much traffic, these houses are found at the distance of every five or ten miles. They are known by the sign, generally hung out in front of the door, *chung hò pēn fán*, intimating that they afford middling accommodations and convenient meals. The reader, however, must not suppose that he will find there anything like what is to be met with in the commonest inns of Europe. In country places, these rice-shops, or eating-houses, are generally cottages of one story, with clay floor and planked sides, having a small shop in front, and accommodation for travellers behind. After passing through the shop, you cross a small yard, and enter an open room, called a hall, wherein a table and a few benches are placed; on each side the hall you find what is denominated a sleeping room, and sometimes behind this range there is a kitchen and two other bed-rooms. Should the house be two stories high, the upper rooms, or lofts, are appropriated to the coolies and chair-bearers who accompany the guests. The strangers must not expect to find bed and table linen, as such things are unknown even in respectable houses in China. The tables are sometimes wiped on the entrance of a guest, or after a meal; but this is done with

a bit of rag a few inches long, which merely serves to remove a little of the extraneous dust, while an inch thick of dirt is frequently left adhering to the table. It is a very rare thing to see a broom pass over the floor, which being made of earth easily imbibes the slops, and conceals them from the view. The mud brought in by passengers only adds to the material of which the floor is composed. And all bones, rice, and other eatables, are carefully cleaned away by the dogs.

"The first question, on entering such a house of entertainment, is, whether they have got any rice and vegetables; which is generally answered in the affirmative, coupled with a polite confession of the poverty of their preparations,—a confession, the truth of which the writer has seldom felt himself at liberty to dispute; the accompaniments to the rice, provided on such occasions, being the poorest and most insipid imaginable. Should any customer wish anything further, he is at liberty to send out for some pork, should such be procurable. The sleeping rooms are seldom provided with windows, and the only avenue for light is through the door, which, opening into another apartment, admits but a feeble ray. It is, perhaps, as well that such is the case, as, were the room better illuminated, its dirt and deformity would be more conspicuous, and fastidious strangers might be deterred from entering. The bed-room is sometimes provided with separate bed places for each individual, consisting of a frame-work about six feet long, three broad, and two high, upon which is spread a layer of straw, covered by a mat; but more frequently one end of the room is occupied by a larger frame-work, about six feet wide and ten long, upon which three or four guests may sleep together.

"Should the strangers not be provided with coverlets, the establishment offers to furnish a cotton-wadded quilt to each customer; but as the coolies and chair-bearers, with all sorts of dirty fellows, have been in the habit of using these for months or years, adding to the stock of filth and vermin which they contain every successive time, it follows that such coverlets are anything but agreeable, and, of course, only the lowest class of customers avail themselves of the benefit. Each traveller must, therefore, take with him his own mat, quilt, and pillow; and, with every precaution, will find it difficult to escape coming in contact with the dirt and noxious insects already present in such dormitories. . . . The floor is sometimes boarded, but washing is out of the question; and the cobwebs in the corners indicate the entire absence of brooms ever since the erection of the building. In short, the whole establishment partakes of the united qualities of stable and pig-stye, falling far short of what those respectable receptacles are in most civilized countries. The only agreeable thing is the basin of hot water, which is invariably presented on entering, for the purpose of washing the face, hands, or feet of travellers; and the cup of warm tea which immediately follows."—MEDHURST, p. 18.

The following sketch from nature, will show that the scene-painting on the "Delft" of many a breakfast-table in Britain, is not, as we have been in the habit of thinking, the

result of tricks played by European imaginations on supposed Chinese landscape:—

"Towards evening, we were pleasingly struck with the view which presented itself before us (as they sailed on the Grand Canal). A beautiful pavilion, three stories high, with a granite foundation, and a scalloped roof, met the eye, rising up from the midst of the broad canal, and throwing its lengthened shadow across the waters. It was about fifty feet wide at the base, which was four-square; on a terrace formed of large blocks of stone, rose the pavilion, about fifty feet high, with its neatly painted windows and doors, its fantastic gables and concave ridges, each of its many corners terminating in a bell, and each of its rows of tiles being turned up with variegated porcelain. The name of this handsome structure was Teze-yün-shen-se, 'the hall for contemplation covered by favouring clouds.' It was built in the Sung dynasty, and, after having been repaired under the Ming sovereigns, was rebuilt in the twentieth year of Kang-he. Beyond the pavilion appeared a pagoda, six stories high, surmounted by a crown, very elegant and in good repair. At the foot of the pagoda, was a town called Chin-tsi-chin, containing ten thousand inhabitants. The name of the place, signifying 'well-watered town,' was given in consequence to its vicinity to the Thae-ho, or Great Lake, from which it is not above five miles distant."—MEDHURST, p. 53.

Dr. Medhurst visited Hoo-chow, the chief seat of the silk cultivation in China, and he has given a minute account of this great national branch of industry. This he has done by a series of extracts from a book on the silk culture, which had been recently issued by the "Treasurer of the Province." These extracts afford peculiarly interesting information on the growth and treatment of mulberry trees—on the rearing and management of the silk-worm—on the gathering and winding of silk—and on the mode of conducting a silk establishment. In addition to the maps and the plans of cities given in his book, he has copied from the native Chinese work, wood-cuts of all the instruments used by the owners of mulberry plantations in the cultivation of the trees, in the management of the worms, and in the gathering and spinning of the silk. The cuts are, no doubt, very rude, but they enable the reader to understand at a glance the form of the various articles.*

"In the evening we arrived at Hoo-chow, but the lateness of the hour prevented me observing

* Mr. Fortune must not have been aware of this visit when he wrote the introduction to his volume, for he says,—"During a sojourn of some months in the heart of the great silk country, I had an opportunity of seeing the cultivation of the mulberry, the feeding and rearing of the silkworms, and the reeling of the silk; and these interesting operations are now described, I believe, for the first time by an English eye-witness."

much of its beauty. The walls appeared in good repair, about twenty-five feet high and twenty thick. The canal passed through the city, under the walls, where there was a water gate, spanned by a finely-turned arch, at least twenty feet high. On passing through, we were detained by an old man, who demanded money of us, because it was dark. Our people offered him five cash; but he rejected that sum with scorn, saying, that nothing less than fifteen would satisfy him. He was however, contented with ten, and lifted up the bar to let us pass. Having entered the city, we found the canal wider than on the outside, with many vessels coming and going; while the banks of the canal were lined with stores and warehouses, giving the appearance of a very populous and commercial city. About the middle of the city we came to a large bridge of three arches; the centre one was about fifty feet wide, and the other two nearly equal to it. The top of the bridge was almost flat, and not elevated as most of the Chinese bridges are. The name of this bridge was *pà-yây-keáu*, or, 'hold your tongue bridge,' every Chinese in passing under it, feeling it necessary to hold his tongue; more out of superstition, however, than in obedience to any public order. There are several pagodas and many temples in Hoo-chow; but as the evening was far advanced, we had not an opportunity of seeing them. Having passed the residence of the Chefoo, or prefect of city, we thrust our boat in among a number of others, near a market-place; and after the din of voices around us had subsided, we fell asleep."—MEDHURST, p. 58.

Hoo-chow, the centre of one of the most important of Chinese branches of industry, is believed to be a very old town. It is spoken of, under the name of *Yáng-chow*, as existing during the reign of Yü, who ruled, according to the native chronology, at a time corresponding to our B.C. 2205, and many years before the death of Noah, if we take the received method of Scripture chronology!—Noah having been born, according to the usual reckoning, about B. C. 2948 (Gen. v. 28, 29), and having died at the age of 950 (Gen. ix. 28, 29), in 1998 B. C. This date assigned to Hoo-chow, though evidently very erroneous, implies the great antiquity of the city, around which, from time immemorial, the Chinese have cultivated their gardens of mulberry trees, and gathered abundance of silk. It is situated pleasantly on the Great Canal, to the south of the *T'haé-hoò*, or Great Lake, from which it is said to derive its name. The city in its present form, is believed to have been built about A. D. 620.

Near *Woó-Yuén*, Dr. Medhurst found a custom prevailing, which gives us a glimpse at some of the peculiarities of Chinese family arrangements. He met an old woman who was making a great lamentation for the death of an intended son-in-law. Having made inquiry about the circumstance, he

learned that, when yet an infant, the young person had been taken into her house in order to be reared there, that when he grew up he should marry her daughter. "There had been," he was told, "an exchange; the one family having two sons, and the other two daughters, born within a few years of each other; and thus, to suit the convenience of both, this family parted with a daughter, to become the future bride of one of the sons of that family; while the other son of that family was transferred, to become the future bridegroom of the remaining daughter of this."

Travelling among the *Woó-Yuén* hills, though found full of interest, was not very pleasant.

"Here the wind and rain prevailed so much, that the chair-bearers would not venture to ascend the hill which lay before us, so that we were obliged to put up at a miserable hovel which presented itself, in the name of an inn, at the foot of the hill. The accommodation was of the most wretched kind; we procured shelter from the rain, it is true, but that was nearly all. The hut which we had to lodge in, admitted the wind at every corner; and a recess was offered us as a bed-place, which must have been tenanted by beggars and thieves for many a day previously. For provisions, the people could furnish us with nothing but coarse red rice, and a few pickled beans to tempt it down. They did not forget to charge, however, as much as if we had been favoured with the best accommodation and supplies. The hill appeared to be of the clay-slate formation, mixed with conglomerate; the dip was towards the north-east.

"The hill itself, which is called *Sin-ling*, is said by the Chinese to be 6000 feet high. I found it, however, by counting the steps we ascended, to be no more than 1500 feet, from the hamlet at the foot of the pass over which we crossed. The peaks of the neighboring mountains were much higher. It adjoins on the west the *Foó-yung*, or Marsh-mallow Hill, and constitutes with the *Tuy-kíng*, *Shòw-tów*, and *Tih-shing* hills, the five lofty mountains for which this region is celebrated. There are various caves and rocky dells among these hills, which are adorned by temples and pavilions, where the traveller or devotee may rest; and in the recesses of which priests are found, fostering and perpetuating the system of Buddha. In one of these pavilions there is a *Chih-sun*, or stalagmite, twenty feet high. A Chinese poet has celebrated these five mountain peaks in his song as follows:—

"The five-pointed mountain rears its lofty head,
Where the marsh-mallow lifts its lofty blossoms
to the sky;
At every step we ascend higher and higher,
And as we mount upwards dare not look back.
Winding and turning, we seem as if scaling the
heavens,
And fancy we shall never reach the summit.
It is not necessary to inquire whither we are
going,
But we press on until we reach the azure clouds.'

"The rain having ceased, my companion determined to proceed. We passed in succession over five different mountains as described above. The road was well paved the whole way; flat stones having been laid down six feet wide, and formed into regular steps, up and down the hills. Sometimes the road was paved with slabs of coarse marble, and sometimes with large round pebbles, brought from the brooks below. We observed also a white kind of stone, which appeared to be pure felspar, resembling that of which the Chinese porcelain is made, interspersed with a hard red stone like porphyry. All of these appeared to be quarried out of the neighbouring hills. The natives informed us, that the paved road was constructed by a man whose surname was Wang. The whole is the result of voluntary effort. The mass of the rock of which the hills are composed seems to be gneiss, mixed occasionally with the felspar and porphyry. On one side of the hills, the dip of the strata is towards the north-east, and on the other, towards the south-west; hence the disturbing force which upheaved the mass must have been somewhere about the central ridge. The angle of the dip is from thirty to fifty degrees; and sometimes the strata are quite vertical.

"The scenery, whilst winding amongst these hills, is picturesque in the extreme. Here and there a rocky dell, in the bosom of which lay a Buddhist temple; now and then, a monumental pillar or gateway, intended to perpetuate some supposed benevolent act, or virtuous female; while the works of nature, more sublime by far than works of art, with which they were intended to be adorned, rose in awful grandeur, and overtowered them all."

We leave Dr. Medhurst's pleasant and informing book with the persuasion, that however many travellers may, in the future, speak of the interior of China, few will be able to throw more light on its strange customs, or make it more interesting to Europeans, than has been already done by the enthusiastic, accomplished, and devoted agent of "The London Missionary Society."

Mr. Fortune, in his "Residence among the Chinese," goes over much of the ground travelled by Dr. Medhurst; but he looks at it from different points of view, and under the influence of different motives. The former saw everything as a Christian missionary; and the desire constantly present with him was, that he might be enabled to do something for the spiritual good of as many as he found it safe to address—something which might yet tell on the future of that degraded and populous land. The latter travelled for a purpose as well defined as that of the missionary, but of a very different kind. The social peculiarities rather than the moral, and the economic characteristics rather than the spiritual, are dealt with in his present able volume. As a man of science—an accomplished botanist—he

describes with great ability, and in a fresh and simple style, the leading physical features of the districts in which he sojourned, and especially their varied, and often novel, forms of vegetable life. Seldom have we found two volumes on any one country, written by men of such widely differing occupations and habits of thought, agreeing so thoroughly on all the main points touched upon by both. The man of science has generally little true sympathy with the self-denying labours of love and works of faith of the earnest missionary; and the mere traveller for travel's sake, for pleasure or adventure, has little fellow-feeling with either. This state of matters is, however, now rapidly passing away. Zeal and personal piety are no longer regarded the only qualifications either for ministerial or missionary work. Gospel ministers and missionaries can, in very many instances, measure minds with men of literature and science. In some cases, as in Morrison, and Duff, and Livingstone, they stand the whole head and shoulders taller than many who have made those branches of human knowledge the aim and business of their lives. The effects of this are daily becoming apparent. The official witnesses for Christ are no longer held to be "universally men of one idea," but men, in the wide embrace of whose love the literature and science of the world are folded, and set aside for the service of the Great King, or hung up in the temple as signs that the world's wisdom has been overcome for His service and glory. The learned of London, Paris, and New York, have often been constrained to quote, as authorities in Historic Criticism, in Ethnology, and in Physical Science, the men whose motives they have seldom fully understood when they witnessed, or were told of, their labours among the heathen; the merchants of Shanghai and Hong Kong have found them opening the way for their traffic; and the "Politicals" of Calcutta and Bombay have more than once had to take lessons from them in statecraft. Those who stay at home reap the benefit also. Time was, when a man, sitting down to describe a country over which he had passed, would have thought it an incumbent duty to hold up to ridicule the crude views of the missionaries he had met with, and expose, as he would call it, the utter uselessness of all their endeavours. But now we find almost every intelligent and well-principled traveller corroborating, at almost every point, the reports which the missionaries send periodically to the parent societies.

These remarks find frequent illustrations in "the Residence among the Chinese." Its

author, we believe, like Medhurst, has "risen from the ranks." What we know of the literature of Chinese Discovery—of European travel among that remarkable people, and of zealous, large-hearted, and adventurous Missionary Enterprise for their good, persuade us that the men who have done most in these fields of action, have fought their way into great usefulness and a name through very great hinderances. Medhurst, the printer's boy, was, we have seen, in this case; and so was Fortune, the Berwickshire peasant's son.

Mr. Fortune spent his boyhood on the highly-cultivated banks of the Blackadder, one of the tributaries of the Tweed, and on these, or among the rich plantations and picturesque hedge-rows of the Merse, he got his first lessons in Botany. Having received the education usually given to the children of the Scottish peasantry at the parish-school, he entered the garden of the late Mr. Buchan of Kelloe, the author of "The Wreck of the Winterton," and a man whose name is associated with most of those grand schemes of Christian enterprise which have given the character to this age. Mr. Buchan saw the talents of his youthful gardener, and got a way opened for him in the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. Here he made great progress in his favourite pursuits. Ultimately attracted to the South, he found in London a sphere of labour, in which his skill and enterprise soon became known, and led to his appointment as Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. In the Preface to the volume which stands at the head of this Article, Mr. Fortune says,—“From 1848 to the beginning of 1851, I was engaged by the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company in procuring supplies of tea-plants, seeds, implements, and green-tea makers, for the government plantations in the Himalayas. In the end of 1852, I was deputed a second time by the East India Company, for the purpose of adding to the collections already formed, and particularly of procuring first-rate black-tea makers for the experimental tea farms in India. The present volume gives an account of my last travels amongst the Chinese—from 1852 to 1856.”

Our readers have already been made acquainted with Mr. Fortune's first volume—"Three Years' Wandering in China;"* and all who remember the fresh simplicity of style, the picturesque sketches, and the graphic delineations of Chinese character,

which gave such interest to that volume, are sure to turn to "the Residence in China," and they will not be disappointed.

We meet with several incidents, both in Medhurst's book and in "the Residence in China," which show that the Chinaman is ever on the alert for an opportunity of deceiving, or of playing a hoax on, the *Barbarians* and *Pak-Quie-tze*, or white devils. They greatly delight in such opportunities. Shortly after the author of "The Residence in China" arrived at Shanghai, an earthquake occurred which greatly alarmed the foreigners. A report was soon spread among them, that a populous village had been swallowed up by it. They even went most minutely into the matter, and alleged that it had been destroyed because of its great wickedness. Mr. Fortune and several friends having resolved to visit the scene of the reported catastrophe, made some inquiries about the locality.

"I had been told the spot was distant from Shanghai some thirty miles up the river, and in a south-westerly direction; but the more minute my inquiries were, the greater difficulty I had in finding out the exact locality. In the meantime, all our arrangements had been made except the hiring of boats, and we had agreed to start on the following morning. I had an excellent servant, a man who had travelled with me for several years, and whose duty it was to engage the boats we required for the journey. Before he left me for this purpose, I desired him to take care the boatman knew the road, as it would never do to find out, after we had started, that no one knew which way to go. He left me on this mission, and was absent about two hours. When he returned, he informed me that he had made the requisite inquiries about the sunken village—that such an occurrence had taken place, but instead of the spot being *up* the river, we must go *down* in an opposite direction in order to find it. At the same time, he told me candidly he did not think the boatman knew anything about the matter, and said I had better not go until something more satisfactory could be ascertained concerning it. I was reluctantly compelled to admit that his advice was good, and wrote to the others saying we had better put off the journey. And now it is worth while to mark the result of all this, in order to get an idea of the extraordinary character of the people of China. A few days afterwards, we were told with the greatest coolness, by the same parties who had formerly given the information about the sunken village, that 'it was quite true such an occurrence had taken place, but that it had happened about two hundred years ago!'"—FORTUNE, p. 6.

When about twelve miles from Ning-po, our author met with one of the many evidences which bulk out in the eye of the traveller, that the people are wholly given to idolatry. After having given us a brief,

* *North British Review*, No. XIV., p. 207. August 1847.

but clear and satisfactory account of the movements of the rebels, he says:—

"Leaving Tai-ping-Wang to fight his battles in Kiang-su and elsewhere, I sailed for the town of Ning-po, in the province of Chekiang, and on my arrival at that port, started immediately for the tea districts in the interior. I had engaged a small covered boat, such as is used on the canals in this part of the country. . . . As we had travelled all night, we reached the end of the canal some time before day-break. I had slept pretty well on the way, but was now awakened by the sounds of hundreds of voices, some talking, others screaming at their loudest pitch, and the shrill tones of the women were heard far above those of the men. Half awake as I was at first, I almost thought I had fallen in with a party of Tai-ping-Wang's army; but my servants and the boatmen soon set me right on that point, by informing me the multitudes in question were on their way to Ah-yah-Wang, or Ayuka's temple, to worship and burn incense at its shrines. To fall asleep again was now out of the question, owing to the noise and excitement by which I was surrounded. I therefore got up and dressed, and took a seat on the roof of my boat, when I had a moonlight view of what was going on around me. Every boat seemed crowded with pilgrims, the greater part by far consisting of well-dressed females, all in their holiday attire. As daylight dawned, the view became more distinct. Each boat was now brought close to the banks of the canal, in order that the passengers might be able to get on shore. I pitied the ladies, poor things! with their small cramped feet; for it was with great difficulty they could walk along the narrow plank which connected the boat with the bank of the canal. But the boatmen and other attendants were most gallant in rendering all the assistance in their power, and the fair sex were, for the most part, successful in reaching 'terra firma' without any accident worth relating. Numerous chair-bearers and chairs lined the banks of the canal, all anxious for hire; and if the more wealthy-looking did not get conveyances of this kind, it certainly was not the fault of the owners of these vehicles, for they were most importunate in their offers. Indeed, so much was this the case, that, in many instances under my observation, the wavering pilgrim was almost lifted into the chair before he was aware of it. These chairs are extremely light and simple in their construction. They are formed of two long bamboo poles, with a small piece of wood slung between them, on which the traveller sits, and another smaller piece, slung lower and more forward, on which he rests his feet. Sometimes, when ladies and children were to be carried, and the weight consequently light, I observed two or three of these seats slung between the poles, and this number of persons carried by two stout coolies with the greatest ease.

"After taking my morning cup of tea within sight of numerous plantations of the 'herb' itself, which are dotted on the sides of the hills here, I joined the motley crowd, and proceeded with them to Ayuka's temple. When I got outside of the little village at the end of the canal, and on a

little eminence beyond it, I obtained a long view of the mountain road which leads to the temple, and a curious and strange view this was. Whether I looked before or behind me, I beheld crowds of people of both sexes, and of all ages, wending their way to worship at the altars of the 'unknown God.' They were generally divided into small groups—little families or parties—as they had left their native villages, and most of these parties had a servant or two walking behind them, and carrying some food to refresh them by the way, and a bundle of umbrellas to protect them from the rain. Each of the ladies, young and old, who were not in chairs, walked with a long stick, which was used, partly to prevent her from stumbling, and partly to help her along the road. Most of them were dressed gaily in silks, satins, and crapes of various colours, but blue seemed the favourite and predominating one. As I walked onward, and passed group after group on the way, the ladies, as etiquette required, looked demure and shy, as if they could neither speak or smile. Sometimes one past the middle age would condescend to answer me good-humouredly, but this was even rare. The men, on the contrary, were chatty enough, and so were the ladies too, as soon as I had passed them, and joined other groups farther a-head. Oftentimes I heard a clear ringing laugh, after I had passed, from the lips of some fair one, who, a minute before, had looked as if she had never given way to such frivolity in her life."—FORTUNE, p. 24.

The following sketch of a May morning in China, exhibits the fine spirit in which this volume is written; and all who have sought out God in His works—sought to walk with Him amidst the evidences of His manifold wisdom, will enter into the author's thoughts in the concluding sentences. Whatever be the full meaning of the primeval blight,—*"Cursed is the ground for thy sake,"*—there can be no doubt but that all God's works still praise Him, and are, to the soul in communion with Him, suggestive of the unseen and eternal. They are types of the heavenly things themselves,—they declare eternal power and God-head. This was the discovery which Paul made, when he laid his ear to the great heart of life, which is throbbing ceaselessly throughout the vast universe. And even the least in the kingdom of God may make the same discovery, if he listen in the same child-like spirit as Paul did. And this deeper meaning and brighter beauty in the works of the great Creator is lost, the moment the soul turns aside to the mere everywhere-ness of a Divine One as a life-principle, and not a living person, who has put His heart in communication with the heart of man.

As a botanist, not less than as a man with a fine sense of the beautiful, Mr. Fortune must have enjoyed this May scene.

"As it was now 'the bonnie month of May,' the rice crops had been some time in the ground,

and the valley was consequently covered with dense masses of the loveliest green. Water-wheels were observed in all directions, some worked by men, and other and larger ones by bullocks, and all pouring streams of water upon the rice crops from the various canals which intersect the valley. At the foot of the hills, near where I stood, were numerous small tea farms, formed on the slopes; while groups of junipers and other sombre-looking pines marked the last resting-places of the wealthy. The ancient tombs of the Ming dynasty are also common here, but they are generally in a ruinous condition; and had it not been for the huge blocks of granite cut into the forms of men and other animals, of which they are composed, there would have been long ago no marks to point out the last resting-places of these ancient rulers of China. So much for human greatness! Higher up on the hill-sides the ground was cultivated, and ready to receive the summer crops of sweet potatoes and Indian corn. Beyond that again, were barren mountains covered with long grass and brushwood, which the industry of the Chinese is never likely to bring under cultivation. Both below and above, on the roadsides, in the hedges, and on every spot not under cultivation, wild flowers were blooming in the greatest profusion. In the hedges the last fading blossoms of the beautiful spring-flowering *Forsythia viridissima* were still hanging on the branches, while several species of wild roses, *Spiræa Reevesiana*, clematises, and *Glycine sinensis*, were just coming into bloom. But look a little higher up to that gorgeously painted hill-side, and see those masses of yellow and white flowers; what are they? The yellow is the lovely *Azalea sinensis*, with its colours far more brilliant, and its trusses of flowers much larger, than they are ever seen in any of our exhibitions in Europe. The white is the little known *Amelanchier racimosa*. Amongst these, and scattered over the hill-sides, are other azaleas, having flowers of many different hues, and all very beautiful. It is still early morning; the sun is just appearing on the tops of the eastern mountains; the globules of heavy dew sparkle on the grass and flowers; the lark, and other sweet songsters of the feathered race, are pouring out of their little mouths sweet and melodious songs. I looked with delight on the beautiful scene spread out before me, and thought within myself, if nature is so beautiful now, what must it have been before the fall, when man was holy!"—FORTUNE, p. 27.

Here is a Chinese temple interior:—

"I now entered the temple itself, and found it crowded with idolaters. The female sex seemed much more numerous than the male, and apparently more devout. They were kneeling on cushions placed in front of the altars, and bowing low to the huge images which stood before them. This prostration they repeated many times; and when they had finished this part of their devotions, they lighted candles and incense, and placed them on the altars. Returning again to the cushion, they continued their prostrations for a few seconds, and then gave way to other devotees, who went through the same forms. Some were appealing directly to the deity for an answer to their peti-

tions, by means of two small pieces of wood rounded on the one side and flat on the other. If, on being thrown into the air, the sticks fell on the flat side, they had then an assurance of a favourable answer to their prayers; but, owing to the laws of gravitation, these stubborn little bits of wood fell much oftener on the rounder and heavier side than on the other, and gave the poor heathen a world of anxiety and trouble. Other devotees were busily engaged in shaking a hollow bamboo tube, which contained a number of small sticks, each having a Chinese character upon it. An adept in shaking can easily detach one of these sticks from the others; and when it falls upon the floor, it is picked up and taken to a priest, who reads the character, and refers to his book for the interpretation thereof. A small slip of paper is now given to the devotee, which he carries home with him, and places in his house or in his fields, in order to bring him good luck. I observed, that not unfrequently it was very difficult to satisfy these persons with the paper given to them by the priest, and that they often referred to those who were standing around, and asked their opinion on the matter.

"The scene altogether was a striking one, and was well calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of any one looking on as I was. Hundreds of candles were burning on the altars, clouds of incense were rising and filling the atmosphere; from time to time, a large drum was struck, which could be heard at a distance outside the building; and bells were tinkling, and mingling their sounds with those of the monster drum. The sounds of many of these drums are finer than anything I ever heard in England. Most of the fine ones are ancient, and were made at a time when the arts ranked higher in China than they do at the present day.

"In the midst of all these religious services, which candour compels me to say were outwardly most devoutly performed, things were going on amongst the worshippers which, as foreigners and Christians, we cannot understand. Many, who had either been engaged in these ceremonies, or intended to take their part in them, were sitting looking on, and laughing, chatting, or smoking, as if they had been looking on one of their plays. And it was not unusual to see a man fill his pipe with tobacco, and quietly walk up and light it at one of the candles which were burning on the altar."—P. 30.

The staple articles of food in the great market of Tse-kee are thus described:—

"Fish, pork, fowls, ducks, vegetables of many kinds, and the fruits of the season, lined its sides. Mushrooms were abundant, and excellent, as I afterwards proved by having some cooked. Frogs seemed much in demand. They are brought to market in tubs and baskets, and the vender employs himself in skinning them as he sits making sales. He is extremely expert at this part of his business. He takes up the frog in his left hand, and with a knife, which he holds in his right, chops off the fore part of its head. The skin is then thrown back over the body and down to the feet, which are chopped off and thrown away. The poor frog, still alive, but headless, skinless,

and without feet, is then thrown into another tub; and the operation is repeated on the rest in the same way. Every now and then the artist lays down his knife, and takes up his scales to weigh these animals for his customers, and make his sales. Everything in this civilized country, whether it be gold or silver, geese or frogs, is sold by weight."—FORTUNE, p. 45.

The trite remark, "that human nature is the same all over the world," finds its truest and most affecting illustrations in the presence of the dead. All over the world, the power which the memory of beloved ones has over survivors is seen in the subdued grief of the recently stricken heart, the touching devices and legends of every churchyard, and the quiet aspect of those who, in "weeds of woe," walk softly over the new-made graves, as if unwilling to disturb the rest which even the body of the wicked finds there. While these manifestations of grief are met with in China, others are added to them, which, in this as in most of their customs, make them stand out differing widely from the rest of mankind. Thus the responsibility for the death of all who die by accident, or from assassination, is laid upon the proprietor of the ground where they are found. This mode of hedging in life is found to influence the whole nation; but the mandarins and relatives of the dead often find it a powerful means of oppressing unfortunate proprietors. M. Huc well remarks on this subject: "Draconian laws have been found necessary to restrain within the limits of duty these materialist populations, living without a God, without a religion, and, consequently, without a conscience."

The bodies of those who die among their own relatives are treated with the greatest respect. Memory is to cling to that likeness throughout the years of life still in store for those left behind; and as this remembrance becomes a religion to the Chinese—for almost the only imaginations of an unseen world which they have are associated with it—we might look for the prevalence of great respect for the dead. But in China, as in more favoured lands, the "forms, modes, shows of grief," are often found when there is not "that within which passeth show." Such of our readers as have stood for an hour near the gate of Père-la-Chaise, and watched one fashionable carriage and another coming slowly from the direction of the Boulevards, and drawing up near the celebrated cemetery, will understand that the show of grief can be put as suddenly on and off by the Parisian/belle, as by the widow referred to at the close of the following sketch:—

"The most beautiful spots on these hill-sides are chosen for the tombs of the dead, which are scattered about everywhere. The sombre pine, the juniper, the arbor-vitæ, and the cypress, are generally planted round the graves. As common as these, and equally ornamental, is the *Photinia glabra*, a noble evergreen, which in the winter becomes covered with bunches of red berries. The weeping-willow is also sometimes used, and has a very pretty effect, particularly when one is planted on each side of the tomb. These trees are planted in a half-circle round the grave, leaving the front open. Within this half-circle is the tomb itself, the most common kind being covered with a large mound of earth, faced with stone in front, on which the name and age of the deceased are cut and painted. In front of this again is a stone pavement, with smooth stone seats, whether destined for the visitor or for the spirit of the departed I cannot tell. Sometimes I met with tombs of the most elaborate workmanship, and constructed in many different ways. Each told its tale of wealth or poverty; some must have cost very large sums, while others consisted of the coffin laid upon the surface of the ground, and thatched with a little straw. It is a pretty sight, and yet a painful one too, to see the relations of the dead visiting the tombs of their ancestors, which they do at stated periods, for the purpose of burning sycee paper and incense, and chanting prayers to the gods or spirits of the departed. Sometimes a mother may be seen with her children, the youngest probably still an infant in her arms, assembled in front of the grave of the husband and father. The widow is wailing and lamenting her bereavement, and the poor little ones look on so seriously, while every now and then they prostrate themselves before the grave. Or, it may be, it is the aged who are paying the same respect to the last resting-place of those who had been taken away in early life, and to whom they had looked forward as the stay and prop of their declining years. Or, again, a solitary individual may be seen performing the same rites—young, middle-aged, or old, as the case might be—which suggested the idea that he was poor and friendless, the last of his race. It has been asserted, that there is little genuine feeling in all this, that it is a custom which must be observed, and that it would just be as well if such a custom did not exist. I believe, however, there is as much genuine sorrow amongst the Chinese for the loss of relatives as there is amongst ourselves; and, if we consider the way they dote upon their children, and the reverence and love they have for aged parents, we can come to no other conclusion. That in many instances all is mere show and required by custom, I have no doubt. On one occasion, as I was wandering amongst these hills, a chair passed me containing a very beautiful lady, dressed in the gayest satin. I caught a slight glimpse of her countenance as she passed, and was so much struck with her beauty, that I instantly stood still and looked after the chair. It immediately turned off the little hill-road, in the direction of a tomb that had been lately made, where it was set down by the bearers. Following this chair were two female servants and a coolie with a box of clothes, a basket of

provisions, and some sycee paper and incense. The lady, on stepping out of the chair, commenced robing herself in deep mourning, by putting on a gown of sackcloth over her gay dress; but on seeing I was looking on, she stopped immediately, and threw the gown to her attendants, with whom she was laughing and chatting away, as if grief and she were perfect strangers to each other. Anxious as I was to witness her proceedings, I felt it was wrong and indelicate in me to remain in my present position, so I walked onwards, until a small hedge and clump of bamboos hid the party from my view. I then turned into the plantation, and selected a spot where, through an opening in the foliage, I could see all without being seen myself. The handsome widow, for such she apparently was, had again put on her sackcloth robe, her women were standing by her side, and the wailing commenced in the most business-like manner. This continued for nearly half-an-hour, while at the same time incense was burned, and various tawdry-looking strips of paper were hung about the grave. At last the ceremony was finished, the coarse sackcloth was consigned to the coolie, and the lady, all gay as before, and with but little traces of grief, stepped into her chair and was carried away."—FORTUNE, p. 53.

In the month of August, Mr. Fortune had a sudden and severe attack of fever, and was treated after the following singular fashion by the Chinese "leech":—

"He then despatched a messenger to his house for certain medicines, and, at the same time, ordered a basin of strong hot tea to be brought into the room. When this was set before him, he bent his two forefingers and dipped his knuckles into the hot tea. The said knuckles were now used like a pair of pincers on my skin, under the ribs, round the back, and on several parts of the body. Every now and then the operation of wetting them with the hot tea was repeated. He pinched and drew my skin so hard, that I could scarcely refrain from crying out with pain; and when the operation was completed to his satisfaction, he had left marks which I did not get rid of for several weeks after.

"When the messenger arrived with the medicine, the first thing I was asked to swallow was a large paper of small pills, containing, I suppose, about a hundred, or, perhaps, more. 'Am I to take the whole of these?' I asked, in amazement. 'Yes; and here is a cup of hot tea to wash them down.' I hesitated; then tasted one, which had a hot peppery kind of flavour, and, making up my mind, gulped the whole. In the meantime, a tea-pot had been procured, capable of holding about three large breakfast-cups of tea. Into this pot were put six different vegetable productions—about half an ounce of each. These consisted of dried orange or citron peel, pomegranate, charred fruit of *Gardenia radicans*, the bark and wood of *Rosa Banksiana*, and two other things unknown to me. The tea-pot was then filled to the brim with boiling water, and allowed to stand for a few minutes, when the decoction was ready for the patient. I was now desired to drink it cup after cup as fast as possible,

and then cover myself over with all the blankets which could be laid hold of. The directions of my physician were obeyed to the letter, but nevertheless, I lay for an hour longer ere perspiration broke, when, of course I got instant relief. Before taking his leave, the doctor informed me he would repeat his visit on the third day following, about ten in the morning, this being about an hour before the fever was likely to return. He told me not to be at all afraid, and gave me the welcome news that the next attack, if, indeed, I had any more, would be slight, and that then I would get rid of it altogether.

"True to his promise, the old man was with me on the third day, about ten o'clock in the morning. 'Has the fever come on?' 'No,' I replied; 'it is scarcely the time yet. I suppose I shall have it in another hour. He now desired me to lie down in bed, and the pinching process was repeated in the same way as it had been done before, but if anything it was more painful. I had then to swallow another large dose of pills, and lastly, the hot decoction from the tea-pot. Ere I had drunk the last cupful my skin became moist, and I was soon covered with perspiration. The fever had left me, and I was cured. I was probably the first *Hong-mou-jin* the doctor had treated, and he was evidently much pleased with the result of his treatment."—P. 103.

During his residence in China, Mr. Fortune met with another class of doctors, to whom he refers with great good sense—the Medical Missionaries. His remarks on the labours of Dr. Lockhart, during the siege of Shanghai, will be read with great interest by all, but especially by that small band of Christian philanthropists who wish to set a medical mission along side of every purely religious one, which shall be planted by British Christians. The wonder to us is, that, with the example of the Apostolic Church before them, and the presence in it of Luke the beloved physician, the churches of Christendom have been so long in discovering the lever power in this, for lifting up such a population as that of China, out of the carelessness, as to the claims of the "foreign doctrine," which has been found characterizing them. It seems strange that at this time of day, there should be so many mission stations throughout the world which have no medical branch connected with them. Mr. Fortune's testimony cannot fail to encourage those who, in the past, have been labouring in this direction, and quicken them to undertake greater things in the future.

"During the time of the siege, Dr. Lockhart's Chinese hospital was crowded with patients. Some came to have limbs amputated, others to have balls extracted, and others again to have their wounds dressed. All were attended to in the kindest manner, 'without money and without price.' It did not signify to the Christian missionary whether the person carried to his door for

medical aid, was an imperialist or a rebel; it was enough that he was a human being, suffering pain, and desiring to be relieved. And hence the wounded of both parties met in the same hospital, and each had his wounds attended to by the same friendly hand."

Again,—

But the Medical Missionary Society have objects which are even of a higher nature than 'healing the sick, and curing all manner of diseases.' When the patients assemble for medical treatment in the hall of the hospital, they have the Gospel preached to them by one of the members of the London Mission. Private religious instruction is also given to patients in the different wards. And thus, while the heart of the cold and unfeeling Chinese is softened and opened up by kindness—which he feels to be disinterested, and which acts like spring showers upon plants—the seeds of the Gospel of Christ are sown upon it, and it is hoped, in many, very many instances, they may vegetate and produce their fruits in after years, when the patients have returned to their homes.

"The Chinese, as a people, are cold and indifferent to religion of any kind: humanly speaking, nothing less than a miracle will convert them to Christianity. Missionaries have been in China for many years; larger numbers have been sent out from England and America since the last war, when the country was partially opened up to foreigners. These men have been labouring there, I believe, in most instances, most conscientiously, and with an ardour and single-mindedness of purpose which is worthy of all praise, and yet what is the result? How few 'have believed their report!' The Chinese as a nation are jealous, selfish, and eminently conceited; it is therefore difficult to convince such minds that nations, many thousand miles distant, will subscribe large sums of money merely for their religious benefit, or that men are to be found who will leave friends and home with no other views than to convert them from heathenism to Christianity. And hence it would seem that the labours of the medical missionary societies would prove a powerful auxiliary in aiding the spread of the Gospel among such a people. All nations, even the most cold and selfish, have some kindly feelings in their nature capable of being aroused and acted upon. If anything will warm such feelings in the minds of the Chinese, the labour of the medical missionary is well calculated to do so. The blind receive their sight, the lame are enabled to walk, and the wounded are cured. And when the better feelings of the man are thus expanded into something gratitude, his prejudices are more likely to give way, and thus his mind may become softened, and more apt to receive religious impressions."—*FORTUNE*, pp. 128, 130, 134.

The remark, quoted above, from Dr. Medhurst, in reference to Chinese shoes, is equally applicable to the cruel practice of destroying the growth of Chinese females' feet—"The doing of everything the contrary way to other nations."

"It is certainly a most barbarous custom that of deforming the feet of Chinese ladies, and detracts greatly from their beauty. Many persons think that the custom prevails only amongst persons of rank or wealth, but this is a great mistake. In the central and eastern provinces of the empire, it is almost universal. The fine ladies who ride in sedan chairs, and the poorer classes who toil from morning till evening in the fields, are all deformed in the same manner. In the more southern provinces, such as Fokun and Canton, the custom is not so universal. Boat women and field-labourers generally allow their feet to grow to their natural size.

"Dr. Lockhart, whose name I have already mentioned in these pages, gives the following as the result of his extensive and varied experience on the subject. He says:—

"Considering the vast number of females who have the feet bound up in early life, and whose feet are then distorted, the amount of actual disease of the bones is small. The ankle is generally tender, and much walking soon causes the foot to swell, and be very painful, and this chiefly when the feet have been carelessly bound in infancy. To produce the diminution of the foot, the tarsus or instep is bent on itself, the os calcis, or heel-bone, thrown out of the horizontal position, and what ought to be the posterior surface, brought to the ground, so that the ankle is, as it were, forced higher up than it ought to be, producing, in fact, artificial *Talipes Calcanens*. Then the four smaller toes are pressed down under the instep, and checked in their growth, till at adult age all that has to go into the shoe is the end of the os calcis and the whole of the great toe. In a healthy constitution, this construction of the foot may be carried on without any very serious consequences; but in scrofulous constitutions, the navicular bone and the cuneiform bone supporting the great toe, are very liable, from the constant pressure and irritation to which they are exposed, to become diseased, and many cases have been seen where caries, softening, and even death of the bone have taken place, accompanied with much suppuration and great consequent suffering. Chinese women have naturally very small hands and feet, but this practice of binding the feet utterly destroys all symmetry, according to European ideas, and the limping, uncertain gait of the women is, to a foreigner, distressing to see. Few of the Chinese women can walk far, and they always appear to feel pain when they try to walk quickly, or on uneven ground."—*FORTUNE*, p. 248.

M. Huc's reference to this barbarous practice, reminds us, in its light sketchy character, of Charles Lamb's Essay on the "Origin of Roast Pig," which savoury food he finds first among the Chinese. "The fashion of little feet," says the missionary apostolic, "is general in China, and dates, it is said, from the highest antiquity.

"Europeans sometimes imagine that the Chinese, in the excess of their jealousy, have invented this custom in order to keep their women in doors, and prevent their gadding abroad; but

though this jealousy may perhaps find its account in this strange and barbarous mutilation, there is no reason to attribute to it the invention. It has been introduced gradually without any deliberately formed purpose, like other fashions. It is said that, in some remote antiquity, a certain princess excited universal admiration for the delicate smallness of her feet, and as she was besides gifted with remarkable attractions, she naturally gave the tone to Chinese fashion, and the ladies of the capital adopted her as the type of elegance and good taste. The admiration for small feet made rapid progress; it was admitted that, at last, a criterion of beauty had been discovered, and as people have always a passion for new follies, the Chinese ladies sought, by all possible methods, to follow the fashion. Those who were already of mature age, however, resorted in vain to bandages and various means of compression. They found it impossible to suppress the legitimate developments of nature, and to give to their basis the elegance they so much desired. Young ladies had the consolation of obtaining some success, but not to the extent they wished. It was reserved for the succeeding generation to witness the complete triumph of little feet. Mothers devoted to the new mode did not fail, when a daughter was born to them, to compress the feet of the poor little creature with tight bandages that hindered their growth; and the results of these measures having appeared highly satisfactory, they were generally adopted throughout the empire."—Huc, vol ii., p. 403.

We have already got a glimpse at the capital of the principal silk country of China, Hoo-chow-foo, in the somewhat homely descriptions of Medhurst: let us now look at it from Mr. Fortune's point of view:—

"According to Chinese accounts, this city is six miles in circumference, and contains about a hundred thousand families. Both of these statements are probably exaggerated, as the walls did not appear to me to be more than three, or, at most, four miles round. As I was anxious to see something of the interior of the city, I sent one of my men to procure a sedan chair, for the day was excessively warm. The chairmen soon made their appearance, but as their demands for hire were so exorbitant, I refused to comply with them, and determined to walk—a proceeding which, although not so comfortable, would enable me to see more of the shops and people. Entering at the south gate, I proceeded in a northerly direction, and examined all the principal streets on my way. Thousands of people followed me as I went along. They were very uproarious, but good-humoured withal, and appeared delighted with the opportunity of seeing a "Pak Quei-tze," or white devil, a term by which foreigners are designated in this civilized part of the world. Although this term was sometimes used in a tone of contempt or insult, showing that those who used it fully understood its meaning, yet generally it was not so. Upon one occasion some friends of mine remonstrated with some of these polite people, and endeavoured to explain to them that the term was one to which we were not exactly entitled, and that it was not very agreeable. In reply, the

Chinese expressed surprise and regret for having used the term, and thus given offence, but innocently asked if we were not white devils; and if not, what we were, and by what name they should call us!

"Alone as I now was, and surrounded by thousands of Chinese in one of their inland cities, it was absolutely necessary to keep my temper under the most complete control. In circumstances of this kind, if one laughs and jokes with the crowd, and takes everything in good part, all will generally go well, for the Chinese are, upon the whole, good-humoured and polite; but if he, by any chance, loses his temper, he will most certainly get the worst of it, and most likely will be hooted and pelted with stones. I had had some experience in the management of Chinese crowds, and therefore continued to be in the sweetest possible frame of mind in the midst of the thousands who followed me through the city, as if I had been a wild animal or 'white devil' indeed.

"As I threaded my way slowly along, in addition to the dense crowds that followed and preceded me, every window and doorway was crowded with curious-looking faces, all anxious to get a view of the foreigner. It was curious to mark the varied expression in the different countenances. In some, there was a look of contempt, in others, wonder was strongly depicted, but in the vast majority, there was wonder, mingled with fear, as if I was in reality a being from another world. Keeping onward in a northerly direction, and diverging now and then to the right or left, according as an object of interest met my eye, I arrived at last at the north gate of the city. Here I ascended the ramparts in order to get a good view. Outside the walls I observed a large dense suburb, with a pretty pagoda, and a canal leading through it in the direction of the T'ai-hu lake. Throwing my eyes over the city, the roofs of the houses seemed nearly all of the same height. Indeed, this is a striking characteristic of all Chinese towns which I have visited. One rarely sees any difference in the height of the houses, except when a temple, a pagoda, or a watch-tower disturbs the monotony of the view. I believe the Chinese have a strong prejudice against one house being raised higher than the others. . . .

"It was a lovely evening, the 18th of June. The sun was just setting behind the high mountain ranges to the westward, and although the day had been oppressively warm, the air was now comparatively cool and enjoyable. I was in the midst of most charming scenery; and although only about two miles distant from a crowded and bustling city, everything was perfectly quiet and still. Overhead, the rooks were seen returning home for the day, and here and there, on a solitary bush, or in a grove of trees, the songsters of the woods were singing their last and evening song of praise. Mulberry trees, with their large rich green leaves, were observed in all directions, and the plantations extended all over the low country, and up to the foot of the hills. The hills here were low and isolated, and appeared as if they had been thrown out as guards between the vast plain, which extends eastwards to the sea and the mountains of the west. For the most part, they were covered with natural forests and brushwood, and did not appear to have ever been under cultivation. In some parts their

sides were steep, almost perpendicular, while in others the slope was gentle from their base to the summit. Here and there some rugged looking granite rocks reared their heads above the trees, and were particularly striking.

"Looking to the hills, there all was nature pure and unadorned, just as it had come from the hands of the Creator; but when the eye rested on the cultivated plain—on the rich mulberry plantations—on the clear and beautiful canals studded with white sails, the contrast was equally striking, and told a tale of a teeming population, of wealth and industry.

"I remained for three days amongst these hills, and employed myself in examining their natural productions, and in making entomological collections. In some grassy glades in the wood, I frequently came upon little bands of natives engaged in making thrown silk. A long narrow frame-work of bamboo of considerable length was constructed, and over this the threads were laid in the state in which they came from the reel. At the end of the frame, collections of these threads were attached to a number of round balls about the size of marbles. A rapid motion was communicated to the balls by a smart stroke between the palms of the hands. The workmen went along the line of balls with the quickness of lightning, striking one after the other, and keeping the whole in motion at the same time, until the process of twisting the silk was completed."

—FORTUNE, pp. 350, 358.

In the concluding chapter of his book, Mr. Fortune discusses our recent collision with the Chinese, in the notorious affair of "The Arrow" lorchas. The calm and judicious statements of the character and occupations of those who employ lorchas of the "Arrow" class, should suggest to our Foreign Office the necessity of giving positive orders to our representatives in China to discontinue countenancing them. All who know China, and take an interest in the people with whom we now have such close mercantile relations, protest, equally with Mr. Fortune, against permission being given to vessels of this kind to sail under British colours. But, this view of the "Arrow" does not lead our author to the conclusion, that we should now withdraw from the whole affair, as if we were entirely in the wrong. On the contrary, his knowledge of the Chinese character, and his clear apprehension of the merits of this case, lead him to urge the vigorous prosecution of the war, until we obtain a settlement perfectly satisfactory to Europeans. All who look hopefully on China, as a field of missionary operation, must long for the time when the way to the homes of the three hundred and sixty millions of its inhabitants shall be opened up, and, as they remember their moral and spiritual degradation, they will cordially sympathise with Mr. Fortune's concluding re-

marks, and earnestly desire their speedy realization.

"But putting on one side the case of the unfortunate lorchas 'Arrow,' about which our 'doctors differ,' there seems to be little doubt but our relations with the Cantonese were upon a most unsatisfactory footing, and that sooner or later the 'good understanding' existing between us would have been disturbed. It was only a question of time, and it has been decided somewhat prematurely, perhaps, by this supposed insult to the English flag and infraction of treaty rights. Our relations with the people and government of Canton, can never be considered on a satisfactory footing, until we have a full and complete understanding with each other. They must be brought to look upon us as a nation, as highly civilized, and as powerful as themselves. Until this is accomplished we may have a disturbance at any time; our commerce may be stopped, and what is of far more importance, the lives of our countrymen living in this remote region, may be placed in imminent danger.

"Whether we were right or wrong, therefore, at the commencement of this unfortunate dispute, it is now absolutely necessary for us to carry it through until our relations are placed upon a firm and satisfactory basis. It may seem fair and plausible for persons ignorant of the Chinese character, to talk of justice and humanity,—fine-sounding words no doubt,—but totally inapplicable to the present state of things.

"In order, therefore, to be humane, in the strictest sense of the term, to prevent future war and bloodshed, to give the Cantonese a true estimate of our character, to render the lives and property of our countrymen secure, and to prevent those vexatious interruptions to our commerce, we must carry out what we have begun with a firm and determined hand. With a nation like the Chinese, particularly about Canton, this is true humanity and mercy.

"In conclusion, let us hope that the day is not far distant, when this large and important empire, with its three hundred millions of human beings, shall not remain isolated from the rest of the world. The sooner the change takes place the better will it be for the Chinese, as well as for ourselves. Trade and commerce will increase to a degree of which the most sanguine can form but a very faint idea at the present time. The riches of the country will be largely developed, and articles useful as food, in the arts, or as luxuries, at present unknown, will be brought into the market. It cannot be true that a vast country like China, where the soil is rich and fertile, the climate favourable, and the teeming population industrious and ingenious, can produce only two or three articles of importance, such as silk and tea for exportation. There must be many more, and these will be brought to light when the country is fully and fairly opened to the nations of the west.

"But when this is accomplished, a boon of greater value will be conferred upon the Chinese, than anything connected with the extension of their commerce. The Christian missionary will be able without fear of restriction, to proclaim

the 'glad tidings of great joy' to millions of the human race, who have never yet heard the joyful sound.

"Objects such as these,—the placing of our relations on a firm and satisfactory basis, the prevention of unequal wars where much blood is necessarily shed, the extension of trade and commerce, and the free and unrestricted dissemination of the Gospel of Christ,—are worthy of the consideration of the highest statesmen and greatest philanthropists of our time."—*FORTUNE*, pp. 430, 439.

ART. V.—1. *Report by Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Lunatic Asylums in Scotland, and the existing Law in reference to Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums in that part of the United Kingdom. With an Appendix. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1857.*

2. *A Bill for the Regulation of the Care and Treatment of Lunatics, and for the Provision, Maintenance, and Regulation of Lunatic Asylums, in Scotland.* Prepared and brought in by the LORD-ADVOCATE and Sir GEORGE GREY. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 18th June, 1857.

For a long series of years have the medical superintendents of our public asylums,—or, as is the fashion now to designate them, chartered asylums—in their annual reports regarding these institutions, with singular ability, fidelity, and fearlessness, exposed the deficiencies, anomalies, and inconsistencies in the Lunacy Laws on the one hand, and the faults of commission and omission connected with the treatment of the insane—and especially the pauper insane—of Scotland, on the other. They have pointed out the extent and tendency of the prejudices which exist, especially in country and remote districts, regarding asylums and their inmates: the degree to which restraint, physical force, and terrorism are suggested or dictated by mistaken kindness, ignorance, or brutality in the treatment of the insane: the comparative curability of insanity in its earlier stages and under appropriate treatment, and the importance of early treatment, both in regard to the chances of cure of the patient and to the pocket of the rate-payer; the dangers of delay in confirming and aggravating the disease, and in constituting the patient a permanent instead of a temporary burden on parochial boards: and the suicides, homicides, and other disasters both to the individual and to society, resulting

from premature removals in opposition to medical advice. They have shown conclusively that detention or custody, not cure or restoration, are too frequently the main-springs of action in parochial boards, whose treatment of the insane is more apt to be influenced by motives of short-sighted economy, than by those of humanity; they have raised their voices indignantly against the practice of "farming" out the insane poor, without regard either to comfort or cure, and against the wholesale exodus of pauper patients from public asylums to private houses and workhouses. They have explained the danger of the desire and necessity for profit, on the part of the proprietors of private houses influencing their treatment of pauper patients, to the manifest detriment of the mental and physical health of the latter; and they have not hesitated to proclaim, directly or indirectly, the insane poor of Scotland to be, in many cases, the unfortunate victims of a selfish, inhuman, parsimonious economy. They have frankly confessed the errors or defects in construction or management under which our public asylums labour, and have been at great pains to indicate how these may be best remedied or supplied, in the erection of future hospitals for the treatment of the insane. They have dwelt especially on the overcrowded state of all our public asylums; from a desire, on the part of their managers to meet, so far as possible, the urgent wants of the community; and they have recommended the erection both of additions to existing asylums and of additional asylums, so as to accommodate patients who are at present mis-treated, or maltreated, in private homes, private asylums, poorhouses, and prisons, as well as to permit of a more satisfactory classification of the insane, than at present. They have urged on the attention of the proper legal authorities, their difficulties in the treatment of particular classes of cases, such as criminal lunatics—improperly so called—dipsomaniacs, and voluntary patients, and they have offered suggestions for improvements in the law regarding them; and lastly, by availing themselves diligently of every advance in science and art to ameliorate the condition of those committed to their charge, they have established for the chartered asylums of Scotland, a cosmopolitan reputation, a proud pre-eminence which has rendered them models—in regard especially to the rational treatment of the insane—for the world to imitate. Let those who are inclined to doubt or deny the truth of the foregoing assertions, peruse the annual reports of the Scotch asylums during the last ten or fifteen years, and especially those of Dum-

fries, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; they will there find not only a mass of the most valuable information regarding the nature, causes, and treatment of insanity, but they will speedily discover that the principal evils and objections, as well as the suggestions—with the exception of those regarding central boards—described or made by the Scotch Commissioners in Lunacy, in their recent Report to Parliament, have been long since anticipated. Year after year the medical executive of our asylums has been perseveringly, unitedly, incessantly, endeavouring to force on the attention of the public and of the legislature, the defects and anomalies of our lunacy laws, their improper or imperfect administration, and the unsatisfactory mode of treatment of the insane, in certain respects, both within and without the chartered asylums. But so far as the introduction of remedial measures is concerned, these representations and suggestions—these “labours of love”—have hitherto apparently gone for nothing.

The Board of Supervision, during the ten years of its existence, in its annual reports, has likewise repeatedly and distinctly pointed out the difficulty of carrying into effect the lunacy laws of Scotland applicable to the poor, in consequence of defective asylum accommodation and other causes. Sir John McNeill, the accomplished and energetic chairman of the Board just named, in his evidence before the Select Committee on Miscellaneous Expenditure in 1848, in answer to a question put by Sir George Clerk [6506], states explicitly, “I do not contemplate with satisfaction the placing of pauper lunatics in private madhouses at all. I have a very serious objection to placing them in private madhouses with people who have no interest in taking proper charge of them, but whose interest it is to feed them as cheaply and cure them as slowly as possible.” When, therefore, the Scotch, and especially the English, newspapers re-echo the self-condemnatory sentiments of a writer, who says in the *Times*, “I cannot but meanwhile accept it as a great discredit to my native country, not merely that such evils existed in it, but that *their existence was overlooked by her clergy, her officials, and her philanthropists*,” we believe they are guilty of a glaring injustice to a people which has voluntarily done more for its insane, and to a country which possesses better public asylums, in certain respects, than any people or country in the world. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Report of the Scotch Lunacy Commission contains novel disclosures, reveals a state of affairs which has

been hitherto sedulously concealed, or brings to light a new national grievance of many years' growth. The Report in question will doubtless furnish powerful and valuable corroborative evidence; it will bring more fully under the notice of the legislature, evils to which it had long shown a wonderful apathy and indifference.

The mode in which the evils connected with the treatment of lunatics, especially in cases beyond the reach of any present legal interference, have been brought out by the Scotch Commissioners, has at last fairly roused Parliament out of this state of indifference, and the Lord Advocate's bill, now before Parliament, is the result. But as it is manifestly the intention of his Lordship to introduce some of the features of the English lunacy laws into the management of lunatics in Scotland, we would strongly recommend that the M.P.'s and journalists who have devoted so much attention to the *Scottish Lunacy Commission* and its Report, should study carefully the ten Annual Reports of the *English Lunacy Commissioners*. They will there find that the administrative agency of a Royal Commission, after ten years hard work, has not been so successful as is desirable, in remedying the evils of the English lunacy laws and of the treatment of the insane in England. We do not here enter into the questions of why or how such a state of things comes to pass, but we call attention to the fact, that there is abundant evidence in the pages of the English reports to the Lord Chancellor—after the expenditure by the country of some L.160,000 for administering the law—of the existence of cases of neglect and abuse, nearly as glaring, if not more so, than those now revealed in the Report of the Scotch Lunacy Commission. In their Seventh Annual Report [p. 27], the English Commissioners state regarding Amroth Castle, Pembrokehire, “as in the case of Vernon House, it was found that the *stables had been converted by white-washing and boarding, into wards for pauper patients, . . . that the single bedrooms were formed out of the old stalls for horses*,” and that the male dormitories were in a loft over the stables! The latest Report [Tenth, 1856, p. 20], contains the following instructive paragraph, regarding Kingsdown House, Box:—“We are informed by Dr. Nash, that he pays about L.150 per annum for the good-will of the house, and that a valuation of the patients admitted during the existence of the lease, is to be made at its expiration, when a proportionate sum of money is to be paid to Dr. Nash for the cases so admitted. The amount is to be determined by arbitra-

tion. . . . They [the patients] are by this arrangement made a source of traffic and profit by two parties!"

It is not a little instructive that, a few nights after the tragical effect in the House of Commons, produced by the speech of Mr. Ellice in regard to the condition of the insane in Scotland—after the English members had turned up the whites of their eyes in devout horror at the revelations made, and the London press had called upon the English nation to blush for the inhumanity, the ignorance, the superstition, of poor, "religious Scotland"—attention should have been called in Parliament to the disgraceful state of the insane inmates of the Marylebone Workhouse—an establishment under the very eye of all the enlightened model boards of the southern metropolis! Last year, also, one of the Commissioners in Lunacy [*Times*, March 6, 1856] found the wards for insane paupers in St. Pancras' Workhouse, London, in a "lamentable state of disorder and neglect," and reported that previous suggestions of the Commissioners had been totally disregarded!

Turn we now more particularly to the Report before us. Were we desirous of criticising the manner in which the literary department of the Report has been executed—the perspicuity with which statistics have been arranged, so as to bear on the elucidation of interesting topics—or the opinions in regard to the nature and treatment of insanity, and the proper constitution of hospitals for the insane, in the abstract, we might doubtless discover grounds of objection or complaint. But we have no desire to be hypercritical; we shall rather look to the spirit, tendency, or scope of the Report, than to the manner in which the details have been worked out and thrown together. The Commissioners have undoubtedly been at immense pains to discharge their laborious duties faithfully and fully; and the result of their investigations, extending over a period of upwards of two years, constitutes a most valuable contribution to the literature, or history of the treatment of the insane in Scotland. The bulkiness of the Report, however, detracts materially from its usefulness; and, from the mode in which the matter has been arranged, there is considerable repetition and confusion. We are compelled to admit further, that there appear to be just grounds for opinions and objections which we have, on all hands, heard urged against it of the following nature:—That there pervades the Report a decided bias towards particular opinions, these opinions being such as are enunciated in the Reports of the English Lunacy Commissioners, and

that the English influence and ideas unduly predominate over the Scotch; that there is an evident anxiety to make out a bad case—a strong tendency to paint in the darkest colours the gloomy side of the picture—an ungenerous disposition to depreciate all existing arrangements, especially as being essentially Scotch in their character; and that many of the statements are open to the charge of inaccuracy, unfairness or partiality, and exaggeration! As public reviewers we cannot, in equity, shut our eyes and ears to the complaints which we have almost daily read or heard, since the publication of the Report, in regard to its inaccuracies and exaggerations; the press, in every part of Scotland, teems with such accusations, coming from asylums, public and private, and from all grades of officials connected with the administration of the Lunacy Laws, or with the treatment of the insane. Some of these parties or persons use the strongest language, imputing to the Commissioners all manner of unworthy motives. From some quarters such accusations and imputations must be received with caution, if not with suspicion; they look too like recrimination from parties who smart under the official scourge of the Commissioners. It does not surprise us that such persons or parties should endeavour to defend themselves as best they can against the statements of the Commissioners; and failing in a valid defence, it is very natural they should attack the Commissioners with any weapons at their command. But these charges of exaggeration, unfairness, and inaccuracy, are so common throughout Scotland, and they originate, in many instances, in quarters so unexceptionable, that we must be led to the conclusion that there is good ground for a certain proportion of them at least. Since the publication of the Report, it is understood that a correspondence has taken place between the Sheriffs and the Lord-Advocate, or Secretary of State; and that investigations have been made regarding many of the special cases mentioned by the Commissioners. Neither this correspondence nor the results of these investigations have been given to the public. But, it has been stated, by those who are entitled to speak with authority, that, "up to this time, *not one case* had been found fully confirmed."—[*Perthshire Courier*, July 9, 1857.] It is most unfortunate that the Report was so long in its birth. We can only account for this on the ground of the "tedious labour" necessary safely to bring it forth. It is apt to give a false impression of things *as they are*; for asylums, like many other institutions of the time, are progressive in

their nature, and, in some of them, both public and private, many and most important changes, in their constitution and government, have occurred during the last two years. We could point to certain public asylums which are complained of by the Commissioners as lacking a due supply of books and objects to amuse and occupy the patients, which now possess their libraries, museums, bazaars—their classes, lectures, and concerts—their picnics, walks, and games—in addition to gardens, grounds, and workshops, for ordinary or routine labor. We could instance further, the old Montrose asylum, the parent of all the Scotch and perhaps of all the British asylums, whose arrangements are not such as are now approved of by architects and medical superintendents, and to whose deficiencies its directors have been long so fully alive, that they sometime ago voted a sum of L.30,000 for the construction of a new and commodious asylum at a short distance from Montrose, on a salubrious and unexceptionable site, and which is rapidly progressing towards completion. Of this we feel assured, that the condition of the insane in Scotland is far from being so bad as is represented by the Commissioners, who might, consistently with truth, have expressed themselves in much more favourable and encouraging terms, of the existing machinery for their comfort and cure.

It is impossible for us to give any resumé of the many interesting points discussed in the elaborate Report before us. This, however, has been done to such an extent in the public newspapers, that it is here less necessary. What concerns us more intimately and immediately, is the tendency and character of the legislation which is likely to be founded on the suggestions contained in the Report. In connection with the expected legislative measure, we shall briefly review the alterations which it is desirable to introduce in regard to the treatment of the insane generally—the construction and management of asylums—and the Lunacy Laws, with the mode of their administration, in Scotland.

It is not enough for our legislators to frame measures for the custody and cure of the insane. This is but a small part of their duty towards the community. The subject of the *prevention of insanity* is infinitely more noble, as embracing a wider field of action. Such a subject might well occupy the attention of the Board of Health, or of any other board or minister that may be charged with the care of public hygiene. It has been abundantly proved, that an intimate relation subsists between insanity, on

the one hand, and physical deterioration and moral and intellectual degradation, on the other. The influence of imperfect nutrition in the production of insanity, is distinctly enunciated by the Commissioners, who state, that “it never should be forgotten that imperfect nutrition is one of the most frequent causes of insanity among the poor;” and that there is a “powerful affinity between poverty and mental disease,” each being “reciprocally productive of the other, and alternately cause and effect.” It follows, that whatever tends to improve the physical, mental, and moral condition of the poor—to raise their social status, will, *pro tanto*, tend towards the diminution of insanity among them. In this aspect, various evils of our present social system call aloud for redress at the hands of our legislators. Among these we may mention the bothy and truck systems, prostitution, intemperance, intermarriages between near blood-relations, and between persons actually insane, or having a hereditary tendency to insanity. The condition of our agricultural labourers is most unsatisfactory, both in regard to their housing and diet. The bothy system is a disgrace to Scotland; and we are glad to see symptoms of amendment in the institution of an “Agricultural Labourers’ Dwellings Association,” having its headquarters in Edinburgh. A most instructive but disgraceful case, which occurred in the neighbourhood of Montrose, has been going the round of the newspapers lately. A farm-servant deserted his master’s service on the plea, that the bothy was quite unfit for a man to live in. It was deposed by medical witnesses that the hovel in question was almost destitute of air and light, was damp and filthy, and altogether unfit for a human habitation. It is a serious truth, that the cattle and dogs of farmers are better housed and attended to than their labourers. It is manifestly the interest of the farmer to possess well-housed robust labourers; but if selfish interests do not lead to the proper housing and feeding of agricultural labourers, for the sake of society the employer ought to be compelled, by legislative enactment, to make more suitable provision for the preservation of their health. The cots or hovels of the peasantry, in many parts of Scotland, are nearly as unsuitable for human habitation as the bothies. In the Carse of Gowrie, for instance, one of the richest agricultural districts in Scotland, the cottars’ houses are chiefly mud huts of the most primitive description—huts which are a disgrace alike to the district and to the country. Premature old age and pauperism are among the most common results of

residence in such dwellings. Akin to the bothy system, and equally fertile in the production of crime, pauperism, and insanity, is the truck system of the mining districts. The subject of the checking of prostitution and other cognate vices is a most difficult one, but one which is daily becoming more and more important. Too much attention cannot be paid to the better education of the *morale* in all classes of the community, but especially among the poor, with a view to bridling the passions, and directing the mind towards higher and nobler aims and objects. Intemperance is to be abated probably rather by the promotion of intellectual, moral, and physical culture, and the encouragement of rational amusements, than by any compulsory abstinence. The Commissioners show that congenital insanity is greatly more prevalent in the northern than in the southern counties of Scotland, this being due to intermarriage chiefly; and they further point out the deplorable extent to which imbecile females, in consequence of being allowed to go at large, become the victims of unprincipled scoundrels, and give birth to insane children. There is often a distinct physical and mental deterioration observable in the offspring resulting from the union of the Irish and Scotch poor of our large towns. The deprivations to which the parents, and especially the mothers, are frequently subjected, may, in a certain measure, account for this. The defective physical education of the young, the undue and premature stimulation of the intellectual powers, the want of moral training, long hours and unhealthy trades, must also be added to the catalogue of evils to be remedied—a catalogue which we might easily augment, had we not said enough to indicate our general meaning.

We trust the Lord Advocate will see the propriety of employing a new psychological terminology, and of abolishing the use of terms founded on crude, absurd, and now exploded notions regarding insanity and the insane,—terms which serve only to generate alarm and distrust in the minds of the patients, and prejudice and disgust on the part of the public, in regard to asylums and all charged with their management. We refer to such terms as *madhouse*, *lunatic*, *keepers*, *cells*, *furiosity*, *asylums*, etc. *Madness* is undoubtedly a most unscientific term; *madhouse* instantly calls up visions of the bedlams of old, with their chains and shrieks and dungeons; *lunatic* is founded on an acknowledged error; *keeper* suggests the idea of a jailor and prisoner; *cell* implies the notion of a dark, cold, damp dungeon, such as that of a prison; *furiosity* is merely a symp-

tom of some forms of insanity; and *asylum* does not convey the idea of an hospital or home. We would suggest, instead of these objectionable terms, the substitution of such words or expressions as *insanity* or *mental derangement*, *hospitals for the insane*, *attendants or nurses*, *apartments or bedrooms*, etc.,—terms calculated to inspire confidence and hope, and to give correct impressions of asylums and the insane as they are and ought to be, not as they were in the days, now long gone by, of restraint, brutality, and ignorance.

We take it for granted that the Report of the Commissioners has sealed the doom of the private boarding-houses of the Lillybank and Hillend type; nor do we think their doom has been fixed a moment too soon. The “farming out” of the pauper insane, from motives of parsimonious economy alone, and without the slightest regard to the well-being of the patients, is, as the Commissioners boldly state, a disgrace to all concerned in such proceedings. But we have no hope that the evil will be abated or modified, until the strong arm of the law compels parochial authorities to do their duty to the insane poor. It is granted on all hands that there is a lack of proper asylum accommodation, especially in certain counties of Scotland; and we assume that additional or district asylums will forthwith be erected. Several important topics suggest themselves for consideration in connection with the erection of new asylums. Let us not be mere copyists, imitating the defects as well as the excellencies of existing Scotch asylums, some of which were built half a century ago, and are anything but models for modern asylums. Let us strive to maintain and advance the hitherto high reputation of the Scotch public asylums, by introducing into their construction and management all the discoveries and achievements of modern science and art; let us make them psychological schools as well as hospitals, industrial colonies as well as asylums or homes; let us secure for their superintendence the highest medical talent, by offering liberal remuneration and rewards; and let their governing bodies take as their motto, “*Salus populi suprema lex*,”—the interests of society and of the insane, rather than the pockets of the rate-payers. We must have no Colney Hatches in Scotland,—huge, overgrown, unmanageable establishments, whose interior rivals the gloom and monotony of a prison. The Commissioners justly, we think, advocate the erection of numerous middle-sized or small asylums in preference to huge central establishments: the former can be scattered over the country, so as to be

readily accessible; the latter must be located in the most populous districts, and in the neighbourhood of our large towns. It is further recommended that the new asylums for the pauper insane should be plain and inexpensive. Certainly they may be erected much more cheaply than any of our existing large public asylums, with the exception, perhaps, of the Southern Counties Asylum, Dumfries. But an asylum may be too plain. We should be sorry to see the multiplication of plain, workhouse-looking masses of building, when a small additional outlay would afford a tasteful ornamentation. But we have objections to the erection of isolated, single, symmetrical masses of building, and should infinitely prefer a series of buildings studded over the grounds, resembling in general character and appearance a large English homestead, or some large industrial community. Our anticipations may be at present regarded as somewhat Utopian; but we look forward to the time when a pauper asylum will partake of the character of a farming or industrial colony; when we shall have a large proportion of its inmates living in cottages under the charge of intelligent and kind attendants; when the establishment will consist chiefly of an hospital for the treatment of acute cases, and of a farm and series of workshops for the occupation of the convalescent and well-behaved industrious inmates. All the buildings, workshops, and lands would be included within the asylum domain; the colony would resemble, in some of its general features, that of Gheel in Belgium: but we would not advocate in Scotland the carrying out of this principle on a larger scale at present. Instead of building additional wings to existing asylums—which are already sufficiently overgrown—for the reception of the pauper insane presently confined in private houses and elsewhere, we would strongly urge on the attention of the managers of asylums the propriety of erecting detached buildings, more of the character of cottages or lodging-houses, such as have been erected by the proprietors of many large factories in England and Scotland for their workmen. To such buildings could be drafted off the convalescents, the quiet, the harmless; while the present hospital buildings would be appropriated wholly to recent or to troublesome cases. There can be no doubt as to the propriety of attaching a large amount of land for farming purposes to every asylum—be it pauper or private,—but especially if the former. By employing insane labour in agriculture, not only would a direct benefit accrue to the patients, but it would

prove remunerative to the asylum, and enable it to reduce its rates of board for pauper patients. “The useful and productive labour” of the inmates of an asylum might undoubtedly be vastly increased, by the introduction of a greater variety of industrial employments of a healthful kind. We see no reason why, in the larger asylums, if a sufficient amount of ground were purchased, there should not be a complete farming establishment, including dairy, mills for grinding corn, bakeries, piggeries, poultry yards, stables, byres, sheep pens; workshops for carpenters, wheelwrights, masons, plumbers, blacksmiths, painters, printers; orchards, kitchen and flower gardens, shrubberies, parks, bowling-greens, cricket ground, ornamental sheets of water, fountains, etc. Some of these, however desirable in themselves, are not essentially necessary to the efficient working of a pauper establishment; but we think it an error to be limited by the consideration of what will “pay” or prove remunerative—what will clear expenses and leave a decent surplus. The managers of asylums should look less to what kind of labour is likely to prove remunerative—“useful and productive” to the institution—than what mode of treatment is most likely to prove serviceable to the individual patient, taking into consideration the future as well as the present. We would, for instance, much rather employ a puny, pale consumptive weaver in agricultural labour than at his loom, although the institution should be a direct loser by such change of occupation; out-of-door work, abundant exercise, pure air, in such a case, furnishing perhaps the only chance of cure. Even were it universally the case, as some superintendents state, that the cost of employing patients in farming operations exceeds the value of the produce of their labour, we should hold that the curative results ought to have a primary, and the value of their labour a secondary consideration. The experience of English and continental asylums in regard to farming, however, renders it extremely probable that the experiment of attaching farms to our asylums would prove beneficial alike to asylum and patients. Every asylum, existing or to be, should possess an educational establishment. It is not enough to employ a ploughman as a ploughman, or a weaver at the loom, when he becomes convalescent; but we would have the ploughman taught to read and write—would place at his command, according to his capacity or inclination, a knowledge of some useful handicraft, and so endeavour to raise his social status, while we would send the weaver to the fields, and en-

gage him in athletic games, so as to improve his *physique*. It may be urged that an asylum is not a suitable place for mental or moral training, that the mind should be allowed a complete and uninterrupted rest, and the body or the hands only should be employed. This we regard as a perfect fallacy, founded on an imperfect and one-sided knowledge of insanity and its proper treatment. The moderate and judicious stimulation or cultivation of the intellectual faculties, and the due development and regulation of the moral feelings, are quite as conducive to the restoration of mental health as mere physical exercise, and much more so than mental rest or inertia.

The education of the insane has been carried out with most encouraging success in several Scotch asylums, particularly those of Dumfries and Perth. Among the higher or educated classes there are patients in these asylums who have studied French, German, Dutch, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; botany, geology, entomology, and other branches of natural history; English literature and history; theory of music, and the use of the organ, piano, concertina, violin, and other musical instruments; drawing, embroidery, etc.; while among the lower or pauper classes, patients have made solid acquirements in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and music, besides learning shoemaking, carpentry, weaving, and other trades. We would also strongly advocate the introduction of the æsthetical element in the arrangements of our asylums: we would clothe the walls of the galleries and parlours with pictures; introduce ferneries, Ward's cases, flower-stands, and bouquets; encourage the care of pet animals, such as singing birds, squirrels, rabbits, pigeons; ornament the shrubberies with statuary, and the parks with fountains. This will undoubtedly be regarded, especially at the present moment, as an unnecessary and absurd refinement—as a dissipation of money which might be more profitably expended on stone and lime. We doubt not, nevertheless, that all of these arrangements will find their way, sooner or later, into the Scotch, just as they have already into many of the American, asylums,—establishments in which there is much that our asylum authorities might imitate with advantage.

The existing chartered asylums cannot possibly accommodate the insane poor of their respective districts, under the proposed new regulations, unless considerable additions are made to the present buildings. This could easily be done, by the erection of detached cottages and farm buildings, as we

have already suggested. The bill empowers rate-payers either to purchase existing chartered asylums, or to contract with them for the custody and treatment of their pauper insane. Probably, in some cases, the one plan should be followed, as being the most satisfactory alike to the rate-payers on the one hand, and the asylum managers on the other; in other cases, the contract system will be preferred, leaving the directors to erect such additional buildings as to them appears fit. There is considerable difference of opinion regarding the association of the insane belonging to different ranks of life in the same building; it has been supposed that the association of high class and pauper patients must have a bad effect upon both. This would appear to be a mistake. In an asylum establishment possessing several distinct buildings, the high class patients, however, might be placed in one building and the pauper patients in another, while they would associate at amusements and games, at chapel, and other occasions. Some existing asylums are better adapted for the treatment of pauper patients; others, again, for the treatment of high class patients.

But it is not sufficient for the proper treatment of the insane in Scotland, that additional pauper or district asylums should be erected. Separate provision should be forthwith made for criminal lunatics, for dipsomaniacs, and for idiots. It were further desirable that establishments of an expensive kind, either attached to existing asylums or separate, should be set apart for the reception of chronic and incurable cases, such as are at present confined in workhouses. Homes or retreats for patients of the higher ranks, and especially for harmless and eccentric individuals, and partaking much of the characters of a private home and little of those of a public asylum, would probably complete the requirements of the country in regard to a due provision for its insane. It is generally agreed that criminal lunatics—at least certain sections of them—should be segregated from the ordinary inmates of asylums, and confined or treated in separate establishments. There is no reason why these patients should not have the same advantages in regard to comfort and cure as other classes of the insane. Erroneous views exist regarding what constitutes a "criminal lunatic," and the very use of this term is a contradiction and an absurdity that ought no longer to be tolerated. The distinction between a criminal and other lunatic is purely a legal one; the psychologist admits no such distinction. The latter would treat him as the subject of disease; but the law at present regards him almost solely as a crimi-

nal, associating educated with degraded "criminal lunatics" in wards whose arrangements are, to say the least of it, badly adapted to the treatment of insanity. It admits of question, whether it is advisable that all classes of criminal lunatics should be placed in a national asylum, such as that of Dundrum in Ireland; or whether it would not be preferable, in regard to their comfort and cure, to devote such an establishment solely to the worst classes—the most dangerous and vicious patients—who require greater guarantees for safe custody than in other cases, while those committed for minor offences might, with advantage, be received as ordinary patients into our public asylums. Such an opinion is supported by the Commissioners (p. 166). Another most difficult class to deal with is that of inebriates, or dipsomaniacs. Some eminent authorities, both legal and medical, are of opinion that such persons cannot be legally treated as insane; while it is acknowledged on all hands that there is no class more dangerous to society. There is manifest injustice in associating patients of this class with the other inmates of public asylums, but at present there is no remedy. Institutions for this class of patients should partake more of the characters of private mansions than of asylums: there is no necessity for most of the appliances required in the treatment of other forms of insanity. The great object in their treatment is to keep from them stimulants, and so to train the moral feelings as to accustom them to bridle and overcome their morbid propensities. They ought to be permitted to enjoy a large measure of liberty, to associate with the sane, and to mix in the temptations and trials of the world to a limited extent, so as gradually to test their increasing powers of self-control and self-respect. There should be ample opportunities for occupation, recreation, and education; professional and other employments might be carried on by the majority of the patients, and the produce of their labour might be applied either towards the expenses of their individual maintenance, or to the support of their families. But legal power must be granted to medical men to treat dipsomaniacs or inebriates like other insane patients, so far as detention until cure or recovery is concerned; such patients should not be permitted to be legally removable from medical control, until the superintendent of an asylum, with medical and legal advice and assistance if necessary, pronounce the patient sufficiently recovered to be able safely to rejoin society, and encounter the trials and temptations of the world. Unless this be done, the treatment of this class of

patients must remain on its present unsatisfactory footing; and murders, suicides, arson, brutality, pauperism, the total ruin of families, the danger of the community, must continue *pro tanto* without a check.

The great want of, or irregularity in, book-keeping in the private asylums, is greatly complained of by the Commissioners. It is extremely desirable, for many reasons, that an uniform system of book-keeping—or at least a minimum standard—should be forthwith introduced into all asylums, of what class soever. No enlarged deductions in psychological science are possible without statistics; and no statistics can be compiled without book-keeping. It were further desirable that statistics of a certain kind should be regularly collected by some central authority—such as the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, who might compile quarterly or annual tables, showing the proportion, from time to time, of the insane to the sane population; the proportion of males to females attacked; the ages of the insane; the causes of insanity; the duration of the disease prior to the patient's being placed under treatment; the results of treatment and its duration; and various cognate points of great general interest to the community. Why should we not have statistics in regard to insanity, similar to those drawn up by Dr. Farre of London in regard to the mortality of the metropolis? Of the ultimate utility of such statistics we entertain no doubt; and it is with confidence and a sense of its great importance, that we venture to urge this subject on the attention of the promoters of the forthcoming Lunacy Bill. Besides, there is perhaps no more certain method of checking or preventing abuses, and of enforcing economical and attentive management, than by the introduction of a rigid and complete system of book-keeping. The regulation of the rates of board for pauper patients in new asylums is a point of some difficulty. It would appear, from the investigations of the Commissioners, that the rates in some of our existing chartered asylums have either been unnecessarily high, or those of the pauper boarding-houses dangerously low—so low, indeed, as to render it impossible for the proprietor both to treat the patients properly in regard to food, clothing, etc., and to yield himself a reasonable profit. The alternative opinion, suggested by a perusal of the Report, is decidedly the latter; although there is no reason to doubt that the rates charged in public asylums might, by various means, such as the introduction of useful and productive labour, be materially reduced. They should, if possible, be sufficiently low

to afford every inducement to lose no time in placing recent cases under treatment, and to underbid, in a legitimate way, the private boarding-houses. Could this be safely done by the purchase of land and the erection of farms, or otherwise, the boarding-houses of the Lillybank and Hillend class would fall in open competition, and could never again raise themselves into public favour. This would be a more fatal and permanent blow to them than compulsory closure of their doors by Act of Parliament, or by the fiat of a Board or a Sheriff. So far as can be carried out, the interest of the patient and the interest of the rate-payer should be made to harmonize and coincide; then we should have no difficulty in the proper treatment of the pauper insane.

There is a tendency in existing chartered asylums to overwork the medical superintendent, and especially to burden him with an amount of mere clerk's work which occupies probably the major part of most valuable time—time which ought to be devoted solely to the medical care of his patients. A superintendent is too frequently, to a certain and undesirable extent, secretary, clerk, officer of works, farm overseer, house steward, and jack of all trades: this is not only derogatory to his position, but interferes materially with his usefulness as a psychological physician. If he has letters to write, accounts to audit, statistics to draw up, ground to lay out, provisions to examine, he cannot see, converse with, and otherwise properly attend to his patients, especially in establishments containing a population of 400 or 500.

One of the clauses of the "Lunatic Asylums [Ireland] Act, 1856," should, we think, be rendered applicable to the superintendents of Scotch asylums, or, what is equivalent thereto, a similar clause should be introduced into the Lord Advocate's Lunacy Bill for Scotland. We refer to the clause regarding superannuation allowances or pensions, which is perhaps the only redeeming feature in an act full of objectionable clauses. The superannuation clause of the Irish Act of 1856 grants to any officer who is incapacitated from age, infirmity of mind or body, or otherwise, to discharge the duties of his office, for above 15 and less than 20 years' service, a pension not exceeding two-thirds of his salary and allowances; and for above 20 years' service, a pension not exceeding his salary and allowances. In Scotland there is no such inducement for a medical man to devote himself to the treatment of insanity; little inducement indeed, of any kind, for him to enter upon this department of the public service. A Scotch superintendent, when he becomes old, infirm, and in-

capacitated, is liable to be turned adrift without a farthing, notwithstanding a long and faithful service, which has exhausted the energies of a valuable life. The legislature or the managers of asylums might well be more liberal to the officers of asylums than the framers of the Irish Bill. It appears to us illiberal and unfair that incapacity should be the only ground for obtaining a pension. We think that men who have spent 15 or 20 years in the unceasingly onerous and responsible duties of the superintendentship of an asylum, should enjoy the option of retiring at the end of that period on full pay, without any further qualification than long and faithful service. Such a step is rendered desirable both for the sake of the patients and the superintendent; for it is impossible that an old man, or one who has spent 20 years in a constant association with the insane, can possess the freshness, firmness, and elasticity requisite for a proper discharge of the duties of superintendent—duties which are as irksome as they are incessant. We would not confine superannuation allowances to superintendents, but would extend their benefits to all the officers of an asylum of every grade and kind.

In regard to the kind and amount of legislation which is at present necessary in order to place the lunacy laws of Scotland—their administration in the treatment of the insane—and the management of asylums in Scotland—on a proper basis, it is perhaps easier to say what should not be done—what should be avoided, than what should be done. It has been all along expected that the Report of the Commissioners, of what nature soever, would lead to legislation; indeed, the Commission would appear to have been instituted directly with a view to facilitate and hasten legislation. Nor has the public been disappointed in this anticipation; for the Lord Advocate has taken advantage of the howl of indignant surprise among the English people with which the publication of the Report was greeted, and the unusual excitement produced in Parliament by a narration of the abuses which it disclosed, to introduce a Bill with all possible speed. This speed, it is to be feared, has amounted to rashness: the Bill, in all essential points, so far as we can judge by the sketch given of its provisions in Parliament at its first reading, is that of the late Lord Advocate Rutherford, little if at all modified. Now, it is notorious that the cause of failure of this Bill in 1848, was not that legislation was not at that period generally considered necessary in Scotland, but that the enactments of the Bill were of such a character as to raise up general and strong

opposition throughout Scotland. Two of its most obnoxious provisions were compulsory taxation of counties by an irresponsible Central [Edinburgh] Board, and the abolition or abnegation of all real power of local government of asylums, by the imposition of arbitrary interference over even those asylums which had been the fruit of private munificence, and had been managed, locally and privately, in such a way as to have made them an honour to our country. Knowing well that there has existed in Scotland, for a considerable time past, a strong and increasing feeling of antipathy to, and distrust in, government by central Boards and Government interference generally, we should naturally have anticipated that, in re-introducing Lord Rutherford's Bill at the present date, its promoters would have so modified it, by removing or altering obnoxious clauses, as to have rendered it, as a whole, somewhat popular among the Scottish people. It seems to us most unfortunate that such modifications have not been introduced; and such is the determined and general opposition to it throughout all classes in Scotland, that it is not at all likely to pass; nor is it desirable that it should, until radical alterations are made upon it in committee. Already are the press, parochial boards, managers of asylums, and other interested parties, up in arms, organizing uniform opposition; and we much mistake if Government will have the hardihood or power to press and pass a measure so repugnant to the wishes and opinions of the people. As the Bill is not yet printed and circulated, we are not at liberty to criticise its provisions so fully as we should have otherwise desired. We can only, in the present aspect of affairs, review the general tendency or scope of such legislation as is proposed.

With a few exceptions in minor points of detail, we are satisfied that no lunacy laws have been more perfectly framed, no public asylums more admirably managed than those of Scotland; and no country deserves greater praise and less censure for the enlightened solicitude she has shown, and the voluntary provision she has made, for her insane. We are not imbued with any extravagant feeling of exultative nationality; we do not make these statements in a boastful spirit; but we feel keenly, and we speak plainly in affirming our belief, that justice has not been meted out to Scotland by the English press and by Parliament in regard to her asylum affairs. The administration of the law has been faulty; the law itself requires some emendation; more asylum accommodation is urgently demanded; and

a certain section of the pauper insane has been treated in a manner which reflects disgrace on the parties charged with their care. All this we at once admit; no one could more sincerely deplore such a state of matters, and none can be more anxious to see it remedied. But we differ from the Commissioners as to the extent to which evils exist, and we differ as to the nature of the remedy. We do not at all go into the question, Who is to blame? "Whom shall we hang?" for the abuses that have occurred, for the evils that still exist. The public press has already fully taken up this subject, and has said enough, perhaps too much, regarding it.

We do not altogether sympathize with the outcry which has lately been raised by the press, in season and out of season, in regard to the inefficiency of Central Boards in general, and certain Boards in particular. The press and the public have been, perhaps, unnecessarily severe. But we cannot see the necessity for a new Board in the present instance. It appears to us that a modification of our present machinery for administering the law in regard to the insane, is preferable to any other that has hitherto been, or is now, proposed. The chartered asylums require no further supervision than they at present possess; and the only difficulty is in regard to such pauper insane as are at present kept at home, or are confined—not treated—in private boarding-houses, workhouses, and prisons. The first step ought to be to provide adequate and ample accommodation for all classes of the insane in properly qualified asylums. Then render it compulsory upon relations or guardians to place every insane person under asylum treatment, unless the controlling authority—Sheriff, or Board of Supervision, as the case may be—grant permission, on competent medical testimony, that he be kept at home. We would not be understood to advocate an extension of the power of dispensation at present enjoyed by the Board of Supervision; this is shown by the Commissioners to have worked most unsatisfactorily. We would take the matter altogether out of the jurisdiction of the parochial inspector and parochial medical officer, or of parties interested in detaining the patient, from motives of economy or otherwise, at home. Let every case of insanity, of whatever kind or degree, and in every parish within his jurisdiction, be reported immediately on its occurrence to the Sheriff, and let him appoint a couple of medical men of eminence, and not connected with the locality, separately to examine and report upon the case; let him examine it after-

wards for himself, if necessary, and upon the result of the medical opinion, assisted by his own judgment, let him direct the local authorities as to the future management of the patient. Let him then report all cases occurring within his jurisdiction to some central authority, which may be the Home Secretary, the Lord Advocate, or other officer of the Crown. At present the Sheriffs report to nobody; and in this respect they differ from the English Commissioners, who report annually to the Lord Chancellor. In difficult cases the Sheriff could be empowered to call in the assistance of experts in the treatment of insanity, such as the superintendents of our large public asylums. The law would require to define very rigorously and clearly the respective duties and powers of the Sheriffs and Board of Supervision, should it be considered necessary to continue both these authorities in their present relative positions. But the more satisfactory plan would probably be to confide the whole administration of the law to the Sheriffs, who, with a qualified staff of medical and legal advisers, appointed by themselves, and for whom they would be responsible, might easily fulfil both their own functions and those of the Board of Supervision. There must, however, be uniformity of action among the Sheriffs, and the statutes must admit of no two interpretations.

There is an ambiguity at present as to whether a license refers to a person or place: this ought at once to be remedied. The medical certificates under which the Sheriffs consign patients for treatment to an asylum might be more precise; they should give, as in England, the grounds on which the medical men form their opinion; these medical men should examine and certify separately and personally; and it would be advisable that there should always be two instead of one, as at present. The phrase, "*on soul and conscience*," might with advantage be omitted. There is an awkwardness in adding fines to the "rogue money" of a county, which it would be well to avoid; it looks like classifying the insane in the category of knaves. Dipso-maniacs must be made liable to all the disabilities of insanity. The degrees and kinds of mental aberration recognised by law should be carefully revised and altered by the light of an improved state of psychological medicine, and the legal terms employed should be clearly defined, both legally and medically. No exception should be made in favor of a relative detaining an insane person in a private home, unless with the express sanction of the Sheriff or other constituted au-

thority. Patients should not be confined in prisons prior to being examined by or before the Sheriff, when seized at the instance of the Procurator-Fiscal, as dangerous to be at large; and steps should be taken to expedite this process of judicial investigation. It should not be necessary to obtain a Sheriff's warrant for the purpose of placing an idiot or imbecile child in a training institution. Dr. Brodie, of the Edinburgh School for the training of Imbeciles, stated distinctly, in his evidence before the Commissioners, that the usefulness of the institution was greatly limited by this unnecessary formality, which deters parents from sending their idiot or imbecile children from home. Every encouragement should be offered for the proper treatment of this unfortunate class of the insane. The labours of Dr. Guggenbuhl and others on the continent, and the success of the English idiot asylums at Essex Hall, Redhill, and Highgate, shows conclusively how much may be done to improve both the physical and mental state of idiot children. The introduction of the system of coroner's inquests into Scotland has no unimportant bearing on the treatment of insanity, and it is on broader grounds loudly called for. At present there is no specific legal provision for investigation into causes of accidents, suicides, and sudden deaths in asylums.

Whatever may be the precise form of legislation, it should ever be borne in mind that the scope of all legislation in regard to the insane, should embrace the prevention of insanity on the one hand, and its speediest cure and greatest alleviation on the other; that the laws should be clear and well-defined, admitting of no ambiguous interpretations; that their administration should be as simple as is consistent with efficiency, so as to avoid the evils arising from divided responsibility, and complications of relations, powers, and duties; that the administrative agency must first duly ascertain the existence of the insane, and then see that they are properly treated in qualified asylums; and that a complete system of asylums for the insane of all classes of the community is yet a desideratum in Scotland.

Since the above remarks were committed to press, the promised Bill of the Lord-Advocate has been prematurely born. Prematurely, inasmuch as it bears internal evidence of hasty preparation, being even yet comparatively a "*rudis indigestaque moles*" of despotic, impracticable, absurd or contradictory clauses; and because time has not been afforded for the people in general, and parties implicated or interested in particular, to inquire how far the evils set forth in the

Commissioners' Report *really exist*, and to decide as to the best means of remedying such evils as are found to exist and to stand in need of remedy. The first Bill, as dimly sketched in Parliament by the Lord-Advocate, like the Highlander's gun, contained so many flaws as to require "stock, lock and barrel." Prior to the printing and second reading of the Bill, advantage was taken, and properly taken—on many points—of the state of public opinion in Scotland. The alterations were so numerous, and of such a character, that the aspect of the Bill was essentially changed. There can be no doubt, however, that, notwithstanding all the alterations and additions that have been made, the main features of the Bill are still in opposition to the general feeling of the country. Opposition is being organized on all hands; but the chief form it has yet assumed, has been a petitioning for postponement of the Bill for a year. This is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished: many modifications ought to be made, and we trust will be made, ere the Lord-Advocate's present Bill becomes the law of the land. During the period of postponement the statements of the Lunacy Commissioners may be fully and fairly sifted—established if true, repudiated if inaccurate: all possible objections to the provisions of the Bill—from interested or disinterested quarters—may be brought forward and weighed in the balance both of public opinion and of professional experience; and proper evidence may be taken as to the best means of securing, without bias or prejudice, what ought to be the common aim in regard to the treatment of our insane—the greatest possible good in the simplest and most effectual possible way.

We have left ourselves no space to discuss the merits, or rather the demerits, of the Lord-Advocate's Bill. Provisions, the most stringent and arbitrary, have been framed, evidently for the benefit of the keepers of asylums of the Lilybank and Hillend type. It seems most unjust to subject our existing chartered asylums to the interference of any Government Board. The saving clause, in Section 9, is an *apparent* exemption in their favour; but it is so plainly contradicted by other provisions in the Bill, as to be virtually valueless. Compare, for example, Section 9 with Sections 44 and 45. We might also point to Section 28 as mischievous and unfair, and to Sections 90 and 92 as calculated to lead to evils of a very grave kind; but we must forbear following this subject further. We have already considerably over-stepped the bounds we had originally prescribed for ourselves. Let it not be supposed, however, that we have any captious

dislike to legislative interference. We should be sorry indeed to see prejudice, false economy, personal feelings, or vested interests, stand in the way of a thorough remodelling of our Lunacy Laws.

ART. VI.—1. *The Art of Elocution.* By GEORGE VANDENHOFF. London: 1855. 8vo.

2. *A History of English Rhythms.* By E. GUEST. London: 1838. 8vo.

3. *The Ancient Rhythmical Art Recovered.* By WILLIAM O'BRIEN. Dublin: 1843. 8vo.

VERSES, good or bad, at one time or another have exercised the power of delighting and impressing all persons. It seems, therefore, somewhat singular that all theories and criticisms of the nature of verse, and canons for its compositions, should hitherto have been found the most dreary of reading: prosaic *par excellence*, "prosody," in short—a word scarcely proper to be spoken within hearing of the ladies, a necessary evil of academic days, a subject which pedantry itself seldom dreams of obtruding upon ears polite. The reason seems to be, that in this department of learning investigators have failed to reach, often even to seek, those fundamental truths which, if discovered, must confer connection and unity, and consequently intellectual interest, on all the less general facts.

The adoption, by Surrey and his immediate successors, of certain foreign metres into our poetry, and the unprecedented attempt of that accomplished writer to establish "blank verse" as a narrative vehicle, first aroused conscious and scientific interest in the subject of the mechanism of English verse. From that time to this, the nature of modern verse has been the pet problem of a large part of that peculiar class of enthusiasts who love to dive in deep waters for diving's sake. An infinite mass of non-descript matter has been brought up from the recesses visited, but none of the divers has succeeded, to the complete satisfaction of any but himself, in rendering an account of this secret of the intellectual deep. We have made it our business to ascertain whether any of the musical grammarians, whose science is, in great part, a mere abstraction of the laws of metre, have sounded the depths of this department of their art. The sum total of our inquiries in both fields of criticism, musical and poetical, amounts to

this, that upon no other subject with which we are acquainted has so much been written with so little tangible result. Without for a moment questioning the value of certain portions of the writings of Puttenham, Gascoigne, Campion, Webbe, Daniel, Crowe, Foster, Mitford, Guest, and others, it must be confessed that no one of these writers renders anything like a full and philosophical account of the subject; and that, with the exception of Daniel, the admirable author of the "Civil Wars," and Mitford, none has treated the question, even on the superficial ground in most cases assumed, with the combined ability and competence of information from which alone any important fruit can be looked for in such investigations. George Puttenham's "Art of English Poesy" is by very much the most bulky and laborious of the early metrical essays; but at least nine-tenths of this book consist of as unprofitable writing as ever spoilt paper. His chapter on the arrangement of rhymes to form staves is worthy of the poetical student's attention; and we find in the outset of his work an explicit acknowledgment of the fact, so often lost sight of by his successors, that English verse is not properly measurable by the rules of Latin and Greek verse. Indeed, the early poetical critics commonly manifest a much clearer discernment of the main importance of rhyme and accentual stress, in English verse, than is to be found among later writers. Their views are, for the most part, far from being expressed with that positiveness and appearance of system characterizing the school of critics which received its data from Pope and his compeers; but they are, upon the whole, considerably more in accordance with the true spirit of English verse, as it appears in its highest excellence in the writings of the poets of Elizabeth and James. The dissertations of the second class of critics, of whom Foster was the most notable example, are rendered comparatively useless by the adoption of false or confused opinions as the groundwork of their theories; such, for instance, as Foster's assumption that the time of syllables in English keeps the proportion usually attributed to long and short quantities in Greek and Latin, and that the metrical ictus or stress in English is identical with elevation of tone;—mistakes which seem also to have been made by Dr. Johnson in the prosody prefixed to his Dictionary, and by various other writers of that time. Joshua Steele has the praise of having propounded more fully than had hitherto been done, the true view of metre, as being primarily based upon isochronous division by ictuses or accents; and he, for the

first time, clearly declared the necessity of measuring pauses in minutely scanning English verse. He remarked the strong pause which is required for the proper delivery of adjacent accented syllables, and without which the most beautiful verses must often be read into harsh prose. But the just and important views of this writer were mingled with so much that was erroneous and impracticable, that they made little or no general impression. Mitford's careful work on the Harmony of Language is perhaps the most significant book which has appeared upon the subject. This work, though far from containing the whole, or the unmixed truth, has not yet been superseded by any of the several elaborate essays on the same theme which have since appeared. Mr. Guest's work on English Rhythms is a laborious and, in some respects, valuable performance; but many of his observations indicate an ear defective to a degree which seriously impairs their value, when they concern the more subtle kinds of metrical effect. The value of his work is further diminished by a singular unskilfulness in the mode of arranging his materials, and communicating his views. He has fallen into the grave error of endeavouring to simplify and abbreviate his statements by adopting, for the indication of different species of verse, a notation which few persons can fairly be called upon to take the pains to comprehend and follow. He throws, however, much new and interesting light upon the history of versification, and no student of the subject will omit to give his volumes a respectful reading. Mr. Dallas brings metrical criticism up to the present day. His "Poetics" is a clever and amusing volume, made up of much fun, much metaphysics, and a good many observations to the purpose. Indeed the balance between the metaphysics and the fun is hard to strike. When we feel ourselves disposed to object to the style of such criticisms as "the centrifugal force wherewith the mind rushes forth into the objective, acting on the centripetal force of self-consciousness, generates the circling numbers of the revolving harmonies of poesy—in one word, a roundelay,"—we ought, perhaps, to satisfy ourselves as Charles Lamb, in a stutter, is said to have consoled a free-thinking friend who had just been irritated by one of Coleridge's "properer-for-a-sermon" philosophical monologues, and to conclude that all such criticisms are only Mr. Dallas's ph-ph-ph-fun!

The radical faults of nearly all the writers we have mentioned, and of those who have followed in their steps, are, first, the mistake of working in ignorance of the truth

declared by Quintilian, "that mere literature, without a knowledge of sounds, will not enable a man to treat properly of metre and rhythm;" secondly, that of having formed too light an estimate of their subject, whereby they have been prevented from sounding deep enough for the discovery of the philosophical grounds and primary laws of metrical expression. No one, with any just sense of the exalted but unobtrusive functions of art, will expect to derive much artistic instruction from the writings of men who set about their work, perhaps their life's work, with such sentiments as Dr. Burney was not ashamed to avow at the commencement of that laborious treatise which is still deservedly a text-book of musical history: "I would rather be pronounced trivial than tiresome; for music being, at best, but an amusement, its history merits not, in reading, the labour of intense application." And again: "What is music? An innocent luxury, unnecessary indeed to existence, but a great improvement and gratification to our sense of hearing."

The nature of the relation between the poet's peculiar mode of expression and the matter expressed has engaged the curiosity of many philosophic minds. Hegel, whose chapters on music and metre, in the third volume of his *Æsthetics*, contain by far the most satisfactory piece of writing we know of on the subject, admirably observes, that versification affords a necessary counterpoise to the great spiritualisation of language in poetry. "It is false," he adds, "that versification offers any obstacle to the free outpouring of poetic thought. True genius disposes with ease of sensible materials, and moves therein as in a native element, which, instead of depressing or hindering, exalts and supports its flight." Art, indeed, must have a body as well as a soul; and the higher and purer the spiritual, the more powerful and unmistakable should be the corporeal element;—in other words, the more vigorous and various the life, the more stringent and elaborate must be the law, by obedience to which life expresses itself. The defective balance of these powers, the failure being on the material side, produces the effect of license in Shelley, and slovenliness in Wordsworth, and of much waste of the great spiritual powers of both; the opposite kind of failure, namely, the preponderance of form, has few examples among the writings of first-class English poets, but very many among those of Germany, whose prevailing error is that of causing form to weigh down and conceal, instead of expressing and supporting spirit. In this we do not allude only to metre, which is often over-elaborated

by the best German poets, but to that which may be justly regarded as the continuation and development of the metrical element, a highly and obviously artificial arrangement and unfolding of the subject.

The co-ordination of life and law, in the matter and form of poetry, determines the different degrees and kinds of metre, from the half prosaic dramatic verse to the extreme elaboration of high lyric metres. The quality of all emotion which is not ignoble, is to boast of its allegiance to law. The limits and decencies of ordinary speech will by no means declare high and strong feelings with efficiency. These must have free use of all sorts of figures and latitudes of speech; such latitudes as would at once be perceived by a finely constituted mind to be lax and vicious, without the shackles of artistic form. What in prose would be shrieks and vulgar hyperbole, is transformed by metre into graceful song. This effect of metre has often been alluded to, with more or less exactness of thought and expression. "Bacon," says Mr. Dallas, "regards metre as a curb or shackle, where everything else is riot and lawless revelling; Wordsworth regards it as a mark of order, and so an assurance of reality needed in such an unusual state of mind as he takes poetry to be; and Coleridge would trace it to the balance struck between our passions and spontaneous efforts to hold them in check." From the truth which is implied alike in these several propositions, it seems to us that an important and neglected corollary follows: metre ought not only to exist as the becoming garment of poetic passion, but, furthermore, it should continually make its existence recognised. Some writers, by a peculiar facility of language, have attained to write perfect metre with almost as little metrical effect as if it were prose. Now this is no merit, but very much the reverse. The language should always seem to *feel*, though not to *suffer* from the bonds of verse. The very deformities produced, really or apparently, in the phraseology of a great poet, by the confinement of metre, are beautiful and noble, exactly for the same artistic reasons that in architecture justify the bossy gothic foliage, so unlike nature, and yet, indeed, in its place and purpose as art, so much more beautiful than nature herself. Metre never attains its noblest effects when it is altogether unproductive of those beautiful exorbitancies on the side of law. Milton and Shakespeare are full of them; and we may declare the excellence of these effects without danger to the poorer proprietors of the lower walks of art, since no small poet can originate them, or even copy them,

without making himself obviously absurd. Wordsworth's erroneous critical views of the necessity of approximating the language of poetry, as much as possible, to that of prose, especially by the avoidance of grammatical inversions, arose from his having overlooked the necessity of manifesting, as well as moving in, the bonds of verse. In the finest specimens of versification, there seems to be a perpetual conflict between the law of the verse and the freedom of the language, and each is incessantly, though insignificantly, violated for the purpose of giving effect to the other. The best poet is not he whose verses are the most easily scannable, and whose phraseology is the commonest in its materials, and the most direct in its arrangement; but rather he whose language combines the greatest imaginative accuracy with the most elaborate and sensible metrical organization, and who, in his verse, preserves everywhere the living sense of metre, not so much by unvarying obedience to, as by innumerable small departures from, its *modus*. The over-smooth and "accurate" metre of much of the eighteenth century poetry, to an ear able to appreciate the music of Milton and the best parts of Coleridge, is almost as great a defect as the entire dissolution of metre displayed by most of the versifiers of our own time.

The reader will already have discovered that we are writing under a conviction that the musical and metrical expression of emotion is an instinct, and not an artifice. Were the vulgar and infantine delight in rhythm insufficient to justify that conviction, history itself would prove it. The earliest writings of all nations possessing regularly constituted languages have been rhythmical in that high degree which takes the form of verse. "Verse," as Ellis well observes, "is anterior to prose, because our passions are anterior to reason and judgment; because vocal sounds are the natural expression of emotion, not of reflection." On examination, however, it will be found out that the most ordinary speaking involves the musical and metrical element in an easily appreciable degree, and as an integral part of language, and that this element commonly assumes conspicuousness and importance in proportion to the amount of emotion intended to be expressed. Metre, in the primary degree of a simple series of isochronous intervals, marked by accents, is as natural to spoken language as an even pace is natural to walking. Prose delivery, without this amount of metre, is like a drunkard's walk, the irregularity of which is so far from being natural to a person in his senses, that it is not even to be imitated without effort. Now, as dancing is no more

than an increase of the element of measure which already exists in walking, so verse is but an additional degree of that metre which is inherent in prose speaking. Again, as there is this difference between prose and verse generically, so the same difference gives rise to specific kinds of prose and of verse; and the prose of a common law report differs from that of an impassioned piece of oratory, just in the same way that the semi-prosaic dramatic verse differs from an elaborate lyric. This is no new doctrine; it is as old as criticism. Cicero writes, "Mira est enim natura vocis: cujus quidem è tribus omnino sonis, inflexo, acuto, gravi, tanta sit et tam suavis varietas perfecta in cantibus: est autem in dicendo etiam quidem cantus obscurior." And again, Quintilian, "Nihil est prosa scriptum quod non redigi possit in quædam versiculorum genera."

The metrical and musical law in prose has been disregarded and forgotten, because its nature is so simple that its observance may be safely trusted to instinct, and requires no aid from typographical divisions. Probably many of our readers will feel as much surprised at learning that they have been talking in metre all their lives, as the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* felt on being told that he was, without instruction, an adept in the art of prose. We certainly cannot expect them to believe so startling a proposition upon our mere assertion: we must allege a few proofs, premising, however, that the *melody*, or elements of *tone* in language, is so inseparably connected with its *metre* or *time*, that the two things will scarcely consent to be considered separately. By the metre and melody of prose, we of course mean the metre and melody which exists in the common and intelligible delivery of it. Verse itself is only verse on the condition of right reading: we may, if we choose, read the most perfect verse so that all the effect of verse shall be lost. The same thing may be done with prose. We may clearly articulate all the syllables, and preserve their due connection in the words they constitute; and yet, by neglecting to give them their relative tones, and to group them according to time, convert them from prose into something nameless, absurd, and unintelligible. So far is it from being true that the time and tone of prose reading and speaking are without law, that their laws are more strict than those of grammar itself. There are never two equally good ways of reading a sentence, though there may be half a dozen of writing it. If one and the same sentence is readable in more than one way, it is because it has more than one possible meaning. "Shall you walk out to-day?" is a

question which may be asked with as many variations of stress and tone as there are words in it; but every variation involves a variation of meaning.

The isochronous division of common spoken language, though quite as natural, necessary, and spontaneously observed as the laws of inflection, is more difficult to prove, by reason of the difficulty which most persons must experience when they for the first time attempt at once to speak naturally, and to take note of the time in which they speak. To those who believe that verse is itself founded on measure, it will be sufficient to point out the fact, that there is no necessary distinction between the right reading of prose and that of verse, as there would be were the primary degree of measure whereby a verse is divisible into a certain number of "feet" or "bars" artificial. Thus, on meeting in prose with such a passage as "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," which is an exquisitely cadenced "iambic tetrameter brachycatalectic," we give the entire metrical effect in the ordinary reading. An argument of wider power of influence is, however, to be discovered from the consideration of a passage like the following, which, while it refuses to be read into verse, differs greatly from the ordinary character of English prose:—"These are spots in your feasts of charity, when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear. Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds: trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit; twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, unto whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." Probably there is not one unpractised reader in ten but would feel slightly embarrassed by having to read this passage aloud for the first time. The meaning is nevertheless plain; the places of all but one or two of the accents are unmistakable; so that, if stress and tone without measured time were the only points requiring to be given in prose reading, everybody would read it off properly at once. The peculiarity of the passage, however, consists in its singular departure from the metrical constitution of ordinary English phrases, which exhibit a great preponderance of emphatic and unemphatic syllables in consecutive couples, whereas here the accents fall, for the most part, either upon adjacent syllables, or upon every third syllable,—an arrangement requiring an exceedingly bold and emphatic style of delivery, *in order to sever accent from accent by equal measures of time*. Adjacent accents occur so seldom,

that bad readers are apt to sink one of them when they do occur, or at least to abbreviate the decided intervening pause, which the ear, even of the reader who neglects to give it, must instinctively crave.

The dependence of metre upon this primary and natural division of language by accents may be adopted as a fact, which has been recognised with more or less distinctness by all critics who have written on the subject to any purpose. Yet, strange to say, the nature of accent itself has puzzled the brains even of those who have spoken most clearly of its metrical functions.

The word "accent" is notorious for the variety of meanings which have been attached to it. We are of course chiefly interested in its meaning as it is concerned in English and most modern European verse, and it is only in this regard that it is afflicted with apparently incurable ambiguity of significance. It is commonly allowed now that the Greek accent was a matter of tone exclusively. With us, the places of the *metrical* accent or "ictus"—of the accent in the sense of change of tone, and of long quantity, coincide; with the Greeks, the separation of these elements of verse was not only permissible, but sought after; and the ictus, accent, quantity, and verbal cæsure advanced, as it were, in parallel order. Hegel rightly says, that "to feel the beauty of the rhythm on all these sides at once, is, for our ear, a great difficulty." It is indeed a difficulty which seems never truly to have been overcome by any modern reader of Greek verse, and it is probably one which could not be overcome by less than the life's habituation, which every Greek had. Most people find it hard to believe what they cannot easily represent to their senses; and the fact of the above diversity is sometimes even now shirked, or confusedly admitted, by metrical critics. Mitford, however, very justly remarks, that the difficulty in question, though next to insurmountable, is not greater than that which a Frenchman ordinarily finds in regard to English versification. It is also worth observing, that although the separation in point is absolutely opposed to the rule of our speech, this rule is nevertheless broken by exceptions which serve at least to render the practice of shifting the metrical ictus from one place in a word to another, and of severing "accent," in the sense of tone, from long quantity, quite intelligible. Thus, our poets claim the privilege of setting the stress on either syllable of the word "sometimes," according to the requirements of the verse; and the vulgar practice of dwelling long on the first syllables of "*prodigious, miraculous,*"

etc., may convince the most sceptical that elevation of tone and ictus have no *necessary* association with long quantity; for such pronunciation in no way diminishes the decision of the ictus and the elevation of the tone upon the succeeding syllables.

Here let us call attention to a mistake which seems always to have been made concerning "accent," even under the acceptance of *tone*. The "*acute* accent" is always spoken of as if it had a permanent position in polysyllables; the fact being, that the accent is necessarily "*acute*," or *high*, only so long as the word stands without context or relative signification, in which case, the acute accent is always used as being, in English generally, indicative of that which is most positive and characteristic in the constitution of the word. But there is no "*acute*" which is not liable to be converted into a "*grave*" by grammatical position. In this question and answer,—"*Shall Mary go?*" "*No, not Mary,*"—the first syllable of the word "*Mary*" is in one case acute, and in the other grave; but in each case alike, the syllable is fully accented. This significative property of change of tone is evidently not the accident of any language, or group of languages: it lies at the foundation of the idea of music of all kinds, and a permanent tone dwelling on certain words would render poetry and song impossible. It cannot therefore be doubted, that, in every language, ancient and modern, as in our own, grammatical isolation is the condition of the permanent acute, and that, consequently, the compound change of tone, called the "*circumflex*" accent, is, in composition, as liable to commence with a fall as with a rise.

Let us now ask, What do we mean by "*accent*," as the word is commonly used in speaking of its function in English verse? for we may dismiss the Greek meaning as being well defined in its independence of ours, which, whatever it is, is certainly not *pure tone*. Some writers have identified our metrical accent with long quantity; others have placed it in relative loudness; others have fancied it to consist, like the Greek, in pure tone; others have regarded it as a compound of loudness and elevation of tone; and others, as a compound of height and duration of tone; others, again, have regarded it as the general prominence acquired by one syllable over another, by any or all of these elements in combination. Now, it seems to us that the only tenable view of that accent upon which it is allowed, with more or less distinctness by all, that English metre depends, in contradistinction to the syllabic metre of the ancients, is the view

which attributes to it the function of marking, *by whatever means*, certain isochronous intervals. Metre implies something measured; an assertion which sounds like a truism; but to a person much read in our metrical critics, it will probably seem a startling novelty. It is one, however, which can afford to stand without any further recommendation than its obvious merits, for the present. The thing measured is the time occupied in the delivery of a series of words. But time measured implies something that measures, *and is therefore itself unmeasured*: an argument before which those who hold that English accent and long quantity are identical must bow. These are two indispensable conditions of metre,—first, that the sequence of vocal utterance, represented by written verse, shall be divided into equal or proportionate spaces; secondly, *that the fact of that division shall be made manifest* by an "*ictus*" or "*beat*," actual or mental, which, like a post in a chain railing, shall mark the end of one space, and the commencement of another. This "*ictus*" is an acknowledged condition of all possible metre; and its function is, of course, much more conspicuous in languages so chaotic in their syllabic quantities as to render it the *only* source of metre. Yet, all-important as this time-beater is, we think it demonstrable that, for the most part, *it has no material and external existence at all*, but has its place in the mind, which craves measure in everything, and, wherever the idea of measure is uncontradicted, delights in marking it with an imaginary "*beat*." The Greeks, it appears, could tolerate, and even delight, in that which, to our ear, would confuse and contradict measure. Our grosser sense requires that everything which gives preponderance to a syllable shall, as a rule, be concentrated upon one, in order to render it duly capable of the mental "*ictus*." Those qualities which, singly, or in various combination, have hitherto been declared to *be* accent, are indeed only the *conditions of accent*; a view which derives an invincible amount of corroboration, from its answering exactly to the character and conditions of accent in vocal and instrumental music, of which the laws cannot be too strictly attended to if we would arrive at really satisfactory conclusions concerning modern European metre. People are too apt to fancy they are employing a figure of speech when they talk of the music of poetry. The word "*music*" is in reality a much more accurate expression for that which delights us in good verse, apart from the meaning, than the word "*rhythm*," which is commonly em-

ployed by those who think to express themselves with greater propriety. Rhythm, when the term is not meant to be synonymous with a combination of varied tone and measured time, must signify an abstraction of the merely metrical character extremely difficult to realize, on account of the curious, though little noticed, tendency of the mind to connect the idea of tone with that of time or measure. There is no charm in the rhythm of monotones, unless the notion of monotone can be overcome; and, when that is the case, it is not rhythm, but rhythmical melody, whereby we are pleased. If Grétry, when a child, danced to the pulsations of a waterfall, it was because his fancy abolished their monotony. The ticking of a clock is truly monotonous; but when we listen to it, we hear, or rather seem to hear, two distinct tones, upon the imaginary distinction of which, and the equally imaginary emphasis of one, depends what we call its rhythm. In the case of the beat of a drum, this ideal apprehension of tone is still more remarkable: in imitating its tattoo, the voice expresses what the mind imagines, and, in doing so, employs several varieties of tone. In all such cases, however, the original sounds, though monotonous, are far from being pure monotones; they are metrical recurrences of the same *noise*, rather than the same tone; and it is very interesting to observe, that we cannot evoke what we thus erroneously term "rhythm" from the measured repetition of a perfectly pure tone. The tattoo of a knuckle upon the table will lose most, if not all of its rhythm, if transferred to a bell. The drum gives "rhythm;" but the clear note of the "triangle" is nothing without another instrument, *because it does not admit of an imagined variation.*

The relation of music to language ought to be recognised as something more than that of similarity, if we would rightly appreciate either. "The musical art," says G. Weber, "consists in the expression of feelings by means of tones." Now, all feelings have relation to thoughts or facts which may be stated, or at least suggested, in words; and the union of descriptive words with an expressive variation and measurement of tones, constitutes, according to the amount and kind of feeling, and the truth of its vocal expression, song, poetry, and even the most ordinary spoken language. *Perfect song is, in fact, nothing more than perfect speech upon high and moving subjects; a truth upon which Grétry, one of the soundest, as well as by very much the most amusing of modern musical critics, emphatically insists, when he says, "Il est une*

musique qui ayant pour base la déclamation des paroles, est vraie comme les passions," which is as much as to say, that there is no right melody which is not so founded. And again, "La parole est un bruit ou le chant est renfermé;" a statement which is the converse of the other, and amounts to a charge of imperfection against our ordinary modes of speaking, in so far as, when concerned with the expression of the feelings, they do not amount to pure song. Who has not heard entire sentences, and even series of sentences, so spoken by women (who are incomparably better speakers than men), as to constitute a strain of melody which might at once be written down in notes, and played, but with no increase of musical effect on the piano? Where is the "bruit" in Rachel's delivery of an impassioned passage of Racine? Her rendering of such passages is not commonly recognised as pure song, because, in modern times (it was not so with the Greeks), song, by having been long regarded as an "artificial" mode of expression, has fallen into extravagance and falsehood, and is now very rarely "vrai comme les passions." Modern singing and modern declamation, as a rule, are equally far removed from that just medium at which they coalesce and become one. In song, we have gradually fallen into the adoption of an extent of scale, and a diversity of time, which is simply *nonsensical*; for such variations of tone and time correspond to no depths or transitions of feeling of which the human breast is cognizant. The *permanent* popular instinct, which is ever the best test of truth in art, recognises the falsehood of these extremes; and Grétry well asks, "N'avons nous pas remarqué que les airs les plus connus sont ceux qui embrassent le moins d'espace, le moins de notes, le plus court diapason? Voyez, presque tous les airs que le temps a respectés, ils sont dans ce cas." The musical shortcomings of ordinary recitation are not nearly so inexcusable as the extravagancies of most modern song. *Perfect* readers of high poetry are as rare as fine singers and good composers, for the sufficient reason, that they *are* fine singers and good composers, though they may not suspect it in an age of unnatural divorce of sound and sense. What is commonly accounted good reading—what indeed is such when compared with the inanimate style of most readers—falls immeasurably short of the musical sense of really fine verse. The interval between the veriest mouther who ever enraptured a Surrey audience, and an accomplished elocutionist, like Miss Cushman or Mr. Macready, is scarcely greater

than that which separates these and the *ideal* actor, who should be able to effect for the poetry of Shakespeare, what Rachel does for, here and there, a line of Racine. Hence, few lovers of good poetry care to hear it read or acted; for, although themselves, in all likelihood, quite unable to give such poetry a true and full vocal interpretation, their unexpressed imagination of its music is much higher than their own or any ordinary reading of it would be. Poets themselves have sometimes been notoriously bad readers of their own verses; and it seems not unlikely that their acute sense of what such reading ought to be, discomposes and discourages them when they attempt to give their musical idea a material realization. In this matter of the relationship of music and poetry, the voice of theory is corroborated by that of history. "These two arts," writes Dr. Burney, "were at first so intimately connected, and so dependent on each other, that rules for poetry were in general rules for music; and the properties and effects of both were so much confounded together, that it is extremely difficult to disentangle them."

Mitford, and other writers, who have treated of Latin and Greek verse as being "metrical" and "temporal," and of our own as "rhythmical" and "accentual" have fallen into the strange error of not perceiving that these four epithets must apply to all possible kinds of metre, as far as they really are metre; and that, although the non-coincidence of the grammatical with the metrical iotus, and other peculiarities of Greek and Latin verse, give rise to differences in *kind* between these and the English and other modern European modes of *verse*, the difference of *metre* can be only one of degree. It is not to be doubted that "quantity," in the ancient composition and delivery of Greek and Latin verse, did involve a stricter measurement of the time of single syllables than subsists in our verse, or in our reading of classical verse, and that a real change did occur in the transition from the "metrum" of the ancients to the "rhythmus" of the moderns,—a change represented in Greek verse itself by the famous *versus politici* of Tzetzēs; but the only change, as far as regards pure *metre*, which is reconcilable with facts and the nature of the case, is that which consists in rendering "accentual" division of time the *sole*, instead of merely the *main*, source of metre. In modern verse, those collocations of accented and unaccented syllables which we call "feet," are not true measures, as they were, though probably only approximately, in ancient verse. Our verse, for example, delights in

the unclassical practice of setting a trochee before an iambus in what we call iambic verse, as

"For one restraint, Lords of the world beside."

In the proper delivery of this line, the same time, or very nearly, is allowed to elapse between the first and second, second and third, and third and fourth accents; but between the first and second there is *one* unaccented syllable; between the second and third, *none*; and between the third and fourth, there are *two*; consequently the trochee, "*Lords of*," and the iambus, "*the world*," are both temporarily deficient when considered as feet, the two unemphatic syllables, *of the*, being pronounced in the time of one of any of the other three unemphatic syllables in the line. Again,

"Come, see rural felicity,"

is a verse having the full time of four dactyls, the first two being each represented by a single syllable. Our liability to error, through an indiscriminating use of the same names for different things, may be illustrated by the fact, that the "feet" which Quintilian says produced the even or common rhythmus, namely, the dactyl and anapæst, with us produce the uneven, or triple, and, on the contrary, the iambus and trochee give our even rhythmus. The word *foot*, however, may be usefully retained in the criticism of modern verse, inasmuch as it indicates a reality, though not exactly that which is indicated by it with regard to classical metre. The true meaning of the word for us is to be obtained from attending to its employment by Prinz, Calcott, and other musical writers, who speak of iambic, trochaic, and dactylic *rhythms*. Thus, a strain in "common time" beginning with the unaccented note, is called iambic; a strain in "triple time" beginning with two unaccented notes, anapæstic, and so forth. Each rhythm, in verse as in music, has a very distinct character; and it is obviously convenient that we should have a distinguishing term for it, since this is by no means supplied by the general terms, "common" and "triple cadence."

The chief source of confusion in modern writings on metre, is the nature of the metrical value of the separate syllables of which feet and cadences are composed. The common notion of an exact proportion inherent in syllables themselves seems to us to be quite untenable. The time occupied in the actual articulation of a syllable is not necessarily its metrical value. *The time of*

a syllable in combination, is that which elapses from its commencement to the commencement of the succeeding syllable; so that the monosyllables, a, as, ask, asks, ask'st, though requiring five degrees of time for their articulation, may have precisely the same temporal value in verse, just as, in music played *staccato* on the pianoforte, the actual duration of sound in a crotchet or a quaver note may be the same, the metrical value depending altogether on the difference of the time which elapses before the commencement of the succeeding note. This may reconcile the fact, noticed by Dionysius and others, that "one short syllable differs from another short, and one long from another long," with the apparently contradictory rule, "Syllaba brevis unius est temporis, longa vero duorum." It is furthermore very necessary to be observed, that the equality or proportion of metrical intervals between accent and accent is no more than general and approximate, and that expression in reading, as in singing or playing, admits, and even requires, frequent modifications, too insignificant or too subtle for notation, of the nominal equality of those spaces. In the present day, it is the fashion, not only in music and in poetry, but in all the arts, to seek expression at too great an expense of law, and the most approved style of reading is that which ignores the metre as far as is consistent with the possibility of recognizing the verse as verse. It is certain that such reading as this would ill bear us out in our assertion of the metrical isochronism in English and other accentual verse, but the constant presence of a general intention of, and tendency towards the realization of this character, will assuredly be always manifest in good verse, well read. Not only may metrical intervals differ thus from their nominal equality without destroying measure, but the marking of the measure by the recurrent ictus may be occasionally remitted, the position of the ictus altered, or its place supplied by a pause, without the least offence to a cultivated ear, which rather delights in, than objects to, such remission, inversion, or omission, when there is an emotional motive, as indicating an additional degree of that artistic consciousness, to the expression of which, Hegel traces the very life of metre.*

A complete and truly satisfactory metrical analysis of any passage even of classical verse, would include a much fuller consider-

ation of the element of pause than has commonly been given to that subject, even by analyzers of modern metre. In the works of the most authoritative prosodians—in the work of Hermann himself—the various kinds of *catalexis*, and measurable *cæsural* pause, appear rather as *interruptions* than *subjects* of metrical law. Campion, Joshua Steele, and O'Brien ("Ancient Rhythmical Art Recovered"), have indeed noted middle and final pause as being the subject of measure; but the two former have done so only incidentally, and the latter has failed to obtain the consideration which, with all the deficiencies of his little work, the boldness and partial truth of his views deserve. Unless we are to go directly against the analogy of music, and to regard every voice affected with *catalexis* (or a deficiency in the number of syllables requisite to make it a full dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, etc.) as constituting an entire metrical system in itself, which is obviously absurd,* we must reckon the missing syllables as substituted by an equivalent pause; and, indeed, in reading *catalectic* verse, this is what a good reader does by instinct. The idea of metrical sequence between verses is equally contradicted by the notion of "*hypercætalectic* verse." Mitford was so ignorant of the true analysis of English "heroic verse," that he says, "in setting it to music, the first syllable of the following line would belong to the same bar (meaning by *bar* the space between accent and accent) with the last syllable of the former line." The truth is, if the composer really followed the cadence of heroic verse, he would allow a "rest" at the end of the line equal to the whole time of two syllables. So, alone, would the constitution of such verse be fairly represented. The nine-syllable trochaics, in Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," would probably be regarded by prosodians as "*hypercætalectic* dimeters;" but the extraordinary pause which is required at the pause of every line indicates clearly enough that such verses are really "*trimeters*," the time of *three* syllables being filled with a pause. This pause, when properly rendered, affects the ear as excessive; and therefore the verse, though used three centuries ago by Spenser, has never found a place among our recognised metres.

The *cæsural*, or middle pause, in some kinds of verse, is of such duration that the verse cannot be rightly scanned without allowing for it. *Cæsura* plays a less refined part in modern than in ancient versification,

* Hermann derives the metrical ictus from an expression of causative force. His opening chapters, in which he professes to give the philosophic grounds of metre, are needlessly obscure, and, to our thinking, far from satisfactory.

* That Hermann falls practically into this absurdity, may be seen from his mode of treating *anacrusis*, or those "times" which precede the (first) "*arsis*:" these "times" he really excludes from the metre.

but still its office with us is far from unimportant. Much over-refinement and many strange mistakes have been fallen into by theorists and theorising poets in connection with this matter. The most common and injurious of such errors, is that of identifying metrical pauses with grammatical stops. Some of the early English poets were at great pains to try the experiment of making these two very different things coincide. Now, one of the most fertile sources of the "ravishing division" in beautiful versification is the opposition of these elements,—that is to say, the breaking up of a grammatical clause by cæsural pause, whether at the end or in the middle of a verse. The great magnitude of metrical, as compared with grammatical pauses, seems not to have had so much notice as its curiosity deserves. In beating time to the voice of a good reader of verse, it will be found that the metrical pauses are usually much longer than the longest pauses of punctuation, and that they are almost entirely independent of them. For example, a final pause equal to an entire foot may occur between the nominative and the governed genitive, and, in the same sequence of verses, a grammatical period may occur in the middle of an accentual interval without lengthening its time, or diminishing the number of the included syllables. In fact, the "stops," or conclusions of grammatical clauses, are rather marked by *tone* than *time*. Even in the reading of prose, the metrical pauses—for so the pauses between adjacent accents may rightly be called—are of much greater duration than is given to most of the "stops."

It is very questionable, indeed, whether English verse has gained by the entire disuse of the cæsural dot, which was always employed, until the middle of the fifteenth century, to indicate the position of the cæsura in those kinds of verse of which a marked cæsura was an essential quality. Of this metrical sign Mr. Guest says, "No edition of Chaucer and his contemporaries can be complete without it." The value of the cæsural dot will be at once manifest to every reader on perusing such lines as the following, which have been attributed to Surrey, and of the like of which plenty are to be found in the writings of him and his predecessors, and immediate successors:—

"And some I see again sit still, and say but small,
That can do ten times more than they that say
they can do all."

The reader is almost sure to destroy the metre of these lines in his first perusal, for want of an indication of the strong cæsura,

in the first line on the sixth, and in the second, on the eighth syllable. In a language like ours, abounding in monosyllables to such a degree, that ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or even fifty of them, may follow in uninterrupted sequence, as in a passage in the third Act of King John, quoted by Mitford, this assistance to the accentuation is absolutely required in verses exceeding the length of the common "heroic;" and the consequence of its disuse has naturally been the disuse of such of the ancient English metres, some very fine ones, which required it. Mr. Lettsom's excellent version of the Nibelunglied in the original metre, though singularly faultless in its rhythm for a translation of such magnitude, is continually liable to be misread for want of the cæsural sign.

Hitherto we have had occasion to speak only of that primary metrical division which is common to verse and prose. We have now to speak of that which constitutes the distinctive quality of verse. All verse, like all music, is either in triple or common cadence; or, in classical phraseology, comes under either the dactylic or trochaic category. Now the *triple* cadence is so far removed from the ordinary rhythm of our spoken language, that it is of itself sufficient to constitute verse, without any addition of metrical law. Not so with the *common* cadence, which is that of ordinary prose and ordinary speech, the general rule of the English language being the alternation of a single accented with a single unaccented syllable. Nothing but the unaccountable disregard, by prosodians,* of the final pauses in English verse, could have prevented the observation of the great general law, which we believe that we are now, for the first time, stating, that the *elementary measure, or integer, of verse is double the measure of ordinary prose*,—that is to say, it is the space which is bounded by *alternate* accents; and that every verse proper contains two of these "bars," or "metres," or, as with a little allowance they may be called, "dipodes." This law, it is to be observed, is strictly according to the analogy of all music in "common time," of which the "strain" is measured by "sections" formed of *pairs* of "bars." All verses in common cadence are therefore dimeters, trimeters, or tetrameters. Monometers cannot stand as consecutive verses, though, as terminations of

* It is difficult to discover how far this general law of English verse has been felt by prosodians. Certainly it never has been fairly expressed by them, though Foster gives the English heroic line the name of its Greek counterpart, whereby he assumes such division.

stanzas and interruptions of measure for peculiar purposes involving extended pauses, the effect of their introduction is often admirable. A few simple considerations will place this sectional admeasurement of English verse in common cadence beyond question. It has been rightly felt by Mitford and others, that "verses" of less than six syllables are essentially absurd and burlesque in their character. The reason is, no doubt, the absurd comparative length of the final pause, required to render a line of five syllables in common cadence into verse; or the equally absurd alternative of the omission of the pause: such lines—and there are plenty of them in Skelton, and the burlesque lyrics—are at once felt to be a *mockery of verse*. It happens, however, that in metre, there is but half a foot between the ridiculous and the sublime. The six-syllable "iambic" is the most solemn of all our English measures. It is scarcely fit for anything but a dirge; the reason being, that the final pause in this measure is greater, when compared with the length of the line, than in any other verse. Here is an example, which we select on account of the peculiar illustration of its nature as a "dimeter brachy-catalectic," which is supplied by the *filling up* of the measure in the seventh line:—

"How strange it is to wake
And watch, while others sleep,
Till sight and hearing ache
For objects that may keep
The awful inner sense
Unroused, lest it should mark
The life that haunts the emptiness
And horror of the dark."

We have only to *fill up* the measure in every line as well as in the seventh, in order to change this verse from the slowest and most mournful, to the most rapid and high-spirited of all English metres, the common eight-syllable quatrain; a measure particularly recommended by the early critics, and continually chosen by poets in all times for erotic poetry, on account of its joyous air. The reason of this unusual rapidity of movement is the unusual character of the eight-syllable verse as *acatalectic*, almost all other kinds of verse being catalectic on at least one syllable, implying a final pause of corresponding duration. We could multiply such proofs as these *ad infinitum*, but must remember our limits.

It is necessary, in connection with this part of the subject, to remark, that although every complete verse, in common cadence, must have the time of two or more *sections* (as we may call these primary accentual divisions of verse), it by no means follows

that the verse must begin or end with the commencement or termination of a section. In the quotation given above, the first accentual section begins with the second syllable of the first verse, and the second section commences with the last syllable of that verse; and, taking in the pause equivalent to two syllables, ends with the first syllable of the next, and so on, exactly as is the case with the sections in musical composition, which seldom begin with the first note of the strain or end with the last. When every line in a passage of poetry begins with the beginning of an accentual section, the effect is an increase of emphasis but a great diminution of the impression of continuity, and, in general, of rhythmical beauty. Unmixed "trochaics" or "dactyls" have seldom been written by poets of fine musical feeling.

It will generally be found that in verses which strike the ear as extraordinarily musical, the peculiarity is mainly owing to an unusually distinct and emphatic accentuation of the first syllable in the metrical section, as in the following lines from the "Merchant of Venice":—

The cr w doth sing as sweetly as the l rk
When n ither is attended; and I think
"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When  very goose is c ckling, would be thought
No b tter a musician than the wr n."

In these blank trimeters, properly read, there is a major and a minor accent in every section. Shakespeare, the most musical of writers, affords more examples of lines of this constitution than any other English poet. Dryden and Pope would have called these verses weak. Their "full resounding line" studiously avoided these melodious remissions of the alternate accents. Curiously enough, Mitford quotes the above lines as an example of *departure* from the modulus of heroic verse, although his own principle of referring the metre of verse and that of music to a common law, should have taught him that they exemplify the most exact fulfilment of that modulus. The lovely song in "Measure for Measure," beginning—

"Take, oh take those lips away,"

Gray's Ode—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,"

and probably most other pieces which have become famous for their music, will be found, on examination, to depend for much of their mysterious charm upon the marking of the section by extra emphasis on the first

accent. Indeed, this indication of the section would seem to be a necessity deducible from the fact of verse being measurable by sections, which would have no meaning, unless their existence were made apparent by at least an occasional marking of them.

If we are right in the foregoing statement of the fundamental principle of English verse, much modern writing, professing to be verse, is, in fact, no such thing. A great deal of Southey's "irregular verse" is nothing but prose, with the accentual and grammatical pauses typographically indicated. On opening the verse books published in the present day, we are almost sure to be struck by the profound aspect of the metres. The left side of the page, where the lines begin, is often more variously indented than the right side, where they leave off. Gulfs and creeks of clean paper alternate with promontories of print, without any visible symmetry; and the mind of the hopeful reader is of course prepared by the view for some mystery of music, some subtle strain of rhythm,

"With many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;"

but, if he be a modest and inexperienced reader, he is sadly put out of countenance by finding that the rhythmical motives which he takes it for granted the poet had, in thus leaping from long lines to short ones, and back again, are quite beyond his powers of perception. So far are such pages from seeming to him uncommonly musical, as pages of aspect so pretentious are bound to be, that to his ear they are uncommonly prosaic, and he concludes probably that his metrical comprehension is only of a nursery-rhyme calibre. Now the truth is that, in the great majority of cases, these abstruse-looking variations have no musical motive at all; and the only intelligible way of accounting for their existence is to suppose, that the incapable and ignorant writer, finding a true metre, however simple, too hard for him, altogether abandoned the primary law of sectional symmetry (obeyed *instinctively* by every good poet), and pursued his slipshod and slovenly course, unfettered by any thing but rhyme, and sometimes not even by that. Occasionally the "poet" assumes a method in his metrical madness, and in succeeding passages, repeats, for the sake of similarity (not symmetry), the forms, which in the commencing "stanza" were the result of ignorance and meaningless chance.*

English poetry (including Anglo-Saxon) divides itself into three great classes: *alliterative*, *rhyming*, and *rhymeless*. We believe that the distinctions between these kinds are more real and vital than is commonly imagined; and we shall now state, as briefly as may be, the main characteristics of each.

There could scarcely have been devised a worse illustration of alliteration than the often-quoted example "apt alliteration's artful aid." A young writer who, had he lived a few years longer, would probably have been famous without the monument of the most beautiful elegiac poem of modern times, in one of the thoughtful essays privately printed in his remarkable "Remains," observes justly that, "Southern languages abound in vowels, and rhyme is the resonance of vowels, while the Northern overflow with consonants, and naturally fall into alliteration." Now, alliteration is so essentially consonantal, that, in Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic poetry, in which this assonance has been cultivated as an art, there is properly no such thing as alliteration of vowels; although, when the requisite number of alliterating consonants in each verse or distich cannot conveniently be produced, three words beginning with vowels are permitted to take the place of alliterating consonants, provided *that all these vowels are different*. Like rhyme, alliteration is no mere "ornament" of versification: it is a real and powerful metrical adjunct, when properly employed. If rhyme, as we shall soon show, is the great means, in modern languages, of marking essential metrical pauses, alliteration is a very effective mode of conferring emphasis on the accent, which is the primary foundation of metre. Could any rule be fixed for the place, in modern verse, of that which may be said partly to owe its effect to surprise, as rhyme has been said to appeal to memory and hope, we should allot its position to principal accents only, that is, to the major accents at the beginning of sections, to those on either side of the strong *cæsura* in "asynartete" verses, that is, verses having a fixed place for the *cæsura*, and so forth. To certain kinds of metre of the class just named, we can imagine, indeed, that alliteration might be applied systematically with considerable profit, not in every line, perhaps, as in the ancient alliterative metres, but in such lines only, as, on account of the irregular suppres-

* Poets of very high character have made the mistake of adopting an over-elaborate rhythmical form as a recurrent stanza, merely because its movement

was inspired by, and suited to, the opening thought; Donne's Epithalamium, on the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth being married on St. Valentine's day is an example.

sion or multiplication of unaccented syllables, leave the place of the indispensable pause so doubtful as sometimes to require a second reading to determine it. Although superfluous alliteration, like all kinds of superfluous emphasis, is vulgar and disgusting, the verse of the most classical of our poets is often much more indebted for its music to alliteration than is commonly supposed. By a poet who is a master of his art, and knows how to conceal such associations by alliterating initial letters with others in the middle of words, or by employing similar consonantal sounds represented by different letters, and so on, the most delicate, as well as the most forcible effects, of emphasis may be given, as if by magic, and the impression of metre everywhere enhanced as if by an invisible agent. Furthermore, as rhyme gracefully used has a certain charm proper to itself, and apart from its metrical value, so alliteration is sometimes a real ornament when it is little else, as in this epitaph "On a Virgin," by Herrick:—

"Hush'd be all things; no noise here,
But the toning of a tear;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering."

But alliteration has served, and in Icelandic verse, still serves, a far more important and systematic purpose. One of the most scientifically perfect metres ever invented, if, indeed, it be not perfect beyond all others, when considered with reference to the language for which it was destined, is the great Gothic alliterating metre, the only metre of which we can affirm that it has been the main vehicle of the whole poetry of any one language, much less of a group of languages. The general law of this metre is, that it shall consist of a series of verses, each of which is divided, by a powerful *cæsura*, into two sections, or hemistichs. Each hemistich contains two accented syllables, and an indefinite number of unaccented ones; the accents being occasionally, though rarely, adjacent, and sometimes, though not less rarely, preceded, separated, or followed by as many as three syllables without accent, that being as large a number as can be articulated without destroying the approximate equality of time between accent and accent, which we cannot too often repeat, is the primary condition of metre in all languages. In the first hemistich, the two accented syllables alliterate, and this alliteration is continued on to one, and that one most usually, though not, as Rask would have it, regularly, the first of the accented syllables in the second. This law,

which seems to have been regarded by Mitford, Percy, Rask, Guest, Hegel, and others, as an arbitrary one, is, if we mistake not, *most admirably adapted to fulfil the conditions of a truly accentual metre*, that is to say, of a metre which, totally abandoning the element of natural syllabic quantity, takes the isochronous *bar* for the metrical integer, and uses the same kind of liberty as is claimed by the musical composer, in filling up that space. Of this metre, which in England outlived the Anglo-Saxon language several centuries, the following lines from "Pierce Plowman's Visions," may serve as an illustration; it being understood that the two distichs are usually written as one line in Anglo-Saxon verse.

"I looked on my left halfe
As the lady me taught,
And was ware of a woman
Worthlyith clothed,
Purfiled with pelure,
The finest upon erthe;
Crowned with a crowne,
The king hath no better."

This rule must appear extremely simple even to those to whom it may be presented for the first time. The artistical effect which results from its observance cannot be expected to strike so immediately, but we venture to say that no good ear, when once accustomed to it, can fail to perceive in this law a fountain of pure and beautiful metrical character, or at least to absolve it from the charge of any essential quaintness or oddity, though an appearance of such character inevitably attaches itself at first to what is so far from our daily notions. The meaning of this law, the cause of its just effect, seems, as we have hinted, to have been overlooked by critics. If we do not err, the following is the right account of this interesting matter. It is to be observed, first, that, according to the rule of this measure, the hemistich or versicle of two accents may contain from three to seven, or even more syllables; secondly, that this metre, like all others, depends for its existence on having the metrical accents in easily recognizable positions, a doubtful place for the accent being ruinous to any metre; thirdly, that, in a language consisting, as the Anglo-Saxon does, chiefly of monosyllables, the place of the accent in a series of several syllables must often be doubtful, unless it occurs pretty regularly on every second or every third syllable, as in iambic and anapestic verse, or unless the immediate recognition of its place be assisted by some artifice. *Now, this artifice is supplied by the alliteration, which marks, as a rule, at least two out of the four emphatic*

syllables in each pair of versicles, and these two are precisely those which, in *asynartete* verse, like the Anglo-Saxon, it is most essential that there should be no doubt about, namely, the emphatic syllable which precedes, and that which follows the strongly marked *cæsura* by which the versicles are separated. The metrical dot which, in ancient MSS. commonly marks the main *cæsura* in Anglo-Saxon and other Old English *asynartete* verse, is unessential in this place, if the alliteration be properly adhered to. The dot was most likely used at first only to distinguish verses,* and its further employment to mark the *cæsura* seems likely to have arisen from the lax observance by some poets, of the alliterative law, which, in Anglo-Saxon verse, is sometimes neglected to a degree for which we can only account, on the supposition that this unartistic use of the *cæsural* dot reacted upon the practice of the poets, and increased the laxity which it was employed to counteract. This, however, it could only do in very small part; it quite fails to supply the needful assistance to the accentuation in such a metre, although it marks the place of a pause. In fact, *the law of alliteration is the only conceivable intrinsic mode of immediately indicating the right metrical accentuation where the language consists mainly of monosyllables, and the verse admits of a varying number of unemphatic syllables, before, between, and after the accented ones.*

The weak point of Rask's approximate statement of the laws of Anglo-Saxon versification has been pointed out by Mr. Guest, but the writer's view of *why* it is the weak point seems to us to be erroneous. Rask says that all the syllables preceding the alliterating syllable in the second hemistich are unaccented, and form a "complement" which must be carefully separated from the verse, of which this "complement" forms no part. Mr. Guest rightly thinks that, when, as sometimes happens, the alliterating syllable is preceded by four, five, or more syllables, it is impossible to read them all without accentuation; but the more forcible answer is, that the very notion of a "complement," as stated by Rask, is contrary to the nature of metre. The "anacrusis," or unaccented portion of a foot or bar, which generally commences a verse or a strain of melody, is the nearest approximation to

Rask's idea of a "complement" which the nature of metre will admit; but "anacrusis" is always less than the isochronous metrical or musical spaces which succeed it, whereas Rask's "complement," as we understand, and as Mr. Guest understands it, may be of indefinite length, to the utter destruction of all metrical continuity. We feel no doubt but that the true account of all those cases in which more than two, or at most three, syllables precede the alliterating syllable in the second hemistich, is, that, when they are not erroneous transcriptions, they are metrical laxities, from which we have no reason to suppose that Anglo-Saxon poets were singularly exempt.

The view which we have taken of the metrical motive of alliteration in Anglo-Saxon verse, as a means of emphasizing to the hearer, and of immediately certifying to the reader, the places of the principal accents, is further confirmed by the fact, that, whereas, when the Anglo-Saxon poets used rhyme, they lavished it with an abundance which showed that it had no metrical value in their eyes, and was introduced for the mere pleasure of the jingle, and to such an extent, that every word in a famous poem quoted by Conybeare rhymes with some other, it was just the reverse with the alliteration, which is almost invariably limited to three syllables. Now, had it not been for the existence of the metrical motive which we have indicated, the liking for jingle which led to the composition of such rhymes would have also led to a similar profusion of alliteration; but this limitation of the alliteration to the places of the most important accents was strictly observed, and immoderate alliteration only manifested itself in English verse, when the alliterative *metre* had given place to metres regulated by *rhyme*, after which change, rhyme assumed metrical strictness and moderation; and alliteration, when used at all, was confined by no rule, but was sometimes carried through every word in a verse, without any regard to the accentual quality of the syllables.*

It seems to have afforded matter of surprise to some, that the Anglo-Saxon poets, though fully understanding the metrical use of final rhyme, should have employed it *metrically* only when writing in *Latin*. A little consideration, however, will suffice to show that final rhyme is not only not neces-

* "Anglo-Saxon poetry," says Mr. Guest, "was written continuously like prose. In some MSS. the point separated the sections," *i.e.* versicles or hemistichs; "in others it separated the couplets," (*i.e.* verses); "in others the point was used merely to close a period, and the versification had nothing but the rhythm to indicate it."

* Welsh poetry, from the earliest times, has made an abundant use of alliteration, the rules for its employment having even been fixed at congresses of the bards; but, as far as we can judge from examination of the verse without a knowledge of the language, the alliteration in Welsh poetry is not *metrical*, but "ornamental."

sary, but that it is contrary to the nature of Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse, its greatest commendation being the vast variety allowed for the position of the accents, a variety not possible where the accents are not artificially indicated. It is obvious, that this variety would be very much diminished by the use of final rhyme, which, as in the only regularly rhyming Anglo-Saxon poem known, namely, that which Conybeare gives in his "Introduction," both supersedes the object of alliteration, and compels a like arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables in the latter part of each versicle. The accentual variations possible in an Anglo-Saxon verse—(Rask would call it a couplet)—of four accents, are computed by Mr. Guest as being 324 in number. Final rhyming of the versicles or hemistichs would reduce this variety to probably less than one-tenth.

Before taking leave of this part of our subject, something must be said concerning the question of the cadence of Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse. This question, at first sight, appears to be one of more difficulty than it really is. The actual metrical delivery of any long passage of Anglo-Saxon verse, might puzzle the best Anglo-Saxon scholar, owing to the impossibility of settling, in every case, the right pronunciation of words, and to the fact that the laws of alliteration, as stated by Rask, though they must have afforded most sufficing assistance to those for whom Anglo-Saxon was a living language, are by no means so invariably observed as to afford *infallible* guidance to us. The cadence, however, may be settled theoretically, by a consideration of the constant nature of metre. Indeed, we hold, against the opinion of Mr. Guest, that Mitford has settled the question, and has proved that the cadence is triple. Mr. Guest maintains that, in our ancient poetry, the common and triple cadences were inextricably mixed, and that "it is not till a period comparatively modern, that the common and triple measures disentangle themselves from the heap, and form, as it were, the two limits of our English rhythm." Our space permits us to do no more than adduce the following considerations in support of Mitford's view:—First, There is a strong natural probability that the verse of a language like the Anglo-Saxon, which, when spoken, would fall into "common" or "iambic" time, on account of the great preponderance of monosyllables, and the consequently usual alternation of one accented and one unaccented syllable, would assume the "triple" or "anapæstic" cadence, as the simplest and most obvious distinction from prose and ordinary speak-

ing. Secondly, The triple and common cadences cannot be mixed, as Mr. Guest supposes them to have been, without destroying cadence altogether. The example which Mr. Guest gives of this imaginary mixture, tells strikingly the other way, and proves the defective ear, which seems to have led the writer into this and other mistakes. Mr. Guest quotes the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

"Merrily swim we : the moon shines bright :
Downward we drift through shadow and light :
Under yon rock the eddies sleep
Calm and silent, dark and deep."

The last line, Mr. Guest says, is in common cadence. Now, its excellent effect, on the contrary, depends entirely upon the obligation to read it into triple cadence, by dwelling very long on the accented syllables, an obligation which results from its forming an integral part of a passage in that cadence. Forget the three preceding lines, and read the last as if it formed one of a series of seven syllable trochaics, and its movement and character are totally changed. *Thus we see that an entire line may be in common or triple cadence, according to the cadence of the context.* In "Paradise Lost" there are several lines, which, if they stood alone, or in juxtaposition with others like them, would naturally read into triple cadence. Thirdly and lastly, much, if not all, the supposed difficulty in the way of regarding Anglo-Saxon verse as altogether in triple time, disappears when we remember that it was originally meant to be sung to the harp, and that its rhythmical movement might very well be obscure, confused, and apparently "mixed," until developed by highly emphatic delivery, and musical accompaniment.

The metrical function of rhyme, like that of alliteration, has never yet been fully recognised. The battle of rhyme was fought with much ability between Campion and Daniel, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Campion, in his "Observations in the Art of English Poesy," violently attacked "the vulgar and unartificial custome of riming," and supported his destructive with a constructive attempt, giving specimens of several modes of rhymeless English metre, his example of heroic verse being remarkable for its studied, and almost Miltonic science, as compared with the like attempts of Surrey and Grimoald. Daniel meets Campion's vituperation of rhyme, as a superfluous and barbarous excrescence, with solid, and sometimes profound, arguments. He justly says, "Our rhyme is an excellencie added to this worke of measure," and though himself a scholar, in a time of

strong scholastic prejudices, declares it to be "a harmonie farre happier than any proportion antiquitie could ever shew us," adding, concerning the classic numbers advocated by his adversary, the following remarks, which are worth the consideration of those who, in our own day, would revive Campion's heresy :

"If ever they become anything, it must be by the approbation of ages, that must give them their strength for any operation, or before the world will feel where the pulse, life, and energie lies, which now we're sure where to find in our rymes, whose knowne frame hath those due staves for the mind, those encounters of touch as make the motion certaine, though the varietie be infinite. Nor will the generall sort, for whom we write (the wise being above bookes), taste these labored measures but as an orderlie prose when we have done all. For this kinde acquaintance and continuall familiarity ever had betwixt our ear and this cadence, is growne to so intimate a freindship as it will now hardly ever be brought to misse it. For bee the verse never so good, never so full, it seems not to satisfie nor breede that delight as when it is met and combined with like sounding accent; which seemes as the jointure without which it hangs loose and cannot subsist, but runs wildly on, like a tedious fancie without a close."

This writer was the first to do justice to rhyme as a means of indefinitely extending the limits, and multiplying the symmetry of measure by the formation of stanzas.

"These limited proportions and rests of stanzas are of that happiness, both for the disposition of the matter, and the apt planting of the sentence, where it may best stand to hit the certaine close of delight, with the full body of a just period well carried, as neither the Greeks nor the Latins ever attained unto."

The transcendent genius of Milton succeeded in establishing one kind of rhymeless metre, in the face of the obstacles justly alleged by Daniel; and the ever-increasing familiarity of that metre to English ears, has given rise, in our days, to renewed doubts of the legitimacy of rhyme, and to renewed occasion for insisting on its claim. Rhyme is so far from being extra-metrical and merely "ornamental," as most persons imagine it to be, that it is the quality to which nearly all our metres owe their very existence. The octo-syllabic couplet and quatrain, two of the most important measures we have, are measures only by virtue of the indication, supplied by rhyme, of the limits of the verse; for they have no catalectic pause, without which "blank verse" in English is impossible. All staves, as Daniel remarks, are

created by rhyme. It is almost impossible, by even the most skilful arrangement of unrhymed verses, to produce a recurrent metre of several lines long. Campion, in his beautiful lines, beginning "Rose-cheek'd Laura, come;" Collins, in his "Ode to Evening;" Mr. Tennyson, in his famous song, "Tears, Idle Tears," and a few other poets, in one or two short poems each, have succeeded in forming the stave without rhyme; but the rareness of these attempts prove the difficulty of succeeding in them, and, after all, the success seems scarcely worth the pains. Sir Philip Sydney and George Puttenham agree with Daniel in regarding rhyme as the highest metrical power we have. Mr. Guest, in modern days, does rhyme the justice to say, that "it marks and defines the accent, and thereby strengthens and supports the rhythm. Its advantages have been felt so strongly, that no people have ever adopted an accentual rhythm without also adopting rhyme." Mitford and others have also recognised the function of rhyme as a time-beater, though their imperfect apprehensions of the accentual constitution of our verse has necessarily prevented a clear understanding of that function. Hegel, whose observation on the necessity of the material counterpoise afforded by metre to the high spirituality of poetic thought, has been already quoted, remarks, in comparing ancient with modern versification, that, whereas in the first, that counterpoise is mainly supplied by the natural length or brevity of syllables, which spiritual expression is not permitted to alter or destroy; in the latter, the verbal accent, conferred by the signification, gives length wherever it chances to fall. *Du liebst* is a spondee, an iambus, or a trochee, according to the signification borne by the words. The material or external element of syllabic quantity, is thus dissolved and lost in the spirituality which produces quantity instead of obeying it; and this loss, he maintains, is not compensated by the law of accentual division which remains. A new power, working *ab extra*, is required; and this is found in rhyme, of which the very grossness, as compared with syllabic quantity, is a great advantage, inasmuch as the greater spirituality of modern thought and feeling, demand a more forcible material contrast. The influence of rhyme upon measure is most remarkably shown in its simplest operation; for, in stanzas of elaborate construction, its powers, though always metrical and decisive, are too intricately involved, and too much connected in their working, with other metrical principles, to be traced and described in this hasty summary.

Every one feels that, in a rhymed couplet, there is an accentual emphasis upon the second line, which requires a corresponding concentration of meaning. But this very power of concentration implies a power of distribution. Perhaps the stateliest and most truly "heroic" measure in any language, dead or living, is the "rhythm royal," a stanza of seven ten-syllable lines, with three sets of rhymes so distributed, that the emphasis derived from rhyme in one part, is exactly neutralized by a similar concentration upon another. This, according to Puttenham, "is the chief of our ancient proportions used by any rimer writing anything of historical or grave import." This was the heroic measure of Chaucer and his successors for nearly three centuries, during which period "the heroic couplet" was regarded as fit only for humorous subjects. A rhymed stave has its criterion for length in the length of the period. That which is too long for a period is too long for a stave, which, as a rule, requires that there shall be no full stop except at the end. But the average length of the period will vary with the stateliness of the style. As the "Pope couplet" takes the narrowest, "Rhythm royal" assumes the widest limit practicable for a long poem. The former measure, after enjoying more than a century of unequalled favour, has now relapsed into its old disrepute; and most persons will now agree with Daniel, when he writes: "I must confesse that, to mine own eare, those continuall cadences of couplets, used in long and continued poems, are very tiresome and displeasing." The fault of this couplet is not only its essentially epigrammatic character, which is but a relative defect: it is furthermore, absolutely faulty, inasmuch as the combination of immediately recurrent rhyme, with the long final pause, gives an emphasis contrasting too strongly with the very weak accentual construction of the line, which, as it is ordinarily treated, has no sectional, *i. e.* "dipodal" division. This measure, having no place for the major accents *unmistakeably* fixed, as is the case with all dimeters and tetrameters, most poets have, throughout their writings, neglected those accents, or misplaced them. The poverty of this metre, no less than its epigrammatic character, fits it, however, for the purposes of satire, which, in most of its kinds, has any property rather than that of "voluntary moving harmonious numbers."

The class of metres which, of all others, is proved, by theory as well as experience, to be the best adapted to the popular mind in all ages, could not exist in modern lan-

guages, without rhyme. This is the tetrameter of the trochaic or "common" cadence. Many metres come under this head, and all of them have been really *popular*, which cannot be said of any form of trimeter in the same cadence. The ancient "Saturnian," though described by Hermann as a catalectic dimeter iambic, followed with the division of a powerful cæsura, by three trochees, is, when scanned with allowance for the cæsural pause, obviously a tetrameter, as any one may satisfy himself from this illustration:—

"The Queen was in her parlour, eating bread and honey."

Which Macaulay, in a note to the "Lays of Ancient Rome," gives as an example of "a perfect Saturnian line." The "Cid" and "Nibelunglied" are both in this metre, though the authors have adopted the great latitude, falsely called license, in the use or omission of middle pauses and catalexis, which Hermann remarks in the employment of this metre by Livius Andronicus and Nævius. To this head also belongs the once popular "Alexandrine," as it appears in the Polyolbion. We suppose that most critics would call this a trimeter, but we defy any one to read it into anything but a tetrameter, having a middle and a final pause each equal to a foot. The so-called "Alexandrine," at the end of the Spencerian stanza, is quite a different verse, though including the same number of syllables; it is the mere filling up of the trimeter; and that Spencer intended it so is proved by the innumerable instances in which he has made middle pause impossible. Between the true Alexandrine, then, which is loaded with pause and catalexis to the utmost the tetrameter will bear, and the acatalectic tetrameter, as represented by the sixteen syllables constituting the half of the eight syllable quatrain, there are as many metres as there are possible variations of the middle and final pause. Of these, none has taken so strong a hold upon the English ear as the ballad metre of fourteen syllables, with the stress on the eighth, or, what is the same thing, the stave of "eight and six." Here, we may remark, by the way, that Dr. Johnson's assertion that the ballad stanza of seven accents "taught the way to the Alexandrines of the French poetry," instead of being, as Mitford says, a proof of his ignorance of French poetry, appears to us to indicate his just appreciation of their heroic verse, as belonging to the tetrameter stock and not the trimeter. This ancient narrative metre, which, though almost excluded from

the "polite literature" of the eighteenth century, never lost its charm for the people, has lately recovered something of its ancient credit. Its true force, however, can only be shown in more sustained flights than have been attempted in it by modern poets. Properly managed, there is no other metre so well able to represent the combined dignity and impetuosity of the heroic hexameter. This was felt by the old writers, and, accordingly, we have Chapman's Homer, Phaer's Virgil, Golding's Ovid, and other notable translations in that grand measure. Of these, Chapman was the best poet, but Phaer the best metrist; and as this measure is again coming into fashion, we may be allowed to point out one interesting peculiarity in the versification of the latter. It is the use of what is commonly, but erroneously regarded as elision, as a deliberately adopted mode of relieving the cadence and approximating it to the rhythm of the hexameter. Here are four average lines:—

"Thus, rolling in her burning breast, she strait to
Acolia hied,
Into the countrie of cloudy skies, where blustering
windes abide.
King Æolus the wrastling windes in caves he
locks full low;
In prison strong the storms he keeps, forbidden
abroad to blow."

In these four lines, we have no fewer than six real anapæsts, counting "wrastling" as one. When we say *real anapæsts*, we mean to exclude those which are commonly called anapæsts, as—

"And we order our subjects of ev'ry degree,
To believe all his verses were written by me."

In this, our common triple cadence, the feet, by temporal measurement of the syllables, are nearer to tribachs or molossi than anapæsts; whereas, in cases of so called elision like the above, two syllables really are read into about the time of one, and such cases constitute the only element of true temporal metre, in the classical sense, of which our language is capable. Many poets have introduced a superfluous syllable for peculiar effects, but Phaer is the only writer we know of who has turned it into a *metrical* element in this way. The poet who may be courageous enough to repeat, in our day, Phaer's experiment (the success of which, in his time, is proved by its never having been remarked), must fortify himself against the charge of being "rough," "unmusical," and so forth, with the assurance, that, wherever there is true adherence to law and propor-

tion, there is also beauty, though want of custom may often make his law seem license to his readers. A considerable step has been taken towards the recognition of this element, as a regular part of English metre, in the omission, from the pages of our poets, of the comma indicative of an elision which does not really exist. This little digression may be concluded with Foster's remark, made at a time when the mark of elision was always used, that "the anapæst is common in every place (of English iambic verse), and it would appear much oftener, with propriety and grace, *if abbreviations were more avoided.*"

"This tynkerly verse, which we call rhyme,"* includes, then, all the forms of the tetrameter, the *major accents of which could not be expressed to an English ear by any other means*, except, perhaps, alliteration, which is a sort of rhyme. We need not inquire into any of the minor and better recognized functions of rhyme in order to secure the student's respect for it.

Campion has given examples of eight kinds of "blank verse;" and with the dogmatism for which his interesting essay is remarkable, he asserts that these are the only kinds of which the language is capable, but it would not be difficult to double that number, reckoning blank staves or strophes as he does. That which limits the number of such measures is the necessity that the lines should be always catalectic, since, in the absence of rhyme, a measurable final pause is the only means of marking the separate existence of the verses, and, furthermore, that the strophes or staves should consist of lines of unequal length, in order to render symmetry possible. The common eight syllable iambic, for example, ceases to be metre in the removal of the rhyme, although the six syllable iambic, which is catalectic on, or has a final pause equal to, two syllables, makes very good blank verse; and a stave of equal lines, like that of Gray's *Elegy*, on the omission of the rhyme, though it may continue to be verse, has lost the means of symmetrical opposition of line to line, whereby it became an independent whole. But, notwithstanding the practicability of various kinds of unrhymed verse, there is only one which has established itself with us as a standard measure; and that is, of all recognized English metres, the most difficult to write well in, because it, of all others, affords the greatest facilities to that mediocrity which neither gods, men, nor columns, can tolerate. Cowper, whose translation of Homer contains a great deal of the second-

* Webbe.

best blank verse in the language, says, in his Preface, that the writer in this kind of metre, "in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible. Between the first and the last, there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be continually shifted." This is what is commonly supposed to constitute the main requirement of blank verse; but, it seems to us, that this is very far from a sufficient statement of the "variety" required by the metre in question. In the first place, pause is but one, and, perhaps, not the most important means of "variety." Milton, who first taught us what this kind of verse ought to be, is careful to vary the movement by an occasional inversion of the iambic accentuation in each of the five places: the variation of the vowel sounds is also most laboriously attended to by him; and rightly, for the absence of the emphasis which is conferred by rhyme, when it exists, upon one vowel sound, renders every repetition of vowel sound, within the space of two or three lines, unpleasant, unless it appears to have had a distinct musical motive. But the great difficulty, as well as delight, of this measure is not in variety of pause, tone, and stress, for its own sake. Such variety must be incessantly inspired by, and expressive of, ever-varying emotion. Every alteration of the position of the grammatical pause, every deviation from the strict and dull iambic rhythm, must be either sense or nonsense. Such change is as real a mode of expressing emotion as words themselves are of expressing thought; and when the means exist without reference to their proper ends, the effect of the "variety" thereby obtained, is more offensive to a right judgment, than the dullness which is supposed to be avoided. Hence it is the nature of blank verse to be dull, or worse, without that which only the highest poetical inspiration can confer upon it. We are afraid to say how very small is the amount of good narrative, or "heroic" blank verse, of which our literature can boast, if we have truly stated its essential quality. No poet, unless he feels himself to be above discipline, and therefore above the greatest poets of whose modes of composition we have any record, ought to think of beginning his career with blank verse. It will sound very paradoxical to some of our slovenly versifiers, when we assert that the most inflexibly rigid, and as they are commonly thought, difficult metres, are the easiest for a novice to write decently in. The greater the frequency of the rhyme, and the more fixed the place of the grammatical

pause, and the less liberty of changing the fundamental foot, the less will be the poet's obligation to originate his own rhythms. Most rhymed metres have a rhythm peculiar to themselves, and only require that the matter for which they are employed shall not be foreign to their key; that a funeral dirge shall not be set to jaunty choriambics, nor a epithalamium to the grave-yard tune of the six syllable quatrain; but blank verse has little or no rhythm of its own, and therefore the poet has to create the rhythm as he writes.

At a time like this, when it is as much the fashion to exaggerate the so-called "inspiration" and "unconsciousness" of artistical production, as it used to be to overestimate the critical and scientific elements, the utility of laws which it is certain will be obeyed, more or less unconsciously, by those who are capable of obeying them at all to any profitable result, is likely to have seemed questionable to some of our readers. The true poet's song is never trammelled by a present consciousness of all the laws which it obeys; but it is science, and not ignorance, which supplies the condition of such unconsciousness. The lives and the works of all great artists, poets or otherwise, show that the free spirit of art has been obtained, not by neglect, but by perfection of discipline. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe, perhaps the highest poetical names of the Christian era, prove clearly enough to any one truly acquainted with their spirit, that the laws of art, as far as those were known at their respective periods, had been studied by them as matters of science, and that it was by working on the platform of such knowledge that they achieved strains of poetry which exceeded the laws and limits of all previous art. The poet is unconscious of the laws by which he writes, just as Thalberg and Benedict are unconscious of the rules by which they exercise their surprising craft upon the pianoforte. This craft has been, in each case alike, the product of years of intensely "conscious" discipline. The poet's discipline is only less obviously legal and laborious than that of other artists, because he alone works with purely intellectual instruments; and we do not fear to assert, that no man ever has, or ever can, become a great poet—that is, one who shall originate laws of his own, which future workers in the same line will have, in their turn, to study—unless he himself has learned to comprehend those which are the legacy of his predecessors. Such learning, indeed, will be more likely to make a pedant than a poet of the man who endeavours to ply this singular vocation without express constitutional apt-

ness for it. Ten lines of the simplest lyrical outpourings of the Ploughman of Scotland are worth more than all the odes and epics that were ever laboured by merely learned metrists; but the faculty which, without laborious culture, is capable of the composition of a good love song or ballad, must have the addition of hard discipline, before it can become the inspiration of a truly great poem.

But poets are the persons, after all, who are the least likely to be directly affected by written criticisms. A good poet can scarcely be other than a good judge of that which concerns his art, though he may not be able, or disposed, to put his knowledge into writing. It is the large class of little critics who are the chief gainers by the enunciation of sound artistic doctrine; and whatever instructs these, confers at least a temporary benefit upon the man whose fame, and, perhaps, worldly prosperity, for the first years of his career, may, in part, depend upon their ability to appreciate his works. It is especially in the matter of good metre that a good poet is likely to be erroneously judged in these days. Most readers of poetry, and we fear we must add, modern writers upon it, know nothing, and feel nothing, of the laws of metre as they have been practised by all great poets. "Smoothness" is regarded as the highest praise of versification, whereas it is about the lowest and most easily attainable of all its qualities. The consummate perfection of the versification of all Milton and Shakespeare, and much of Chaucer, Spenser, Fletcher, and Cowley, would not now be tolerated in a new writer; we should find it held up to ridicule and contempt; facetious critics, stringing together separate lines or short passages, each a brilliant, but, separately, unintelligible, morsel of some mosaic of harmony, would ask, "Is this music? is this verse?" perfectly safe as to the reply, for it is certain that, in the greatest work of the greatest metrist who ever lived, Milton, there is no long and elaborate strain of verse without one or more lines which, though probably the most effective in the passage, will seem to be scarcely verse at all when taken out of it. "Smoothness" might just as reasonably be called the chief merit of natural scenery as of poetry. A capacity for writing smooth verse is certainly essential in a poet, and, as we have indicated, the artistic versifier will occasionally make his thoughts flow along the dead level of the modulus of his metre—that is to say, he will make it perfectly "smooth," just as a landscape painter will generally manage to get in a glimpse of quiet water or level plain,

to serve as the gauge and foil to all the surrounding varieties of hill and dale, rock and forest; but to speak of "smoothness" as anything more than the negative, merely mechanical and meanest merit of verse, is to indicate a great insensibility to the nature of music in language. Such insensibility is, however, the almost inevitable result upon most minds of the un leisured habits of reading into which we moderns are falling. We have not time to feel with a good poet thoroughly enough to catch his music, and the consequence is, that good poets have lately been writing down to our incapacity.

ART. VII.—1. *A Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856, with Propositions for an Amendment of the Laws affecting Married Persons.* Inscribed, by permission, to Lord Lyndhurst. London: 1857.

2. *A Bill intituled an Act to Amend the Law relating to Divorce and Matrimonial Causes in England.* Presented by the LORD CHANCELLOR. Ordered to be printed 11th May 1857.

3. *The same*, as amended June 25, 1857.

4. *Hansard's Debates.* Second Session of 1857.

Of all the subjects which have engaged the attention of the legislature during the session of Parliament now wearing to a close, the one which has created the largest amount of general interest is the amendment of the laws relating to marriage and divorce. It is a matter which almost every one understands; in which almost every one is concerned; of which almost every one has something to say. Society has long been convinced of the truth of the opening words of the preamble of the Lord Chancellor's bill, "that it is expedient to amend the law relating to divorce." They who were content with the law as it stood at the commencement of 1857, were the exceptional few. The public voice had long declared that "something must be done." But here, perhaps, the general harmony begins and ends: for when we come to inquire what that "something" should be, we find that there is little concord of opinion.

We cannot be surprised at this. The question is a very delicate and a very difficult one. It is beset with many perplexities. It cannot be discussed without some doubts and misgivings in the writer's mind, and some reservations and qualifications in

his expressions of opinion. Two men, propounding widely different views of so complicated a question, may both be right, as far as they go. For when we have determined in our own minds what is best to be done, we are forced irresistibly upon the conclusion, that we have only had a choice of evils. We know and acknowledge, at every step of the inquiry, how much there is to be said upon the other side.

There is good reason in this why we should discuss the subject rather in a suggestive than in an authoritative strain. It is the very last on which any writer is entitled to dogmatise. We have seen some of the best and wisest men in the country differing widely in their views of the question, both in its religious and its social aspects, without any personal or party incentives to the support of one side or the other. We do not doubt that all who have spoken or written on the subject, have been moved by deep convictions of the truth of their utterances, and a pervading sense of the solemnity of the question and the magnitude of the interests it involves. And we ask that the toleration which we extend to others may be extended to us, by those who have hitherto dissented from the views which we are about to express, and will not, after a patient perusal of our remarks, consent to adopt our opinions.

The subject, viewed in its social and in its legal aspects, divides itself into two branches;—one relating to marriage itself, and the dissolution of marriage; the other relating to the legal processes necessary to the attainment of divorce. But the sprays or offshoots of these branches interlace themselves with each other, and we cannot easily discuss the one division of the subject without sometimes adverting to the other.

In England, there is no law by which a marriage can be dissolved. Marriages *are* dissolved; but a special Act of Parliament is necessary to legalise each dissolution. Such Acts of Parliament, it need not be said, are obtainable only by the rich. They cannot be obtained until an action has been brought, and damages decreed for criminal conversation. The process, therefore, is tedious, costly, and in most cases revolting. The new bill proposes to remedy this. We do not say that it will render divorce easy or cheap; but it will make it easier and cheaper. It will not place the rich and the poor on an equality; but it will place them more on an equality than before. It will not place the man and the woman on an equality; but it will place them, too, more on an equality than before. It will not entirely assimilate the law on the south to

what it is on the north of the Tweed; but it will diminish the very wide difference at present existing between the practice of the two parts of the island.

We have, on former occasions, emphatically expressed our opinions in this Journal relative to the existing, but now condemned, laws of marriage and divorce in England; and we have reason to believe that we have not written in vain. Never, certainly, at any former period of our social history has there been so strong a disposition to consider, in a fair and candid spirit, the position of women with reference to these laws, as has been evinced during the last two or three years. Men have roused themselves to the necessity of doing something to remove what has been long felt to be a reproach to our civilization; and sentence of death is now written down against the worst parts of a system, which inflicted such cruel injustice on the weaker half of mankind. There were some wrongs so patent, so abhorrent to reason, and altogether so cruel and iniquitous, that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to look them in the face, and to state them openly, seemed to be sufficient to secure instant alleviation. For example, it was almost incredible that a man should be suffered to desert his wife, to live in adultery with another woman; and to assert, during the time of separation, a marital right to possess himself, not only of the property acquired by gift or bequest from her family or friends, but the proceeds also of her own industry. So monstrous, indeed, was this, that it was certain such a scandal could not long survive the torrent of indignation which had been poured upon it, even if no more general measure for the reform of the laws of marriage were contemplated by the Legislature. It was possible to legislate for the discontinuance of such an evil as a separate and integral reform; and if nothing else had been done, we should, doubtless, have accomplished this, and been thankful for such an instalment. But the bill before us embraces this. Indeed, any Act for the amendment of the laws relating to marriage and divorce would be most imperfect, if it did not secure to women so circumstanced a right to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their own property. The Lord Chancellor's bill gives to this provision a foremost place; and we shall be readily believed when we say, that there is no part of the bill regarding which there is so little diversity of opinion.

The bill, after constituting a "Court of Marriage and Divorce," to the nature and functions of which we shall presently advert, enacted, that "any wife might present a pe-

tition to the said Court, praying for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, on the ground that she has been deserted by her husband, and that such desertion has continued, without reasonable excuse, for two years or upwards;" and that the Court might decree a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, and make an order for alimony, if it should seem just to do so. The bill then proceeded as follows:—

"XVII. In every case of a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, the wife shall, from the date of the sentence, and while the separation shall continue, be considered as a *feme sole* with respect to property of every description which she may afterwards acquire, or which may come to or devolve upon her; and such property may be disposed of by her in all respects as a *feme sole*; or on her decease, the same shall, in case she shall die intestate, so as the same would have done if her husband had been dead; provided, that if any such wife should again cohabit with her husband, all such property as she may be entitled to when such cohabitation shall take place, shall be held to her separate use, subject, however, to any agreement in writing made between herself and her husband while separate."

It was only right that, in such a case, the necessary responsibility of the husband should entirely cease, except when he had failed to pay the alimony decreed by the Court. No woman will complain of this; but every woman will recognise in the above provision, what, verbally at least, affords redress for the cruel wrong under which her sex has so long been suffering. But that it should meet the case fully and completely, in fact as well as in word, it was necessary to place the preliminary divorce *à mensâ et thoro* within the reach of the humblest petitioner. Perhaps the most cruel cases of the assertion of the marital right to property, acquired by the woman during separation, occur in humble life. Desertion is more frequent, self-support is more common, among the poorer classes. In such a condition of life the man has more temptation to lay a violent hand on the earnings of the woman, and fewer restraints, physical and moral, to check the consummation of his selfishness and injustice.

"The fear of shame's a hangman's whip,
To keep the wretch in order."

But what is shameful in one condition, is scarcely held to be so in another. Moreover, a woman in humble life can seldom place herself beyond the reach of her offending husband. She can rarely select her place of abode, or fence herself around with any obstacles to intrusion. She is, in most cases, despoiled, without defence, and with-

out appeal. She has not a host of friends to declare her wrongs; nor can she move the world to tears by an eloquent pamphlet. It is the poor sempstress, the poor laundress, the domestic servant, who most needs that her earnings should be secured to her. If the new Act accomplishes this, it will really be a blessing to the people of England. But if the process by which legal separation is to be obtained, and the woman restored to the privileges of the *feme sole*, be a costly one, practically the great mass of the people will be in the same condition as before. The process under the new system must necessarily, as we have said, be less costly than under the old, in all cases of divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*; and we do not doubt that the new Court of Marriage and Divorce will entail fewer burdens on suitors than the Ecclesiastical Courts, under the existing state of things, in cases of mere conjugal separation. But the object of the new bill would have been but imperfectly obtained, if the desired cheapness had not been rendered not merely a comparative cheapness, but one which would place the justice of which we are now speaking within the reach of the poorest woman.

But what is this new Court? It is to be called "The Court of Marriage and Divorce." It is to exercise the jurisdiction "now vested in, or exercisable by, any ecclesiastical court or person in England, in respect of divorces *à mensâ et thoro*, suits of nullity of marriage, suits for restitution of conjugal rights, and in all causes, suits, and matters matrimonial, except in respect of marriage licenses." The judges of this Court are to be found in the persons of the Lord Chancellor, the Lords Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and "the Judge of Her Majesty's Court of Probate, constituted by any act of the present session;" the said functionary last named being the Judge Ordinary of the Court, with full authority alone, or with one or more of the other judges, to hear all petitions for separation *à mensâ et thoro*. The exclusive right of practising in all cases where the Judge Ordinary has jurisdiction, without the concurrence of the other judges, is to be vested in the advocates and proctors of the ecclesiastical courts; the principles and rules acted upon being, as nearly as may be, conformable with the principles and rules on which the ecclesiastical courts have heretofore acted and granted relief to suitors. There is nothing on the face of this to render the process by which separation and consequent protection are obtainable, less costly than under the old system. The cost of a separation *à mensâ et thoro* in the

ecclesiastical courts, may have ranged between £50 and £500. It need not be said that even this lower amount placed the luxury of separation beyond the reach of a poor woman, living by the labour of her hands. But in such a case she had the privilege of suing in *forma pauperis*; and we presume that this is extended to her under the old system, care of course being taken to guard the courts against the introduction of frivolous suits. But it is not on this account the less essential that the procedure should be simple and uncostly; for how many there are who, although not of the class to which the privilege of suing in *forma pauperis* is granted, would be practically debarred from obtaining the protection of the Court, if the process were at all an expensive one.

Considerations such as these appear to have had due weight with the House of Lords. The Chancellor's bill did not sufficiently simplify the process, whereby women, whose husbands have ceased to support them, may secure for themselves the right of property in their own earnings. Indeed, it was felt that the mere transfer of the powers of the Ecclesiastical to the Judge Ordinary of the Court of Divorce, would leave matters very much in their old cumbersome state. Some manifest improvements were, therefore, introduced into the bill. In the first place, the antiquated technical nomenclature—the absurd and, to the majority, unintelligible Latin jargon of the Ecclesiastical Courts, was swept away. The Lords abolished divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, by introducing the following clause into the bill:—

“VII. No decree shall hereafter be made for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*; but in all cases in which a decree for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro* might now be pronounced, the Court may pronounce a decree for a judicial separation, which shall have the same force and the same consequences as a divorce *à mensâ et thoro* now has.”

This, at all events, is an improvement. The first step towards a simplification of the law, is the simplification of its obsolete nomenclature. Henceforth, husband and wife, not seeking an absolute dissolution of matrimonial bonds, are to be “judicially separated.” To accomplish this judicial separation, the same process is necessary as under the provisions of the original bill, relating to divorce *à mensâ et thoro*. But in the bill, as sent down from the Lords, there is this important addition:

“XVII. Where a wife is deserted by her husband, and that desertion has continued, without reasonable excuse, for one year or upwards, and

the wife is maintaining herself by her own lawful industry, it shall be lawful for the wife to make application to any Justice of the Peace, and show cause that she has reason to fear that her husband, or her husband's creditors, will interfere with her earnings, and thereupon it shall be lawful for the Justice, if he shall think fit, upon hearing the parties, to give to the wife an order in writing, under his hand, restraining the husband or creditors from interfering, or attempting to interfere, with the wife's earnings or property in manner aforesaid; which order shall be in force for six months from the date thereof, unless sooner discharged or varied by an order of two or more Justices of the Peace or Petty Sessions; and while in force, shall protect the wife, and her earnings and property aforesaid, against all actions, suits, executions, and proceedings whatever, brought, or taken by, or on behalf of, the husband or creditor; and any such wife shall be at liberty, from time to time, to apply for a renewal of such order, at the expiration of the former order; and any person acting in wilful disobedience to any such order as aforesaid, while in force, shall be liable to a fine, not exceeding twenty pounds; and, in default of payment, to imprisonment for any time not exceeding two months.”

It appears to us that this entirely meets the case to which we have so often adverted. A woman can protect her earnings by simply going before a magistrate. This will cost her nothing, or next to nothing. The justice sought is, indeed, placed within the reach of the honest woman who lives by the labour of her hands and the sweat of her brow.

But important as is this branch of the question, still more important is that involved in the clauses of the bill which relate to the dissolution of marriage. The nineteenth clause* of the Lord Chancellor's bill sets forth that it shall be lawful for any husband to present a petition to the Court, praying that his marriage may be dissolved, on the ground that his wife has been guilty of adultery. To this Court the injured husband is, according to the provisions of the Act, to carry his case without any preliminary suit for the recovery of damages from his wife's paramour. The scandal of the action for *crim. con.*, which has so long polluted the legal system of the country, is to cease from off the face of the land. This is another tardy instalment of justice to the weaker sex. In these suits the woman was perfectly helpless. She was compelled to remain passive while her character was mercilessly torn to pieces. She stood, indeed, unarmed and defenceless between two fires. It was the interest of both parties to the suit to prove her to be an abandoned woman. The plaintiff was bound to show

* In the amended bill, Clause XXV.

that she was an adulteress; and as the money compensation was assessed in proportion to the loss sustained by the plaintiff, it was the interest of the defendant to prove that she was an abandoned woman, and that what the plaintiff had lost was really of no value. We do not aver that this was always the practice in these actions, for an adulterer may have some tender compassion for the partner of his guilt, and may take upon himself, at all hazard, the onus of the crime. But we do say that it was the necessary tendency of the system to make the proof of the woman's licentiousness a thing to be established by plaintiff and defendant, and that, if not instructed to the contrary, the defendant's counsel was only too likely to endeavour to prove, in mitigation of damages, that his client was less the betrayer than the betrayed. And yet, with these fearful odds against her, the wretched woman could not appear in person or by counsel; she was not admitted as a witness, and she was not a party to the suit. On the terrible injustice of this we need not comment. The evil is admitted. The scandal is condemned to death; and ere long we shall talk of it, as we now do of the thumbscrew, the "boot," or any other instrument of legal torture.

The clause, however, of the Chancellor's bill, which abolished these preliminary actions, was not a satisfactory one, for it permitted actions for damages to be brought *after* dissolution of marriage had been decreed by the Court. A reversal of the pre-existing system was contemplated in the draft-act submitted to the House of Lords; for whereas, by the old law, no dissolution of marriage could be granted until an action for criminal conversation had been brought, the new law proposed that, "after this Act shall have come into operation, no action shall be maintainable for criminal conversation, unless the person bringing the same shall have *first obtained*, under the provisions of this Act, a final decree dissolving his marriage." This did not render the action for criminal conversation compulsory upon the injured person; it simply permitted it. In practice, therefore, the proposed new system might be less objectionable than the old; but in principle it appears to us to be worse. An action brought, after the great object of divorce *à vinculo matrimonii* has been obtained, can have only two objects, and those the basest, in view—the gratification of avarice, and the gratification of revenge. Such actions would be brought only by unworthy persons. The proposed law, indeed, would have encouraged and rewarded the exercise of the vilest motives,

and would have granted money-compensation only in cases in which the very fact of the action would have proved that no such compensation was deserved. No man, cut to the soul by the infidelity of his wife, would unnecessarily parade his sorrows before the public eye, or turn them into merchandise. Some such considerations as these seem to have influenced the House of Lords. The good sense and good feeling of the majority revolted against these public exhibitions, either as a preliminary, or as a sequence of divorce, and the objectionable compromise was expurgated.

But some may exclaim that the money-payment was not to be regarded solely in the light of compensation to the injured party. It was a punishment, it may be said, righteously inflicted on the guilty one. It was, practically, too often a punishment inflicted on one guilty person for the benefit of another. For many a negligent, unkind husband, whose wife, under gentler treatment, might have been true to him to the end of her days, has been thus rewarded for his culpable neglect. Our own opinion is, that very few good husbands are ever deserted by their wives. But whether this be so or not, any change which inflicts the deserved punishment, without granting the undeserved "compensation," is a change for the better. Under the old system, the law recognised an injury done to the husband whose wife was unfaithful to him; but, the non-existence of the woman being complete, the wife whose husband was taken from her by another woman, was not compensated for her loss. And yet it is true, that although, as before said, good husbands rarely lose their wives by infidelity, good wives often lose their husbands. The principle of compensation was, indeed, but imperfectly carried out in practice, even if it had been one for which any man or woman of right feeling could entertain the least toleration. It was bad in every point of view. The Lords, therefore, wisely and well, swept away the action for criminal conversation, even in the new and mitigated form proposed by the Lord Chancellor's bill, and substituted therefor punishment in a simpler and less questionable shape. It were surely better to allow the Court to inflict a fine on the offender, than to leave it to a jury to assess damages for a doubtful injury. After hearing such evidence as will enable the Court to decide upon the question of a dissolution of marriage, it will assuredly be in a position to estimate the amount of criminality attaching to the parties whose conduct it has investigated.

The Lord Chancellor's bill having provid-

ed that any husband may petition the new Court for a dissolution of marriage, on the ground of the adultery (in *any* form) of the wife, proceeds to state, that the wife may petition, in like manner, on the ground of certain forms of adultery committed by the husband. "It shall be lawful," says the bill, "for any wife to present a petition to the said Court, praying that her marriage may be dissolved, on the ground that, since the celebration thereof, her husband has been guilty of incestuous adultery,* or of bigamy, or of adultery, coupled with such cruelty as, without adultery, would have entitled her to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, or of adultery coupled with desertion, without reasonable excuse, for two years or upwards." This limitation of the privilege of the wife to sue only in certain aggravated cases of marital infidelity, is considered by many wise and good men to be a serious defect in the bill. It is contended, that justice and morality demand that the man and the woman should be placed on an equality—that what constitutes in the woman a sufficient offence to entitle her husband to sue for a dissolution of marriage, ought to confer the same right on the wife when committed by the man. We have, on a former occasion, expressed ourselves so fully upon this subject, that we do not now purpose to enter at any length into a question so delicate and difficult as that which is involved in this claim for equal privileges.† The author of a recent excellent pamphlet on the Divorce Bill of 1856, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, scouts the dictum of Dr. Johnson, that "the difference between the two cases is boundless;" and quotes at some length a speech of Lord Lyndhurst, delivered last year with reference to the bill of 1856, upon which this year's bill is a manifest improvement. In this speech, after citing the passage in Boswell's Johnson, which we recently quoted, Lord Lyndhurst, went on to say,—"I will read to your Lordships the observations made on this passage by a moralist of late years:—'The manner in which the earlier years of his (Johnson's) life had been passed, had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age.' That is the commentary of Macaulay on Dr. Johnson's matrimonial doctrine!" Is it? Mr. Ma-

caulay, in the passage quoted, appears to us merely to say that Dr. Johnson had some peculiarities of moral character appalling to civilized people. Now, in the first place, moral character is one thing, and opinions on questions of morality another. A man may have a very unsound character, and yet inculcate very sound opinions. In the next place, even if there were no such distinction as this—if Macaulay had written that Dr. Johnson had *some* opinions on questions of morality appalling to civilized people, it would by no means be apparent that this "matrimonial doctrine" was one of them. The passage, indeed, is as far off as well could be from "a commentary on Dr. Johnson's matrimonial doctrine." We confess, therefore, that we are not satisfied with the mode of disposing of the dictum of the "great moralist."

The author of the "Review" before us quotes also a passage from Mr. Macqueen's *Treatise on the Appellate Jurisdiction* of the House of Lords, a portion of which runs in the following words:—

"Now, although it cannot be denied that the crime of adultery is very different in a wife, who, by her infidelity, may impose a spurious issue upon her husband, it is equally certain that the protection of his rights as regards spurious progeny ought not to be regarded as the only object of divorce; and that misconduct of an outrageous nature, such as gross cruelty, living in open adultery with another woman, refusal to cohabit, or such incidents generally as entirely frustrate the very objects of the matrimonial union, ought either to be made severely punishable, or to be allowed as grounds of divorce to be obtained by the wife."

Now, it need not be said that this passage tells not against, but in favour of our argument, which goes no farther than that simple adultery on the part of the husband, without the aggravating circumstances of cruelty or desertion, does not constitute sufficient ground for divorce on the petition of the offended wife. The Bill introduced this session into the House of Lords, and thence sent down to the Commons, contemplates the admission of aggravated cases of marital adultery as grounds for divorce; some of the circumstances, indeed, glanced at by Mr. Macqueen in the above passage, are taken into account. Whatsoever acts of cruelty, as, *per se*, would have afforded grounds for separation *à mensâ et thoro*, superadded to marital adultery, make up a *gravamen* sufficient to entitle the wife to petition for dissolution of marriage; and two years of desertion, coupled with adultery, will also, under the new Act, authorize the petition of the

* By incestuous adultery, the Bill signifies "adultery committed by a husband with a woman with whom, if his wife were dead, he could not lawfully contract marriage, by reason of her being within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity or affinity."

† North British Review, Vol. xxiii., No. xlv., Article "The Non-existence of Women."

wife. All this is so much gained to the woman.

Still it may be said that she is not on an equality with the man. Granted; but, contrariwise, it may be said that the man is not on an equality with the woman. There are some eager disputants, whom we cannot but respect—for they are led away by a zeal which runs in the right direction, and their very excesses are the growth of a plenitude of warm, good feeling—disputants, who would give to the woman every privilege enjoyed by the man, and many others peculiar to herself. We doubt whether any sensible, reflecting woman will argue for her sex in this wise. But the zeal of some warm-hearted statesmen, in behalf of the weaker sex, passes the love of woman for her own case; and they battle stoutly to render the conjugal position of the wife far better than that of the husband. No one denies that the wife, as the weaker vessel, is entitled to the support and protection of the husband. If the husband ceases to perform these duties, the law can compel him to do so: the law can compel him to maintain his wife according to his means. If he desert her in person, he cannot desert her in purse. If the wife be faithful, he is compelled to support her; and even if she be unfaithful, it is decreed by the Lord Chancellor's bill that the Court may compel her husband to grant her an allowance. Clause XXIII. of the bill, as introduced into the House of Lords,* enacts, that "the Court may, if it shall think fit, on any such decree made on the petition of a husband, make it a condition that the petitioner shall, to the satisfaction of the Court, secure to the wife such gross sum of money, or such annual sum of money, for any term not exceeding her own life, as, having regard to her fortune, if any, to the ability of the husband, and the conduct of the parties, it shall deem reasonable." Now, this is surely an advantage in favour of the woman. It is based upon the supposition of the natural superiority of the man, which, while it fixes upon him larger responsibilities, accedes to him larger privileges. If, as the weaker vessel, the woman can claim the right of being supported and protected by her husband, he, in his turn, is entitled to the claim from her, as a superior, fidelity and allegiance. She cannot assert inferiority in one instance, and equality in another, just as may be convenient at the moment. There are things not expected from the woman, and there are things not expected from the man. And there are other duties, with which we are more imme-

diately concerned, obligatory, in a moral point of view, on the man, but not constituting, by their infraction, so gross and unpardonable an offence against the woman, as, if violated by the woman, they would be against the man. The very assertion, so often put forward by those who would render simple marital infidelity a sufficient ground for divorce, on the petition of the wife—that wives would seldom avail themselves of the privilege of petitioning—goes far to establish this point; for if the offence against her were felt by the woman to be as rank, as it is felt to be by the man when committed against him, there would not be more willingness to condone. It is idle, indeed, to talk about equality in this matter, when equality there is, and can be, none, so long as the infidelity of the wife inflicts upon the husband so much larger an amount of suffering than, in ordinary cases, the infidelity of the husband inflicts upon the wife.

The equality sought for the woman must be looked for, then, in another direction. It is not by endeavouring to assimilate, where, in reality, there is no similarity, but by compensations peculiar to her condition, that justice is to be done to the woman. The new Act contemplates some such compensations, and it has been much considered and discussed whether others might not be conceded to her. The Chancellor's bill provides that two years' desertion, with adultery, by the husband, constitute grounds for dissolution of marriage, on the petition of the wife. A question has arisen, whether a certain period of simple desertion ought not to afford a plea for divorce. A man forsakes his wife, ceases to support her, abandons his country, places himself beyond the decrees of the Court, and leaves his wife, in the midst of trial and temptation, to battle with the world. He may be living thousands of miles across the ocean in a state of sin; he may have given to a mistress the name of his deserted wife; or he may have changed his own name, and in his own proper relations to society, ceased from off the face of the earth. But how is the poor woman to establish this to the satisfaction of the Court—how is she to prove the wrongs done to her in another quarter of the globe? She has, as far as we can see, no remedy. She is a wife without one privilege of wifehood. She is a lone woman—a *feme sole*—with all the sorrows, and none of the rights of widowhood. Can the law do nothing for this poor forsaken creature? The case, we believe, is not an uncommon one. In some instances, there may be, from year to year, indications of the existence of the fugitive husband. He may

* Clause XXX. of the amended Act.

have been seen or heard of, or his name found in a newspaper. But, in others, year follows year, and there are no tidings of the absent one. His fate is enveloped in absolute obscurity. He may be alive, or he may be dead. But, upon the mere possibility, or the assumption, however reasonable, of his death, a woman may not marry again. An attempt was made to remedy this, but it was not successful, in the House of Lords. We perceive the difficulty of dealing satisfactorily with this phase of the question. If a woman, who has received no support and protection from her husband for a certain number of years (say five or seven), who has had no commerce with him, nor heard from, nor even of him, were to be permitted to marry again, on the mere assumption that he is dead, the assumption might prove to be an erroneous one. The absentee might have been kept from home by unavoidable circumstances; he might have been thrown into captivity in a strange country, or otherwise physically prevented from returning to his wife. Such a contingency is possible; but, sufficient time being allowed, it is so extremely improbable, that it is scarcely worthy of being taken into account. If, on the other hand, his death be not assumed—if there be reasonable supposition that his desertion is wilful—if he be within reach of protest and appeal, and yet rejects all solicitation and remonstrance, and, therefore, it is held that he has designedly forfeited all marital rights by a practical abnegation of marital duties, it is still said that he may repent and return to his wife, and that, therefore, a *locus penitentiae* should be left for him. It is always possible that an offending husband may repent, especially when he finds old age creeping upon him. But is it worse that this repentance—often a repentance rather of convenience than of conscience—should sometimes be found to have come too late, than that the woman should be left to pine in solitude during the best years of her life, toiling early and late to find for herself the bread that ought to be found for her, and yet forbidden to link herself with another who would cheerfully bear her burdens? Is it possible to imagine a sadder case than that of a woman so deserted, or a position more beset with grievous temptation? Who would not pity and pardon a woman who, in such a strait, forbidden to form a legal connection with a truer and better man than her errant husband, were to form a connection unsanctified by the law? And who does not honour, as one of the noblest spectacles on earth, the woman who, thus left, perhaps with her youth and beauty, to

struggle with poverty in a country where honest woman's work is hard to find, and where pitfalls surround her on every side, still preserves her independence and her respectability, toiling much, murmuring little, erring not at all; whilst the degraded husband on whom she wasted herself in girlhood, is following his own erratic courses in a strange land, perhaps in fellowship with a strange woman, careless of the fate of the wife he has abandoned? Such a spectacle may be seen—we wish that we could think it a common one. The other side of the picture, we fear, is much more common; and if it be, can any of the remote contingencies of survival or repentance afford sufficient reason for perpetuating a state of things which must be a frequent source of prostitution?

The author of the "Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856" throws out a suggestion, in connection with this point of the inquiry, which is worthy of consideration:—

"It seems reasonable (he says) that some period should be limited by law for the duration of the matrimonial obligation, after a wife has been deserted by her husband, whether she be provided with evidence of adultery having been committed by him or not. If this proposition were entertained, even so far as to elicit discussion, it might be proper to require that, during the limited period, all reasonable means should be taken to ascertain whether the husband were living or dead. An annual or semi-annual notice might be required to be published in the London Gazette, or in some public journal, and also to be delivered to some near relative of the absentee, if any such relative were known, in order that the Court might, as far as possible, be satisfied that the applicant came within the terms of the provision."

This is a good practical suggestion, because it is one of very easy application. On the subject generally of desertion, as a ground of divorce, the writer proceeds to say:—

"Archbishop Cranmer and his coadjutors would have administered more summary justice. A recusant deserter, resisting advice and exhortation, careless of punishment, and deaf to reason, they would have declared to be contumacious, a contemner of all laws, divine and human, and they would have cast him into prison. They would have permitted the deserted person to enter into new nuptials. An absentee who could not be found, they would have publicly summoned; and, on non-appearance in person or by proxy, they would have allowed two or three years to return, at the expiration of which time, a sentence of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* would have been pronounced, granting liberty to the deserted person to marry again."

It is sometimes contended, that, if mere

desertion constituted a ground of dissolution of marriage, there would often be collusion between the man and the woman—in a word, that the absenteeism might be the result of a family arrangement. But if the deserter were not allowed to marry again, proof being afforded that his desertion of his wife was voluntary and premeditated, there would be little likelihood of collusion. Moreover, the Lord Chancellor's bill allows *two years'* desertion, with adultery, to constitute a ground for the petition of the wife—a shorter cut to the desired end. It need hardly be added, that the man who deliberately deserts his wife, is not very likely to hesitate at the performance of the other part of the offence.

Impressed with the force of these considerations, we should rejoice if, to the extended privileges granted to the woman under the Chancellor's bill, there had been added the right to petition for dissolution of marriage upon the simple plea of desertion by the husband. Is a wife, deserted by her husband, to have no remedy? As we read the new bill (as originally introduced into the House of Lords), the position of a woman, deserted by her husband, is in no degree benefited by it. It is a mere mockery to say, that the Act provides that "any wife may present a petition to the Court praying for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, on the ground that she has been deserted by her husband, and, that such desertion has continued without reasonable excuse for two years or upwards; and the Court, on being satisfied of the truth of the allegations of such petition, may, if it shall see fit, decree a divorce, *à mensâ et thoro* accordingly, and may make any order for alimony which it may deem just."—(Clause XV.) It is a mockery, we say, to assert that this provides for the case. If a man deserts his wife, and takes a lodging in the next street, the Court may make an order for alimony, and compel him to pay it. But if he betakes himself, as often happens, to a distant country, of what use to the deserted wife are the decrees of the Court? The divorce *à mensâ et thoro* has been accomplished in the most effectual manner; and you may as well draw a cheque upon Aldgate Pump as give an order for alimony, payable by one who has betaken himself to the backwoods of America, or the diggings of California. Thus the worst cases are left untouched. The practical effect of the proposed law is, that a man may not desert his wife for two years, and keep within reach of the Court, without suffering for the act of desertion; but that, if he leaves the country, and deserts her for life, he enjoys perfect immunity from punishment, and she

is without a remedy. If any aggravation of such a case were needed to excite general sympathy, it would be found in the fact, that a husband thus deserting his wife, and either living in a foreign land or concealing himself in his own, may die, without proof of his death being afforded to his wife; and thus she may be practically debarred from re-marriage after she has been released from all legal restraint by the decease of her husband.

It may be said that cases of deliberate desertion of this kind are not common. But we believe that they are very common. In the lower ranks of life, it is especially easy for a man to shake off his domestic encumbrances. The lower the rank, the more easy it is for a man to rid himself of the old, and to invest himself with new, social environments. A man who lives by the work of his hands readily fuses himself into a new mass of humanity. He may join a railway gang in another country; he may go for a soldier; he may work his way to a distant colony—and few questions will be asked. There is nothing about him to excite remark or to call for inquiry. He is nothing in himself; he is merely an atom of some social mass; and his insignificance is his defence. Our belief is, that the number of married women in England, who are in no wise supported by their husbands—who have long ceased to have any sort of intercourse with them, and even to have no assurance of the fact of their existence, is much greater than is commonly supposed.

We have said that it might be desirable, in cases of deliberate desertion, to prohibit the re-marriage of the deserter. We believe that it very often happens that, in such cases, the re-marriage of the deserter actually takes place, so that the woman has legitimate ground of divorce in the perpetration of bigamy by the husband. It may be fairly assumed, that the man who would deliberately desert his wife would not hesitate to commit bigamy. But, in the cases supposed of concealment following desertion, the proof either of adultery or bigamy is difficult, and often impossible. We are doubtful whether the prohibition of re-marriage would go far to check desertion; but it would furnish sufficient answer to those who object to the recognition of that offence as sufficient ground for the dissolution of marriage, on the score that such a privilege would encourage collusion, and operate as a premium upon wrong-doing.

We hold that this case of continued desertion—a cruel, heartless, deliberate offence, persevered in, from year to year, mercilessly and remorselessly—is very different from a

crime committed under the influence of strong temptation and momentary passion. And, saying this, we may here proceed to state that we do not sympathize with those excellent persons, who have conscientiously opposed the re-marriage of adulterers. We can understand the assertion, that the law should on no account encourage crime. But it is on this very truth that we take our stand, when we declare ourselves in favour of the re-marriage of adulterers. In the first place, we have an irresistible conviction that adultery, though a very heinous, is rarely a calculating offence in the man, and, perhaps, never in the woman. But let us assume, *argumenti causâ*, that the man calculates the consequences of the commission of the crime before he commits it. If he does so, we may be sure that he is a very bad man; that he cares little for anything else but the gratification of his own selfishness; and that no consequence will be more alarming to his mind than the marriage of his victim. If the marriage of the victim be not allowable by law, the man may pursue his pleasure without the least apprehension of being saddled for life with a woman, for whom, although an object of temporary passion, he may have no genuine affection. Such a man would probably say, under the prohibitory law,—“I am very sorry. It is not my fault. The law forbids me to marry you, or, having deprived you of one husband, I would offer you another. As it is, we had better deplore the past, make the best of a bad business, and amend our ways.” A calculating person would find, therefore, in the prohibition, an encouragement to the commission of the crime. It is true that, under any circumstances, he would not be *compelled* by the law to re-marry his victim; and it may be said that a heartless calculating person would refuse to do so. But such persons are very much acted upon by public opinion; and we suspect that public opinion is inclined to declare itself very strongly against the man who, having corrupted the fidelity of a wife, and divorced her from her husband, refuses to make her the only real compensation in his power. It is, indeed, part of our conventional code of honour to make such reparation, when not expressly forbidden, and even worldly and selfish men yield to the social necessity. We have not, indeed, the shadow of a doubt that it is the allowance, and not the prohibition, of the marriage of adulterers, that will deter the worst class of seducers from the commission of the crime.

And the better class—the men, nay, the men and women, who are not systematic profligates; who do not calculate, but fall—

persons, in whom passion for a time is stronger than principle, who love, perhaps deeply, devotedly, in disregard of all obligations human and divine; who are cruelly tempted, sorely perplexed and bewildered; in whom reason is unseated, religion is dead—what is there, we ask, in any law, to encourage or to deter? Such persons do not think of consequences. They are incapable, indeed, of calculation. Whether the law permit them, or do not permit them to marry, makes not the difference of a feather in determining the balance of good or evil. Such persons go down blindfold and headlong to perdition. Accident, opportunity—something the growth of a moment—determines the final issue. It is utterly useless to think of deterring such persons; and it is idle to admit a fear of encouraging them, by any legal enactments, to or from the commission of crime. You might as well attempt to stay the downward course of one who is toppling over a precipice, by talking to him about the laws of gravitation. The only persons, indeed, who take consequences into account in such matters, are those who would be deterred, not encouraged, by the legalisation of the marriage of adulterers.*

* We feel and frankly acknowledge the great difficulty involved in the question of legislative sanction of the re-marriage of the criminal parties. The Scriptures are held to be against it. This was strongly and effectively put by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the recent discussions in the House of Lords. The views given above deal with the question rather in its social and moral aspects, than with its purely scriptural ones. The subject has, from very early times, engaged the anxious attention of the leading minds of this country. It was among the first of those great social questions which attracted the notice of the Scottish Reformers, when they found themselves set at complete liberty from the trammels of Rome. A commission, composed of the chief promoters of the great social and religious movement of that time, was appointed to draw up a “Book of Policy,” which should become a standard of ecclesiastical government. Among the commissioners were, Winram, Row, and John Knox. The result of this commission was, “The First Book of Discipline,” submitted to, and approved of by, the General Assembly of May 1560. The thirteenth chapter is devoted to marriage, and questions connected with it. “Marriage,” we are told in Section 6, “once lawfully contracted, may not be dissolved at man’s pleasure, as our Master Jesus Christ doth witness, unless adulterie be committed; which, being sufficiently proved in presence of the civil magistrate, the innocent, if they so require, ought to be pronounced free.” Again, “If fruits of repentance of long time appeare in them, and if they earnestly desire to be reconciled with the kirk, we judge that they may be received to the participation of the sacraments, and other benefits of the kirk; for we would not that the kirk should hold them excommunicate whom God absolved, that is, the penitent.” In chap. XIII., sect. 1, the question of liberty to re-marry is treated. The mode in which the matter is put, shows that the commissioners felt

The opponents of the marriage of divorcees have thus failed to establish their premises. The experiences of the human heart falsify their theory. Their argument of encouragement is not worth a jot. Prohibition would be utterly worthless as a preventive of crime; of what value would it be as a punishment? Nay, what is the very nature of such a punishment? Why, assuredly, to encourage crime. It forbids the man to make reparation for the injury he has done to the woman; and forbids *her* to become "an honest woman." It is, in fact, a premium on prostitution. The woman who has gone astray with the man she loves—perhaps the only man whom she has ever loved—is not necessarily depraved. She may have virtuous longings—pure desires—an instinct for good. Violence, perhaps, in her early youth, has been done to her loving nature, by the unholy greed of selfish and unsympathizing parents. The "daughter's heart" has been "preached down;" and she has gone to the sacrificial altar. She lives, for months, perhaps for years, a weary life, unloved and unloving—and then the opportunity comes; the temptation assails her; little by little she yields herself to the *suave scelus*; and falls, before she knows that she is on the brink of destruction. The poet has written that,—

"The woman who deliberates is lost."

But the truth is, that most women are lost because they do not deliberate; or at all events, they are lost without deliberation. It was with a far profounder insight into human nature that the greatest novelist of the present age wrote that touching history

very strongly the difficulty connected with it. "If any demand, whether that the offender, after reconciliation with the kirk, may not marry again? We answer, that if they cannot live continently, and if the necessity be such, as that they feare further offence of God, we cannot forbid them to use the remedy ordained of God. If the partie offended may be reconciled to the offender, then we judge that in nowayes it shall be lawfull to the offender to marry any other, except the partie that before hath been offended. This we do offer as the best counsel that God giveth unto us in so doubtsome a case." Our readers will notice, in connection with the views brought out in this Article, that the re-marriage *with the offended party* is insisted on, only where there is reconciliation; leaving it, as we think, to be assumed, that the commissioners held it lawful for the *offending parties*, to marry. This is manifestly the drift of the suggestions. We are well aware, however, that, very soon after this, the Church appealed to the State against the marriages apparently sanctioned in the first book of discipline; but there were circumstances connected with these appeals, which showed that both the Church and the civil magistrate felt the difficulty of the question.—Ed.

of the fall of the miserable wife of Barnes Newcome. We do not know what better illustration of our argument can be found in the whole range of our literature than the following, though many, with a deep insight into the workings of the human heart, have written in the same strain:—

"The fates did not ordain that the plan should succeed, which Lord Highgate's friends had devised for Lady Clara's rescue or respite. He was bent upon one more interview with the unfortunate lady; and in that meeting the future destiny of their luckless lives was decided. On the morning of his return home, Barnes Newcome had information that Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, had been staying in the neighbourhood of his house, and had repeatedly been seen in the company of Lady Clara. *She may have gone out to meet him but for one hour more. She had taken no leave of her children on the day when she left her home; and, far from making preparations for her own departure, had been engaged in getting the house ready for the reception of members of the family, whose arrival her husband announced as speedily to follow his own.* The little ones had been consigned to bed early, and before Sir Barnes' arrival. He did not think fit to see them; nor did their mother. *She did not know, as the poor little creatures left her room in charge of their nurses, that she looked on them for the last time.* Perhaps, had she gone to their bed-side that evening, had the poor panic-stricken soul been allowed leisure to pause, and to think, and to pray, the fate of the morrow might have been otherwise, and the trembling balance of the scale have inclined to right's side. But the pause was not allowed her."

"The pause was not allowed her"—and she fell. Outraged and insulted by an unworthy husband, she left her miserable home with the only man whom she had ever loved. The Queen's Bench and the House of Lords had their judicial dramas; and Sir Barnes Newcome was relieved of his wife. What followed? Lord Highgate took the divorcée home and married her; and, in the language of the nursery stories, it may be surmised, "lived happy ever afterwards." "Here," it will be exclaimed, "is a premium on adultery! The sinful woman ends her days in happiness and peace." Not at all. The marriage might have been a very happy one, but for the interlude of Barnes Newcome. It has been said, that more than half of the misery of life is included in the little words, "too late." The marriage was too late for their happiness. Severe moralists need not be afraid upon this score;

"For 'tis the eternal law, that where sin is,
Sorrow shall answer it."

Let Mr. Thackeray himself relate how

sorrow answered the sin of poor Lady Clara Barnes :—

"So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant: but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplures her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. Ah! the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad, she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it; and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best; that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect; and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the county town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she sets splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband come to her table: he is driven, perforce, to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort: his equals, at least in his own house, will not live with him. She would be kind and charitable to the cottagers round about her; but she fears to visit them, lest they should scorn her. The clergyman, who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of the children. . . . No wonder that he is always away all day; how can he like a home which she has made so wretched? In the midst of her sorrow, and doubt, and misery, a child comes to her: how she clings to it! how her whole being, and hope, and passion, centres itself in this feeble infant! . . .

If Barnes Newcome's children meet yonder solitary lady, do they know her? If her once husband thinks on the unhappy young creature whom his cruelty drove from him, does his conscience affect his sleep at night? Why should Sir Barnes Newcome's conscience be more squeamish than his country's, which has put money in his pocket for having trampled upon the poor, weak, young thing, and scorned her, and driven her to ruin? When the whole of the accounts of that wretched bankruptcy are brought up for final audit, which of the unhappy partners shall be shown to be most guilty?"

Truth answers, "the injured husband." But it is not for the purpose of squaring accounts between the offended and the offender, as law and society account them, that we have quoted this touching passage, but simply to show what is the "reward" of crime, so often spoken of by those moralists who oppose the marriages of divorcees. Heaven help the poor things; there is little earthly happiness in store for them. They must find their splace in the thought, that in their repentance they have the pity of the uncondemning One, whose word, by going their way and sinning no more, they have obeyed. Perhaps the shadows of this picture may be somewhat softened—we hope so—when that vile pro-

cess, by which alone, under the old law, divorce could be obtained in England, is abolished, and all the unhappy circumstances of womanly infidelity cease to be matter for touching appeals to jurymen by "Sergeant Rowland," or "Oliver, Q. C.;" and for detailed reports "in the papers"—especially the Sunday papers"—as though these miserable stories were the best things in the world for Sabbath reading,—more to be cherished and dwelt upon than the instructive legends of Him who stooped and wrote upon the ground, and, looking up, found himself alone with the guilty woman. We do not desire—and if we did, we should feel in our inmost hearts how impossible it is—that sorrow should not answer sin, as face answers to face in the glass; but the punishment, as we here see it inflicted by man, is greater perhaps, we humbly submit, than God would inflict on the penitent sinner. It may be less, when the laws which have so long disgraced us are modified; but it will still be very great—so great, that it need never be feared that any woman will deliberately darken her future with it, or any man in a cool calculating spirit lay up for himself his share of the sorrow.

We had intended these remarks on the marriage of divorcees to form a substantive and not unimportant part of this article, but they appear in this place as a digression; and we return now to consider other proposed grounds of divorce on the petition of the wife. Over and above those recommended in the Lord Chancellor's bill, it has been considered whether the following ought not to be legally treated as grounds of divorce :—

1. Rape.
2. Adultery and transportation.
3. Adultery and penal servitude for four years.
4. Adultery—the mistress obtruded into the common residence of husband and wife.
5. Transportation for fourteen years, or for life.

The first four of these were proposed by Lord Lyndhurst to the Select Committee of 1856. The fifth is, we believe, an original suggestion by the able writer of the "Review" before us. We purpose to consider them seriatim, premising only that the four submitted to the Committee were thrown out.

The author of the "Review" observes of the first, that it is "quite as heinous a crime, in a moral point of view, as incestuous adultery;" that it "is punishable by the criminal law, and, until of late, was a capital offence." True; but the question is, not what is the greater offence against morals,

or against law, but what is the greater offence against the wife. The most serious offence against the wife is infidelity, of a deliberate and sustained character. Now, the crime asserted above to be one which ought to furnish ground of divorce, is generally impulsive, committed under the influence of violent passion, when the criminal is not master of himself; and it may be presumed that it is never repeated. It is a single exceptional act. Heinous as it is in the eye of the law, and in the eye of society, it is more venial in the eye of the wife than continued infidelity with a consenting paramour. It is the estrangement of the affections, more than the bodily impurity, which strikes the loving wife to the core of her heart. She may forgive one who, perhaps, "flown with insolence and wine," is suddenly overtaken with a gust of passion, which compels him to the commission of crime; but deliberate, systematic treachery—the transfer of the affections from the legitimate to the illegitimate object—in a word, the desertion of the heart, is not to be forgiven. And we need not add, that the wife who petitions for a divorce, has not to show the degree in which her husband has offended against the law, against morality, or against society; but the degree in which he has offended against herself.

The same line of argument is applicable to the *second*, *third*, and *fifth* of these propositions. If simple adultery, on the part of the husband, do not furnish sufficient ground of divorce, we do not see how "adultery with transportation can furnish it;" for in the act, punished by transportation, there is not necessarily any offence against the wife. Nay, on the other hand, to the husband's crime the wife may be a consenting, if not a co-operative party; or it may be committed, without her consent or knowledge, for her benefit; or even in the *fifth* case, where adultery is not supposed, out of very love for the wife. A man may commit a robbery—nay, often has committed a robbery—that his wife and children may not starve. Men have committed murder, too, in defence of the honour of their wives. But assuming that no such motive impels him to crime, he is not necessarily a bad husband because he is a bad man. He may break the law without breaking his marriage vows; and his wife, who has taken him for better or for worse, has no claim to sue for nullity of marriage because he has committed a penal offence. We could name a man, now under sentence of transportation for fourteen years, whom, with some knowledge of his domestic circumstances, we believe to have been an

excellent husband. We can see no sort of ground for admitting simple transportation for fourteen years, or for life, as a sufficient plea for divorce on the petition of the wife. We admit the case of the wife to be a hard one, as it would be if the husband were thrown into captivity by the enemy, or if he were bed-ridden by paralysis, or blind. But every plea for the dissolution of marriage must be based upon some proof of injury voluntarily done to the petitioner: it is nothing to the point that the husband has injured anybody else.

It is partly, we presume, upon this consideration, that the law is unwilling to admit hopeless insanity as a plea for divorce, either on the petition of the husband, or the petition of the wife. Insanity is a dispensation of Providence, not a violation of conjugal duty; and it is only by a voluntary act of a free agent that man or woman, having once entered, in a competent state, into matrimonial relations, can forfeit the right to retain them. And yet the case of husband or wife linked by legal and indissoluble bonds, to a maniac, is a very pitiable one,—so pitiable, that we have often thought whether the law might not be strained to grant relief to persons so mated, by treating the lunatic, in this, as in other matters, as one legally dead. The question is one which has elicited great difference of opinion; but, on the whole, we are of opinion that the balance of testimony is against the admission of lunacy as a ground of divorce. Some of the adverse arguments appear to us to be of no great weight. It is said, for instance, that a wife may be driven to madness by the unkindness of the husband,—reference being made to the memorable Talbot case, which has been forced into such unhappy notoriety. But the petitioner, in all cases, must prefer his suit with clean hands. The proposed Act, as introduced into the House of Lords, provides that, "upon any petition for the dissolution of a marriage, it shall be the duty of the Court to satisfy itself, so far as it reasonably can, not only as to the facts alleged, but also whether or no (*not*) the petitioner has been in any manner accessory to or conniving at the adultery, or has condoned the same, and shall also inquire into any counter-charge against the petitioner. In case the Court, on the evidence in relation to any such petition, shall not be satisfied that the alleged adultery has been committed, or shall find that the petitioner has during the marriage been guilty of adultery, or has been accessory to or conniving at the adultery complained of, or has condoned the same, then, and in any of the said cases, the Court shall

dismiss the said petition. Of course, a similar inability to prosecute a petition to a successful issue would exist, in the case of a plea of insanity, if the party preferring the petition were shown to have been "accessory to or connived at" the insanity of the other; and cruelty would in all cases be admitted as a "counter-charge," which, if proved, would enable the Court to reject the petition. We should have no apprehensions, therefore, of any such connivance, if the law were to be relaxed in favour of the husband, or the wife, linked to an insane consort. The more common argument, that insanity is, in these times, rarely hopeless, and that the maniac may in time be restored to society, is more potent—at least in theory. But the rationale of divorce appears to be this, that nothing but the voluntary act of the husband or the wife, and *that* an act constituting an offence against the other, can properly afford a ground of divorce. Nothing inflicted upon (as transportation), or suffered (as disease, mental or bodily), by husband or wife, ought ever to invalidate the bond on the petition of the other.

We have considered all the pleas which have been urged for the dissolution of marriage on the suit of the wife (the plea of insanity being common to both parties), with the exception of that which stands fourth on the list given in the preceding page, viz., "Adultery; the mistress obtruded into the common residence of husband and wife." This was last year proposed by Lord Lyndhurst; and the proposition is supported by the author of the "Review" before us, who says that "it is so gross an outrage, that a remedy ought to be provided. No greater insult," it is added, "can be offered to a virtuous wife; and those who with the Lord Chancellor argue that, 'if a husband repent and treat his wife with kindness, the sin on the part of the husband is not an unpardonable offence,' and that 'there are cases in which a wife might and ought to condone,' will scarcely contend that the reckless desecration of a home, sacred to the virtues of wedded love, and to the purity of innocent children, by the offensive obtrusion of an adulteress, is either a pardonable offence, or one which a wife ought to condone." We entirely concur in this. It is, assuredly, an unpardonable offence, if we read it aright; but it is somewhat vaguely stated, and therefore scarcely a fit subject, as it stands, for specific legislation. We do not know whether Lord Lyndhurst designed to include, under this head, all acts of infidelity committed under the domestic roof, or only the open installation of an avowed mistress. Adultery may

be practised so long and continuously in "the common residence of husband and wife," as to invest the paramour in reality with the character of a mistress, and yet the offence may be committed without the cognizance of the wife. There is less absolute cruelty in this, less unfeeling disregard of the sufferings of the wife, than in the shameless setting-up of a mistress in the presence of the lawful consort, careless of the torture and the humiliation inflicted upon her. We believe that cruelty of the latter kind is very rare. Men are, doubtless, often very selfish and immoral; but they do not go out of their way to torture and humiliate their wives. On the contrary, the general practice of infidelity is scrupulous concealment,—partly for the sake of the sinner himself, and partly too for the sake of the one sinned against, the injured wife.

But there are exceptions to all rules; and we know that, ere now, men have shamelessly blazoned their vices in the face of the world, wantonly outraged the feelings of their wives, and deliberately polluted the sanctity of home. We confess that we think that this is a case of "adultery with cruelty," and cruelty of the worst kind. It is insult in the most humiliating shape; it is torture of the most refined description. It can hardly, perhaps, be defined as "such cruelty as, without adultery, would have entitled her (the wife) to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*;" for it presupposes adultery. But we conceive that it would be in the discretion of the Court, and that it would necessitate no violent straining of the law, to declare such an offence to be the bringing of a prostitute into the family home; and *that*, without proof of actual adultery, would, we believe, entitle the wife to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*. If this be correct, the case would be met by the Chancellor's bill, without a special clause concerning it.

We have now examined all the grounds of divorce, either set forth in the Lord Chancellor's bill, or recommended by other legislators during the sessions of 1856 and 1857. And our conclusion is, that over and above the recommendations of the bill, it would be expedient to add, wilful desertion for seven years, as a legitimate ground of divorce on the petition of the wife; and that it would be also advisable to give, if not already given, considerable discretionary power to the Court with regard to its construction of the word "cruelty." With these additions, we should not question for a moment the benefit which women will derive from the proposed alteration of the law. The benefit to men will result from the alteration of the mode of procedure by which

divorce will henceforth be obtained; the process being shorter, easier, less costly, and freed from the necessity of that revolting abomination, the action for *crim. con.* For these things we must be thankful. We do not say that there will not yet remain many defects and shortcomings in the law, and that many cases of extreme hardship, which the Act cannot reach, will not continually be presented to us. But we must be content to get all reform by instalments, and must not complain because a good thing is not so good as we might desire to have it.

It has been so generally assumed that the intent of the bill is to afford greater protection to women, that little or nothing has been said about the case of the husband, and nothing has been done (except, as we have said, by simplifying the procedure) to give him greater facility of ridding himself of a bad wife. Yet there are such things as bad wives, and a wife may be very bad who yet is not convicted of adultery. Lechery may not be her besetting infirmity. She may be neither tempting nor tempted. But a woman may effectually ruin and disgrace her husband without breaking the seventh commandment. She may be a drunkard, a brawler, a thief, a blasphemer. She may corrupt his children; she may make his house a hell; she may sell his goods, his chattels, the very implements of his craft, to buy drink withal, and yet she must still be his wife. When we spoke of this, on a former occasion, we derived an illustration from fictitious literature. The case was that of Stephen Blackpool, in Charles Dickens's *Hard Times*. But whilst this article has been growing under our pen, the truthful annals of the Police Courts have fortuitously afforded us as striking an example as any that fiction could invent for a purpose of its own. We give the painful story entire with the comments of the sitting magistrate:—

"WESTMINSTER.—On Wednesday last Charles Cannon, a very respectable-looking middle-aged man, described as a law writer, was charged with having violently assaulted Ann, his wife, a woman whose slatternly and dissipated appearance, unimproved by a severe black-eye, denoted a person commonly addicted to drink.

"Complainant said, that she had been married to the defendant upwards of twenty years. On the previous night she was with her husband in Princes Street, Westminster, when he gave their little boy 6d. to buy some bread with; but, as she did not exactly want bread at that moment, she stooped to take it away from the child, when her husband struck her a blow on the eye with his stick, which knocked her down, and he then kicked her. He had fractured two or three of her ribs some weeks ago.

"The policeman proved a portion of the assault.

"The defendant said, that his was a most pitiable condition. He wished to maintain his wife and family in credit and respectability; but she was so inveterate a drunkard, that she was not sober one day in a week. He entreated the magistrate to send to his home, and he would find that chairs, tables, cups and saucers, and everything he had possessed, had been disposed of by his wife to procure drink. Whenever he took off a dirty shirt she immediately sold it, and he had to replace it with a new one. After squandering a sovereign which he gave her for the family, she came to him for 6d. to buy bread, and he had no sooner given it to one of the children, when she attempted to take it away from him to get more gin with, when, maddened by her disgraceful conduct, he forgot himself and struck her.

"Complainant, who in consequence of her noisy interruption had been ordered to leave the court, was recalled by the magistrate, but was found in a public house in the neighbourhood, instead of remaining in attendance in the waiting-room. She coolly admitted that she got drunk sometimes.

"It was proved by the police-sheet she was frequently seen in a state of intoxication, but was sober on Tuesday night.

"Mr. Arnold confessed that he had great difficulty in knowing how to act in this case. The present defective state of the law did not enable poor persons to obtain a separation, which could be done by the rich, or the defendant would certainly be entitled to be removed from the society of such a woman as the complainant, and she from his violence, provoked, as it might be, by her misconduct. Until some power was given to magistrates, or other tribunals, to separate persons in the humbler walks of life, there was no chance of putting an end to such cases as the present, which sooner or later terminated in fatal results.

"Defendant was ordered to find bail till the police had made some inquiries which the magistrate directed."

It will be said, perhaps, that in such a case as this, a separation is obtainable even by a poor man. Let it be granted that, if the Lord Chancellor's bill becomes the law of the land, and the Court which is to do the work of the doomed Ecclesiastical Courts exacts no large money-payments from the poor man or the poor woman, that a "judicial separation" might be decreed; but what would be the result? The Court would not leave the wretched woman to starve, and would, we presume, decree alimony to her. The husband would be left without a help-mate for himself, or a mother for his children (practically he has long been without both), and yet he is not permitted, by the law, to take to himself another partner. He may expel the drunkard from his house, but he cannot release himself from his wife. He can form, hon-

estly, no new connection. In this emergency, unless he be a man of rare principle and self-denial, like Stephen Blackpool in the story, he takes to himself another companion, without the consent of the Church; or else calls in the aid of the Church, and commits bigamy with scarcely a pang of conscience.

But, after all, whatever may be conceded for the sake of argument, it really matters very little to the poor man what is the state of the law, if, by reason of its costliness, it is not within his reach. Beset as is this question of divorce with doubts and difficulties, many as are the conflicting opinions, there is one point at which all consent to meet; all willingly admit that divorce is not for the rich alone, but, in certain cases, an act of justice to which rich and poor have an equal right. A good wife is a greater blessing, a bad wife is a greater curse, to the poor man than to the rich. Every one says that the poor ought to have the same facilities as the rich for getting rid of a bad wife. But will these facilities be granted to the poor man with the alteration of the law? There are those who think that there is no prospect of this, so long as it is necessary in all cases, either of separation or dissolution of marriage, to appeal to a special Court, and that the ordinary judicial tribunals of the country should be competent to do all that is required.

We are not surprised, however, that there should be considerable jealousy on this score. The putting asunder of man and wife, "whom God has joined," is held to be a very solemn matter; and there are many in England who have reconciled themselves to the proposed changes in the law, only in consideration of the extreme dignity and gravity of the contemplated tribunal. And, considering the great conflict of opinion regarding many points of this great question of divorce, we must be content, in the present state of affairs, with some compromises. We think the case is very fairly met by the author of the "Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856," who has touched upon this important matter; and suggested a practical remedy for the admitted evil of the unequal operation of the law. "In order," he says, "to exempt this branch of jurisprudence from the oft-repeated slur, that there is law for the rich, but none for the poor, it is proposed that, in all cases arising in humble life, and where the parties are poor, it shall be competent to a stipendiary magistrate, and to a municipal or other justice of the peace, to hear the complaint, and to summon the alleged delinquent before him; and if, in his

judgment, the party complaining shall make out a *prima facie* case for relief, to remit an information on oath, with the disposition of witnesses to the Court of Divorce; and that thereupon the Court shall, if it think fit, order the complainant to proceed in the usual way; but *in forma pauperes*." A further suggestion respecting this matter is also worthy of consideration. It is "that the Court of Divorce should be empowered to appoint a salaried solicitor, by whom all cases transmitted by magistrates should be conducted, and to whom the cases of other petitioners should be referred for inquiry, on its being suggested 'that they had no means of meeting the necessary expenses of having their complaints heard,' to the end that the solicitor of the Court might also conduct such other cases, if it should appear to be fit and proper; and, further, that the Court should appoint a salaried barrister to act as counsel in the same cases. Every petition presented by a husband praying for the dissolution of marriage, should be served on the accused adulterer, with liberty to appear and defend himself."

There are excellent people, especially in the English Church, with a profound horror of "easy divorce." The debates on the Chancellor's bill, in the House of Lords, have evinced the alarm not merely of the bishops respecting the proposed innovation, by which the dissolution of marriage becomes a law of the land; and many English clergymen are eagerly protesting against being compelled to perform the ceremony of marriage over persons who come to the altar simply by right of divorce—that is, by right of adultery. Nay, at one time they went even further than this; and an attempt was made to obtain a clause in the bill, exonerating the clergy from the necessity of solemnizing marriage over *any* divorced person—guilty or innocent—upon the ground that the marriage tie is scripturally indissoluble. This was eminently unsuccessful. If the clergy are entitled to this exemption now, they have always been entitled to it. For marriage, though not soluble by the law of the land, has hitherto been soluble by the Legislature; and it surely matters not, in a scriptural view of the case, whether man or wife are put asunder by the Court of Divorce or the House of Lords. Few, indeed, could see the justice of depriving the injured person of the benefit of clergy, on his entering into new matrimonial relations, which might, in every respect, be as pure and sacred as any that ever claimed the offices of the Church. But, with respect to the marriage of adulterers, the case was different; and may contended that such per-

sons ought to be contented with the legal contract made before a registrar, which is as binding as the religious ceremony. An attempt was subsequently made, by Lord Redesdale, to carry through the House of Lords a bill, enacting that the marriage of persons who had been divorced on account of their own adultery should take place at a registry office. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who, throughout the discussions on the Divorce Bill, has set an example of tolerance and moderation to many of his Episcopal brethren, put the case of the clergy in the only light in which it can command our sympathies, when he said that "it became much stronger by the nature of the marriage service." "He was unwilling to allude more particularly to that service; but their Lordships would remember that it assumed, in solemn terms, the Divine approval of the marriage, and that it was divinely ordained. It was true that charity hopeth all things; but it passed even the bounds of charity to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, the Divine approval of a marriage which had its origin in a guilty passion, and was brought about by a heinous crime. For these reasons, he trusted that the consciences of the clergy might not suffer under this trouble, but that, either through this present bill, or in some future clause of the Marriage and Divorce Bill, a remedy would be found." The Lords, however, were not inclined to find a remedy, and Lord Redesdale's bill was thrown out by a large majority.

We confess that we are sorry for this, and for more reasons than one. We respect all scruples of conscience, and we can readily believe that many clergymen of the Church of England, considering the terms of the service which they are called upon to perform over all persons thus admitted into the "holy" bonds of wedlock, may feel their consciences outraged by the compulsory performance of the ceremony over persons brought together primarily by guilt; but we lament it still more, because it will turn the hearts of many against a measure, which, but for this, they might have approved and supported. A Bill intended to confer, and actually conferring, substantial benefits upon one class of persons, should not inflict injury upon another. There are difficulties and delicacies enough necessarily involved in this question of divorce, and it is a grievous pity, therefore, to encumber it with any extraneous embarrassments. It may appear, *prima facie*, that if the House of Lords, the members of which (the bench of bishops included) are ordinarily more encumbered with scruples of conscience than the Commons, consent, in spite of Episcopal and

other remonstrances, to compel the clergy to marry adulterous divorcees, the members of the Lower House will not interfere in behalf of the scandalized ecclesiastics. But we are not by any means sure that this will be the result. The House of Commons is just now in the right frame of mind to retaliate upon the Upper House, especially upon a point of conscience. The Lords having rejected the Oaths Bill of the Commons, the Commons are naturally predisposed to reject a Bill sent down to them by the Lords. They have such a Bill, full of debatable points, in the Divorce Bill; and if the issue be tried this Session (which, as we write, appears to be extremely doubtful), we should, in no measure, be surprised if the Commons rejected the Divorce Bill of the Lords, or at all events, of some of its most important provisions. It is said that the legal element will be arraigned against it in the Commons, as was the Ecclesiastical in the Lords.

There seems, indeed, to be a fatality attending our attempts to reform the laws of marriage and divorce. Much was thought, said, and written upon the subject in 1856. The Legislature was not inactive, but the year produced no legislation. Much already has been said, thought, and written on the subject in 1857, but we are beginning to apprehend that this year, like its predecessor, will witness no specific legislation. If this be the case, we shall lament that the Bill sent down from the Lords was of so comprehensive a character. There are parts of it, and important parts, which, in a separate Act, would in all probability, escape unquestioned. The matter of judicial separation, and the protection of the earnings of married women, are altogether distinct from those of the dissolution of marriage and the re-marriage of adulterers. But there is always some fear in these complications, that one part of a mixed measure will bring discredit on another, and the whole will be involved in indiscriminate ruin on account of the defects of a part.

We admit that we are well contented with the Bill as it has been sent down, really amended, to the House of Commons. It is capable of improvement, but still we cannot but rejoice in the prospect of so large a measure of social reform. We cannot share the apprehensions of those who believe that the increased facilities for the dissolution of marriage afforded by the Bill, will have the effect of "unhinging the domestic relations." Nothing, indeed, can be more preposterous than the idea that married people will, if the Bill be passed, live in a state of perpetual anxiety to take advantage of its provisions.

The fact is, such is the perversity of human nature, that people are seldom much inclined to do what they may do every day of the week. How many Londoners ever visit the tower, ascend the monument, or explore Westminster Abbey? If you want a man (we include both sexes in the word) not to do a thing, let him know that he may do it. It is after forbidden things that we hanker—distance lends enchantment to the view—difficulty enhances the ardour of the pursuit. But there is another and more amiable view of the case. We cannot state it better than in the words of the intelligent writer, whose pamphlet is before us—"There need be no apprehension," he says, "that a Court of Divorce would be inundated with the complaints of wives, if it were open to them. The knowledge that a law was in existence enabling a wife to apply for divorce—either *à mensâ et thoro*, or *à vinculo matrimonii*, in case of extremity—would shed a wholesome influence over the minds of husbands disposed to err, or who had entered on the paths of error. The natural love of home—the welfare of a family—the dislike of publicity—the dread of a worse future—and the clinging of a mother to the father of her children, even through evil repute, would go far, as those amiable feelings always have gone, to encourage forbearance, to suggest mild remonstancance, and to cherish the still-lingering hope of better days." The poor creatures, indeed, hope on against hope, make excuses as long as they can, and flatter themselves that is only a temporary aberration, and that the wanderer will return again to the ark of conjugal love and fidelity. And in the case of the offended husband, there are other considerations to check any very strong desire publicly to expose the guilt of his wife. He cannot do so without bringing at least some conventional disgrace upon himself, and, moreover, he will seldom be able to appear in Court with clean hands. But there is little need of speculation on these points, when we have the practical evidence afforded by the records of our own Scotch courts. The statistics of Divorce in Scotland, as cited in a former article, show how little there is really to be apprehended from any relaxation of the law in England. There is, indeed, no fear of any but extreme cases being brought before the Court of Divorce—cases in which it would be grievous cruelty to throw difficulties in the way of dissolution of marriage—cases which cry out piteously for the saving hand of the law. Having, therefore, no fear upon this point, and much hope upon many others, we earnestly hope that the Bill, as amended by the Lords, will become the law of the land.

Judging by present appearances, we believe that there is a prospect of this long-pending, well-considered, and much-discussed question being settled before the close of the session. The second reading of the bill was moved in the House of Commons on the 24th of July, when Mr. Henley made a futile attempt to cause the postponement of its consideration, on the ground that the House required more time to form a deliberate opinion on so grave a question. Of the gravity of the question there can be no doubt. But as no subject, during the last two years, has been more prominently before the country than this, we conceive that, if the House has not yet had time to consider it, there is little chance of its being sufficiently instructed at the end of another session. The House itself was of this opinion, and Mr. Henley's proposal was rejected by a large majority. The Commons, indeed, in this instance had an advantage, rarely enjoyed by that body, in the foregone discussions of the Lords—"repeated and elaborate discussions" (to use the words of the Solicitor-General), "which were shared in by the most eminent lawyers in England, in which their Lordships had the assistance of Bishops of the Church, and which followed upon the report of at least one Commission." The postponement of the measure last year was a disappointment to many; a second postponement would be a disappointment to many more. If the bill, as there is now every reason to anticipate, be carried through before the rising of the Parliament, the first session of the new House of Commons will be distinguished by at least one beneficent measure.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus*. Translated, with Notes, etc., by the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, Ph.D. 1853.
2. *Sacred Latin Poetry, chiefly Lyrica; with Notes and Introduction*. By the Rev. R. C. TRENCH, M.A. 1849.
3. *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*. Translated by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 1851.
4. *Hymnal Noted*. 1851.
5. *A Short Commentary on the Hymnal Noted, from Ancient Sources, intended chiefly for the use of the Poor*.
6. *The Ecclesiastical Poetry of the Middle Ages*. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. (forming part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana). 1852.

PSALMS and hymns and spiritual songs have thrilled for ages through the Church on earth,

as they shall thrill for endless ages through the Church in glory. From the time that the hymn arose which ended the first Lord's Supper, they have gone up to God, almost without cessation, from palaces and cathedrals, from cottages and churches, from the caves and the solitudes of the wilderness: the flood of melody has been swelled by rivulets of song from the lips of dying saints, and by mighty gushings from the hearts of congregated thousands. Wherever the trumpet of Christianity has been sounded, the echoing anthem has replied; wherever the voice of God's messengers has been heard, the song of praise has followed, like the carol of the lark which heralds the dawn.

The range of Christian song is a wide one: their authors were neither of a single country nor a single era. Since Christ left earth for heaven, they have been found in every age among the followers of every Christian creed. Kings and monks, apostles and martyrs, saints and bishops, have united in their composition: Charlemagne and Alfred, Bernard and Abelard, Watts, Doddridge and Heber, here meet on common ground: controversialists have laid aside their polemics, and philosophers their dialectics, to produce that grand aggregate of Christian psalmody which is the joy of all true believers. And hence we shall do well to regard hymns, not so much as the compositions of this or that writer, but as the utterance of the Christian life of a Christian man. They are part of our heritage as members of the Catholic Church, which is gathered from all ages and climes, and not as members of the particular body to which we may nominally belong.

It is probable that, while the miraculous influences of the Spirit continued upon earth, no uninspired songs were admitted into the public or private devotions of Christians. The Psalms, which had daily thrilled through the temple courts from the vast chorus of singers, responding to each other in alternate song from each side of the brazen altar, found an echo in the assemblies of the infant Church, and formed the staple then, as they have done ever since, of the sacred songs of Christians. But besides these, in the early dawn of Gospel light, there probably arose the songs which the Spirit Himself breathed—the *ὕμναι πνευματικὰ* of Coloss. iii. 16—which went up to heaven in all the freshness and fulness, as some think, of ecstatic inspiration. The traces of the first written hymns are very indistinct: one landmark only is left to us in a fragment of the second century, preserved by Eusebius,* which

states, that "whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren from the beginning, celebrate Christ, the Word of God, by asserting His divinity." And this statement is born out by the earliest hymn which has come down to us—the angelical doxology, as it is termed—a wonderful assemblage of triumphant praises, which burst forth from the heart in all the grandeur of their unadorned pathos:—"We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father."* And if we bear in mind what historians tell us of it, this hymn will be invested with a charm which few others can claim, for it was the song which martyr after martyr sang so cheerfully as they marched from their prisons to their death-place.

The Eastern Churches were extremely cautious with regard to the hymns which they admitted into their worship; but those which received their sanction are very sublime. They have the peculiarity of not being arranged in regular metre, but this only adds to their grandeur. †

With regard to the mode of singing, we may observe that ecclesiastical writers are nearly unanimous as to the early practice of antiphonal singing—a practice probably transferred from the Jewish ritual, and especially employed in the case of the Psalms, many of which are indisputably composed to suit such an arrangement. Socrates, the Church historian, however, claims a higher authority for its adoption in Christian worship, relating that Ignatius of Antioch was once caught up in ecstasy to hear the anthems of the angels, and beheld their "trinal triplicities" answering each other with voices of celestial sweetness, throughout the plains of heaven.† The Church on earth wished to

* We quote the translation which is found in the English Book of Common Prayer, at the close of the Communion Service.

† The language of the Alexandrian liturgy also speaks of the angels singing antiphonally: there is a magnificent anthem to Him around whom "stand the cherubim and seraphim, crying one to another with voices which never cease, and doxologies which are never silent."

‡ Eusebius, Eccles. Hist., v. 28.

echo, as far as possible, the hymns of the Church above, and thus, according to this historian at least, antiphons were universally adopted. But the case does not require such a "*deus ex machinâ*:" we know that the Christians of those days continued frequently for whole nights in the devotional exercises of prayer and praise, so that we can well understand how human weakness would prompt them to take some such measure as this for preventing too speedy exhaustion and weariness. For they could not have consented to let their solace become itself a burden; they could not have allowed earthly frailty to stay the current of their songs, without an effort to prolong its strength.

The remark we made just now, that hymns were the Church's strength in the time of trouble—her comfort in the weariness of her pilgrimage, is especially true of the periods when she had to combat, not her enemies without, but her recreant children within. Her troubles ceased not with the cessation of persecution from the world; a still bitterer cup was stored up for her in the conflicts of her inward foes. And we must note this fact well.

The Church in Syria affords us an apt illustration of the consoling power of Christian psalmody: when, for example, the faithful were ejected, by the preponderance of Arian influence, from the Church at Antioch, their pastors, Flavian and Diodorus, led them from place to place, like a literal flock in the desert, resting beneath the open sky, near the foot of a mountain, everywhere making their songs their solace. "At length" (to use the simple words of Theodoret) "they led the flock beside the banks of a neighbouring stream. They did not, like the captives of Babylon, hang up their harps on the willows; for they sang praises to their Creator in every part of His empire."*

But although we might feel tempted to linger over a scene like this, our space reminds us that we have to do rather with the subject-matter of hymns, than with their history. We therefore pass—and the transition is but from one part of the Syrian Church to another—to the more immediate consideration of the first of those volumes which lie before us—the Hymns of Ephraem Syrus. What we have just said has brought us to this point; and we need only add, by way of further preface, that the first hymnographers of the Syrian Church had clothed Gnosticism in a veil of splendid imagery, and captivated the hearts of many by their

beautiful Oriental mysticism. It was then that Ephraem of Edessa applied himself to the work of purging Syrian sacred literature from its corruptions, by the infusion of better and holier poetry. His songs are said to have been twelve times as numerous as those of Solomon, but they are quite free from the tenuity which usually accompanies poetic exuberance. They consist partly of hymns, partly of metrical homilies—both, so far as we can understand, rhythmical and not metrical. We have merely to do at present with that small portion of them which is contained in Dr. Burgess' volume.

The first point which strikes us is their remarkable union of the highest poetry with the simplest piety: we seem to tread new ground—we seem to stand on the spot where philosophy and poetry and religion have met together, each in its own beauty, each discharging its proper function. We are carried back to the palm-groves of ancient Syria, and breathe their fresh, free atmosphere, away from the turmoil and conflict of later days. Turmoil and conflict there were indeed then; but there were oases in the desert, where apostolic Christianity grew in strength—where the pure faith lived in all its first purity. Alas! there are few such oases now; and the truth presses on us, that there were few such oases even then. This makes us the gladder when the voices of Christ's real soldiers in the fourth century are borne above the battle din of ages, to comfort and instruct us as we fight the same fight in these modern times. All that, without a knowledge of the corruptions which have sullied the Church of Christ since her Lord ascended, we might have *a priori* expected from early Christian poetry, is found in the hymns under our notice. For instance, we should have expected simplicity—we have it here; we should have expected charity—we have it here. The spirit of charity, indeed, which runs throughout them, is shown to be genuine by its multiformity: in one place it assumes the shape of deep and earnest longing for another's salvation; in another place it displays itself in warm and tender affection, comforting the mourner with sweet thoughts of heaven, healing the broken-hearted with the balm of Christian love. To take one short example, how much precious consolation is wrapt up in simple words like these:—

"The Just One saw that iniquity increased on earth,
And that sin had dominion over all men;
And sent His messenger and removed
A multitude of fair little ones,
And called them to the pavilion of happiness.

* Theodoret, *Ecol. Hist.*, iv. 25 (ed. Gaisf.) Oxon: 1839.

"Like lilies taken from the wilderness
Children are planted in paradise;
And like pearls in diadems
Children are inserted in the kingdom;
And without ceasing shall hymn forth praise."

The second great feature which we especially admire, is the manner in which early Christian ideas are treated in these hymns. Christian poets are often fonder of their poetry than of their piety; they give us elaborate thoughts and exquisite metaphors, which are both usually rather adapted to Christianity than taken from it. We hold that a Christian hymnographer will find scope enough for any powers which he may possess, if he makes his faith in some one of its infinite phases the groundwork on which to build his thoughts or his fancies. We expect from him not so much new matter, as old matter in a new dress, under new aspects: we want poetry brought into the service of religion, and we do not want to see Christianity standing as a mere liegeman of poetry. Ephraem Syrus has almost invariably kept the golden mean: a pure spirit seems to have accompanied his imagination on its every flight: he writes as if borne aloft on angels' wings; as if he heard the inner harmonies of nature, and listened to that jubilant voice which is ever rising up from all creation to its God. The notions of Neo-Platonism found much of their success in the way in which the most comforting aspects of Christianity were clothed by Oriental imaginations, and suited to the religious sentiments of the Oriental mind. Ephraem availed himself largely of this. To illustrate what we are saying, let us take the thought which gladdened so many in the midst of their affliction or persecution; which inspired so many to fight manfully for Christ—the thought of the happiness of departed spirits. The Christians of those days were often brought by their faith into a battlefield of carnal warfare, where they were daily liable to death; their pilgrimage was often so wearisome, that the pilgrims dropped down on the road, and passed at a moment's notice to their rest. And thus with death around them on every side, mowing down the most loved ones like grass, they began to look upon themselves as, in a sense, already dead, as already sharers in the communion of the saints in light. Their interpreter, Ephraem, in these hymns, proceeds upon the basis of a Platonic, or rather Neo-Platonic, psychology, imagining the soul to be furnished with wings, with which, when purified, it is able to rise above the world of sense; and that the object of a holy life is to give these wings their pristine strength, so that when the soul is finally re-

leased from its prison-house it may literally rise to the life immortal. On leaving the body, it is conceived as finding itself suddenly naked in the wild wastes of infinite space, tossed hither and thither in the unutterable anguish of terrible distraction. And then angels' wings were crossed to bear it, and the arm of the Omnipotent was held forth to shield it, and the spirit rode thus royally to the city of God. And here came in another Oriental notion—that the adamant hills which encircled Paradise, were fringed at their base by a sea of fire, which—

"Swelling with tumultuous roar,
Beat the rocks with golden surges, fathomless for evermore."

Nor have we to look far to discover the most beautiful resemblances between these hymns and those of later kinds. We are reminded on almost every page of some precious treasure in the stores of later hymnology; not that the modes of expression are exactly coincident, but that the thoughts and ideas which underlie the outward form of words, are manifestly the same. In some cases, the similarity is to be accounted for by the fact of their both springing from the same fountain of God's word; but in by far the majority of instances, they are both drawn from that living fountain which dwells in each believer. We select an instance, almost at random. The morning hymn runs—

"Thou hast given the daytime
For business and labour,
And that we may provide
All useful things.

.....
Thou hast appointed a returning
To the children of men,
And all living creatures
In the time of evening."

Compare this with the Bishop Heber's morning hymn—

"God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night."

Or, again, with (we think) Keble's hymn—

"Father! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour;
Light hath vanished, labours cease,
Weary mortals rest in peace."

The feelings which are expressed in various places with regard to the Judgment-day, are very similar to those embodied in the

grand mediæval hymn, the *Dies Iræ*,—feelings not so much of joy at the advent of the Saviour, as of shuddering bewilderment at the thought of mercy needed. One of Ephraem's hymns begins—

"How saddened is the sinner
In his heart at that hour,
When the King—Messiah shall sit
Upon His dreadful judgment-seat!"

These words, if put into metre, would be exactly like the second verse of the *Dies Iræ*,—

"O what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth!"

But our space warns us, that it is time to leave the songs of Syria for those of Western Europe.

In many cases, hymns like these were the sole conservatives of Gospel truth when heterodoxy grew and flourished beneath the Papal influence. They were themselves too pure to be defiled by Romish contaminations; and although hymn after hymn was added to swell the aggregate by those whose faith succumbed to their superstition, yet these have come down to us in all the splendour of their first purity. So far from rejecting them, we ought rather to love them the more, because they flowed with clear and living stream through the barren wastes of Popery, until at length Popery gathered up her strength in a useless effort to taint them. As the Romish Church added dogma after dogma to her creed, her lustre gradually faded from her hymnal, until at last all that her votaries could produce were fulsome laudations of the saints, and idolatrous invocations of Mary; but the two classes of hymns must ever be kept distinct; it is easy to recognize at a glance the difference between the voices of a Christian soul, and the panegyrics of false dogmas and imagined demi-gods.

We have now to deal with an objection to Latin hymns—the supposed faultiness of their language.

Latin poetry is accused of having perverted the language in a manner alien to its spirit; of having trampled beneath its feet existing grammatical forms; of having, in short, converted into a mere patois what once was polished and elegant, and "Augustan." Hence, there are many learned men who are content to look upon the languages of these hymns much in the same light as the ghost of Demosthenes would look upon the briefs of modern Athenian barristers. We aver, on the contrary, that so far from

corrupting Latin, Christianity gave it a new strength, for, by increasing its flexibility, it increased its power of expressing thought, and therefore its power as a language. The glorious truths of Christianity, so utterly foreign to the religious ideas of pagan Rome, could not be moulded in the phrases which had their one original meaning firmly embedded in the Roman mind. The incarnation, the resurrection of the dead, justification, regeneration, may be quoted as examples of doctrines which, so far from fitting in with any words in actual use, could not have been at all adequately expressed by the most lengthy periphrases. Therefore, new words were invented, or, where possible, old ones had an entirely new signification applied to them. Mr. Trench's eloquent words state the case very forcibly:—

"But it is otherwise in regard of the Latin language. That, when the Church arose, requiring of it to be the organ of her divine words, to tell out all the new, and as yet undreamt of, which was stirring in her bosom; demanding of it that it should reach her needs—needs which had hardly or not at all existed—while the language was in process of formation, that was already full formed, had reached its climacteric, and was indeed verging, though as yet imperceptibly, toward decay, with all the stiffness of commencing age already upon it. Such the Church found it—something to which a new life might be imparted, but the first life of which was already overlived. She found it a garment, narrower than she could wrap herself withal, and yet the only one within reach. But she did not forego the expectation of one day obtaining all which she wanted, nor yet even, for the present, did she sit down contented with the inadequate and insufficient. Herself young, and having the spirit of life, she knew that the future was her own—that she was set in the world for this very purpose of making all things new—that what she needed and did not find, there must lie in her the power of educating from herself—that, however, not all at once, yet little by little, she could weave whatever vestments were required by her for her comeliness and beauty. And we do observe the language, under the new influence, as at the breath of a second spring, putting itself forth anew, the meaning of words enlarging and dilating, old words coming to be used in new significations, obsolete words reviving, new words being coined,—with much in all this to offend the classical taste, which yet, being inevitable, ought not to offend, and of which the gains far more than compensated the losses. There was a new thing, and that being so, it needed that there should be a new utterance as well. To be offended with this is, in truth, to be offended with Christianity, which made this to be inevitable."—(*Sacred Latin Poetry*. Introd., pp. v. vi.)

Christianity, we know well, was at first not the religion of the Court: it grew up

in the lanes and alleys of the metropolis, not in its palaces. Hence, with the exception of those new-coined phrases which formed part of the Christian catechesis, the language of ordinary life was the currency of Christian intercourse—we may assume, also, of Christian teaching. For, to have their due effect on the minds of ordinary men, Christian truths—whether in hymns or homilies—had to be framed in ordinary language, and to employ the grammar of common life, which, as is abundantly proved by the Pompeian and other inscriptions, was different in many respects from the grammar of the educated classes, the prepositions, for instance, being used almost “*ad libitum*.” These hymns, therefore, are often very different in their phraseology from the compositions of the Court poets, just as the actual “lays of the cavaliers” were different from the polished rhymes of Aytoun.

But we are told by many Latin scholars, that they could overlook the syntax of these hymns, if they could forgive their prosody. The objection rests, on two grounds—firstly, because most Latin hymns do not happen to be in the same metres as the heathen poems; secondly, because most Latin hymns substitute accent for quantity. To this twofold objection we have a twofold answer. In the first place, we contend that the hymnographers had a perfect right to choose what metres they pleased for their compositions, and that the standard which they themselves set up, is the standard whereby they ought to be judged. We have no right to find fault with Tennyson because he did not write his “*In Memoriam*” in decasyllabic couplets, or with Coleridge, because, in his “*Christabel*,” he gave up syllabic scansion altogether. We grant that it is lawful for us to form our own judgment with regard to the metre which is adopted, or the method of scansion on which it is based; but if these two points are satisfactorily settled, we must claim the right of every poet to mould his thoughts in whatever form of words he may consider most suitable to them.

And we must urge, in the second place, not merely that the Latin hymnographers had full liberty to throw off the shackles of the old prosody, but that it was absolutely necessary for them to do so. With regard to the metres, there were few, if any, which had not been profaned by the licentiousness of the heathen poets—there was scarcely one which had not formed the garb of some unholy song in praise of Venus or Apollo—which was not well known in the streets of Rome, by the nightly revellings of the dissolute and profligate. It was impossible that

the early Christians should be content to use, in the service of God, the metres or “tunes” which could not but remind them of the worst features of the heathenism which they had utterly forsaken. They who shrank so scrupulously from the slightest participation in the wickedness around them, could least of all give way in such a point as this—a point which involved the partial sacrifice of what was most dear to them—the purity of their worship. Who among us would not shrink from singing the psalms to some profane ditty taken from the theatre or the gin-palace? and yet this was the light in which the early Christians could not help regarding the metres in which modern critics find so much exquisite beauty. Indeed, we may marvel that, instead of renouncing these old metres by degrees, the hymnographers did not throw them off at once. They doubtless would have done so, if they had been fully conscious of the power which each succeeding age was to unveil more and more, until at length the arm was laid bare which could raise an entirely new edifice of Christian poetry on the ruins of the temples of heathen song.

And there is a still more important consideration which we have not hitherto touched upon, but which, in our opinion, fully settles the question before us. The Christian poets could not be content to shackle themselves in a cold, lifeless form, which was utterly powerless to stir up the heart from its inmost depths, or to elevate the soul. They needed some melody which would ring through the mind’s most secluded chambers—which would amalgamate with thought in indissoluble union, and force its way into the soul of the hearer, without the possibility of resistance. They found no such power in the old lyric metres; they found no possibility of ever adopting the sacred truths of their faith to those series of nicely-modulated syllables, and exquisite felicities of expression, which constitute the body of Latin poetry.

As Mr. Trench observes:—

“The Christian poets were in holy earnest; a versification, therefore, could no longer be endured attached with no living bonds to the thoughts, in which sense and sound had no real correspondence with one another.—(INTRODUCTION, p. 8.)

They found what they needed in the substitution of accent for quantity, and in the use of rhyme in the middle or at the end of the verse; and so, by slow degrees, these changes were effected, until at length the voice of jubilant melody could break forth in a metre like the following, which Mr.

Neale has succeeded in transferring, with great accuracy and beauty, from Latin into English:—

"Sing my tongue the glorious battle, with completed victory rise:

And above the Cross' trophy, tell the triumph of the strife;

How the world's Redeemer's conquered, by surrendering of His life."

And if at times these Christian hymnographers seized upon the decaying corpse of the old prosody, they reanimated it; they robed it in a marvellous strength. We think that the most wonderful poem ever written, as regards the mere mechanism of its composition, is one by Bernard of Clugni, "*De Contemptu mundi*," which consists of *three thousand hexameter lines, each having a triple rhyme*: its beauty is not confined, as we shall afterwards show, to its metre, but we feel constrained to quote a few lines now for the benefit of those among our learned readers who may not as yet have seen it:—

"Stant Syon atria, conjubilantia, martyre plena,
Civē micantia, principe stantia, luce serena;
Est ibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus
albis,

Sunt sine flatibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almīs,
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine
lite,

In Syon ædibus editoribus Israëlitis."

We pass now to the consideration of the hymns themselves in their general character.

The first great feature is their extreme *subjectivity*. It has been said that simple adoration, unalloyed by any thought of self, is the most fitting homage to the Deity—that we should praise God absolutely, not relatively, to us. Such thanksgiving may become angels, but surely it cannot become men; as fallen beings we can only offer up acceptable praises through the Redeemer, and therefore every act of praise must mediate or immediately bear some reference to the redemption. And in a state of transition, where temptations assail us at every step, where Divine support is needed every moment, our praise must more or less be mingled with prayer; if we ascribe Him strength, it must be that He may make us strong; if we give Him the glory, it must be that He may glorify His name in us; if we thank Him for grace, it must be that He may continue to fill us with the spirit of grace. This is the character which is so strongly stamped on Latin hymns; the personal feeling of the writer clings to every idea, the doxology is made to tell at once

upon the heart. We are speaking more especially of the purer Latin hymns; the case was sometimes altered; for an entirely opposite tendency gradually insinuated itself into Western psalmody—a tendency to make hymns the expression, not of Christian feeling, but of dogmatic theology—a tendency which crippled their power and stunted their growth. And yet it is to be marked how spiritual Christianity continually rose up in rebellion against this—how sometimes a solitary hymn shines bright like a solitary star amid the night-gloom which was creeping up the sky. Take, for example, these stanzas as a specimen of a hymn which was written by Bernard of Clairvaux—the restless monk who could convulse all Christendom with the thunders of his oratory, and then sit down in the calmness of his seclusion, to pen words like these:—

"Jesu! the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?
No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness:
Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.
O Jesu! King of wondrous might!
O victor glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!"

(*Hymnal Noted*, p. 45.)

Verses such as these are very different, even in a mere æsthetical point of view, from the compositions which gathered so much strength in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and which were fostered by the Romish Church, like so many noxious weeds, in the garden where these flowers had grown. There was little or no subjectivity in them, and what there was, consisted of a mere "*ora pro nobis*" at the end of a long catalogue of the virtues of a St. Veronica or St. Landeline. To show that we do not exaggerate, when we thus contrast the offshoots of Popery with the purer effusions of Christian spirit, we give one stanza, which we have selected at random, from a hundred similar ones:—

"Salva sancta facies
Nostri redemptoris,
In que nitet species
Divini splendoris,
Impressa panniculo;
Nivei candoris,
Datæque veronica
Ob signum amoris."

There was another phase of the subjectivity of Latin hymns which we must not neglect to notice. The writers were not con-

tent simply to express, in sacred verse, the feelings which they shared in common with all true Christians, under the influence of ordinary circumstances. They went further than this: they frequently so stamped their own peculiar emotions on their compositions, that, as in the Psalms of David, internal evidence furnishes a clue to their history. It is delightful to be able here and there, among the shades of that gathering gloom, to recognize a Christian brother, whose soul has been impressed upon some words which can make music in our hearts even now—which gleam forth with the fullest glory of true Christianity, and yet have their own individual tale of conflict, or of comfort. There is an exquisite hymn, for example, which was written by King Robert of France—a man who seems to have found his crown a burden, who had been tossed about from year to year in a restless tempest of persecution and calamity, and who cries to the Comforter to give him strength to stand, in a hymn which we should have quoted, if it could have been at all adequately rendered in English. Our learned readers will find it given in Mr. Trench's volume: we can only say of it, that it shows very beautifully how the writer had been made patient through suffering, how his gentle spirit had been rendered more gentle still by its conquest of the selfish unlovingness around it.

We must now speak of the *symbolism* which forms the second great characteristic of Latin hymns; and in approaching the subject, we feel that it requires much caution. We do not think that symbolism is dangerous in itself, for it is the gratification of that mysterious craving of our souls which prompts us to look for the infinite in the finite,—for some sign of the finger of the Eternal on the corruptible things around us. Hence arises the love of symbols, and so far as they merely serve thus to *remind* the soul of something higher, so far, in other words, as the connection between the symbol and the thing symbolized is regarded as *conceptual* and not *real*, they may perhaps be useful. But the transition is not difficult, and to unthinking minds would be almost imperceptible. The attributes of the thing symbolized seem to attach themselves, in process of time, to its earthly representative, and soon become inseparable from it. This is what we have to notice in mediæval symbolism—there is the gradual substitution of the type for the antitype—the gradual forgetting of the nature of the symbol, until at last the lesser and the greater are fused together, and the whole truth involved in hopeless error. In fact, the errors of later mediæval sym-

bolism, partly because they were more palpable to a superficial investigation, and partly because they have been retained by the Romish Church, have been regarded as stamping mediæval symbolism universally with an indelible brand of superstition, and even idolatry. There is gloom in mediæval symbolism, but there is also light. The hymns on which this feature of the age is stamped are of different shades—they vary from the intense brightness of pure Christianity to the intense darkness of unmingled Popery. We must not, however, judge the one class by the other—we must not suppose that all are equally infected—for we shall find that the true symbolism of some of these hymns has a great effect upon the heart; that, like the symbolism of the Bible, it strikes the feelings at once, and therefore does its work completely. To take the case of the Cross, which will probably serve as an example of one of the points of mediæval symbolism which are most generally misunderstood. In the early days of Christianity, it was adopted almost universally among Christians as a symbol of the Redemption—not because there was any necessary connection between the two—any other conventional symbol would have served the purpose equally well. We meet with it a little beyond this use, when, as the oriflamme in the Vanguard of the Church's Host, it was celebrated thus:—

"The Royal Banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow; '
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid."
(*Hymnal Noted*, p. 51.)

But this was the Rubicon. Beyond this, where the dark wilds of superstition, but no fears, on that account, deterred the later hymnographers from rushing forward. They boldly apostrophised the Cross in words which Mr. Neale has rendered thus:—

"Faithful Cross! above all other, one and only
noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit
thy peers may be!
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron, sweetest weight*
is hung on thee!
Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory! Thy re-
laxing *sineus* bend!
And awhile the ancient rigour that Thy birth
bestowed suspend;

* Mr. Neale is, in this instance, "*Romanis ipsis paulo Romanior*," for Father Caswall is content with—

"Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,
Laden with so sweet a load."

And the King of heavenly beauty on Thy bosom gently bend."

(Hymnal Noted, p. 54.)

We feel compelled to pause a moment, and marvel at the unblushing audacity which has led an English clergyman to intrude nonsense like this into a hymnal, which, but for this and similar blots (such as the "roseate" blood of Christ, p. 65) would be unequalled for beauty. We pause, for it is a sad and pitiable case,—the case of one who can so completely enslave his great abilities as a translator to the production of versions such as these. Sweet wood and sweet iron: does Mr. Neale mean literal "sweet" wood and iron, or metaphorical "sweet" wood and iron, for really we scarcely know which is least absurd? And who ever heard of a tree's sinews, and still less of the Cross's sinews? and why should our Lord's body be called a "sweet" body? We beg to assure Mr. Neale that if he has any desire to revive Latin hymns in this country, he will not do so by dragging forth from the sepulchre of Popish darkness words which are utterly revolting, not merely to our feelings as Protestants, but to our common sense as Britons.

We must notice, though our space compels us to be brief, a very important branch of the symbolism of Latin hymns. We refer to their interpretation of the Old Testament. Of symbolistic interpreters, Adam of St. Victor is undoubtedly the prince. He seems to consider each minutest incident in the Old Testament history as a mirror in which was reflected some Christian truth; but his analogies, although often beautiful and always ingenious, are, for the most part, very much overstrained. The following specimen will show his average style better than any lengthened remarks:—

"Christ the prey hath here unbound
From the foe that girt us round—[1 SAM. xxiii.
24-26.]

Which in Samson's deed is found
When the lion he had slain—[JUDGES xiv.
5, 6.]

David, in his Father's cause,
From the lion's hungry jaws
And the bear's devouring paws,
Hath seth free his flock again—[1 SAM. xvii.
34-36.]

He that thousands slew by dying—[JUDGES xvi.
30.]

Samson, Christ is typifying,
Who by death overcame his foes.

Samson, by interpretation,
Is "their SUNLIGHT:" our salvation
Thus hath brought illumination
To the elect on whom He rose.
From the Cross's pole of glory—[The Spies,
NUMB. xiii. 23.]

Flows the must of ancient story

In the church's wine-vat stored:
From the press now trodden duly
Gentile first-fruits, gathered newly,
Drink the precious liquor poured."

Another prominent characteristic of Latin ecclesiastical poetry, is the power with which it compresses grand ideas into single phrases, wrapping up into condensed expressions thoughts which theologians would expand into volumes. It is this which has given modern poetry its power over the heart. And we think that it is in this way only that many great truths can reach our hearts with any real force. Our intellects may be convinced by logic or by intuition, but neither of them can reach the heart. That requires something more forcible, more impressive, and in this kind of poetry, its needs have their fulfilment, for one of these condensed expressions comes upon it, not like a congeries of faint tintinnabulations, but like the knell of some mighty tocsin which it "cannot choose but hear," sounding up as it does from the depths of time in tones of warning or encouragement, bidding us array ourselves for conflict, or chant to God for victory.

We have before alluded to the symbolism which characterizes the hymns of Adam of St. Victor, we must now quote him as the hymnographer in whom this expressiveness of which we are speaking found probably its fullest development. What Bengel is in exegesis, Adam of St. Victor is in hymnology. We are sure of finding a terseness in almost every phrase veiling an exceeding beauty of sentiment. Take, for instance, this stanza on John the Baptist:—

"Ardens fide, verbo lucens,
Et ad veram lucem ducens
Multa docet millia.
Non lux iste, sed lucerna,
Christus vero lux æterna,
Lux illustrans omnia."

It can hardly be denied, however, that this love of concentrating force into single expressions, is sometimes carried too far; we mean when phrases of this kind are piled one upon another, until they form a poem rather than a hymn. This is undoubtedly a fault, because it, to a great extent, unfits the hymn for Christian worship—the worship where the learned and the unlearned meet together, and where no distinction of class can properly be maintained. Even granting that intellectual Christians may have for private devotion hymns suited to their capacities, still we are inclined to think that it is possible so to strain the intellect as to exclude the heart from exercising its rightful function. For heart-worship

is ever the truest. Abelard's aphorism, "Fides præcedit intellectum," cannot be disputed by any one who has known the ceaselessness of conflict which commences when once the intellect usurps the supremacy. We have advocated the subjectivity of Latin hymns; we have defended, to some extent, their symbolism; we have commended their expressiveness, simply because of the power which each of these characteristics, especially in combination, wields over the heart; and, therefore, when we find that some of these Victorine hymns fail in producing this effect, because of their overwrought elaborateness, we must hesitate before we include them in our eulogy as *hymns*, whatever may be the admiration which is due from us on account of their exquisite beauty as *poems*. The simple melody of the Ambrosian hymns frequently gathers up its strength, and strikes upon our hearts with a wonderful force. This leads us to think that, as hymns, they are far preferable to those which are moulded in the Victorine school, for their beauty is such as all can appreciate, from the highest to the lowest, and their power is such as all must feel who have not resolutely barred the gates of their heart's citadel against the entrance of any Christian sentiment whatever. For example, in a hymn written by Ambrose of Milan himself, after a description of the Incarnation, the chorus suddenly strikes up—

"O, equal to the Father, Thou!
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now:
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate."

Or, similarly, in another hymn—

"Be Thou our joy, and Thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward;
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be."

These three characteristics are the only ones which seem prominently to attach themselves to the great body of Latin hymns, and we must contend that the presence even of these three—their subjectivity, their symbolism, and their expressiveness—furnishes one of the strongest arguments in their favour, for these are the great essentials to real heart-stirring hymns, whether they be doxological or didactic.

There are, however, a few Latin hymns which stand eminently above the rest, and therefore claim special attention: on some of these we shall now briefly touch. In chronological order, the first which strikes us is a hymn attributed by a preponderance of

authorities to Augustine, and in every respect worthy of the prince of Latin theologians. Our readers shall judge of it, at least a portion of it, for themselves: its subject, as they will perceive, is the joys of Paradise:—

"Winter braming—summer flaming,
There relax their blustering,
And sweet roses ever blooming
Make an everlasting spring.
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

"There nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun, nor stars in courses bright,
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

"For the saints in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure,
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours,
Joy in unison secure,
And in safety tell their battles,
And their foe's discomfiture.

"Here they live in endless being,
Passingness has passed away;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed is all decay:
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant sway."
(*Medieval Hymns*, etc., p. 59.)

With these stanzas we cannot but compare a hymn, to which we have before alluded, to point out the marvellousness of its metre. The following is a faint and feeble echo of a few lines of Bernard's long poem:—

"To thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one! O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy power;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

They stand those halls of Syon
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen:
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white."
(*Medieval Hymns*, etc., pp. 55-57)

A considerable number of Latin hymns is classed under the general title of "Sequences," a term primarily applied, as Mr. Neale informs us, to words composed to fit in with the Gregorian prolongation of the "Alleluia." They were first written in the tenth century. We are anxious rather to introduce Latin hymns to our readers than to theorize about them, and therefore we shall make no apology for quoting rather than describing them. The first example which we shall give of a sequence, exhibits their more primitive form. It is full of an admirable simplicity, which has ten times the power of an elaborate complexity, doing effectually the work which we maintain that Latin hymns are especially calculated to do—the work of stirring up the soul, and preaching to the heart. We may notice, in this instance too, how great a remove there is from the Mariolatry of later times, and even of later hymns, the "Stabat Mater," for example. The ruggedness of the English metre is a close imitation of the original:—

"Death and life,
In wondrous strife,
Came to conflict sharp and sore:
Life's Monarch, He that died, now dies no more.
What thou sawest, Mary, say,
As thou wentest on thy way?
'I saw the slain One's earthly prison;
I saw the glory of the Risen;
The witness-angels by the cave,
And the garments of the grave.
The Lord, my hope, hath risen: and He shall go
before to Galilee.'
We know that Christ is risen from death
indeed,
Thou victor Monarch, for thy suppliant
plead."

(*Hymnal Noted*, p. 63.)

We have reserved until now, as the copestone of our quotations, a sequence which stands unequalled among sacred metrical compositions,—we refer to the "*Dies Iræ*," of Thomas de Celano. Unearthly in its pathos—magnificent in its diction—thrilling in its versification—it comes upon our souls with the sweep of a rushing wind, lifting them up on its breast of swelling might until they seem to be already hearing the first note of the archangel's trump as it echoes up from the realms of infinity, and momentarily expecting it to ring fully through the abodes of quick and dead. If we seek for an instance of the force of subjectivity, we find it in its fulness here; if we seek to know the power of words, we have here the very limit of expressiveness, and these two are welded together firmly and indissolubly by a metre which will serve at once as the best apology for the renunciation of classicism, and the best example of the heartfelt significance of Christian Latinity. Until Dr. Irons' version appeared in the *Hymnal Noted*, English readers had been entirely without a translation which gave even a tenth rate lithograph (if we may use the expression) of this gorgeous picture, and we regret that it is only popularly known through such corrupted media. The version of which we speak has, however, left little to be desired, since it faithfully represents not merely the language, but also the metre, and what is more, the rhyming triplet of the original. We feel compelled to quote its more striking verses, referring our readers to Daniel's "*Thesaurus*,"* or Mr. Trench's "*Sacred Latin Poetry*."

"Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See! once more the cross returning,
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

"O what fear man's bosom rendeth!
When from heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

"Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!

"Death is struck and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

"What shall I, frail man be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
When the just are mercy needing.

* We think that Daniel's will continue to be the best work of reference for ordinary purposes, embracing, as it does, not merely Western, but also Eastern hymnology, although, in some respects, the new German "*Hymni Latini Medii Ævi*, Edid. F. J. Mone" will be more complete.

"King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

"Think! kind Jesu, my salvation,
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

"Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suff'ring bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

"Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion!

"Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

"Low I kneel with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

"Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning:
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem—Amen."

But now we must close our brief sketch of Latin hymnology. We had intended to have pursued the subject further, by tracing the coincidences between the voices of the Christian life in those ages, and the voices of the Christian life in later times, but our limits compel us to forbear.

ART. IX.—1. *The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, its Nature and Proof.* Eight Discourses preached before the University of Dublin. By WILLIAM LEE, M.A. London: Rivington. 1854.

2. *The Inspiration of Holy Scripture.* Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. LORD ARTHUR HERVEY, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1856.

3. *The Doctrine of Inspiration. Being an Inquiry concerning the Infallibility, Inspiration, and Authority of Holy Writ.* By the Rev. JOHN MACNAUGHT, M.A. London: Longman. 1856.

4. *Inspiration a Reality: or a Vindication of the Plenary Inspiration and Infallible Authority of Holy Scripture, in reply to a Book lately published by the Rev. J. Macnaught.* By the Rev. JOSIAH B. LOWE, A.B. London: Longman. 1856.

5. *The Infallibility of Holy Scripture.* A Lecture in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Tuesday, April 7, 1857. By ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D. Manchester: Wm. Bremner.

"HAVE you seen," says the late Dr. Arnold, in one of his letters to Mr. Justice Coleridge, "your uncle's *Letters on Inspiration*, which, I believe, are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions,—the greatest, perhaps, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility."

We believe that Dr. Arnold's estimate of the importance of the question of the nature and measure of that authority that is to be ascribed to inspired scripture is not an over-estimated one. From the very nature of the case, indeed, the inquiry as to whether or not we have an infallible interpreter of the record which claims to rule our belief and our conduct, is a secondary and inferior one to the inquiry whether we have a record at all entitled to make such a claim. There is a previous and a higher question to be settled before we need trouble ourselves about the infallibility to be conceded to the word of Pope or council. We must see whether there is any infallibility at all to be ascribed to the Word of God; and, without being guilty of forming any under-estimate of the results of the discovery which the world made when Luther challenged and overthrew the authority of the Pope, we may rest assured that history will have to write upon its page results stranger and more momentous still, when the discovery shall come to be made and acknowledged, that the Church has been wrong from the beginning, and that men have really no standard of truth apart from their own nature, and distinguished by the two marks of infallible certainty and Divine authority.

The posthumous work of Coleridge, to which Dr. Arnold alludes, has given currency in this country to principles and views on the subject of the Inspiration of Scripture unfamiliar to British theology before, and which Coleridge only borrowed and translated from Germany. The influence of his name and school has, to no inconsiderable extent, gained for them popularity and acceptance both within and without the Church, and they have been zealously advocated and disseminated by the band of remarkable men, consisting of Arnold, Hare, Maurice, Morell, and others, who sat

at his feet, and were trained more or less in his habits of thinking; and yet never was there a book less entitled than the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit" to the honour of effecting a revolution in theology, or becoming the manifesto of any school of inquirers accustomed to habits of sound and accurate reasoning. With not a little to remind us of the reach and originality of thought which distinguish the other writings of Coleridge, it is marked to a most vicious excess with looseness and inaccuracy of conception; it betrays a painful ignorance of the main facts and fundamental principles involved in the question at issue; and, by the confident, but impotent attempt which he makes to marry a mystical philosophy to an unsound theology, he only shows that he has strayed into a province of speculation with whose guiding landmarks he was completely unacquainted. Nor is this failure to grasp, and inability to deal with, the necessary conditions of the problem to be solved, so conspicuous in Coleridge's discussion of the doctrine of inspiration, altogether due to his limited and defective preparation for dealing with the subject; it is in no small measure to be attributed to the exigencies of his position and argument. In bondage to the school and habits of a merely subjective philosophy, and bent on reducing and assimilating his theology to the same standard and form, his very position imposed upon him the temptation, or rather the necessity, of discarding almost everything objective from his doctrine of inspiration, and even of revelation. In doing this, he has of necessity missed the real point in debate, and substituted for that ancient article of the Church, which asserts an external revelation and a real inspiration of it, the modern theory of an inward and subjective illumination. The same subjective tendencies have led to similar results in the case of almost every writer in recent times, who has rejected and repudiated the former doctrine on the subject of the infallibility of Scripture. Under the name of revelation, or under the name of inspiration, they have advocated and disguised principles and views, which, in one shape or other, and to a greater or less extent, evacuate both of the objective element that truly belongs to them, and make revelation to be no longer a real communication coming to man *ab extra*, and from God, but only a discovery of truth generated within himself; and inspiration to be no longer a supernatural influence from above, guiding and qualifying a prophet truly to record the revelation given, but only the inward illumination of his nature to enable him to ap-

prehend it. It is one of the prominent and remarkable features of this controversy that ancient names no longer stand for the ancient things which before they expressed, and that in the vocabulary of recent discussions the terms, *revelation* and *inspiration*, have so entirely changed their signification as to mean the very opposite well nigh of what they meant before. Under the shelter of this ambiguity, a considerable portion of the argument or declamation of recent opponents of Scripture infallibility, amounts to not much more than an attempt—often-times a dexterous, though it may be unconscious one—to shift the conditions of the problem, and misstate the *status questionis*. Without attempting, then, to traverse the wide field which the question of the inspiration of Scripture opens up, or to enter into details, which, on such a subject, it would be impossible and endless to do, it may not be unimportant to endeavour to indicate the position which the advocates of a plenary inspiration desire and undertake to defend, and to point out the general principles of argument and evidence by which the controversy must be adjudged.

These two propositions, taken together, exhibit, as we believe, the substance of the immemorial and all but universal doctrine of the Church of Christ in regard to the inspired Scriptures. In the *first place*, they contain a communication of truth from God, supernaturally given to man; and in the *second place*, they contain that truth supernaturally transferred to human language, and therefore free from all mixture or addition of error. These two propositions make up the whole of that doctrine on the subject of inspiration, for which it is necessary or important to contend, and embody or imply all that we mean by the assertion, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are all, and are alone, the infallible Word of God. It is plain that these two positions are perfectly distinct and different from each other, and the one of them may be maintained while the other is denied. But the two taken together, and not disjoined, are necessary to make up the full idea of inspired Scripture, which is virtually denied in its true import, when the one or the other is rejected. The distinction between the two things, which we call respectively a *revelation* and an *inspiration*, has often been pointed out with more or less accuracy, and is essential to a right understanding of the controversy; but it has still oftener been overlooked, or partially set aside; and the mistake has occasioned much misunderstanding and confusion in the adjustment of the question at issue. The two are to be dis-

tinguished both as regards their own nature and the historical fact of their being given to men. Revelation refers to the idea originally dwelling in the Divine mind, and then supernaturally communicated or presented to the mind of the prophet who receives it. Inspiration refers to the process by which the prophet was supernaturally enabled, without failure or defect, to transfer the idea or truth, thus given him from God, to the oral or written language in which it might become accessible to others. Revelation may exist without inspiration, and, in point of fact, is found in those cases recorded in Scripture, in which communications were made from God to His creatures, meant for themselves alone, and not for others; and which were either never communicated to others at all, or communicated without the supernatural aid which would have excluded error or defect in the communication. We can easily conceive that the whole of the revelation given by God might have been given upon this latter principle, thus exhibiting the example of a real and true communication from God to the recipient, but a communication afterwards left to the chance of being made known, wholly or partially, perfectly or imperfectly, to others, by the merely natural powers of memory and judgment and expression of the human instrument. This is quite a conceivable case. But as prophets received the word of revelation, not for themselves, but for others; as it was primarily intended for the benefit, not of the one to whom it was originally given, but of the many who were to take it from his hands; as it was more important by far that it should be transmitted in infallible purity to the whole of mankind, than to the few who were made the instruments of transmitting it,—we would have been entitled, independently of the direct evidence to the fact, to argue, with the strongest probability, that the revelation which, in a supernatural manner, was transferred *ab extra* from the mind of God to the mind of the prophet at first, would be, in a manner not more supernatural, again transferred with equal purity to that infallible record from which it might shine upon the minds of others. The advocates of a plenary inspiration believe that they find direct evidence in the Word of God to bear out this conclusion; and they maintain that the Scriptures therefore are not only a supernatural revelation from God, but also a supernatural inspiration by God.

The very import of these two propositions, which embody the ancient and orthodox doctrine of the Church on the subject discountenances, or rather forbids, the at-

tempt, made by too many, to explain the manner or form in which the revelation and inspiration were effected. Both processes are supernatural, and, because they are so, cannot be explained. From the very nature of the case, we must be contented to know nothing of the “divers manners” in which the Divine influence came upon and overshadowed those holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We have no sympathy with those writers, who, like Dr. Henderson, parcel out the supernatural influences of the Spirit into artificial and purely hypothetical modes of action, and tell us minutely when the revelation came to the prophet by “direct internal suggestion,” and when by “audible articulate sounds,” and when again by “Urim and Thummim,” and how often by “dreams” and at what time by “visions,” and when, once more, by the “reappearance of the departed.”* We have a more serious objection to this pretended explanation of the supernatural, than merely that the explainer is wearying himself in vain by attempting to do what cannot be done, and to render intelligible what must ever be mysterious. We believe that from this source has originated that apparent diversity in the testimony of the Church as to the inspiration of Scripture, which has been eagerly laid hold of by the opponents of it, for the purpose of alleging that that testimony was divided and contradictory as to the infallibility of the Word of God. When men begin to speculate upon the modes of the supernatural, and when theologians are tempted to dogmatise upon the manner in which the processes of revelation and inspiration were effected, it is impossible for them to speak alike, just because they speak of what they know not;—a diversity of language and opinion on the subject is unavoidable. And hence, in the case of the inspiration of Scripture, a diversity is manifest, even among those who are at one in holding the truth of an infallible Bible, when they come to speculate as to the mode in which it became infallible; opinion varying under the influence of different schools of thinking, and oscillat-

* In the work of Mr. Lee mentioned at the head of this Article, we welcome one of the most interesting and valuable contributions recently made towards a right settlement of this controversy on inspiration. But we regret to see in it a tendency in the direction above indicated, in the form of an attempt to explain what cannot be explained in the matter, as, for example, in his fourth Lecture, when he endeavours, not very successfully or intelligibly to us, to lay down the law generally observed in the development of revelation, and to describe the “character of the ecstatic condition” of the prophet who received it.

ing continually between the two opposite poles, of what has been come to be known recently, as the mechanical and dynamical theories. That unguarded and indefensible language has been employed on both sides in this matter, cannot be denied; that in many cases it embodied speculations as to the *modus agendi* of the Spirit of God in fashioning that volume which came from Him, forbidden alike by the silence of Scripture and the teaching of a sound philosophy, may be safely affirmed; but all this leaves untouched the undoubted fact, that the Church of Christ, from its earliest times, has held fast by the twofold doctrine, that the Bible is the combined and harmonious result of a revelation which conveyed to the mind of the prophet, in a supernatural manner, the truth which dwelt in the mind of God, and of an inspiration which enabled the prophet to transfer once more the truth so given him, without error or deficiency, to the page of a written record for the benefit of others.

A very moderate acquaintance with the controversy is sufficient to convince any one of how very far modern speculations in theology, both at home and abroad, have advanced in the direction of setting aside the doctrine both of a revelation from God, and of an inspiration by God, in the true sense of these terms.

In regard to a *supernatural revelation*, the plain and intelligible position of the English Deists a century and a half ago, who made nature and reason the only source of truth, and held the Bible to be a forgery, has in substance and virtually been revived under the disguise of modern speculation, while the name of Deism is disowned as bygone and obsolete. We need not refer to the extreme section of Rationalists in Germany, in whose name Wiggershieder tells us that a supernatural and miraculous revelation is a thing inconsistent with the character of God; but who still maintain a "*revelatio naturalis*," the origin of which is to be found in the native endowments of the human mind when trained under favourable circumstances, and of which revelation the Bible, after rejecting all that is supernatural in it, is to some uncertain and indefinitely small amount the possible product.* Even the school of Schleiermacher, of which it has been boasted by his admirers that it was the main instrument in elevating the religious life of Germany out of the slough of that extreme Rationalism, after rejecting the Divine authority of the Old Testament, makes revelation to reside not in the Bible but in Christ,

meaning by that, not the words that He spake, or the doctrine He preached, or the truth He communicated, but in His person; and the New Testament Scriptures are no more a communication from God, through His selected servants, than are the writings of any other Christians recording their religious views and feelings,—the inspired writers having this single advantage, that they stood in closer proximity than others to Christ, and came under the nearer effect of his personal influence. Theodore Parker, speaking from the other side of the Atlantic, and on behalf of no inconsiderable party there, tells us that "there is no difference but in words between revealed religion and natural religion,"—that "all men have direct access to God through reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment, just as we have direct access to nature through the eye, the ear, or the hand,"—that "through these channels, and by a law, certain, regular, and universal as gravitation, God inspires men, and makes a revelation of truth,"—that "this inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers, claimed by the Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, but is co-extensive with the race."† Taught by Francis Newman among ourselves, a young and rising school of theologians announce the startling discovery, harder to understand or believe than most mysteries in the Bible, that a *book revelation* is a contradiction in terms; that "an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man; and that what God reveals to us He reveals *within*, through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses."‡ And again, Mr. Morell, advancing in the same direction, avows that "the Bible cannot in strict accuracy of language be called a revelation, since a revelation always implies an actual process of intelligence in a living mind; but it contains the records in which those minds who enjoyed the preliminary training, or the first brighter revelation of Christianity, have described the scenes which awakened their religious nature to new life, and the high ideas and aspirations to which that new life gave origin."§

One and all of these theories, prominently ventilated as they have been, not only in theological discussions, but also in the current literature of the day, point in one direction; and, when legitimately and logically carried out, amount to a contradiction

* Parker's Discourses on Matters pertaining to Religion, p. 161, etc.

† The Soul. By Francis W. Newman, p. 59.

‡ Philosophy of Religion, cap. v.

* Institutiones Theologiæ, p. 57, etc.

of the article which lies at the very foundation of the Church's creed in every age, and which declares the Bible to be a proper revelation from God, in the true and ancient sense of the words. Whatever minor differences belong to such theories, they agree in this, that they all tend (consciously or unconsciously to their authors) to a denial of the objective element in revelation, making it wholly a subjective thing, and constituting man and not God the source of truth to himself. Under the teaching of such doctrines, the Bible is seen to be a revelation of knowledge *ab intus*, and not *ab extra*—a discovery by man himself of, it may be, religious truth, but not a communication of truth supernaturally granted from on high. Come from what quarter of his spiritual and intellectual being the discovery may, and aided by whatsoever happy and favourable training in the school of nature, or even of grace, still these theories virtually make man and not God the revealer, if revelation it is to be called at all. We may be indebted for the religious knowledge which has found its way into the Bible from its writers, to the "*revelatio naturalis*" which belongs to them, and to all, according to Wiggershieder, or to the "Christian consciousness" of Schleiermacher, or to the "religious sentiment" congenital to man of Parker, or to the "spiritual insight" of Newman, or to the "religious intuitions" of Morell; but from whatsoever similar source, or under whatsoever dissimilar name it comes, it is *human* truth, and not *Divine*. We do not tarry to point out the wretched and insecure foundation on which his faith must rest, when fallen man becomes the great teacher to himself; for of such instructors it may be said, that the blind are leading the blind, and that both shall fall into the ditch. But more than this: it is quite plain that no modification even of any such theory, which admits of the intervention of the influences of the Spirit of God, such as are common to Christian men, can avail to redeem it from utter rejection. The Christian consciousness, or the spiritual insight, or the religious intuitions, may be originally developed, and subsequently elevated and maintained, by those gracious influences of the Spirit from on high which are shared by believers and not by others; but the products of such an illumination, however great in the shape of religious knowledge or discernment of Divine truth, are not to be named without blasphemy as the same in authority or certainty with the proper revelations of the Eternal Word. The special influences of the Spirit of God, common to Christian men, are not the same as the supernatural influences of the Spirit,

given to inspired men; nor the discoveries of spiritual things, which are the result of the former, of the same infallibility with the revelations given to prophets by the latter. In those gracious operations of the Divine Spirit which are vouchsafed to believers, to lead them into the truth and to keep them in the truth, we can discover no adequate substitute for that supernatural power which came upon prophets and apostles of old, bringing them into the secret place of the Most High, and filling them with His Word; and as little can we recognise in the thoughts and feelings of Christian men written in a book, even in the case of those who know the most of God and err the least, that uncreated wisdom which dwelt with Him from eternity, and which in the fulness of time was embodied in human speech. In short, the Bible is a revelation, in the ancient and orthodox sense of the term, God-given and not man-given; and stands single and alone in the circle of written thought, as much as He stands alone and unapproachable in the circle of being.

The defenders of the supreme authority and plenary truth of the Scriptures, are at the very least entitled to choose their own position in the controversy, and to define their own terms; and then to offer in defence of their doctrine what evidence they can. We are not disposed to accept under the name of revelation what is no true revelation at all, and which, if we accepted it, were not worth the maintaining. We are not prepared to admit, without some show of proof, any theory which would repudiate all that is objective in a revelation, and cut off the prophet from the everlasting and only unerring source of light, and constrain him to draw from his own heart the revelations of Divine things, and make the Bible the child of his religious feelings and discernment only, and compel others to seek their knowledge of saving truth from the recorded experience of a spiritual but erring man like themselves. This is no question about words simply, or as to what is the more accurate use of the term *revelation*. The real question between us and the advocates of such theories, is as to whether or not we shall be constrained to accept the Bible as containing a record of the thoughts and feelings of the Eternal One, or rather as a record of the thoughts and feelings of men like ourselves, taught, it may be, in the school of nature or of grace, but taught only in part, and receiving the lesson not without imperfection and sin. And the question is as to a matter of fact, and must be so dealt with. Did the penmen of Scripture record in its pages a communication which they got in a

direct and supernatural manner from God, or truths which they drew exclusively from the recesses of their own hearts, sanctified and illuminated, it may be, by those influences of the Spirit which are common to all true Christians? In writing that book which we call the Bible, was their eye turned up to the fountain of uncreated light for the truths that they wrote, or turned solely within upon their own beliefs and feelings as the fountain of knowledge to them? Did the authors of the sacred volume write down in it a transcript of the thoughts of God, given them miraculously by God, or did they only and solely write down a transcript of their own, given them, it may be, in part by that special but not supernatural illumination of the Spirit which every believer shares alike? In thus stating the question as between the advocates and opponents of a true and proper revelation, as contained in the Bible, we do not need to burden it with the further question of whether or not the prophet who wrote the revelation given understood it himself, and in the act of receiving from God a communication of the Divine thoughts, was enabled to make them his own before recording them. It may or it may not have been so. But whether the prophet understood the revelation or not, it is most important to bear in mind that a revelation, in the only proper sense of the term, and in the sense in which it is used by the defenders of the infallibility of the Bible, is a very different thing from the understanding or apprehension of its meaning. From the express statements of Scripture itself, and from the nature of the matters revealed, it is undeniable that in many cases the prophets who recorded the revelation did not understand its import, being left like other men to their own unaided and natural faculties to study and search out what the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify. This is admitted, indeed, to be true in regard to some portions of the Bible by all, with the exception of a section of reckless and extreme impugnors of its veracity. It is a palpable fallacy, then, to identify the objective truth presented by God to the prophet, and drawn out of the storehouse of His eternal wisdom, with the subjective apprehension of its meaning, which those who recorded it in Scripture might or might not possess. The transcript of the thoughts of the Divine mind impressed upon the sacred page by the instrumentality of the prophet, qualified miraculously to record it, is a very different thing from the transcript upon the same page of the perfect or imperfect apprehension of it in the mind of the writer. The record, in the one case, contains a revela-

tion, in the true sense of the word, and in the other it does not. And the question between the opposite controversialists in this debate is as to a matter of fact, which no clever shifting of names or jugglery as to words can get rid of, viz., whether or not the penmen of Scripture actually received such a supernatural communication from God, and then recorded it in its page?

When the question is thus stated, it is easily seen that the debate can be brought to a short and decisive issue; and it affords only another illustration of the fact, which the history of theological controversy has so often exemplified, that the forms of error are infinite in number, but that its substance is often one and the same from age to age. When the combatants are marshalled and ordered, and their respective positions adjusted, we soon come to find out that the strife of these modern and noisy speculators is in reality very much the old fight, which has been fought from the beginning, as to whether or not God has actually given us a communication of His mind and will from heaven. Let us deal with this as a question of fact, and apply to the discussion of it those principles and laws of evidence by which other questions of fact are determined. Moses can say whether or not he was informed in a supernatural manner by God of the history of the creation and the six days' work, or whether he drew the whole materials of the narrative from the region of his "religious consciousness;" and this fact, which Moses was competent to tell, his contemporaries were competent to test by the usual methods and principles of evidence by which a man's honesty and veracity as a witness are tested, so as to judge with certainty whether Moses told them what was true or not. The Apostle Paul was competent to tell whether he had "received of the Lord," the account of the Lord's Supper, which we find recorded in the Epistle to the Corinthians, or whether it was all due to his "spiritual insight," common to him, with every Christian man; and the Corinthians were then, and we now are, able, by the common rules of evidence, historical and otherwise, to say whether the letter, which embodies Paul's assertion as to the point, is an authentic and credible document, worthy to be believed. In short, the way out of the dilemma of a subjective "revelation," which, because it bears the old name, and is yet not the old thing, is so perplexing and mystifying to uninitiated understandings, is just the ancient and beaten track which the weary feet of Christian apologists have so often trod. Is it possible for God to make a supernatural communication of His will to

His creatures ; if possible, have we sufficient proof that He has done so ; and does the Bible contain the record of it ?

But before leaving the subject of these mutilated theories of revelation prevalent, there is something like an opposite extreme occupied by other parties, to which it may not be needless to advert. While some of the opponents of Scripture infallibility confound the objective communication coming from God with the subjective apprehension in the mind of the sacred penman, and so cut down revelation to the measure of what man apprehends, others, who have entered the lists on behalf of the authority of the Bible, unwisely and unwarrantably, as we think, refuse the name and character of revelation to all those facts or truths found in Scripture, which may have been previously known to the writers, and limit the use of the word to those portions of the Bible, the contents of which were either unknown to them, or undiscoverable by them. We regret to see that Mr. Lee, in his recent valuable work on Inspiration, has prominently advocated this view, and bases, to some extent, his defence of the authority of Scripture upon this distinction of what, as he reckons, is and is not, a revelation from God in its pages. We believe that such a limitation put upon the meaning of the term is quite indefensible, and is moreover dangerous in this controversy. In the first place, the use of the term revelation (*ἀποκάλυψις*) in the New Testament, justifies us in saying that it is to be taken in the sense of a communication from God, precisely analogous to a communication from one man to another, and no ways restricted in the case of God, any more than in that of man, to a particular class of facts or truths, to the exclusion of others. In the second place, the admitted fact, that the Divine communications contained in the Bible were intended, not for the prophets who received it, but for the information and benefit of other men, forbids the idea that what was unknown to the latter did not form part of the communication made, because already known to the former. And thirdly, the facts and truths of the Bible, whether known or unknown to the immediate writers, are so closely and intimately united together, as to form an organic whole, which it is impossible to conceive of as divided and separated asunder, as if coming from opposite sources, in the act of being given to be recorded. In adjusting our ideas of what a revelation is, as found in the Bible, we must equally avoid the extreme that would limit it in opposite directions, by excluding from it either all that cannot be found within the compass of the appre-

hension of the sacred penmen, or all that can. The revelation from God embodies both.

We have spoken hitherto of no more than of one of the two conspiring elements, essentially distinct in character, yet harmoniously combining in the result which, taken together, make up the ancient and orthodox idea of an infallible Bible. We have spoken of no more than of that objective truth which once dwelt as truth in the mind of God, and which He has miraculously presented to the mind of the prophet, forming a proper and supernatural revelation in the strict sense of the words. And we have seen that the historical question of, whether at any time such a supernatural communication has been made by God to some of His creatures, is one of those questions of fact which is amenable to the same laws, and to be tested by the same methods of evidence, by which other alleged facts are proved or disproved. Beyond this, we have not yet proceeded, not having as yet looked at the question of what the character and authority may be of the record in which the revelation is embodied. To adopt a phraseology which has been a favourite one in these recent discussions, we have spoken as yet only of the Word of God as contained in the Bible, not of the Bible as being itself the Word of God. But if a man is prepared to go this length, and to admit that there is a supernatural revelation in the Bible, although the record of it there should be no more than a human record, very much has been gained in the way of meeting the difficulties and objections which are commonly brought against the doctrine of Scripture infallibility. Nineteenths of these difficulties are not peculiar to the doctrine of those who hold strict views on the subject of inspiration, but are common to every theory which contains in it the admission of a supernatural communication from God, even though it should be embodied in an uninspired and purely human writing. There has been a vast deal of unfairness perpetrated, and no small degree of indignation, not over-righteous, directed against the bibliolaters who hold fast by an infallible Scripture, from mistaken views as to this point. Grant us that in the proper sense of the words, a supernatural communication has been made by God to man,—that it has been committed to writing, not by prophets or inspired apostles, but by men left to their own powers of memory and judgment and expression,—that these men knew what they recorded, and desired to record it truly, and we have the case of a Bible which, with no inspiration belonging to it at all, stands open to the vast majority

of all the objections and difficulties which have been so loudly and confidently urged as decisive against the doctrine of plenary inspiration or infallibility. Upon the lowest view of inspiration that was ever gendered in the brain of the keenest and most inventive opponent of Bibliolatry, *if a supernatural revelation be granted*, even although only recorded in an authentic and credible book, written by a human and unaided pen, it remains exposed to the full assault of nearly all the difficulties and improbabilities and objections which have been actually charged against the Bible by Dr. Strauss, Dr. Donaldson, or Mr. Macnaught. The supernaturalism of the Bible, in its doctrines and narrative of facts, is there still, although it may have been recorded, not by an inspired man, but only by an honest man, who knew what he said, and said it truly. The flat contradictions, the incredible discrepancies, the irreconcilable oppositions of statement, which swell the volumes of learned and popular declaimers against infallibility, and constitute more than three-fourths of their argument, are all there, whether written by inspiration or not, and are many of them quite as hostile to the theory of the Bible being an authentic and credible human record of a revelation from God, as of its being a divine and infallible one. The objections drawn from such sources—the difficulties connected with its mysteries and miracles, with its damaging inconsistencies in narration, and glaring falsehoods in historical and patent facts, are not arguments against its inspiration in a plenary sense, but against it being a revelation from God, written by honest and competent men, in any. If it be a Divine communication from above, whether recorded by Divine assistance or not, the objection drawn from its supernatural character has no place, for a divine communication must itself be a miracle, and may contain a narrative of others. If it be an authentic and credible human history, though as a record not from God, then the outrageous inconsistencies and falsehoods alleged against it must be apparent and not real, otherwise, even as a human history, it could not be authentic and credible. On this latter supposition, no doubt, there must still be allowed, as in all human compositions, even the best, a margin, within which there may be room left for involuntary error and unconscious mistake; but it will be a narrow margin. If it is admitted by the adversary, or proved by the Christian apologist, that the human and unaided writers of this revelation from God were fully informed of what they wrote, and that they wrote with the honest desire of truth, then every-

thing is shut out beyond the fractionally small amount of involuntary error which yet may attach to record, human indeed, but yet perfectly authentic and credible; and especially this is true of the vast majority of all those objections which have been so prominently urged in recent discussions as decisive against the infallibility of Scripture. On this ground we think that the right order of the apologetic argument is sometimes not duly regarded by advocates of inspiration, when they are seen to attempt the proof of the inspiration of the books of Scripture before establishing their human authenticity and indelibility. If the latter be granted or proved, then, on the position and vantage-ground we are entitled to take up, we can meet more than half-way the difficulties attaching to the doctrine of inspiration.

But the universal and immemorial doctrine of the Church regards the Bible in a higher light than simply as a perfectly authentic and credible human record of a proper communication from God. There is the second element of *inspiration*, which meets with the first element of revelation, and conspires with it in mysterious, yet harmonious, combination to give the character of infallibility to the sacred volume. That narrow, yet real, vein of darkness running across and through every composition of mere man, even when he is perfectly informed of what he writes, and perfectly honest to write it correctly, within which *involuntary and unconscious error* may lurk, has no place in the sacred volume, and is effectually excluded by that supernatural inspiration of the Spirit, which filled the penmen of Scripture with light and power not their own, when they composed its pages. Even after their souls were enlarged and strengthened to receive the words of Divine wisdom in the revelation of God's mind made to them, they needed to be upheld and endowed with other gifts than belonged to them by nature, before they could be qualified to become the authoritative teachers of that revelation to others, or the unerring penmen to record it for ever for the sake of mankind. Let us shut out as impossible, whatever errors or defects might belong to imperfect information as to the truths to be recorded, a dishonest unwillingness to record them aright; for these were shut out by the supernatural revelation given to them, which fully and perfectly taught them as to what they were to commit to writing, and by the disposition of their minds, as perfectly honest, which made them willing to record it truly. But their own natural and involuntary defects of memory and understanding and power of ex-

pression still remained with them as men, and honest men, who had been privileged to hold communion with uncreated Wisdom, out of which errors, however far within the limits of perfect authenticity and credibility, must have resulted in any record they made of the Divine revelation. And above all, however insignificant and little these errors may have been as contrasted with the truth largely given them to record, still at the best, the word in the page of Scripture, written by their unaided pens, must have been a transcript of the truth as it dwelt in their own minds, and not in the mind of God,—the human understanding of His thoughts, and not the very thoughts themselves. The *Divine idea*, as it dwelt in the mind of God, at first had to pass through the medium of the human mind, which received it in the process of being committed to writing in the Scripture; and unless guarded by supernatural aid, and kept by supernatural power, must have taken the mould and complexion of the human understanding through which it passed. Without supernatural inspiration, in addition to supernatural revelation, we might have had in the sacred record the honest and authentic understanding of that revelation by man, not the actual transcript of the Divine mind—the perfect image of the Divine truth. To what an extent the one of these differs from the other, we may in some measure understand from the analogous case of a communication made from one man to another. In how few instances, even when there is the fullest and most perfect communication of one mind with another among ourselves through the medium of human language, is the native and true conception dwelling in the one mind, received and reflected back completely from the other, so that it could be absolutely said that it was the same conception in both? And if we may reason analogically on such a subject, are we not much more warranted to say, that without supernatural intervention, the record of revelation in the page of Scripture, could never have been *so* the image of the Divine truth, as to be rightly called the Word of God, and that the hand of the unaided penman could never have so transferred the thought of the Revealer to the written record, as that the *idea* in the Divine mind and in the human writing, should have been *one and the same*? If there be any right meaning in the assertion, that when perusing the page of Scripture we are holding communion with the mind of God and not with man's, and are dealing with His truth and not with the truth of a fellow-creature, there must be something more in the page than a merely human and fallible record of a Di-

vine revelation, which has been honestly recorded, according to the best understanding of it that the writer could possess, and the best expression of it which his unaided powers could devise—imperfect as that understanding must ever be, and still more imperfect as must be the expression; the natural and unavoidable defect in his apprehensions of God's thoughts must have been removed, and the impurity of his tongue must have been healed; and both in power of conception and in power of expression, he must have been miraculously sustained and moved by the Holy Ghost.

Along then with, and over and above, a supernatural presentation of truth to the mind of the prophet by God, we believe that there is evidence at hand sufficient to justify us in asserting that there is a supernatural inspiration from God, enabling the prophet, unerringly and without defect, to transfer the revelation given him, and in the state and integrity in which it was given him, to the written page; so that thus it shall be, in so far as the capacity of human language will allow of it, an adequate image and transcript of the Divine mind. And this element, in addition to the other, is necessary to make up our idea of an infallible book. If it is asked, in what manner this translation and transference of the idea from the mind of God in heaven to the written page on earth, through the intervention of the inspired penmen, was effected, the only and the true answer to be given is, that we have gotten into the region of the supernatural, and that no natural explanation will there suffice. The only proper and legitimate question to be asked, in regard to such a matter, is, "Have we evidence sufficient to establish the fact?" That it is miraculous, is enough to satisfy us that we cannot account for it on any natural principle, or by any intelligible theory, whether mechanical or dynamical, objective or subjective, British or foreign, orthodox or neologian. It is known by its results, as any miracle is, and not by its cause, which is supernatural: it is seen in the effects which it has accomplished in regard to the composition of the sacred record; and in the features, Divine and superhuman, which it has impressed upon it; and in the character of infallibility which it has conferred. If we have evidence to prove that infallible words were spoken, at certain times, by fallible men, or an infallible book written by human pens, we have evidence of the presence of a miracle—in the same manner, and to be tried by the same rules of proof, as when we read of human lips speaking the dead into life, or of human hands opening the eyes of the blind. No

mere ordinary power on the part of the sacred penmen, however much disciplined and elevated by the teaching of nature or of grace, will account for or explain the inspiration of Scripture, unless you cut down the meaning of the word to the level of something that is not inspiration at all. There are these two features which have been impressed upon the page of Scripture by the finger of God, distinguishing it from every other book, and springing from its inspiration: *in the first place*, every word that it speaks to mankind, is perfect and infallible truth, claiming the implicit faith of the understanding and heart; and, *in the second place*, every word that it speaks carries in it absolute and Divine authority, claiming the implicit submission of the conscience and will. We believe that there is evidence to prove the existence of these two remarkable features in the Bible; they are seen to exist in no other book; they attach to the compositions or utterances of no other authors; they belong to the words of no other men except the penmen of the Scriptures. The words of no other creature are so entitled to claim our implicit belief, as to make us in the same manner responsible for the faith we give or refuse; the commands of no others have such right to claim implicit submission, as to render them sinners who withhold their obedience. Is it a miracle, or is it not, that there should dwell in the words of these human writers such infallible and Divine truth and authority, that all other men must be silent when they speak, and both believe and obey when they command, unless they would have their unbelief and disobedience counted for sin? It is plain that no mutilated theory of inspiration will serve here, or will avail in the least to explain these singular features to be found in the sacred volume,—of a depth of truth in the words of its human writers, in which, and in which alone, man's understanding, in its doubts and weakness, has ever found rest; and of a majesty of authority in the commands of their human lips, before which the conscience of man, in its strength, has been compelled to bow down. No man, although taught in the most perfect manner after the wisdom of this world—no man, even though instructed in a higher wisdom, through that teacher which God gives to all His children—has a right to make his utterance the infallible standard of truth and falsehood, and of right and wrong, to another; nor will any theory explain the unerring certainty and authority which, as we believe, we can prove that the Bible possesses, short of that which calls in a supernatural intervention of God in favour of its

human writers. We are not at this moment arguing the point of evidence, or showing how it can be made out that the Scriptures have this character impressed upon them; our aim is rather to contribute to a right adjustment of the question in debate, and to indicate the ground on which the issue, between the conflicting parties must be joined. Either we have no infallible standard of truth, apart from the erring intuitions and teachings of our own nature within, or else we have an inspired standard, made sure by the supernatural interposition of the Spirit, in Scripture. Either we have no supreme and unappealable authority to form the rule for our obedience, apart from the still small voice of conscience in the breast, or else we have a divine canon in the Word of God, embodied there through the miraculous inspiration vouchsafed to its authors. We believe that this latter alternative is the true one; and we cannot, without better evidence than has been as yet offered, accept of those defective theories of inspiration which would evacuate the Bible of its supernatural, and so of its infallible, character.

The side from which the recent theology of Germany has regarded this question of inspiration, has been determined, to a large extent, by the influence of Schleiermacher and his school. Their stand-point has been exclusively a subjective one. With Schleiermacher, the record of the New Testament (for he ignored and rejected the Old) is the product of the Christian consciousness of its authors—a transcript of their religious life and impressions—differing in nothing from the religious authorship of men in our own day, except in the single point that the penmen of the sacred volume stood nearer to Christ, from whose person the magic influences of spiritual life emanated, and might consequently be regarded as men riper in heavenly wisdom, and more advanced in spiritual feeling, than others who have followed them in the Church of Christ. As one star differs from another, in the firmament of the Church, in respect of glory, so might apostles differ from ordinary and modern Christians in regard to their Christian standing; but their knowledge and faith, and the transcript and record of these in the New Testament, differed in nothing really from those of ordinary believers, being alike due to the gracious illumination from on high, common to both, and not peculiar to the former. Such a theory of inspiration, of course, made no exclusion of error, more or less, in the record of the New Testament, any greater than ordinary Christians now are secured from error in their speech or writings. And this theory has, with more

or less of a dominant control, presided over the theology of Germany, in connection with the controversy about inspiration, to the present time. Whatever improvements or modifications in the views of their master, tending towards a stricter orthodoxy, have been favoured by Neander, Nitzsch, Tholuck, and others, in their doctrines of inspiration, they have left untouched the fundamental position of his theory—the *ψευδὸς πρῶτον* which infects his system. With them all, inspiration, in the case of prophets and apostles, is nothing but the result of the gracious and illuminating influences which quicken and maintain the Christian life of the Church of Christ in common, and are peculiar to no chosen few; and the products of inspiration in the sacred page may exhibit a higher spiritual wisdom and a deeper religious feeling than the Christian authorship of other religious men, but are not elevated above the risk or possibility of error by any influence different from that which keeps the lips of a good man now from lying, or his writings from destroying falsehood. It depends very much upon the personal beliefs of the critic, and the more or less of license which he gives to his criticism, how many or how few, how important or unimportant, may be the errors in the sacred page which the fundamental canon of this school of inspiration may permit him to discover. The liberty which Strauss finds himself justified in taking with the Gospel narratives, upon his doctrine of inspiration, may appear to Neander and Tholuck identical with wantonness, and his criticism to be no criticism, but rather reckless and destructive tampering with Scripture; and yet, if their theories of the authority of the Bible be compared, it will be found that they differ, not in principle, but only in degree; and that this difference is manifested, in respect to the occurrence of errors in the sacred page, only by an acknowledgment respectively of the more or the fewer. With true love and real admiration for them as Christian divines, we cannot regard, except with profound sorrow, the adoption of these views by such men.

It was impossible to think that the discussion of this question among ourselves could remain uninfected by such views. The older theory of a partial inspiration,—older at least as regards native theologians,—the theory advocated by such men as Dr. Hill, Dr. Dick, Bishop Wilson, Dr. Henderson, and others, and which we take leave to say we never understood, and cannot understand to this hour,—the theory of different degrees of inspiration in different portions of Scripture, has latterly almost passed away. The attempt made by it to parcel

out the supernatural into different degrees and kinds, and to assign to some passages of the Bible thirty per cent. of miraculous inspiration, and to others their sixty, and to others their hundred, was so gratuitous and unintelligible an hypothesis, that it could not stand before the more searching inquiry which more earnest feelings, as to its claims and authority, directed towards the fundamental principles of Scripture infallibility. Another form has been given in this country to the doctrine of inspiration, and one that by its features and image betrays its birth and parentage. To Coleridge we are indebted more than perhaps to any other for the prevalence of these views; both his philosophy and his theology were, to a large extent, not indigenous but foreign; and no one can read especially his views of inspiration, as given in the “Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,” without feeling that for all that is peculiar or essential to them he was indebted to Germany. Unlike to Schleiermacher, Coleridge admits the existence of *revelation* in the strict and proper meaning of the word,—“in the sense of information miraculously communicated by voice or vision;” but he restricts this revelation to only a very limited portion of the sacred volume,—to “the law and the prophets, no jot or tittle of which can pass away.” And with regard to the remaining and much larger portions of the Bible, he follows in the footsteps of his continental predecessor, and regards them as the product of that “grace and communion with the Spirit which the Church, under all circumstances, and every regenerate member of the Church of Christ, is permitted to hope and instructed to pray for;”—there being between them and other authorship no “greater difference of *degree* than the experience of the Christian world, grounded on and growing with the comparison of these Scriptures with other works, holden in honour by the churches, has established.”*

In thus breaking down the primary and fundamental distinction between inspired and uninspired writings, and relegating them all alike to the same common source of those gracious influences of the Spirit, which are shared by all Christian men, Coleridge has been followed by a not unimportant school of thinkers in this country, some of them professed theologians, others of them belonging rather to the class of speculative and philosophical inquirers. In Mr. Morell, whose “philosophy of religion” is closely, if not slavishly, moulded upon the German school, we find a zealous advocate

* Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, pp. 94, 95.

of these views. Retaining the name of inspiration, he denies the reality of, in the sense of a supernatural endowment, qualifying and enabling a man to record with unerring accuracy the revelation that has been given to him by God. "Instead," says he, "of maintaining a strained verbal theory of inspiration, which fails of the very purpose for which it was constructed, how much more consistent is it to look upon *the word* as the natural and spontaneous expression of that divine life which the inspired apostle received immediately from God!" "Inspiration, we repeat, depends on the manner, form, and accuracy of a man's religious intuitions. When these are of that extraordinary character which appeared in the men who lived with Christ on earth, and received a double portion of His Spirit as apostles and martyrs for the truth, *then* we see the unquestionable evidence of a real inspiration; and the writings emanating from such men, when acknowledged by the universal Church, become essentially *canonical*, as being valid exhibitions of apostolical Christianity in its spirit and its power." "Let there be, by a due purification of the moral nature, a perfect harmony of the spiritual being with the mind of God, a removal of all inward disturbances from the heart, and what is to prevent or disturb this immediate intuition of Divine things? And what do we require in inspiration more than this, or what can more certainly assure us of its heavenly origin?"* It is no wonder that Mr. Maurice, with his profound admiration of Coleridge, and the strong subjective tendencies of his own views, should be found a faithful witness for the same doctrines, and that the powerful mystical element in his mind, so curiously akin to quakerism, which makes him repugnant of dogmatic truth, and has led to his theological tenets being held by him almost in a state of solution, should propel him towards "the theory of an inward light, rather than an objective revelation as the source of the inspired word. In his chapter upon inspiration, forming one of his "Theological Essays," he tells us that we "must forego the demand which we make on the consciences of the young, when we compel them to say, that they regard the inspiration of the Bible as generically unlike that which God bestows on His children in this day;" and he strongly repudiates and condemns "the course which our modern evangelical school, renouncing the maxims of their forefathers, were inclined to recommend,—the course of setting up the Bible as a book which enclos-

es all that may lawfully be called inspiration,"*—on the ground, as he argues, that the doing so amounts to a virtual denial that the same Spirit which inspired the Scriptures, dwells, in any sense, by His gracious influence in the hearts of all God's children.

But, perhaps, these views have been most distinctly, and without reserve, developed, and as we must plainly confess, consistently carried out, in the recent work of Mr. Macnaught, entitled, "The Doctrine of Inspiration." The author is, as he tells us, an admirer and disciple of Mr. Maurice, to whom he makes liberal acknowledgement for the pleasure and profit he has received from his Theological Essays, and especially the chapter upon inspiration. Were it not for a becoming modesty, which sits gracefully on the disciple, and a diffidence to implicate his master in the responsibility of the doctrines advocated in his work, he would "fain express his belief, that the tenets set forth are, to a great extent, in accordance with Mr. Maurice's views, as only too briefly stated in the well known *Theological Essays*." And what is the doctrine for which Mr. Maurice's favourable regard is so modestly invoked as coincident, to a large extent, with his own? After an inquiry into the true meaning of the term inspiration, as it is employed throughout the books of Scripture, Mr. Macnaught sums up the results thus:—"This which we have written seems to us to be the Bible's own teaching on the subject of inspiration, namely, that every thing good in any book, person, or thing, is inspired, and that the value of any inspired book must be decided by the extent of its inspiration, and the importance of the truths which it will (or inspiredly) teaches. Milton, and Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Canticles, and the Apocalypse, and the Sermon on the Mount, and the eighth chapter to the Romans, are, in our estimation, all inspired; but which of them is the most valuable inspired document, or whether the Bible, as a whole, is not incomparably more precious than any other book, these are questions that must be decided by examining the observable character and tendency of each book, and the beneficial effect that history may show that each has produced." "Thus, after a careful examination of the Scriptures, and after noticing the usage of Christendom, we conclude, that although there has for many centuries existed a false and superstitious opinion in favour of inspirational infallibility, yet there is still recognised and admitted the ancient Scriptural, and only true

* Philosophy of Religion, pp. 158, 176-186.

* Theological Essays, p. 335-345.

idea of inspiration, according to which the term signifies *that action of the Divine Spirit by which, apart from any idea of infallibility, all that is good in man, beast, or matter, is originated and sustained.** And, in accordance with a definition so unexpected and comprehensive, our author, in the course of his work, does not fail to give us novel and pertinent illustrations of a Divine inspiration residing in and excited by creatures, whether rational or irrational, by animal and vegetable life, by matter, organic or inorganic; and he at least, has no difficulty in finding, not only books, but inspired "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." There is a true inspiration in "the instinct of the owl;" it is heard in the rushing of "the wind;" it is seen in "the springing of a blade of grass;" it murmurs in "the streams that flow among the hills;" "the hinds of the field calve" by inspiration. And as there is no evidence that there is such a thing as *infallibility* attaching to these phenomena—so argues Mr. Macnaught, and he has much confidence in his argument—there is no such thing as infallibility attaching to the writings of prophets and evangelists; and hence a considerable portion of his work is occupied by the attempt to show that, to a very large extent, the Bible ought not to be believed.

Now, in all seriousness, we say that we do not think Mr. Maurice is entitled to disown his admiring and teachable disciple, or to protest against his conclusions. These conclusions are fairly enough to be deduced from the theory which Mr. Maurice himself maintains, and are implicitly involved in the principle of it. The defenders of the doctrine of an infallible Bible draw a circle around the supernatural influence of the Spirit of God in inspiration, and say, that within that circle all is infallible because it is supernatural. In the writings of Scripture we see the result, not of the ordinary operation and power of the Holy Spirit, but of the extraordinary and miraculous; and therefore we see in these writings what we see in no other infallible truth and Divine authority. But beyond that circle there are other operations of the Spirit of God to be witnessed, not miraculous, and not supernatural, but special or ordinary. There are His special operations in the department of grace, such as the gracious renewal, and spiritual quickening, and saving illumination, of a sinner's soul; and there are his ordinary operations in the department of nature, such as the sustaining, up-

holding, and ordering the movements of life, and the actions of all His creatures. We do not say that the special influences of the Spirit in grace endow the renewed man with infallibility because the Bible has not said so, but the opposite, and because the Spirit was given in His special influences, not to make a man infallible, but to save him. We do not say that the ordinary influences of the Spirit in nature endow the unrenewed man with infallibility, because the Bible has not said so, and experience teaches the opposite, and because the Spirit operates in His natural influences, not to make all men infallible, but to sustain their actions and life. But we do say, that the supernatural influences of the Spirit, unlike the natural or special, endow a man with infallibility, because we believe the Bible has said so, and our experience of the Bible confirms it; and because we are taught that the Spirit operates, in the supernatural department of His power, for the very purpose of making and qualifying an erring man to record the revelation given to him without error. It is a mistake, which lies at the foundation of most of the misapprehensions and fallacies in this controversy about inspiration, to confound and identify the supernatural influences of the Spirit of God with either His special influences in grace or His ordinary influences in nature, and to think that the effects or results are alike. Mr. Maurice has done the first of these, when, in his Theological Essays, he holds that the effects of the Spirit in grace are the same with those in inspiration, and that, as the one does not imply the infallibility of the Christian man, so the other does not imply the infallibility of the inspired man. Mr. Macnaught has done no more than carry out the principle of identifying the operations of the Spirit, in all the departments of His power, one step farther, and a step fairly and legitimately involved in the principle. He has identified the operations of the Spirit, in the supernatural province of His active power, with the operations of the same Spirit in nature; and employing the same line of argument as Mr. Maurice, he maintains that their effects are alike, and that the inspiration of an owl or blade of grass is the same as the inspiration of apostles and apostolic men. Why stop short where the master chooses to stop, and not advance onward with the more explicit and adventurous disciple? Why say that the gracious influences of the Spirit, in the heart of the Christian man, are identical with the supernatural influences of the Spirit in the inspired man, and not upon the same principle, and with as

* Doctrine of Inspiration, p. 192-196.

good reason, say that the natural influences of the Spirit, in sustaining the life of the lowest living thing upon this earth, are the same with the inspiration of Isaiah or Paul? Mr. Macnaught makes this latter statement, and upon just as good ground of Scripture and reason as those on which Mr. Maurice makes the former. If we would successfully rid our feet from the snare of such a fallacy—if we would save the doctrine of inspiration from the inroad of a principle which, in its legitimate results, would rob it of all value—if we would rescue the Bible from that “higher criticism,” of which we have so many lamentable examples in the work of Mr. Macnaught, which finds, or fancies, an error in every page, and yet has no standard by which to determine what in the Bible is the word of God, and what not, we must draw, between the supernatural and the natural operations of the Spirit, a line so deep and broad that, to borrow the language of one who was no bibliolater, “the pretended overleaping of it” would constitute imposture or betray insanity.”*

We see nothing against all this in the appeal made, both by Mr. Maurice† and Mr. Macnaught, to the occasional use of the term *inspired*, in a secondary and inferior sense in popular or devotional theology, as equivalent to the possession of the gracious illumination of the Spirit vouchsafed to Christian men. The question, surely, is not whether the word may, in a figurative or inferior sense, be so employed, but rather whether it is not employed in its primary and supernatural sense, when the Bible speaks of itself being inspired; and above all, whether the *thing*, as defined or described in Scripture, be not truly supernatural. If such an argument prevail, we must at once number with the goodly company of the prophets and apostles, all the men of genius in the world upon whom their fond or foolish admirers have lavished the epithet. We see as little value in the

objection that the orthodox doctrine, which looks upon the Bible as the product of a supernatural, and not a natural or gracious influence put forth upon the souls of the writers, interposes between its page and the wants, and feelings, and common sympathies of men, an impassable gulf of separation; that if the inspiration of evangelists and apostles be not the same as the so-called inspiration of Christian men, there can be no fellowship or communion between the experience, and thoughts, and religious life of the two parties; and that the views of modern evangelicals as to the infallibility of Scripture make it, to use the language of Mr. Maurice, “the work of a different Spirit from that which is reproving and comforting the sinner” at the present hour.* It is enough in answer to such an objection, to reply, that though there be “diversities of gifts,” there is the “same Spirit” in both; that the prophetic endowment given to inspired men did not unmake them as men, or change them as Christians; that the supernatural qualifications, whatever these might be, which it was necessary for them to possess, in order that they might truly and infallibly record the revelation granted to them, was given in addition to, and not to the destruction or abatement of, any one faculty or feeling which belonged to them as sinners, exercised by the same temptations, touched by the same sorrows, saved by the same faith, versant in the same religious experience, rejoicing in the same hopes, as other believers; and that, possessed of the same human nature, whether in sin or in salvation, as others, and animated by the Spirit which, in His gracious influences, animates all the children of God,

* “In solitary chambers, among bed-ridden sufferers, the words of these good men have still a living voice. The Bible is read there truly as an inspired book,—as a book which does not stand aloof from human life, but meets it,—which proves itself not to be the work of a different Spirit from that which is reproving and comforting the sinner, but of the same. It is quite of infinite importance, that the confidence with which these humble students read should not be set at nought, and contradicted by decisions and conclusions of ours. It is absolutely necessary that we should be able to say that they are not practising a delusion upon themselves—that they are not amiable enthusiasts—that they are believing a truth and acting upon it. But we cannot say this if we must adopt the formulas which some people would force upon us. Either we must set at nought the faith of those who have clung to the Bible, and found a meaning in it when the doctors could not interpret it, or we must forego the demand which we make on the consciences of young men, when we compel them to say that they regard the inspiration of the Bible as generically unlike that which God bestows on His children in this day.”—MAURICE'S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS, p. 334.

* Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, p. 94.

† “On the fifth Sunday after Easter, we ask ‘Him from whom all good things do come, that, by His holy *inspiration*, we may think those things that be good, and by His merciful guiding may perform the same.’ Every Sunday morning, and on every festival day, we ask, in our communion service, that ‘the thoughts of our hearts may be cleansed by the *inspiration* of the Holy Spirit, so that we may perfectly love God, and worthily magnify His name.’ These are petitions which concern not a few specially religious men, or some illuminated teachers, but the whole flock; to say the least, all the miscellaneous people who are gathered together in a particular congregation. Are we paltering with words in a double sense? When we speak of inspiration, do we mean inspiration?”—MAURICE'S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS, p. 322.

there was nothing in their gifts of prophecy or inspiration to forbid them to meet with all, and sympathise with all as brethren. Nothing but a mistaken and inadequate view of what is meant by the inspiration for which we contend, could give cause for such an objection.

We do not, indeed, pretend to explain in what respects the supernatural gifts of the one Spirit, in inspired men, differed from the special or common gifts of the same Spirit in Christians, or in all, except by pointing to their seen effects. There is a difficulty, or perhaps there is an impossibility, in defining the difference between the supernatural and the gracious, and between each of these and the common operations of the Spirit, in any other way than by looking to their known results. There is a difficulty here, just because we are dealing with the supernatural. The multitude of definitions which have been offered of a miracle, and all of them, perhaps, unsatisfactory and inadequate, demonstrate the difficulty. But after all, it is only a speculative and not a practical one. So long as we can, with ease and certainty, practically distinguish between the supernatural and the natural by their known results, we need not disturb ourselves over much, because we find it hard to define what a miracle is, and adequately to give it a logical habitation and name in the world of abstract speculation. For ourselves, we are contended with the time-honoured doctrine of the Church, that the operations of the Spirit of God are to be separated into the three great divisions of His supernatural, in the department of inspiration and miracle; of His special or extraordinary, in the department of grace; and of His common or ordinary, in the department of nature. We can vindicate such a classification upon the grounds of Scripture and reason brought to bear upon the known and observed effects of the Spirit's working in each of these provinces, even although we may not be able, to our own satisfaction, to frame such a definition of the supernatural in itself, as would logically discriminate between it and the phenomena either of grace or nature. If we did fail in our definition, we should ascribe the failure to the very nature of the thing to be defined, which cannot be understood or explained upon natural principles, because it is supernatural, and not to the absence of any real distinction between it and the non-supernatural, or to any difficulty in recognising and establishing that distinction by their seen and opposite effects. Looking to their known and acknowledged results, we can surely easily say this is of nature, this other of grace, and

this other belongs to the province of the supernatural. These ancient distinctions—deep and well laid in the truth of the things, which theologians of every class have long recognised—are not to be done away by the petty play upon words, or those shifting of terms, by which Mr. Maurice or Mr. Macnaught would seek to confound them—making the inspiration of John the apostle in Patmos the same as that of John Bunyan in Bedford Jail; or, worse still, making the inspiration of Paul, in the third heavens, the same as the “inspiration of the owl” in the chimney top. We recommend to such reasoners the description of a miracle, given by Butler in his admirable chapter on “The supposed presumption against miracles.” With the usual caution of wisdom which so eminently characterizes him, he does not attempt to give any logical definition of a miracle, but tells us that, in its very notion, it is *relative to a course of things*, and *implies somewhat different from it*, as being so. Now, we have “a course” of things in nature, in which the Spirit of God, by His common and universal influences, upholds the life and animates the actions of all men and all creatures; and a miracle is “somewhat different” from this. We have again, and distinguished from the first, a second “course” of things in grace, in which the Spirit of God, by His special and extraordinary influences, upholds the spiritual life and animates the spiritual actions, not of all creatures, or even of all men, but of a special class of men, even of Christians; and a miracle is also “somewhat different” from this. There is a *course* of things in the wide department of universal nature, and also in the narrower department of special grace; and the supernatural is somewhat different from the latter, as well as from the former. Inspiration, as a supernatural work of the Spirit, may not lawfully or philosophically be confounded with either.

Let not any one suppose that in this controversy as to inspiration, our disputes are about no more than the meaning of the word; and that, in contending so keenly for a supernatural or infallible inspiration, rather than for one not supernatural, we are fighting about a straw. We differ, indeed, about the meaning of words; but the difference goes a great deal deeper. We cannot be contented to take the inspiration of such a man as John Bunyan, or Richard Baxter, or Robert Leighton, if, constrained by the fashionable nomenclature of theology, we must so call it; nor the transcript of their religious consciousness and experience written down in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the Saint's Rest, or the Commentary on

Peter, and put them on the same level with the inspiration and the writings of the man who was alone with God in the Mount, or that other man who met the Lord on the road to Damascus, and could say of the Gospel that he preached and recorded, "I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ;" "if any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." We do not yield up the doctrine of the necessity of the inward teaching of the Spirit of God, to enable any man to understand and receive the outward word; we do not undervalue the importance of the illumination within, which must meet with the light shining from without, before a man can be taught savingly and to profit. But we will not consent to accept of this in place of that mysterious gift which rested on prophet, and evangelist, and apostle, making them infallibly to tell to mankind the revelation which God had given to themselves, just because the grace within that is sufficient to save his own soul, is not the grace that is sufficient to enable an erring man to proclaim and record without error the Gospel that is to be for salvation to others, and to clothe the words that he speaks or writes with absolute authority and infallible truth. There is no certain security against error, even to himself, in that inward illumination which is given to a Christian man to enable him to savingly understand the truth, beyond this, that to whatever extent he may err in his apprehension or belief of Divine things, he will be kept from erring so far or fatally as completely to fall away. Still less is there a security against error to others, when, from his own inward light, he proceeds to tell them of Divine truth, or to write it down for their instruction; such inward light being, in its nature and in its effects, *totò caelo* different from that supernatural power which rested upon prophet and apostle, when they spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. In that theory of inspiration which confounds or identifies it with the gracious illumination given to the Christian for his own soul's teaching, there is embodied no principle whatever that can help us to discriminate between what in inspired Scripture is of God, and what is of man,—no guiding light to instruct us as to what portion of the text partakes in the infallibility of the former, and what in the defects of the latter,—nothing to indicate what is due to the Divine element, and so counted sacred, and what to the human element, and so reckoned common or unclean. The many

but wholly abortive attempts made by its adherents to run a line of demarcation through the page of Scripture, so as to mark off what in it is absolutely Divine and perfect, from what is human and partially defective, demonstrate this. The distinction, sometimes formally made, at other times insinuated, between its doctrines and its facts, as if the former were infallibly true, while the latter might be wholly or partially erroneous, is a distinction which overlooks the truth, that the Bible is an organic whole, in which they cannot be separated, and in which its doctrines are always facts, and its facts always doctrines. The distinction, so often taken by others of the impugnors of inspiration, between the letter and the spirit of the Bible, as if it could be false in the one and true in the other, is a distinction with as little foundation and to as little purpose; and is moreover so accommodating and intangible as to leave it very much to be determined by the personal likings or dislikings of the critic, or by the character of that school of criticism to which he may accidentally belong, how much he will accept in the Bible because the Word of God, and how little of it because the word of man. Such a theory of inspiration has in itself no clue to guide a man, so that in the Bible he shall prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good. But worse than this. Even were there no perils in the search, and no uncertainty in the result,—were a man, in seeking in the Bible for what is the Word of the Most High, at all times assured of at last finding the truth and escaping the error, still the very search, conducted in such a manner and on such principles, must necessarily generate a feeling the very opposite of the faith of the true Christian. What is the spirit and attitude of the man who comes to the Bible, believing that it is partly of God and partly of man,—that it is his duty to sift and decide between the two, and to examine and declare what he shall receive as true, and what reject as untrue,—as compared with the spirit and attitude of him who knows that the Bible is all and in every part the Word of God, and that it is his duty to receive it upon the authority and testimony of his God? Even were the result as to the doctrines accepted in both cases the same,—even were it the very same confession of faith that was in the end honestly arrived at by both parties; yet in the one case you have the spirit of a man who has searched amid error, and laid hold on truth for himself, and believes it, not because he has gotten it from God, but because he has found it out without His assistance,—who receives

the doctrines he most surely holds, not because they came to him from Heaven, but because he lighted upon them through his own discernment,—and who sits in judgment upon the Bible, and believes its words, not because they have been spoken by Jehovah, and not as an homage to Jehovah's veracity, but because they recommend themselves to his own feelings and convictions, and in acknowledgment of his own discovery of them as true. In the other case, we have the feeling of a man whose soul is silent, because he hears God speaking, and speaking to him,—who receives the doctrines of the Bible, not because he has discovered their truth for himself, but because it is the word of God,—whose faith in it is an homage, not to his own powers of judgment or discrimination in deciding between the truth and the falsehood, but to the authority and testimony of the Most High,—and whose attitude is not that of one who sits in judgment upon the Bible, but of one rather who sits at the feet of Him who has revealed it. It is not difficult to say in which of these two parties are best made manifest the faith of the believer and the feelings of the child of God. We do not hesitate to take up the gauntlet which Coleridge has vauntingly thrown down. We believe that it is better to say the Bible is true because we have found it to be the Word of God, than to say the Bible is the Word of God because we have found it to be true.*

And different and wholly opposite as are the feelings and spirit in which in the two cases the truth is searched out, so also will be the effects of it when found and believed. It may be the very same truth, in so far as regards its substance and contents, which the two men have arrived at by such different routes. But, in the one instance, it is his *own* truth, which he has discovered for himself, and which he holds fast because it is his discovery, but which embodies no Divine certainty to satisfy the understanding, and no Divine authority to lay under responsibility the conscience,—which has, in fact, no other title to be believed than any other truth which he himself has found out, and no other right to submission than all truth

may claim. In the other instance, it is not his truth, but the *truth of God* which he has received from on high, and believes because he has so received it,—which he does not hold, but which holds him; and which, because it is God's, given by Him and resting on His testimony, has in it infallible certainty to be the warrant for his faith, and supreme authority to be the law commanding his obedience. In the two cases it may be the same doctrine believed; but it is believed on very different grounds, and to very opposite effects.

In dealing, then, with this subject, we feel it to be of vital importance that the shortcomings of those incomplete theories of inspiration which are now abroad in the Church should not be palmed upon us in disguise, to the exclusion of the plenary doctrine of a supernatural revelation, supernaturally inspired. In maintaining the highest and strictest views of the Scriptures, we have no occasion to undervalue or deny the use of reason, or religious intuition, or spiritual insight, or by whatever other name the inward revealer may be called, in its search after truth; we are not called upon to estimate the extent or value of its discoveries in Divine things; and we need have no jealousy of these discoveries, provided they are not put in the place and advocated to the exclusion of a supernatural revelation given us by God. In the same way, we have no interest to deny the importance of that gracious illumination by the Spirit, which is the common teaching of all Christians in order to lead them into the truth; and we have no call to look upon with suspicion or unduly to limit the amount of the teaching, and the products of the illumination, of this secret Inspirer of the believer, provided these are not made to exclude the doctrine of the true and supernatural inspiration of the chosen men who wrote the Bible. There may be, and is, a discovery by reason of God, and the things of God, within certain limits; but over and above that, there is a proper and supernatural revelation from Him. There may be, and is, a teaching of the Spirit in the mind of every Christian, the products of which may be seen in the Christian authorship of the Church; but over and above that, there are the supernatural gifts of the same Spirit, to enable selected men infallibly to record His word. And it is impossible to deny the orthodox doctrine of the twofold element, of a supernatural revelation and a supernatural inspiration, that makes up an infallible Bible, except in one or other of two ways; either by saying that the thing is impossible, or that its existence has not been

* "Is it safer for the individual, and more conducive to the interests of the Church of Christ in its twofold character of pastoral and militant, to conclude thus,—The Bible is the Word of God, and therefore true, holy, and in all parts unquestionable; or thus, The Bible, in reference to its declared ends and purposes, is true and holy, and for all who seek truth with an humble spirit, an unquestionable guide; and therefore it is the Word of God?"—*Confession of an Inquiring Spirit*, p. 73.

proved. With those who hold that the thing is impossible,—that is to say, with the deniers of the supernatural in any shape or circumstances,—we have at present nothing to do. To those who say that it has not been proved, the defenders of infallibility are willing to submit the evidence of its existence.

We must say a word or two on the subject of this evidence before we close, not in the way of giving even the slenderest outline of it, which in our space would be impossible, but rather with a view of indicating our views as to the kind of proof relevant and sufficient to establish a supernatural inspiration.

If the distinction which has been prominently kept in view during all our previous remarks be a sound one—the distinction between a supernatural revelation and a supernatural inspiration—it is plain that the question of evidence is not the same in regard to each. We may have a revelation without an inspiration, and proof of the one without any proof of the other. Properly speaking, the defenders of inspiration, plenary and infallible, are entitled to take for granted, as a thing proved, or admitted by those with whom they differ on the point of inspiration, that a supernatural communication from God has been made. The fact of a revelation from Heaven is the point from which the controversy as to a plenary or partial inspiration must start, and from which the evidence in favour of infallibility must begin. If, in any theory as to the authority of the Bible, this fact is expressly or implicitly denied, the controversy becomes a more general one, belonging not to the defenders of infallibility peculiarly, but to Christian apologists at large, and must be so dealt with. But the question for the advocates of inspiration is this,—Is the Bible, which on both sides it is admitted contains a revelation from God, a human record of it, or a Divine record of it,—a composition written by the unaided powers of its penmen, or by those penmen, with the help of the inward illumination of the Spirit common to Christians,—or, finally, by the writers under the supernatural and infallible influence of the Holy Ghost? This is plainly a question of fact, which must be dealt with as other matters of fact which come up in controversy. No doubt the simple consideration, that the Bible contains a revelation from God, is itself a strong presumption in favour of the conclusion that it is inspired and not human,—for this reason, that we know of no communication made by God to any of His creatures, intended and destined for other parties and all times, that

has not been transmitted through a supernatural channel, and because we cannot conceive how it could reach its destination and accomplish its end unless it were so. Still this is no more than a presumption, and is not the proper or relevant evidence for inspiration. All that we are entitled to say in regard to it is, that God, having for grand and important ends in His spiritual economy performed the first great miracle of revelation, would not, according to human likelihood, allow the very object of a revelation, pointing as it does to all men and time, to be frustrated for the want of the second miracle of inspiration, if the latter were necessary to the end in view. And further, the fact of a supernatural revelation, if admitted by the opponents of infallibility in the record of it, is itself a sufficient answer, in the way of an *argumentum ad hominem*, to all those many objections to inspiration drawn from its supernatural character. But still, we repeat, this is not the primary and proper evidence for inspiration.

It is not difficult to trace, in the theology of the Reformation period, and subsequently, a strong tendency on the part of many, as a natural enough reaction from the Popish doctrine that the infallible authority of the Church is the proper foundation for our belief in the canon of Scripture, to make the evidence for the Divine and inspired character of the sacred volume to rest in the witness which it leaves in the heart of the individual believer. In some of the confessions of the early Protestant churches, and in the writings of some of the most eminent Protestant divines, from Calvin downwards, the traces of this doctrine are to be found, as if the testimony in the mind of the Christian, shining upon him from the sacred page, were sufficient evidence of what was, or was not, inspired and canonical in the record. According to Whitaker, in his "*Disputatio de Sacra Scriptura*," against Bellarmine, the Scripture is *ἀνρόπιστος*, having its credit and proof in itself; and Dr. Owen, in his "*Discourses on the Divine Original of Scripture*," tells us that the "self-evidencing efficacy" of it is such as, without any other testimony or proof, to leave a man in no doubt as to what books, or portions of books, are truly Divine, and given by inspiration. Now, we cannot help thinking that, in their earnest recoil from the Popish principle of the impossibility of any individual having evidence of the canonical authority of the Bible, apart from the decree of an infallible Church, some of these divines misstated a good principle, and gave it work to do which it never was intended or fitted to accomplish. They seem to us to have, to

some extent, confounded the distinction, which it has been our aim all along to bring prominently into view, between a supernatural revelation given by God, and a supernatural inspiration effected by Him, and to have mistaken the evidence sufficient for the one of them, for that distinct evidence which avails for the other. The "self-evidencing efficacy" of which Dr. Owen speaks, belongs to the revelation, not to the inspiration; it may suffice to prove that the Bible contains a communication from God, but not to show that the record of it is in all its parts and sentences inspired: the Bible is *ἀντόπιστος*, in the sense of embodying a message of Divine truth, that, by its adaptation to the wants and capacities of man's moral and spiritual being, proves itself to be Divine, but not in the sense of showing that the message has been written in a book composed under supernatural direction. The ultimate ground of certitude which believers have in the Scriptures, as embodying a Divine revelation to their souls—a communication of saving truth to them—is, no doubt, that internal witness in the heart—that secret mark of divinity, which no man knoweth but he who has himself received it; but this is a very different matter from the question, whether or not that revelation has been embodied in a human record, or in a record partially divine, or, finally, in a Bible composed under miraculous and infallible influence from above. The evidence that proves the one of these, is not, in our view of it, relevant to establish the other. We cannot help thinking that the judgment of Richard Baxter is nearer to the truth, when he says, "For my part, I confess I could never boast of any such testimony or light of the Spirit (nor reason neither), which, without human testimony, would have made me believe that the Book of Canticles is canonical, and written by Solomon, and the Book of Wisdom apocryphal, and written by Philo." "Nor could I have known all or any historical books, such as Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, etc., to be written by Divine inspiration, but by tradition."

From the very nature of the case, the testimony of the inspired men is the proper and only possible evidence in the matter. They were cognizant of the fact that God called them up into the Mount, and did invest them there with supernatural endowments, to enable them unerringly to record His revelation given to them; and they *only* were cognizant of it: as witnesses, competent by adequate knowledge and complete veracity, they could depone to the fact, and none other could. Inspiration, from its very

nature, is one of those "invisible miracles," of which Butler speaks, that do not, like outward signs and wonders, appeal to the external senses, and draw their evidence from the public testimony which the eyes of many beholders might render. It was a matter between the prophet himself and God. There was none other with him in that secret presence-chamber of Divine wisdom, where he heard the words of the Eternal spoken to him, and received supernatural commission and power infallibly to record them; and no testimony but his own could avail to prove what was done there, even as no ear but his own heard what was spoken. In respect of the kind of evidence that can properly reach and substantiate the truth of it, the fact of inspiration stands in the very same predicament with the fact of revelation, or with the fact of the incarnation, the special example of "invisible miracles" which Butler gives. When John, in the isle that is called Patmos, recorded the communication from God, which told him of the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter, there was no human eye but his own present to see, and no human ear but his own near to hear, the revelation granted to him; and the only evidence which the Church of Christ has to the fact of such a revelation being then and there vouchsafed, is ultimately the witness of John himself, the only one who knew the fact or could tell it, and a witness sufficient as to the fact, because confirmed by his veracity as a man, and his miraculous gifts as an apostle. When Luke relates the "invisible miracle" of the miraculous conception and incarnation of the Son of God, he speaks of a matter that could not be known to himself or to any other from their own knowledge—which did not appeal to the senses of any one, and could not be established by merely outward observation; but which, from the very nature of the case, must rest solely upon the testimony of those to whom God had revealed it, and who, by the revelation, were made to know it themselves, and the proper witnesses of it to others. And, had the testimony of Luke stood alone in Scripture for the mysterious fact to which he depones, it would have been enough for the faith of the Church of Christ, even although, in this case, it would have been the testimony of one whose veracity as a man was not, so far as we have reason to believe, additionally confirmed by the display in his person of miraculous powers. And so it is in regard to inspiration. The evidence proper and sufficient to prove the truth of it is the witness of the men whom God inspired. They alone knew when and how the super-

natural powers were given to them, to qualify them for the task to which they were called; and they alone are competent, by knowledge of the fact, to testify to it. The only question is, was their testimony true? No more than in the case of Luke, when the awful fact of the miraculous conception of the Son of God was revealed to him—no more than in the case of John, when his solitary ear listened to the voice that spoke with him in Patmos—no more than in the case of any one man to whom a revelation from God was ever granted, were there other witnesses at hand, who could hear the words or see the hand that invested the inspired man, in the moment of inspiration, with his prophetic powers to record in the Bible the communication made to him in secret. If any one is inclined to put the question, How, or by what means, was the prophet satisfied that he *was* inspired by God, and that the Holy Ghost had actually come upon him, to endow him for the work of a Scripture writer, and that he was not the victim merely of delusion? the only answer that can be given is, that this is one of those secret things which, from the nature of the case as supernatural, must remain unknown; it was a matter between God and the man miraculously clothed upon with the prophetic mantle, and could not possibly be explained to us, because it is miraculous. We have not been told, because we could not understand, how any man was supernaturally filled with the Divine wisdom in the case of revelation; and we have not been told either how any man was supernaturally endowed with the Divine power in the case of inspiration. We do not know, and have not been told, either the process by which Paul heard unspeakable words, or the other process by which Paul wrote inspired words, which it was as little possible (*ἐξῶν*) for him, as a man, to receive as to utter. But we do know that it would be to limit God, in a way in which the least of His intelligent creatures are not limited, to say that He cannot, like them, communicate His thoughts to others, and make these other parties certain that the thoughts are His; and we know also, that it would be a no less daring limitation of the Almighty, to say that He cannot, after the communication is given, furnish them with complete assurance of His desire, and of their own supernatural ability, to record it. Having certain knowledge both of their commission and powers as inspired men, the only question is as to the truth of their testimony, when they tell us that they are inspired; and this point is to be determined by the ordinary principles and methods of evidence by which

human testimony is judged of. This is not a matter peculiar to the question of inspiration, but belongs rather to the department of Christian apologetics in general. Having the testimony to the point, of men whose competency and veracity as witnesses, have been established and found unimpeachable by the ordinary principles of evidence, we have the only proof that, from the nature of the case, is possible, and we have the sufficient proof. In addition to this, there may be, in certain cases, the further attestation of miracles confirming their testimony; although the endowment of miraculous power is not the invariable accompaniment or the primary proof of inspiration.*

Whatever, then, was the mysterious character of that transaction which passed between the prophets and God, when He summoned and empowered them to "write all the words" of His revelation in a book, and whatever the solemnities that accompanied their investiture with office, and witnessed to their own mind the truth of their call, there could, from the very nature of the case, be no ground of certainty furnished to other men as to the supernatural powers conferred, except from the testimony of those who in secret received, or of Him who, unseen, conferred them. We have in Scripture the testimony of both these parties. We have the evidence of the inspired men, who tell us expressly that they "received of the Lord" what they delivered unto us; or tell the same thing implicitly when they claim that what they wrote and spake should be received with a faith, and obeyed with a submission, not due to the words of other men. And we have the evidence of the only other party cognizant of the inspiration given, and therefore competent to declare the reality of it,—we have the evidence of God, who conferred the gift, when He speaks through the lips of other men, inspired by Him as they were, and taught by revelation both to recognise and declare to the world the inspiration of their fellow prophets. The only two parties who had knowledge of the transaction are at one, and give separate and harmonious evidence to the fact: the witness of each writer of

* Men were often inspired who wrought no miracles; as, for instance, many of the prophets under the Old Testament, and John the Baptist under the New; so that miraculous powers were not, in the first instance, the proper evidence of inspiration. In saying this, we do not overlook the fact—and it is an important point in the proof—that inspired men, not workers of miracles themselves, are yet part and parcel of a miraculous system in that method by which God confirmed His revelation to the world, and so indirectly received from miracles a confirmation of the truth of their inspiration.

Scripture to his own individual inspiration is strengthened and confirmed by the witness of his fellows, when they were enabled by God to see and affirm it also; and the numberless references and allusions from one part of Scripture to another, so extensively and intimately interwoven with the text, embodying, as they almost always do, a recognition of its Divine character, constitute the testimony of God—repeating ever and anon the personal assertion of the inspired man as to the reality of his own supernatural gifts. In this way the evidence for the inspiration of Scripture is almost indefinitely multiplied and augmented; and the testimony of each single writer to his own inspiration is not to be taken and valued singly, but as one of many, and part of a whole.

We really have no patience to deal with the objection, so often answered, yet always reproduced, that our putting the argument for inspiration, on such grounds of evidence, is in reality reasoning in a circle; and that we are assuming the inspiration of the sacred penmen in order to prove them to be inspired. We observe that Dr. Donaldson, one of the latest and most intemperate railers against Bibliolatry, has not thought it unworthy of him to set off his novelties directed against the Bible with this old objection.* We really can do nothing else, in such a case, than repeat what has been so often repeated before, that in proving the inspiration of Scripture from the assertions of its writers, we do not take for granted that they are inspired men, but only that they are honest men, who know what they said, and said it truly;—that the exigencies of our argument require nothing more than this assumption, which we are entitled to make, on the general grounds of the Christian evidences; and that we do not want, and do not assume, “infallible witnesses to

their own infallibility.” The fact of inspiration rests, in respect of its evidence, on precisely the same basis as the fact of revelation. We do not require to take for granted that the authors of the Bible had a revelation given them in order that we may believe their assertion that it is revealed; the fact of a revelation from God is no doubt a revealed truth; but all that we have to do, in the first instance, in order to prove its existence, is to ascertain that the men who profess to have received it were honest men, who knew what they said, and were entitled to be believed when they tell us that they *did* receive it. In like manner, we do not require to take for granted that the penmen of the Bible were inspired men, before we can believe their assertion that they were inspired; the fact of inspiration is undoubtedly an inspired truth; but all that we have to do in the first place, in order to justify our faith in their assertions, is to see that they were not inspired men, but honest men, who could not be deceived in what they said, and who would not deceive others. The fact that the evidence of a revelation from God is a truth revealed, does not supersede the other fact, that it is a truth that can be proved from other evidence apart from revelation; and the consideration, that inspiration is a doctrine asserted and guaranteed by inspiration, does not do away the other consideration, that it can be established on separate grounds independent of inspiration. We take it for granted that Dr. Donaldson, notwithstanding the comprehensiveness of his views, and the narrowness of his creed, still believes, and that firmly, in a revelation from God, whether it be contained in the Book of Jasher, or in the Bible; and which, in so far forth as it is a revelation from God, and not corrupted by intermixture of foreign matter,—in so far forth as it is the word of God contained in the Bible, and not the Bible itself,—must, in the estimation of Dr. Donaldson, be infallible, as surely as any Bibliolater holds the whole Bible to be so. But on what is that belief of his founded, if not on the very same principles and grounds of evidence as those on which rests the fact of inspiration, which he declares to be incapable of proof? In laying down the foundation of our argument for inspiration, we do not want “infallible testimonies for the fact,” any more than for the corresponding fact of revelation; we are contented, in both cases, with those ordinary but sure grounds of faith, on which we believe other historical events the best accredited and most undoubted. We shall be happy to learn that, without “infallible witnesses to their own

* Speaking of Mr. Lee's argument for inspiration, Dr. Donaldson proceeds:—“When he (Mr. Lee) says, ‘We do not, at starting, believe what is contained in the Bible, because it is inspired; but having previously established its claims to our belief, we are fully entitled to draw our main argument for inspiration from its own pages,’ he endeavours to make a distinction without a difference; for he knows very well that the statement of a writer's belief that he was inspired by God might be erroneous, and yet he might believe so; that his credibility would not be affected by his unintentional error, whatever occasioned it, unless by credibility we mean infallibility, which is the thing to be proved. Mr. Lee's argument, when reduced to its elements, is simply this: the sacred writers claim inspiration; but they were inspired; therefore they are infallible witnesses to their own infallibility.”—*Christian Orthodoxy Reconciled with the Conclusions of Modern Biblical Learning*. By JOHN WILLIAM DONALDSON, D.D. P. 316.

infallibility," and upon grounds of plain historical evidence, Dr. Donaldson believes in the inspiration of the Bible with the same confidence that he does in his own restoration of the Book of Jashar.

In thus putting the fact of revelation and the fact of inspiration upon the same level in respect of evidence, and resting them both, in the first instance, on the grounds of ordinary moral and historical proof, we are quite aware that we are renouncing in their favour the "infallible testimony" which Dr. Donaldson unfairly avers that the argument for infallibility secretly and illegitimately assumes. Nay, more than this: we are aware that, in basing our proof on the ordinary grounds and principles of historical evidence, we are admitting the theoretical possibility of "unintentional error" on the part of the witnesses for inspiration, when they assert the fact of their own supernatural endowments and commission by God. But this possibility is no more than the possibility which, from their nature, must belong to the testimony of fallible beings, and amounts simply to the concession, that the argument for revelation and inspiration is made up of probable and not demonstrative evidence, in the technical sense of these words. That a man could be subject to "unintentional error" as to the fact of his receiving or not receiving a communication from God, is possible, not more, but less, than that he could be so as to his receiving, a moment before, an important oral communication from a fellow-creature, in the words familiar to his ear of his most intimate acquaintance. That a man could deceive himself, as to recording or not recording the communication given from God, is a possibility not more, but less, likely to occur, than that he could do so as to whether or not, an hour ago, he sat down and wrote the words that now lie before him, as the record of the communication of his nearest friend. The possibility stands upon very much the same level, in point of evidence, as the possibility that no man in the world knows whether or not Dr. Donaldson has addressed to it a lengthened book, misnamed "Christian Orthodoxy," although some few have actually read it; and that his printer does not know whether or not he transferred the manuscript thoughts to the printed pages, although it got him much labour and little wisdom to do so. As a matter of historical fact, the questions of a revelation or an inspiration being given or not from God, belong, from their nature, to the department of probable not demonstrative evidence,—the former admitting of degrees of certainty which the latter does not; and

they stand, in this respect, on the same footing as our belief in any truth that rests on testimony, and any historical fact, the most familiar and certainly believed. Such probability, to use Butler's expression, is the guide of life, and must be so. But while inspiration, in one sense, is an historical fact to be proved and legitimately established on grounds of historical evidence in the first instance, it is also a fact of revelation to be received, on the testimony of God, by all who believe that a revelation has been given. These two aspects of the fact are not contradictory or exclusive of each other. The fact that holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, is one that can be established, on strict grounds of historical evidence, as much as any fact of profane history, the most familiar and best accredited. The same fact is an announcement and doctrine of revelation, which, to those who receive a revelation on its proper evidence, comes to them in addition with the seal and authority of God.

But we must have done. We have made no attempt, in the course of the remarks, to indicate the amount of the positive evidence in favour of the inspiration of Scripture, nor have we touched upon the wide field of the objections that have been brought against the doctrine which, with many people, is the most difficult part of the discussion. Our limited space has forbidden us to do either.

For the present we content ourselves with stating our belief, that there is evidence, sufficient both in amount and in kind, to establish the fact of the supernatural inspiration of the sacred record; and that the objections which have been brought against the doctrine, whatever may be made of them as difficulties to be explained or not, ought not to be allowed to counterbalance the proof of the fact.

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- ART. X.—1. *Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, etc., etc.* Edited by J. W. KAYE, Author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," etc. London: 1855.
2. *Allen's Indian Mail; or, Register of Intelligence from British and Foreign India, etc., etc.* July, 1857.
3. *The Homeward Mail, from India, China, and the East.* July, 1857.
4. *The Mutinies in the East Indies.* Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. July, 1857.

THE prophets of evil are always unpopular. The howlings of Cassandra are an-

swered with a howl. If this does not silence the ill-omened cry, it is bellowed down by a chorus of the nation. Neither states nor individuals can bear to be aroused from sleep, and to be reminded of danger. The intrusion upon our tranquillity is sure to be resented. We call the alarmist a fool, and betake ourselves again to our slumbers. The next time we wake up, we find our house in a blaze.

This has, unhappily, been the case with respect to our Indian possessions. For many years there have been prophets of evil, announcing, with more or less distinctness, that mighty dangers were casting their shadows before. Considering the nature of our tenure of India, it was really not a hazardous prophecy. We have been accustomed to contemplate, with quiet and level eyes, the most wonderful political phenomenon that the world has ever seen. The spectacle of a handful of white-faced men, from a remote island in the western seas, holding in thrall an immense oriental continent numbering a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, has long been so familiar to our sight, that it has ceased to lift our eyebrows or to raise our hands with a look or gesture of astonishment. And yet it was altogether so strange and exceptional a case, that if any one declared that it was not in the nature of things that such an anomaly should last for ever, he uttered a mere truism to which every one might have been expected to yield assent. But if any one assented to it, it was in a limited and qualified sense. To hint at the existence of any impending danger, that might at any time descend upon us, was to raise a suspicion of the weakness of the alarmist's intellect; or, if the "howl" proceeded from a man of generally high reputation, this doubt of the stability of our rule was regarded as a whim—a crotchet—a spot upon his intellectual escutcheon. Thus, when, a few years ago, the life of Lord Metcalfe was published, and people gladly recognised the soundness and clearness of his intellect, as well as the marvellous sweetness of his temper under all provocation, and his almost unexampled patience and fortitude under suffering, they could not forbear from asking one another how it happened that a man of such strong sense and large experience could be perpetually doubtful of the stability of our Indian empire, and continually declaring that we should wake some day and find it crumbling beneath our feet. His biographer speaks of these as the "peculiar views of Sir Charles Metcalfe," and evidently seems to think—indeed he more than hints—that such opin-

ions were not in accordance with the general wisdom of the man.*

In this respect, the Life of Charles Metcalfe, and the Selections from his papers now before us, were published some two or three years too soon. If the materials of these works were now placed, for the first time, in Mr. Kaye's hands, he would, doubtless, take some pains to illustrate the extraordinary foresight of this great Indian statesman, and instead of speaking apologetically of the occasional prognostications of evil which, in the performance of his editorial functions, he seems to have inserted somewhat reluctantly in the published volumes, would have dwelt with laudatory zeal upon such evidences of prescient sagacity as now lie intelligibly before us. "Time's old daughter, Truth," has come to the rescue. The "barrel of gunpowder," upon which Metcalfe used to say that we were sitting, has now exploded; and we read such passages as the following, by the light of present history, with a right appreciation of their wisdom. The first which we have marked for quotation illustrates the feelings with which Metcalfe regarded what we now look upon as the paltry mutiny at Barrackpore in 1824. It is taken from a letter to a private friend:—

"News has come from Calcutta—you have already seen it in the papers—of the blackest hue and the most awful omen, such as for a time must absorb all the faculties of a man anxiously alive to the dangers which beset our empire in India. I allude to the mutiny at Barrackpore. A regiment of Bengal Sepoys, ordered to Chittagong to form part of an army to be opposed to the Burmans, refuses to march, separates itself from its officers, turns the major-general of the station off the parade, quits its lines, marches to the race-course with forty rounds in pouch, and there threatens to resist any attempt to bring them to order! All expostulation failing, two King's regiments, which happen by chance to be within call, the body-guard and the artillery, are brought against them. The mutineers refuse to lay down their arms, are attacked, make no resistance, and flee. About 70—at first said to be 450—are killed on the spot. Six more (*vide Gazette*), I have heard, have since been hanged; others brought in pri-

* As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Kaye is quite right when he says: "There is no parallel of this in the antecedents of Indian history. It is commonly the home-bred statesman who is most alive to the dangers of our position. Lord Wellesley and Lord Minto were much more sensible of danger than Sir John Shore and Sir George Barlow."

soners and in chains in the fort. About 100 taken prisoners in the first instance. Now, what does this mutiny proceed from? Either from fear of our enemy, or from disaffection to our Government. The Sepoys have always disliked any part of Bengal, and formerly no corps marched thither from the Upper Provinces without losing many men by desertion. They detest the eastern part of Bengal more than the western; and the country beyond our frontier they believe to be inhabited by devils and cannibals; the Burmans they abhor and dread as enchanters, against whom the works of mere men cannot prevail. What does all this amount to in brief but this—that we cannot rely on our Native Army? Whether it be fear of the enemy, or dissatisfaction towards us, they fail us in the hour of need. What are we to think of this, and what are our prospects under such circumstances? It is an awful thing to have to mow down our own troops with our own artillery, especially those troops on whose fidelity the existence of our empire depends. I will hope the best. We may get over this calamity. It may pass as the act of the individual mutineers. The rest of the army may not take up their cause. A feeling may be roused to redeem the character thus lost. But we shall be lucky if all this turn out exactly so; for there is no doubt that the feelings which led to the mutiny were general. Open mutiny, indeed, was not confined to the 47th: 200 of the 62d seized the colours of their corps and joined; 20 men of the 26th seized one colour of their corps and joined the mutiny. What were the rest of the regiment about, if 20 men could commit this audacious outrage? The whole business is very bad; and we shall be very fortunate if it lead to nothing more. But we are often fortunate; and the mind of man is an inexplicable mystery.

“Sometimes these violent ebullitions of bad feeling are succeeded by good conduct; let us hope that it may be so in this instance; and let us take warning not to rely so entirely on one particular class of troops. More officers, more European regiments, and a greater variety in the composition of our force, seem to be the only remedies in our power to counteract the possible disaffection of our Native Infantry; and whether our resources will enable us to carry these remedies to a sufficient extent is doubtful. Enough of this for the present. It is the most serious subject that could have roused the anxiety of those who, like myself, are always anxiously alive to the instability of our Indian Empire.”

Four years before, Metcalfe had written with reference to his favourite Colonisation Scheme, that he would give it up, if he were “sure that our army would always be faithful.” “But,” he added, “drawn, as it must be, from a disaffected population, it is wonderful that its feeling is so good; and it is too much to expect that it will last to eternity.” At a somewhat later period, when the revision of the Company’s Charter was under consideration he wrote:—

“Our hold (of India) is so precarious, that a very little mismanagement might accomplish our expulsion; and the course of events may be of itself sufficient, without any mismanagement.

“We are to appearance, more powerful in India now than we ever were. Nevertheless, our downfall may be short work. When it commences it will probably be rapid, and the world will wonder more at the suddenness with which our immense Indian Empire may vanish, than it has done at the surprising conquest that we have achieved.

“The cause of this precariousness is, that our power does not rest on actual strength, but on impression. Our whole real strength consists in the few European regiments, speaking comparatively, that are scattered singly over the vast space of subjugated India. That is the only portion of our soldiery whose hearts are with us, and whose constancy can be relied on in the hour of trial. All our native establishments, military or civil, are the followers of fortune; they serve us for their livelihood, and generally serve us well. From a sense of what is due to the hand that feeds them, which is one of the virtues that they most extol, they may often display fidelity under trying circumstances; but in their inward feelings they partake more or less of the universal disaffection which prevails against us, not from bad government, but from natural and irresistible antipathy; and were the wind to change—to use a native expression—and to set in steadily against us, we could not expect that their sense of honour, although there might be splendid instances of devotion, would keep the mass on our side in opposition to the common feeling which, with one view, might for a time unite all India from one end to the other.

“Empires grow old, decay, and perish. Ours in India can hardly be called old, but seems destined to be short-lived. We appear to have passed the brilliancy and vigour of our youth, and it may be that we have reached a premature old age. We have ceased to be the wonder that we were to the natives; the charm which once en-

compassed us has been dissolved, and our subjects have had time to inquire why they have been subdued. The consequences of the inquiry may appear hereafter.

"If these speculations are not devoid of foundation, they are useful in diverting our minds to the contemplation of the real nature of our power, and in preventing a delusive belief of its impregnability. Our greatest danger is not from a Russian invasion, but from the fading of the impression of our invincibility from the minds of the native inhabitants of India. The disaffection which would willingly root us out exists abundantly; the concurrence of circumstances sufficient to call it into general action may at any time happen."

In the same paper, Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote:—"We can retain our dominion only by a large military establishment; and, without a considerable force of British troops, the fidelity of our native army could not be relied on." One more passage will suffice. It is doubly important, inasmuch as it contains a remarkable dictum of Sir John Malcolm, which Metcalfe emphatically endorses:—

"The prevalent disaffection of our subjects, the uncertainty under which we hold any part of our Indian possessions, without the presence or immediate vicinity of a military force; the utter inability of our civil establishments to stem the torrent of insurrection, their consternation and helplessness when it begins to roar, constitute in reality the greatest of our dangers in India; without which a Russian invasion, or any other invasion, might, I doubt not, be successfully met and repulsed. . . .

"Persons unacquainted with our position in India might throw in our teeth that this disaffection is the consequence of bad government, and many among us, connecting the two ideas together, are reluctant to credit the existence of general disaffection. But this feeling is quite natural without any misgovernment. Instead of being excited by our misrule, it is, I believe, in a great degree, mollified by our good government. It exists because the domination of strangers—in every respects strangers—in country, in colour, in dress, in manners, in habits, in religion, must be odious. It is less active than it might be, because it is evident to all that we endeavour to govern well, and that whatever harm our government does proceeds from ignorance or mistake, and not from any wilful injustice or oppression.

"Although Lord William Bentinck appears to despise the dangers of either foreign foes or internal insurrection in India, his Lordship admits some things which are

quite sufficient to show that danger exists. He admits that we have no hold on the affections of our subjects; that our native army is taken from a disaffected population; that our European soldiery are too few to be of much avail against any extensive plan of insurrection. This is quite enough, and more than I have hitherto alluded to; for it is impossible to contemplate the possibility of disaffection in our army, without seeing at once the full force of our danger. As long as our native army is faithful, and we can pay enough of it, we can keep India in order by its instrumentality; but if the instrument should turn against us, where would be the British power? Echo answers, where? It is impossible to support a sufficient army of Europeans to take the place of our native army.

"The late Governor-General appears also to adopt, in some measure, the just remark of Sir John Malcolm, that 'in an empire like that of India we are always in danger, and it is impossible to conjecture the form in which it may approach.' This sentiment expresses the reality of the case in perhaps the truest manner, and I will not longer dwell on this part of the subject."

We wonder now that such utterances as these should have been rare and exceptional, and not at all consonant with the general belief. For, looking at this whole question of Indian government, or endeavouring to look at it, as though we were regarding the great political phenomenon for the first time, the feeling uppermost in the mind is one of wonder, not that a great disaster should befall us at the end of a century, but that the structure we have reared should have lasted half that time, with even a semblance of stability about it. But this marvellous edifice of our Indian Empire had become a mere matter-of-course. Content with its wonderful present, people troubled themselves little about either its past or its future. Practically they seemed to doubt whether it had ever had a beginning; and they felt assured that it could never have an end. It was enough for the multitude, that the Anglo-Indian Empire, like Topsy in Mrs. Stowe's fiction, had "grewed." The fact is, that we have been too successful. From generation to generation, through one reign after another, we have floated down the stream of prosperity, basking in the summer sunshine, and falling asleep with the rudder in our hand. From this pleasant drowse we have now been awakened by a terrible collision; and have therefore begun to condemn ourselves, or more properly, to condemn one another, for the want of ordinary prudence and caution, which has led

us to disregard the rocks and whirlpools lying in our way. And yet nothing is more true than that disaffection may be prevalent without any actual mismanagement on the part of the Indian Government at home or abroad.

That cartridges greased with bullock's fat should be served out to Hindoo Sepoys, appears *prima facie* to constitute a case of mismanagement. But we know so little about the history of these cartridges, that we are not prepared either to fix the extent to which this alleged grievance may have contributed to the great military outburst, or how it happened that anything so inflammable was placed in the Sepoys' hands. All, indeed, that we know with any certainty is, that there has been a terrible disaster. Whole regiments of Sepoys, in different parts of the Bengal presidency, have broken out into revolt. They have not only raised the standard of rebellion, but have turned against their European officers, and murdered them without a pang of remorse. In many places, the mutineers have struck indiscriminately at white life; massacring, often with a refinement of cruelty impossible to describe, man, woman, and child; burning and pillaging in every direction; sweeping away the civil government like chaff; and openly declaring the rule of the Feringhee usurper at an end. And this storm, it may be said, has burst suddenly on the land. It is true that we heard, some months ago, distant murmurings, indicating a troubled state of the political atmosphere. We knew that one or two regiments near the capital had exhibited symptoms of disaffection; but it was believed that the feeling was local, that it had been suppressed, and that it would not break out in other places. In this country it had excited no alarm, and scarcely any attention, until, on the morning of the 27th of June—four days after the centenary of the great battle of Plassy, which, in the stereotyped historical phrase, “laid the foundation of our Indian Empire”—the pregnant sentences of the telegraph announced as tragic a story as has ever yet been embodied in a few terrible words.

We need not enter into details, which will be found fully and accurately narrated in the excellent summaries of Indian intelligence, the names of which we have placed at the head of this article.* Every reader in the United Kingdom has made himself

more or less familiar with these details; and, as we write, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of further intelligence, upon the nature of which greatly depends whether order will speedily be restored to the disturbed districts, or whether, at the commencement of the cold weather, England will have to commence the re-conquest of Northern India. In the meanwhile, people knowing something about the matter, are loudly and angrily accusing and condemning, and people knowing nothing about it are, in accordance with the usual scale of inverse proportion, louder and angrier still.

It is natural that there should be an outcry against some one. Some one ought to have known better; some one ought to have foreseen all this; some one ought to have prevented it. But, after all, it is the great Outis, or No one, who has done all the mischief. Outis has put out the giant's eye, and left him to grope in the darkness. We say it not ironically, but seriously, truthfully, that no one is to blame for the false security in which the nation has long been lapped. It was the necessary result of progressive success. Indeed, we are by no means sure that it has not been also the *cause* of our progressive success. A more cautious and suspicious policy might not have been so successful. We have raised, step by step, during the last century, an army consisting of two hundred thousand natives of India—men of different nations and different castes, all differing from ourselves in colour, creed, institutions, language, habits, everything that can separate one people from another. Over this immense mass of Indian humanity, a handful of English gentlemen has held undisputed sway. The thousands and tens of thousands have obeyed the word of the dominant tens. And not only have these thousands and tens of thousands obeyed the dominant tens, but millions and tens of millions have followed the same straight line of obedience. Hireling troops—foreign mercenaries are to be found everywhere, ready to fight and to kill any one for pay. In India, the English pay has been paid with a regularity wholly unknown under any oriental government. The Sepoys, therefore, have had their reward. And for this reward, obedience was expected in return. But we have had no such claim, no such hold upon the affections of the people. The legitimate inference, therefore, was, that the soldiery were more likely to be true to us than the people; and that we should always be able to keep the latter in check through the agency of the former. The general proposition has been, that our tenure of India is safe, so long as we can

* It is difficult to over-estimate the value and the interest of these publications at the present time, when even the copious details in the morning journals fail to satisfy the painful curiosity of the public; and especially of that large portion of it which is personally connected with India.

rely upon the fidelity of the native army. Let the bayonets of the Sepoys bristle on our side, and we are safe.

But, was it likely that the bayonets of the Sepoys would always bristle on our side? We confess that it appeared to us very likely that they would. The belief was not at all a preposterous one. There was no discredit in credulity. No mightier lever than self-interest moves the hearts and shapes the actions of men. It is true that Indian armies always mutiny. The Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, the Arab soldier, lives in a chronic state of mutiny. But the Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, is always in arrears of pay: when the arrears are paid, the mutiny ceases. In these days, on the other hand, the pay of the British Sepoy is never in arrears. It is liberal in amount; regular in disbursement. The soldier has never had, and is never likely to have, so good a master as "John Company." The son follows the example of the father, and enlists into the service of the British Government, well knowing that in youth, in maturity, in old age, he insures a provision for himself; that a certain number of years will see him in regular receipt of pay, and an uncertain number of years in regular receipt of pension. It is manifestly to his interest to uphold a state of things which secures him advantages never to be expected under any other government. There has always been good reason to believe that the natural tendency of the Indian soldier to revolt would be suppressed, in the person of the British Sepoy, by the conviction of the folly of the movement.

From this belief we may except those small local and accidental mutinies, on account of some order, real or supposed, connected with the pay of the Sepoy. These mutinies are little more than strikes for wages, not peculiar to military society. They are limited to the locality of the special grievance—are epidemic, but not contagious. The cause is of an exceptional character, and the result only "proves the rule." So long as the Sepoy has nothing to complain of on the score of his pay, it has been assumed that we may rely upon his fidelity. And so long as we may rely upon the fidelity of the Sepoy, it has been held that we may feel assured of the security of our Indian empire.

So long, it has been said, "and no longer." But now it appears that this latter proposition is as likely to be falsified as the former. The Sepoy receives his pay and pension with the old regularity—but he is mutinous; and we are now about to demonstrate to the world that we can hold India in spite

of him. Sir Charles Napier, seven years ago, wrote of "losing India"—"after a destructive collision between the European regiments and a mutinous native army." The collision we have now actually seen; but we have not lost India, nor are we about to lose it: we are simply about to inaugurate a new system.

Read by the light of recent events, the old system of holding India by the agency of a native army, now appears to be a failure; and, of course, it is declared that the Government of the East India Company are responsible for this failure. The native soldier, who would, it is said, under good management, have stood by us to the last, has risen against his European officers, and turned our cantonments into shambles. Therefore, it is argued, there must have been mis-management. Only by some culpable folly could such an element of strength be converted into weakness and danger.

And this is, of course, supported by the assertion that the present crisis has been steadily approaching, and that many have seen and have announced its approach. In such a conjuncture, hasty verdicts and rash judgments were to be expected. The time has, perhaps, not yet come, for a calm, dispassionate, judicial consideration of the whole case. Already, in the absence of information, has much been written very vehemently on one side of the question. Little time does it take to acquire the materials of a virulent condemnation. It is quite sufficient that something has gone wrong, for people, with the least possible knowledge of that something, to denounce the Government under whose hands the disaster has arisen, and to cry frantically, "*Down with it—delenda est Carthago.*" This shout, as we have said, has gone up already: condemnation has preceded inquiry. It is probable, however, that ere long there will be a reaction; at all events, there will be an inquiry—a grave, solemn, and deliberate inquiry. In prospect of this we now write. Many difficult political problems will press for solution. We do not, at this early period, declare ourselves competent to solve them. On the contrary, it is with much humility that we offer to our readers some considerations which may, perhaps, enable them, when the time comes, to approach the discussion in a proper judicial spirit.

We have already observed, that the wonder is not that, once in a hundred years, there should be such an outbreak as we now are deploring; but that such a disaster should have occurred only once in a hundred years. "All government," it has been truly said, "is more or less an experiment. In

India it is especially an experiment, and it is one on a gigantic scale. We have been compelled to experimentalise on a foreign people not easy to understand—upon a people whose character and institutions are not only extremely dissimilar to our own, but so fenced in with exclusiveness, so bristling with all kinds of discouragements and denials, that it is difficult above all things to acquire that comprehensive knowledge of their feelings and opinions, which can alone enable us to adapt our legislation to their moral and physical requirements.” In a word, we desire that it should be always remembered, that it is not easy to govern such a country as India; and that the wonder truly is, that the experiment has been attended by so few serious mistakes, not that it has been characterised by so many.

Having anticipated this consideration, in the earlier part of our article, we need say nothing more to bespeak general toleration towards the errors of our Indian government. We pass on, therefore, to another and a very important point of inquiry. It is extremely desirable that it should be well considered in this conjuncture, whether the present crisis is not the result of an over-anxiety to govern well, rather than of any culpable negligence and indifference—whether, indeed, we have not done too much rather than too little. Sir John Malcolm, who knew India and her people as well as any man who ever lived, was continually insisting upon the evils of precipitate reform. It was his opinion that great evil would result from over-governing the country—from attempting to do too much for the amelioration of the people. The government of the East India Company has been perpetually reproached for being so slow in the work of improvement. But we suspect that it will appear, on inquiry, that it has been not too slow, but too rapid. And as the people of England at the present time—men of all classes and all interests—are crying out against the misgovernment out of which our disasters have arisen, it may be not undesirable to consider whether many of the circumstances which have contributed to evolve the present crisis, are not the results of their own incaution and impatience—the growth, indeed, directly or indirectly, of some clamour at home, some urgency for particular reforms. The progress may have been all in the right direction. The Parliament, the Platform, and the Press of Great Britain may all have urged what is right; and the government of the East India Company may have been right in yielding to the pressure: but it does not follow that, because it was right, it was not dangerous.

Indeed, we do not see how this inquiry can be entered into, in a proper spirit, unless we entirely divest our minds of the assumption that whatever may weaken our hold of India, is necessarily culpable. We hold it to be, on the other hand, the first principle of Indian government, that we are to do our best for the country and the people, without a thought of the effect that our measures will have on the duration of our empire in the East. If what we do be right in itself, it cannot be made wrong by the fact or the conjecture that it may be injurious to our own interests. Keeping this ever steadily in view, the reader will not misunderstand us. There are things which, if it were clearly shown that they had been the immediate and the sole cause of our recent disasters, we should never wish undone.

It is our duty to enlighten and civilise the people. No fear of consequences should ever deter us from the steadfast prosecution of measures tending to wean the people from the cruel and degrading superstitions to which they have so long been given up, bound hand and foot, by a priesthood, whose interest it is to perpetuate ignorance and barbarism. We do believe that what we have done for the people at large, has given dire offence to the Brahmans. At present affairs are in a transition-state. The Brahmans feel that their influence is declining, and will decline still more, as the effects of European education diffuse themselves more and more over the face of the country. But they have still power to lead the people astray, and especially that class—the soldiery—which is least exposed to counteracting influences. That they have been busily employed in disseminating a belief of the intention of the British Government to interfere, in a far more peremptory and decided manner, with the religion of the people, is a fact which is rarely questioned. They have, doubtless, pointed to repeated measures of interference, of no great import, perhaps, when viewed singly, but alarming in their aggregation. The abolition of Suttee—the suppression of female infanticide—the prohibition of the cruel ceremonies attending the Churruck Poojah—the modification of the Hindoo law of inheritance—the promotion of female education—the legalization of the marriage of Hindoo widows—the diminished endowment of religious institutions—and the relaxation of the once stringent rules interdictory of all, even indirect or constructive, encouragement of educational or missionary efforts for the evangelisation of the people, are, doubtless, all referred to as indications of the insidious endeavours of the Feringhees to break down the walls of

caste. A little thing will fill the cup of suspicion and alarm, to the brim. Nothing could answer the purpose better than the greased cartridges, of which we have heard so much. Alone, the cartridges would not have stirred a single company to revolt. But, added to all these foregone manifestations of our disregard of Hindoo superstitions, and coupled, moreover, with vague and mysterious rumours of some more open and undisguised assault to be committed upon Hindooism, under the protection of an overwhelming European force, even a less outrage than this might have made the seething cauldron bubble over in rebellion.

We should be far better pleased if we could bring ourselves to believe that religious alarm were not the main cause of this outbreak among the soldiery of Bengal. But we cannot resist the conviction that the Brahmans have wrought upon the fears and the prejudices of the military classes, by assailing them with stories, in which a vast superstructure of falsehood is reared upon a basis of truth. If this "leprous distilment" had not been poured into their ears by the dominant class, they would never have admitted a belief of the intention of the Government to use any other instrument than that of persuasion. We have heard it said that the delusion has been fostered by the indiscreet zeal of some Christian ministers, who have preached God's word in military hospitals and military lines; and that some, not connected with the Christian ministry, servants of the Government, in some cases regimental officers, have endeavoured, in like manner, to win over the Sepoys to the truth. But the quiet, unobtrusive efforts of individual men were not calculated to alarm the general body of the soldiery. It was the apprehension only of the interference of the State that could have raised such a wide spread feeling of dismay and resentment. And it demanded the agency of some active emissaries of evil to make the poison do its fatal work. The Brahmans have good reason to hate us. The tendency to all our ameliorative measures in India, is essentially anti-Brahmanical. The education of the people is alone sufficient to make them gnash their teeth in despair? The white man has come with his new truths; and the old errors of Hindooism must fall prostrate before them. What wonder, then, that the priestly and privileged class should chafe at our presence, and desire to sweep us from the face of the land?

We do not mean to affirm that the disaffection is limited to the Hindoos. But it appears that the open manifestation of discontent originated with them. The Moham-

medans appear to have been easily persuaded that some of the objectionable cartridges were greased with hog's lard. This was probably a mere invention of the enemy. At all events, it appears that none of the cartridges from England had in them any of the grease of the unclean animal. Intelligible as was the objection raised by the Hindoos to tallow made of bullock's fat, it was for some time hoped and believed that the movement was confined to the Hindoos. Later events, however, have shown the fallacy of this hope. The Mussulmans have their own special grievances. "The resumption measures,"—says a recent well-informed writer,*—"the discontinuance of the use of Persian in the courts,—the attempted conversion of the Calcutta Madrisa, an institution founded by Warren Hastings to educate Moolavees, that is, doctors of Mohammedan law, into a common English school,—the striking off from that establishment of all officers whose service was religious, and the introduction of such tests and conditions of admission to public employment as have had the effect of excluding Mohammedans entirely from the courts and other public establishments,—these and many similar observed results of the new principles adopted by the ruling authorities, are quite enough to account for the alienation of this part of the population. There needed very little perversion of representation to induce the Mohammedan Sepoy to believe, equally with the Hindoo, that the subversion of his religion also was the object and aim of the government he was serving." He had his own faith to defend, and in defence of it, who so violent and outrageous as a Mohammedan?

Assuming this to be the correct view of the case—that the revolt in Bengal has been fostered by our interference with the religious customs and privileges of the people, or with laws and customs supposed to be sanctioned by religion, does it, therefore, follow, that the government of the East India Company is culpable? If such is the inference, it is only right that it should be remembered that the blame is shared by a large body of the people of England. It was long a reproach to the East India Company, that they were too keenly alive to the dangers of such interference—that they sanctioned and sustained the cruel and idolatrous rites of Hindooism—and were altogether too tolerant of error. It was long declared to be a shame and a disgrace to a Christian government thus to shelve the re-

* "The Mutiny in Bengal: Its Causes and Correctives."—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

ligion of the Redeemer, and to appear openly as the friends and abettors of an abominable superstition. If, then, there be any blame in this matter, it is clear that there are thousands and tens of thousands of culprits out of Leadenhall Street. But we hold that there is really no culpability anywhere. As regards the government, it cannot be said that it has not respected the religious faiths of the people of India, because it has suppressed, or endeavoured to suppress, certain abominations, which were clearly breaches of the law of the land, and which were really not sanctioned by the national religion, although the priesthood, for their own purposes, made it to appear that they were divinely ordained.

We concur entirely in the view of the duty of government towards its native subjects in India, enunciated, some forty years by Sir John Malcolm, in a letter to Dr. Marshman, the eminent missionary of Serampore. "Though most deeply impressed," he wrote, "with the truth of the Christian religion, and satisfied that were that only to be considered in a moral view, it would be found to have diffused more knowledge and happiness than any other faith man ever entertained; yet I do think, that from the construction of our empire in India, referring both to the manner in which it has been attained, and that in which it must (according to my humble judgment) be preserved, that the English government in India should never, directly or indirectly, interfere in propagating the Christian religion. The pious missionary must be left unsupported by government or any of its officers, to pursue his labours; and I will add, that I should not only deem a contrary conduct a breach of faith to those nations whom we have conquered, more by our solemn pledges, given in words and acts, to respect their prejudices and maintain their religion, than by arms, but likely to fail in the object it sought to accomplish, and to expose us eventually to more serious dangers than we have ever yet known."

With such information as we have before us, it does not appear that the government of India has transgressed the principles enunciated in the above passage. If there be one act more than another which may be construed into an indirect support of proselytising efforts, it is in the admission of missionary schools and colleges to the privilege of receiving, in common with other scholastic institutions, the benefits of grants in aid from the public purse. This measure was greatly approved at the time, as was the whole scheme of education, launched while Sir Charles Wood was President of

the Indian Board, doubtless in obedience to popular outcry. But the propagation of the Christian religion is one thing, the extension of secular education is another. The latter, however, which is unquestionably the duty of government, is as fatal to Brahmanism as the former. In this, and in another more enlarged sense, the education of the people is dangerous. The "danger" is the loss of India. But we have never closed our eyes to the possibility of this result—and we believe that we have never been deterred from doing what is right by any fear of hastening the downfall of our empire.

Still, it may be said, that the proximate cause of the outbreak in Bengal, is to be found in certain lies disseminated, with a malicious object, among the native soldiery; and that if the authorities in India and England had been duly acquainted with the state of feeling in the army, they might have anticipated and counteracted the evil influences of those who have exerted themselves, with too much success, to fan the latent fires of disaffection into a blaze. There are, indeed, two distinct branches of inquiry; the one, why the disaffection arose; the other, why, having arisen, it was not allayed by the European officers before it broke out into acts of violence. If proper relations had been maintained between the Sepoy and his English officer, there would never have existed this dangerous delusion, "that they should believe a lie." The Sepoy is very credulous. There is, indeed, a child-like simplicity in the readiness with which he believes and ponders over the most absurd story. But he has far greater faith in the word of the white man than in that of his own people. A few words of explanation from an officer esteemed by the men under his command, will speedily remove a dangerous error ranking in the Sepoy's mind, and send him back to his lines a contented man and a good soldier. Fortified by the assurances of his captain, he will be proof against the designing falsehood of the emissary of evil. No one, knowing how easily the Sepoy is alarmed, will doubt for a moment the effect which the greased cartridges may have had upon his mind, especially when interpreted to him by one bent upon mischief. But no one knowing how docile and tractable he is, when properly managed by his European commander, will have any more doubt that this alarm might have been easily dissipated by a few words of timely explanation.

Then, why were these words of timely explanation not spoken? We desire not to be understood as making any sweeping assertions. We do not say that in *no* case has a

statement been made on the subject of the cartridges, tending to allay the alarm and irritation in the Sepoy's mind. It may have been made in time; it may have been made too late; or it may not have been made at all. We will assume the worst, although we have no information to lead us to a belief in anything better. But it is impossible to resist the conviction that, in the greater number of cases, the explanation was *not* offered; and that regiments have broken out into rebellion, because there have not been intimate relations between the Bengal Sepoy and the British officer.

And why? Simply for this reason: that it has been the inevitable tendency of the social, the administrative, and the material progress of the nineteenth century, to weaken the bonds between the Hindostanee soldier and the European officer. Little by little, the English in India have been more and more un-Hindooised by the growing civilization of the West. In the old time, he conformed himself, more or less, to the habits of the people. If he did nothing else, he conformed himself, with wonderful alacrity, to their vices. He might not adopt their religion, but he very soon forsook his own. There were few Christian churches; there were few Christian ministers; there were few Christian women. He, therefore, soon ceased to worship, and he found his female companions among the women of the country. He lived in the Zenana. He participated in the ceremonial festivities of the people. He was all things to all men—now a Hindoo, and now a Mussulman. He was a Sepoy officer; and content to be a Sepoy officer. His regiment was his home. The native officers were his brethren; the soldiers were his children. He spoke their language—though, in all probability, he could not read a single word. Reading, indeed, was not part of his vocation. He, therefore, talked all the more. He was glad to converse with his native officers. The *soobahdar* or *jemadar* of his company was ever welcome to his bungalow. He had always a kind word to say them; he seldom failed to ask what was going on in the lines; and what was the *bazaar gup*, or gossip. It is the pleasure of the native officer to be communicative. He is never slow to talk if he is encouraged. He will not hoard up his grievances if he can find a sympathising listener; he will not hatch sedition in secret if he is encouraged to make a confidant of one who has any power to redress them. So, when he visited his officer in the olden time, when Englishmen were content to be mere soldiers in India, he freely disclosed to him all that was done and was talked of in

the lines. If sinister rumours were afloat, they were communicated to the officer, who investigated their origin, and explained the circumstances in which they originated. The native soldier then carried back to his comrades words of comfort and assurance. The lie was strangled; the delusion vanished; the panic subsided; and men went to parade with cheerful faces as before.

That this is not the case now, or, if ever the case, is the exception, and not the rule, is generally admitted. The Englishman in India has become more English—the officer has become less a soldier. We no longer leave our country, with its religion, its manners, its literature, its domesticities behind us, when we set our faces towards Calcutta or Bombay. We carry with us to the East our civilization, our propriety, our old ideas and associations, and, as far as possible, our old way of life. We do not cast off the mother country, but still turn fondly towards it; and as increased facilities for communication multiply around us, we hanker more and more after home. The English drawing-room has supplanted the native Zenana. Instead of the dusky paramour, the pale-faced English wife has become the companion of the officer's solitude, and the mother of his children. A wide severance between the conquered and the conquering races is the result of this social change. Some may lament it—some may say that we have become too English, and that a greater assimilation to the manners and customs of the people, and a more thorough appreciation of their tone of thought, and a more enlarged sympathy with their feelings, are absolutely necessary to insure our permanent occupation of the country. But this is simply impossible. The change of which we speak is the inevitable result of the civilization of the nineteenth century. We cannot Hindooise ourselves again, any more than the butterfly can return to the *status ante* of the grub. We cannot demolish our Christian churches, or burn our English books, or place a five months' voyage between India and Great Britain. When we consider the atrocities which have been inflicted during the last few months upon delicate women and innocent children, it is not unreasonable to surmise that there may be less willingness than heretofore to transplant English ladies to so perilous a land; but even if this, as we greatly doubt, were to be the permanent result of our recent disasters, there are other influences (not the least of these being the progress of public opinion with respect to religion and morality), which would prevent our again assuming the old loose garments which once we wore in true Hindostanee

fashion. We have divested ourselves of them for ever.

But is it only by ceasing to be Englishmen—by ceasing to be Christians, that we can win the confidence and affection of the natives? We believe that there are other and better ways,* but scarcely as the present military system of the country is maintained. The men whose names are borne on the lists, as officers of our Sepoy regiments, are far better specimens of English gentlemen than their fathers and grandfathers in the days of Wellesley and Cornwallis. But modern improvement has here again been fatal to the native army. It is now of administrative progress that we are speaking. There has been long an outcry against the old exclusive civil service and the regulation system. All our more recent acquisitions of territory, as the Punjab, Pegu, Nagpore, and Oude, have been administered since their annexation, under the "non-regulation system," by a mixed commission, composed of civil and military officers—the latter generally predominating in respect of numbers. These military administrators are commonly the picked men of the service. They are not the sons and nephews of directors, or young men of good connections at home, strongly recommended to the Governor-General, but men of proved capacity and undoubted vigour, acquainted with the native languages, with the country, and with the people, and full of activity of the best kind. These are the men who are most wanted with their regiments, but they are not suffered to remain soldiers. The temptation to accept any extra-regimental employment is great. There is better pay, more credit, a better prospect of gaining future distinction, and rising to eminence in the service. The allurements, therefore, is not resisted; and regiments, already denuded of their best officers to supply the ordinary requirement of the staff, are still further stripped, and all the remaining men of any mark and likelihood carried off to administer new provinces, or

to take the place in other detached situations of those who have been selected for the government of our new acquisitions. Thus the civil administration is strengthened, but the strength of the army is sacrificed to it. Everybody admits that the experiment has been in itself amply successful—so successful, that, whatever new provinces may be added to our Indian empire, the old system of pure civilianism will never be resorted to again. It was the growth, too, of the very best intentions—of a laudable desire to govern in the most effectual and least expensive manner. They who had accused the East India Company of a desire to maintain their privileged civil service at the highest possible numerical strength, and of being jealous in the extreme of all interference with the exclusive rights of the dominant few, now saw this aristocracy of caste broken down; and were compelled to admit the sacrifice and to laud the disinterestedness of the reform.

Almost contemporaneously with the extension of the "non-regulation system," was the extension of Public Works in India. This, also, was a laudable movement. It is not to be doubted that it was promoted, in no small degree, by a pressure from this country. The East India Company had never been unmindful of the importance of great material works, remunerative and re-productive; but the pace at which they had proceeded had been too slow for home-bred politicians, and there was a clamour for greater speed. Large sums of money were devoted to roads, to canals, and other great works of public utility. The department of public works became an important department of the State. Great numbers of officers were required to give effect to our measures. Young military men took to the study of engineering, and came to England to work upon the railways. Any one with a little knowledge of practical science felt himself secure of obtaining an appointment in the public works' department; so here was another mode of escape from that penal settlement—the military cantonment. It was, doubtless, a movement in the right direction; but, excellent as it was in itself, it struck another blow at the efficiency of our native army. More active enterprising young soldiers were carried away for detached employment, and the residue became scantier, more dissatisfied, and more inefficient, until the attachment and confidence of the Sepoy towards his British officers became little more than things of the past; and this, perhaps, less because the number of officers left with a regiment was so small, than because the quality was so indifferent. We have no doubt that a few good officers

* It is very possible not to be too English, and yet at the same time, not to be too Oriental. The biographer of Sir John Malcolm says of him:—"The great secret of Malcolm's success was, that he was neither too native nor too European. He understood the native character, and he could sympathise with the feelings of the natives, but he never fell into native habits. . . . It was by preserving the high tone and the pure life of the English gentleman, and yet carrying to his work no European prejudices, no cut-and-dried maxims of European policy, to be applied, however inapplicable, to all cases of native government, that Malcolm achieved an amount of success, and acquired a reputation among the people of Central India, such as no man, before or since, ever earned for himself in any part of the world."

are better than many bad ones. We have some tangible proof of this in the Company's Irregular regiments, which have mostly only three European officers, a commandant, a second in command, and an adjutant, and yet are always in an admirable state of efficiency. These officers are picked officers; their appointments are staff appointments, hungered after like all others. A man in command of an Irregular corps is satisfied with it; the officers beneath him aspire to nothing better than the command, in due course, of the regiment to which they have long been attached. The regiment is their home, the soldiers are their comrades. They are proud of their connection with the corps, and are eager to exalt it; whilst the officer with the Regular regiment sits loosely to his duty, and is continually longing to escape. It is of less importance that we should secure the services of good than of many officers with the Sepoy regiments. But it is impossible that any man should be a good regimental officer who looks upon himself merely as a bird of passage with his regiment—dislikes, and perhaps despises his duties, and is expending all his energies in efforts get himself transferred to the staff.

The "Staff," indeed, has, for some years past, been gradually swallowing up the commissioned ranks of the Indian army. The intention of employing military officers in civil offices was, we repeat, an excellent one, and, so far as regards the administration of the country, it has been eminently successful. But it has destroyed the military feeling and the military capacity of hundreds, who might have become first-rate soldiers. We suspect that the number of officers who, if suddenly recalled to their regiments, would be quite incapable of putting a company through their ordinary marching drill, or through the manual and platoon exercise, is something really astounding. Even commanding officers, after a long series of years on the Staff, have been known to enter again upon regimental duty, as ignorant of military details as a cadet fresh from Harrow or Winchester. And we are afraid that there are not many who, after having discharged large civil and administrative functions, and been invested with weighty responsibilities, do not look upon regimental duty with something like contempt, especially under a system, the unhappy tendency of which is to transfer all real power from the regimental authorities to army headquarters, and to make the colonel of a regiment, who ought to be a very king over his own people, a mere degraded cypher—the shadow of a name. The tendency, indeed, of our entire system has been to degrade

regimental duty, in all its degrees, to the utmost possible extent, until the zeal and the pride of the soldier are almost wholly extinct.

Much more might be said upon this subject, but for the exigencies of time and space, which forbid us to enlarge, as we desire, upon the evils of excessive centralisation in all the branches of the State. But enough, we think, has been advanced to indicate—firstly, what have been the predisposing causes of the disaffection of the native army of India; and, secondly, what has prevented that disaffection from being allayed before it had become dangerous—in a word, the active and the passive causes of the recent disastrous outbreak. In both cases, an undue zeal for precipitate reform has been at the bottom of the mischief. The wheels of progress would have rolled on surely and safely, without creating alarm or rousing national prejudices into violent action, and great moral and material improvements would have struck root in the soil, when the country was ready for them. But the pressure from without has given to these wheels of progress a forced and unnatural rapidity of rotation, and we have been roused to a sense of our danger by seeing the State machine rushing down the hill to destruction, beyond the power of human agency to control its headlong course. The Government of the East India Company has often been called a "drag." It was a drag that was much needed. But Parliament, the Platform, and the Press, scouted the dicta that India was not yet ripe for this or that measure, and that to reform effectually we must reform slowly, as the antiquated conservatism of the effete oligarchy of Leadenhall Street. The wisdom of the *festina lente* doctrine was ignored. The prudence, which shook its head and whispered caution, was derided. There was not wanting, perhaps, some just ground of complaint, that the Government of the Company moved slowly—that it carried the *quieta non movere* principle a little too far—and that it needed some external stimulus to keep it from falling in the rear of the general progress of the age. But it was very possible to fall into an opposite extreme; and, by attempting to sow broadcast reform and improvement over the land, before the soil was ready to receive them, to do more to retard the desired progress than by advancing, with painful effort, as though the *tarda podagra* were in every limb.

We have said, and we cannot too emphatically repeat, that we are not to cease from doing good, because there may be temporal danger in the enlightenment of the

people. But the highest wisdom has taught us prudence, and counselled us against pouring new wine into old bottles. They who have the most genuine—the most heart-felt desire to root out error from the land, ought to be the most eager to inculcate caution, lest all their efforts be defeated by bringing on a collision, and precipitating a crisis, which must prove fatal to the accomplishment of all their most cherished hopes. This is no mere speculation. The events which have recently occurred—which are now occurring—must necessarily check the course of progress of every kind. The saddest thing of all in connection with the great outbreak of 1857, is the heavy blow and great discouragement given to the cause of national enlightenment. It will be long now before we cease to be timid and suspicious. The good work of half a century, indeed, has been undone in a few weeks.

We believe that our hold of India is as firm as it has ever been. There may be outbreaks not yet reported; there may be more bloodshed, more terror; and there will be horrible retribution. But the English will be masters of the field, and remain rulers of India. The immediate remedy for the great disease is an overawing European force. Upon this point there are not two opinions. Brute force, however, is but a sorry cure for such an evil, and can hardly be a permanent one. India may be conquered again and again by European troops. But to conquer the country is one thing; to hold it is another. There are able men—powerful writers—who recommend that we should break up the Bengal army, and disarm the whole of India. It might be done, but it is not worth doing. Such an empire as we should then have, would not be a credit to us, and could not possibly be a profit. It could not last long, and would be a sorry spectacle whilst it lasted. Even if it did not come to a sudden and violent end, such an experiment must necessarily break down for want of money to maintain it. We must look for the remedy in some other quarter than a continued exhibition of brute force.

We cannot carry on a war of extermination against a hundred and fifty millions of people—many of them brave and warlike, skilled in the use of arms—and if we could, what use to us would be a country which we cannot colonise? If we cannot re-establish our moral influence in India, and again place our confidence in a Sepoy army, we had better abandon altogether the experi-

ment of Indian government. When we speak of confidence, we do not mean blind confidence. We can no longer regard the fidelity of the native army as a matter of course—we can no longer go to sleep with our doors and windows open, whilst two hundred thousand of foreign bayonets are bristling around us. Doubtless there is much to be done; there is need of consummate wisdom and sagacity to turn what may at any time become a source of immediate danger into an element of continued safety. It is not so much that the Sepoy is not to be trusted, as that we have proved ourselves not worthy to be trusted with the use of so perilous an instrument. If a gun goes off unexpectedly in our hands, it is not the fault of the gun, but our own fault for improperly handling it. We believe that the Sepoy army may yet be all that it has once been to us, and much more. But we must look upon the management of these immense bodies of foreign troops as a science, and not leave things to take their course, as though the very name of a British officer were sufficient to keep these gigantic legions in control.

Everybody agrees that the first thing to be done is to put down the rebellion. This can only be done by force. Having done this, we have to punish the guilty, and we have to reward the faithful. Reward must go side by side with punishment, or we shall only do half our work. Then we have to re-model our system, and to re-organise our establishments. To accomplish this successfully, we must have full information—we must look the matter boldly and honestly in the face; we must cast aside all prejudices, all foregone conclusions, cling to no ancient errors, and care for no vested rights. We shall find in our system and practice of government, when we come calmly to examine it, much that is good, much that is evil—but much more which, good in itself, has become evil by its excess, and has hurt where we meant to heal. So terrible a lesson cannot be thrown away upon the nation. In spite of the present darkness, it is yet permitted to us to hope that we shall yet derive strength from our present weakness; and that, when at last we lay down the reins of empire in the East, we shall do so of our own free will, not as the beaten enemies, but as the triumphant friends of the people, leaving them to the self-government for which we have fitted them by the precept and the example of a second century of beneficent rule.



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ART. I.—1. *History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852.* By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. 6 Vols. 1852-57.

2. *History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.* By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. 14 Vols. 1850.

IF the time shall ever arrive—and the contingency is not more improbable than a realization of many of the prophecies contained in these works—when every other contemporaneous record shall have perished, the histories of Sir Archibald Alison will be regarded as a colossal political pamphlet, written in an age of longeval patriarchs and in a land of polemical giants. The author who can devote twelve thousand pages to the perishable vindication of party “cries,” will be assumed to have been of a people who yet enjoyed a life of primitive duration, and with whom everything but their reasoning was proportionate to their physical stature. We may question, however, the success of a monster pamphleteering, which is at once the jest of Liberal politicians, and which an eminent Conservative leader (with marked ingratitude) has characterized as a history of Europe written in twenty volumes, to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories. Yet it must not be forgotten that Sir A. Alison’s writings claim credit for the most startling revelations of modern research:—they have discovered that the Reform Act was produced by the contraction of the currency, and that the Roman Empire fell to destruction because it had no Corn Laws!

There can be no doubt, that to write a history of the great drama of the last sixty or seventy years involves great difficulties, or, at least, that it calls for the exercise of extraordinary qualifications. This is even more true of the later than of the earlier of the two periods of which Sir Archibald has treated. In dealing indeed with bare facts, there exists, in the abstract, more information, in proportion to our proximity to the events that we record. But in questions involving the relations of cabinets, it often happens that this testimony is not available. For a narrative of battles, there are eye-witnesses among our contemporaries whose knowledge is more often freely imparted, and whose considerate statements rarely conflict with one another. But the very existence of these sources of direct and authentic knowledge renders it the more difficult to rely upon the second or third hand statements which have meanwhile appeared, and have not yet been subjected to criticism and analysis. Their existence renders it especially perilous to allow our own imagination to supply the particulars which our library does not yield.

But, in passing from facts to opinions, and in dealing with the tendencies of events whose results are yet incompletely developed, the qualification required for a contemporary historian of Europe is yet more various and more rare. He requires a profound knowledge of the state of government and of the state of society—of the nature and working of laws and institutions, and of the bent and action of opinion—in every important commonwealth. He requires, above all things, a calm judgment, an entire absence of partisan bias, a total freedom from prepossessions, and a clearness of fore-

sight only to be obtained at once from the deepest and the most comprehensive thought. He must write in a concise style, if he would appreciably advance his unwieldy subject within any practicable compass. He must remember that the disposition of society to look upon political prophets in the light of spurious diviners, is founded on a pretty wide induction that their divinations are almost inevitably wrong. He must combine with these qualities an imitation of the immortal experiment of Thucydides, whose conciseness of narration is exactly proportioned to the relation of details to the main action of his story; and whose philosophy of contemporary events is, not the vaticination of the theorist, but the calm reasoning of the statesman in anticipation of their developed tendency.

It will be seen that, of these difficulties, as they apply to Sir A. Alison's works, part are inherent in the subject, and part are of the author's own making. He might surely, for instance, have left the Peninsular war to Sir William Napier, who had preceded him in the field. He has at least failed to displace that author, or even to put himself in any sort of comparison with him; and he has braved a civilian's difficulty of strategic criticism. His elaborate descriptions of Russia (in his new work) are as inferior to those of Haxthausen, as his elaborate descriptions of Turkey are inferior to those of Ubicini. These authors had also preceded him: and institutions dating long prior to the period of the history can have no other concern with it than as they are directly involved in the narrative of events. This system of describing governments and manners extends to other states (in which also we have ourselves travelled); and the descriptions combine a maximum of tediousness with a minimum of fidelity. Sir Archibald's desire to hit his political opponents is so keen and predominant, in every subject of discussion, that he strikes on all sides with an aimlessness which frequently results (as we shall see) in his hitting his own party harder than his opponents, and himself hardest of all. His assertions of policy, which contravene the avowed opinion of the greatest living reputations, are continually put forward without a shadow of reasoning. Where, on the other hand, argument is offered on a few favourite topics of declamation, it is offered so singularly without any defined view or clear notion, that, if we collate the argumentative passages which are scattered over different volumes, on any one subject, the result of the author's deductions is seen, upon his own showing, to be nearly worthless, if not

absolutely *nil*. The style of his criticisms similarly alternates between wearisome flippancy, and the assumption of a compassionate intellectual pre-eminence, which disdains a sarcasm. It is, therefore, the aim of the present criticism of Sir A. Alison's works, not to provoke and initiate controversy, but simply to take up the gauntlet which the author has already thrown down.

Either of these histories devotes itself, as is well known, into one of the two great periods of which the interval between the French Revolution and the accession of Louis Napoleon is composed. These periods are very fairly defined by the author as periods of equal and corresponding activity, respectively in war and in peace. There is, however, this broad distinction to be borne in mind, that the military activity of the former age was (with the exception of its first few years) the instigating activity of the few, while the pacific activity of the later age was the instigating activity of the many. It follows from this distinction, that the changes which this pacific activity has produced, are not alone likely to be more durable; but that they form an inherent part of the social condition of Europe. When, therefore, the virtual direction of the national life had passed into hands so different from those by which that life had previously been controlled, it was impossible but that great changes should result, both in the external and internal relations of nearly every state. It was to be presumed that these changes in the national life would demand a corresponding change in those relations.

It is precisely at this point that Sir A. Alison joins issue with nearly the whole of his generation. He looks upon every change in our domestic government, every fresh phasis in our foreign alliances, and every expansion in our social and commercial life, as an evidence of our national decline. He regards the European settlement of 1814-15 as a righteous and designedly-eternal settlement; and he ascribes to popular violence every instance of its infraction, and the whole responsibility for the tyranny and insecurity that have since been experienced. The general wisdom of that settlement will hardly, indeed, be disputed, in all the difficulties which then prevailed; but it will nevertheless be seen that those European Governments which are the author's archetypes of Conservatism, were the first to violate its fundamental provisions. Sir Archibald entertains the same view of the actual constitution of England in 1815: and from that starting-point he traces our decline, successively, in

the contraction of the Currency; in "the calamity of Free Trade;" in our Colonial policy; in the repeal of the Test Act, and in Catholic Emancipation; in the alleged substitution of "Liberal" for "Conservative" alliances abroad; and in Parliamentary Reform.

The first chapter of Sir A. Alison's new work is devoted to a general survey of this gloomy picture; and it is, in a certain sense, an analysis of all that follows. It ought not therefore to be entirely overlooked, as it at once evinces the manner in which the whole of this great and paradoxical proposition is sustained. We will take, in the first place, the author's argument from free trade, viewed in reference to emigration and to the alleged consequent decline of the population of these islands:—

"Great and important as were these results [the Anglo-French alliance] of the social convulsions of France and England in the first instance, they sank into insignificance compared with those which followed the change in the commercial policy and the increased stringency in the monetary laws of Great Britain. The effect of these all-important measures, from which so much was expected and so little, save suffering, received, was to augment, to an extraordinary and unparalleled degree, the *outward* tendency of the British people. The agricultural population, especially in Ireland, were violently torn up from the land of their birth by woeful suffering: a famine of the thirteenth appeared in the population of the nineteenth century; and to this terrible but transient source of suffering was superadded the lasting discouragement arising from the virtual closing of the market of England to their produce, by the inundation of grain from foreign states.

"Europe, before the middle of this century, beheld with astonishment Great Britain, which at the end of the war had been self-supporting, importing ten millions of quarters of grain, being a full fifth of the national subsistence, and a constant stream of three hundred thousand emigrants annually leaving its shores. Its inhabitants, which for four centuries had been regularly increasing, declined a million in the five years from 1846 to 1850 [1851?] in the two islands, and two millions in Ireland taken separately."—Vol. i., pp. 10, 11.

This statement is, without exception, the strangest compound of anachronisms and miscalculations that we ever encountered. The scientific world have been content to ascribe the potato disease to some chemical secret which they cannot solve: Sir A. Alison plainly refers this chemical process of nature to the repeal of the corn laws and the contraction of the currency! It will have been observed that he distinctly recounts the famine of 1846 as among the results of these two measures. But waiving this sin-

gular discovery, which throws Liebig and Playfair into the shade at once—and granting that the author cannot really have intended what he nevertheless states, let us glance next at the anachronism which this statement involves. He takes the increase or decrease of population as the true index of the expediency of the measures meanwhile in force. We say nothing more of the potato blight in this place; although it is well known that the famine produced by that blight was at its height before the corn laws were, even theoretically, repealed. Waiving this anachronism also, we pass to the author's next assertion, of "the virtual closing of the market of England to Irish produce, by the inundation of grain from foreign states." That Sir A. Alison refers to the operation of this system during 1846–50 is perfectly clear; since he regards the decline of population as the immediate result of the abolition of the corn laws, and specifies that decline during those years. Now, is it possible that he is not aware that the repeal of the corn laws did not come into operation until 1849, and that therefore these results, during three of these years at least, actually co-existed with protective laws? To this it may be replied, perhaps, that Sir Archibald intended to include the commercial legislation of 1842, as well as that of 1846. We answer, therefore, at once, that he is precluded from the benefit of this hypothesis by the very figures which constitute his own argument against the legislation of 1846. For (at p. 56) he appeals to the contrast between the decline of the population in 1846–51, and its previous increase in 1841–46, as an evidence of the distinctive results of free trade.

To turn to the next question—What are the merits of this argument of the alleged decline in the population of the United Kingdom? We have already quoted Sir A. Alison's assertion, that the population of the two islands declined by *one* million, and that of Ireland alone by *two* millions, in the five years 1846–50. This, to begin with—and accepting the author's index of prosperity in population—is a highly satisfactory indication for Great Britain; inasmuch as its population must have increased by one million in the five years, according to Sir Archibald's own statement.

What, however, is the correctness of these figures? If we turn from p. 11, in which they stand, to p. 56, we shall find quite a different statement. We find that the population during these five years declined, not by 1,000,000, but simply by 600,000. We find also, that during the whole ten years, from 1841 to 1851, it increased from 26,

831,000 to 27,435,000,—or more than 600,000. We find, consequently, that the increase, during the first half of this decade, was 1,200,000. And during four out of five of those years, we had a partial free trade in corn, and a total free trade in meat, which was one great element of Irish export into England.

But apart from these considerations, is it true that our population did decline in 1846–51, in the common acceptance of the expression? Sir A. Alison tells us that emigration, during these five years, set in at a rate of 300,000 a-year. This immediately accounts for the exclusion of 1,500,000 of British born subjects, who were either in these islands in 1846, or were since born on these shores, from the census of 1851. If, then, the diminution of population, during the same period, was but 600,000, it becomes clear that, in these very five years (1846–51) there must have been an excess of 900,000 births over deaths. Although no general census of the population has since been taken, it has been ascertained, beyond all reasonable doubt, that emigration, though increasing rather than lessening in actual numbers, has since been outstripped by the excess of population. We think Sir Archibald might have had the candour to acknowledge this circumstance in one of his later volumes.

It must be observed also that he discreetly omits reference either to the Irish famine, as disconnected from free trade, or to the gold discoveries in California and Australia; although he is peculiarly *au fait* of these questions, in their relation to his own cause. He has acknowledged that the actual population of Great Britain did not decrease in numbers, and, on the contrary, that it increased as much as that of Ireland decreased, in stating that the decrease of Ireland was double that of the United Kingdom. We have, therefore, to deal with Ireland alone. Does Sir A. Alison, then, make no computation for the actual deaths caused by the fevers and starvation which prevailed in that country? Does he make no computation for the apprehension of those recurring miseries which drove the people to increased emigration? With what possible consistency or shadow of sense can he ascribe this result to the contingent evils arising from duties to be abolished three years later—and which, in their partial abolition, the Irish had experienced and not suffered from—and wholly exclude a consideration of the positive evil of starvation by the failure of their own crops, which was actually depopulating them? And though very willing to make the gold discoveries in Australia and Cali-

fornia a stalking-horse wherewith to cover the retreat of a defeated policy, whenever the subsequent prosperity of England under free trade is brought forward, he here omits any acknowledgment of this sudden stimulus upon Irish emigration.

Here, then, is a fair illustration of Sir A. Alison's method of arguing a party question, and of proving the impolicy of a fiscal measure, upon population returns, when those returns show that the births exceeded the deaths of the United Kingdom, during the five years in question, by 900,000; and that, in spite of an emigration from the United Kingdom of a million and a half, the population of Great Britain meanwhile largely rose; and while a famine in Ireland, and gold fields in Australia and California, presented themselves almost simultaneously as concurrent motives to emigration. If this is all that is to be said for the question that Sir Archibald has raked up, it certainly has received from him a conclusive condemnation.

We will turn to the next great element of our political retrogression—the political alliance cultivated by this country with France from the Revolution of 1830:—

"The first effect," says Sir A. Alison, "*of this identity of feeling and interest in the class then for the first time intrusted with the practical direction of affairs in both countries, was a close political alliance between their Governments, and an entire change in the foreign policy of Great Britain. To the vehement and ceaseless rivalry of four centuries succeeded an alliance sincere and cordial at the time; though, like other intimacies founded on identity of passion, not of interest, it might be doubted whether it would survive the emotions which gave it birth.*"—Vol. i., p. 7.

When the author has made up his mind whether the alliance proceeded upon a sense of interest or not—a question, by the way, on which his whole argument turns—he will be able to render himself less unintelligible. We take up this passage, however, less with the view of criticising blunders which serve to show that the writer can have formed no notion (true or erroneous) in his own mind in regard to the subject with which he here deals, than with the aim of pointing out what these interests are, which are yearly integrating more firmly the alliance of England with what Sir A. Alison chooses to term the Revolutionary Powers.

If the author had ever analysed the commercial statistics of the last quarter of a century—which are published by Great Britain, France, Sardinia, and some other states—and especially the commercial tables of the

statistical department of the Board of Trade—he would have perceived that, during that period, the commercial relations, both direct and indirect, of this country with the states of Western Europe, have been increasing in a degree which has bound together the maritime states of the west in an alliance founded almost as directly upon reciprocal interests and necessities as the Zollverein itself. It is singular that a writer, the aim of whose whole argument it appears to be to find a solution of every problem in monetary laws, should know so little of the great commercial facts on which those laws must largely depend.

The author thus proceeds with his theme:—

“To complete the perils of Great Britain, arising out of the very magnitude of its former triumphs and extent of its empire, while so many causes were conspiring to weaken its internal strength, and disqualifying it for withstanding the assault of a formidable enemy; others, perhaps more pressing, were alienating foreign nations, breaking up old alliances, and tending more and more to isolate England in the midst of European hostility. The triumph of the democratic principle, by the Revolution of 1830, in France, was the cause of this: for it at once induced an entire change of government and foreign policy in England, and substituted *new revolutionary* for the *old conservative alliances*. Great Britain no longer appeared as the champion of order, but as the friend of rebellion; revolutionary dynasties were, by her influence, joined to that of France, established in Belgium, Spain, and Portugal; and the policy of our cabinet avowedly was to establish an alliance of constitutional sovereigns in Western, which might counterbalance the coalition of despots in Eastern Europe.”—Pp. 27, 28.

By what ministers of England were these “old Conservative alliances” of Great Britain broken up, if broken up they were? They were broken up by Viscount Castlereagh, by Mr. Canning, by the Duke of Wellington, and by the Earl of Aberdeen. The truth is, that the divergence of Great Britain from the policy of the Great Continental Powers during the forty years between the Peace of Paris and the war of 1854, was never so broad, nor the danger of European war so imminent, as between 1815 and 1830. From the policy of the Holy Alliance, the first act of the Continental Great Powers after the restoration of peace, Lord Castlereagh at once declared the divergence of Great Britain. At the Congresses of Troppau and Laybach in 1820 and 1821, the British Government was the chief opponent of the “Great Conservative Powers;” and Lord Castlereagh’s circular of that period attests the almost total isolation of England. In 1822, Mr.

Canning sent the Duke of Wellington to the Congress of Verona, to protest against the conduct of the “Conservative Powers,” upon the very question for which they were convened. During the four or five subsequent years, we were upon the verge of war with France, chiefly by reason of her very prominence as the agent of the “Conservative Powers,” in the invasion of Spain. In 1827, we were dissevered from Austria on the question of Greek Emancipation; and in 1828 and 1829 the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen are understood to have refrained from direct hostilities with Russia, chiefly through an apprehension that they would have been thereby involved in war with France also.

These circumstances do honour to those Tory statesmen, whom a paramount sense of public duty induced virtually to disserve their country from the alliances of 1815. But nothing can be more clear, from these examples, than that the inherent divergence of the English system from the “Conservative Powers,” prevented the existence of any such alliances as Sir A. Alison has described. The state of our alliances with those powers in 1830 may be fairly inferred from the readiness with which the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen acknowledged the throne of Louis Philippe.

The author proceeds thus:—

“Strong in the support of France, whether under a throne surrounded by republican institutions, or those institutions themselves, England became indifferent to the jealousy of the other Continental Powers, and in the attempt to extend the spread of liberal institutions, or the sympathy openly expressed for *foreign rebels*, irritated beyond forgiveness the Cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin.”—P. 28.

We do not care to enter upon the legal question, whether the Poles (who are here designed) were rebels or not. But as Sir Archibald assumes the entire harmony of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, in 1830 and 1831, in adhering to the “Conservative Alliance,” we may as well remind him, that Austria and Russia were upon the verge of war at this very juncture, and upon this very question. It is perfectly well known to all public men in London, that Prince Metternich warmly espoused the cause of the Polish “rebels,” and was preparing for an armed intervention in their support, on the condition that an Austrian prince should fill their constitutional throne, when the vigour of the Russians unexpectedly terminated the war.

Sir A. Alison thus winds up with the proof of his consistent proposition:—

"But all alliances founded on identity of feeling, not interest, are ephemeral in their duration. *A single day destroyed the whole fabric on which we rested our security.* Revolutionary violence worked out its natural and unavoidable result in the Continental States. A military despotism was, after a sanguinary struggle, established in Austria and Prussia: *the 2d of December arrived in France; and in an instant that power was turned over to the rank of our enemies.*"—P. 28.

So much for all this boasted discernment! That many persons should have connected the idea of a Bonaparte in absolute power in France with Continental usurpation, and a threatened invasion of this country, by the mere historic relation of the two ideas, was not unnatural. But that a writer who had passed half his life in a study of the political history of this century, should have failed to perceive the three great determinating influences in the policy of the present Emperor of the French, is really surprising. He did not anticipate the probability that that prince, as he existed under the force of his uncle's name, would adopt the alliance of England in the interest of commerce, which that uncle had so often declared should have been his policy, could he but have had his career over again. He did not anticipate the effect of the adverse prepossession of the legitimist sovereigns towards the house of Bonaparte—added to the hauteur and disdain with which they had treated even King Louis Philippe, twenty years before. He seems to have had no perception that the *national* alliance of France and England was a great commercial fact. We have already adverted to this, as an evidence of Sir A. Alison's strange misconception of the real bases of the present political system of Europe. He appears able to see no further than the actual fabric of government; and referring the coincidence of more popular power in France and England with the avowed alliance of the two States to the mere sympathy of a popular system, he augurs the ruin of the alliance from the fall of the popular system. With regard to his repeated assertion (this time stated without a contradiction), "that the alliance could not be durable because it was not founded on an identity of interest," we may reply, that perhaps the experience of twenty-seven years may now be taken as an evidence of its durability; and that the fact of its durability may be alone held as a presumption of its basis in an identity of interest.

It is certainly not a little amusing to turn from this volume to p. 383 of vol. IV., and to observe how Sir A. Alison wreaks his revenge on the Allied Powers for disap-

pointing his prediction. Now elsewhere, throughout these volumes, he has justly held in view the importance of the Turkish Empire to the balance of European power; and, more than all, the pre-eminent necessity of preserving that Empire from the encroachment of Russia. Yet in this passage, written during the late war, he holds up to European indignation the spectacle of France and England uniting for the defence of a Mohammedan State! This certainly strikes us as a somewhat unsuccessful retreat from a false position.

This defence of Turkey being here referred to "the Reform Act" (!), it may be as well to add, that Lord Castlereagh, who is Sir Archibald's political archetype, was himself as strenuous a supporter of that State as Lord Palmerston himself. We remember asking the late Lord Londonderry what course Lord Castlereagh would have pursued with regard to Greek Emancipation, if he had lived five years longer. Lord Londonderry replied, "I am certain my brother would never have consented to anything of the kind."

Before we quit the subject of foreign affairs, it is worth while to advert to Sir A. Alison's view of the increased military establishments of the despotic powers, in their relation to the probability of general war. This question is of the more practical import, since it is directly connected in the narrative with that of our own defences. The author argues,—

"Since the battle of Waterloo, all the contests of Europe have been *internal* only. There have been many desperate and bloody struggles, but they have not been those of *nation with nation, but of class with class, or race with race.* No foreign wars have desolated Europe; and the whole efforts of government in every country have been directed to moderating the warlike propensities of their subjects, and preventing the fierce animosities of *nationality and race* [!] from involving the world in general conflagration. . . .

"But this has been materially changed by the consequences of the great European revolution of 1848; and it may now be doubted whether the greatest dangers that threaten society, are not those of foreign subjugation, and the loss of national independence."—i., p. 22.

It is, of course, difficult to argue with an author who has no distinct idea of the meaning that he would assign to his own terms. In the same breath he uses the terms "nation" and "race," first in antithesis, and then as implying nearly identical ideas. The anticipation of external war, as the ultimate characteristic of this age, is however fair and plausible: though the financial break down of France and Russia (since

this volume was written) has not favoured the experiment; and though the increase of military force in Austria and Prussia is only proportionate to the increase of popular disaffection.

But this picture has apparently been drawn, only to bring out more vividly our own alleged defencelessness, which, as may be expected, Sir. A. Alison refers to the contraction of the currency. It is, of course, a broad question, whether the popular voice has not been raised too loudly for retrenchment. The author, however, proceeds to illustrate his position with much the same circumspection as before:—

“The military strength of Great Britain has been strained to the uttermost to withstand the hostility, at the Cape of Good Hope, of the Caffres, who never could bring six thousand men into the field.”—P. 25.

Now everybody knows that the Caffre war was a guerilla war; and with the suppression of such a war numbers can have little concern. The late Duke of Wellington stated in the House of Lords, when this war was pending, that such hostilities were to be met, less by numbers than by tactics. The war was a war of depredation by the Caffres; and their operations were carried on upon the basis of a nearly impenetrable jungle, which was always their retreat. The Duke's advice was, therefore, that roads should be made through the jungle, by the cutting down of the wood, as the only means of suppressing the Caffre invasion. To say, therefore, that “our military strength was strained to the uttermost” in these proceedings, involves a misconception of the whole character of the war. It might have been remembered, too, by this annalist of the Peninsular campaigns, that the hosts which Napoleon poured through the Pyrenees were never able to overpower the guerilla bands of Navarre and the Basque Provinces.

But Sir A. Alison continues:—

“Every gleam of colonial peace has been invariably followed by profuse demands at home for a reduction of the establishments, and a diminution of the national expenses; until they have been brought down to a point so low, that the nation, which, during the war, had a million men in arms, two hundred and forty ships of the line bearing the royal flag, and a hundred in commission, could not now muster twenty thousand men and ten ships of the line to guard Great Britain from invasion, London from capture, and the British Empire from destruction.”—P. 25.

In the first place, it must be remembered that this alluring picture of the armaments of England before the calamitous contrac-

tion of the currency—*Priami dum regna manebant*—has its vanishing point in a charge of eight hundred millions upon the present generation. It is clear, therefore, that England, since the contraction of the currency, has paid far more for the naval and military displays terminating with 1815, than she ever did before it. Secondly, we find in the estimates proposed by Mr. Sidney Herbert in 1853,—before there existed any apprehension of a war with Russia, and when, therefore, they were presumptively similar to those of 1852, which is the date of this volume,—a vote for 108,000 men for the army alone. As the author acknowledges that only half our army was in the colonies (a proportion, indeed, largely overdrawn), it follows that our home force, exclusively of marines, yeomanry, etc., was, on his own reasoning, nearly triple what he has stated it to have been.

Thirdly, with regard to our having had a “million in arms” previously to 1815, we remember the late Mr. Hume calculating, in 1850 or 1851, that we had then about eleven hundred thousand. The hyperbole of Sir A. Alison is pretty nearly as great as the hyperbole of Mr. Hume; only that the latter financier gave us the process of his calculation, which the former does not. Mr. Hume included the militia, yeomanry, police, Indian and Colonial armies, and perhaps every man who received a shilling from the State. If, however, the author's view of the military strength of England forty or fifty years ago were in any degree correct, how would he account for the fact, that, during four out of the six years of our share in the Peninsular war, Lord Wellington never found himself at the head of more than 20,000 British bayonets? We believe that the largest *British* army that has taken the field during this century, was arrayed before Sebastopol in 1855.

Sir A. Alison's views of our colonial policy during this downward period of our history, are as accurate and precise as anything we have yet noticed. Thus he speaks of the Revolution of 1830 in its colonial results:—

“Its first effect was to bring about the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. Eight hundred thousand slaves in the British colonies, in that quarter of the globe, received the perilous gift of unconditional freedom. For the first time in the history of mankind, the experiment was made of extending the institutions of Japhet to the sons of Ham. . . . New Zealand was added to the already colossal empire of England in Oceania; and it was already apparent that the foundations were laid, in a fifth hemisphere (?), of another nation, destined to rival, perhaps eclipse, Europe itself in the career of human improvement. For the first time in the history of man-

kind, the course of advancement ceased to be from East to West."—P. 9.

Why, in the very same breath he has been characterizing the introduction of European institutions among the West Indians, as one of the greatest incidents of this period ! The English settlements in the American continent were meanwhile yearly extending themselves, and European emigration was there pouring in with continually increasing volume.

Let us now turn to the fourth volume, in which Sir A. Alison deals with the Repeal of the Test Act, Catholic Emancipation, and Parliamentary Reform. On the two former of these questions, we are agreeably surprised by his liberality. He approves of the repeal of the Test Act, and he regards Catholic Emancipation as "a great and wise measure."—(P. 185.) To be sure, Lord Castlereagh was for Catholic Emancipation ; and the author's opinion in its favour is thereby saved from heterodoxy. The origin of this measure is, of course, referred to the contraction of the currency ; and it is very pleasant to find that this unfortunate legislation—"from seeming evil still educing good"—was the parent of "a great and wise measure."

But it was not to be expected that Catholic Emancipation would get off scot free. Accordingly, we read, at p. 193, that "Emancipation has brought a righteous retribution to both parties." The retribution is thus explained and vindicated :—

"England has been punished, and justly punished, for doing a right thing from wrong motives ; and the consequences of the fault have already been amply experienced. The great precedent of yielding, not to justice, but to coercion, has not been lost upon the agitators within her own bosom. The Reform movement was the child of the Catholic agitation, the Anti-Corn Law League of the triumph of Reform."—Vol. iv., p. 193.

On this reasoning we have four observations to offer. *First*, the Divine government of nations is one of the most solemn and mysterious questions that can be entertained ; and it is one, assuredly, on which the greatest intellects would refrain from expressing an opinion without the greatest circumspection. To deal out judgments in this way, is one of the most certain attributes of superficial and egotistical declamation. *Secondly*, the argument itself is marked by an obliquity of perception so great, as necessarily to strike the most careless reader. If a nation is to be punished according to the extent of its failings, which is the greater failing—to do a just act from a wrong

motive, or to persevere in the unjust act ? After England had so long persevered in the unjust act, without, as it appears, experiencing retribution, is it consistent with our notions of justice—and it is by these notions that the author decides the question—that retribution should follow our commission of a just act, even though the motives qualify the justice ? *Thirdly*, how does he arrive at the obliquity of the motive ? How can he assume that those who ultimately conceded, did not deem concession more just than the alternative of general bloodshed ? How does he show that the distributive assignment of civil rights rested upon a positive Divine law, and not upon a human calculation of the balance of social and moral good to the whole community ? *Fourthly*, what is the significance of the retribution, and what the aim of this flippant denunciation of the Reform Act and of the Repeal of the Corn Laws—in the face of a nearly universal concurrence in the expediency of the measures which constitute the retribution itself ? And, with regard to the indirect results of the machinery by which these measures were carried, the Political Unions expired in the first Reformed Parliament, and the League has, in its turn, undergone a similar fate.

To pass to the next subject, let us see how Sir A. Alison deals with Parliamentary Reform. This is one on which we admit that a certain allowance ought to be made for the inherent prejudice of which few who lived in the period of that measure can entirely divest themselves. The author's estimate of the influence of Catholic Emancipation on Parliamentary Reform is no doubt well-founded. He takes care also, that, among its influences, the contraction of the currency shall not be forgotten. But he proceeds to assert the converse of the proposition, and to argue it in these terms :—

"No one doubts that, if the Reform Bill had been the first measure carried, the Catholic Relief Bill would never have been the second. The present House of Commons (1854), even with the addition of fifty Catholic members for Ireland, is greatly more hostile to the Catholics than that of 1829 was. The opposition to them is to be found now rather in the Lower than the Upper House. This is a very remarkable circumstance, in a country so much influenced by public opinion as England, especially during the last half-century, has been. *It* [what ?] was carried by the liberal opinions of the holders of a majority of the close boroughs, which brought the Government into such straits as compelled it to force through the measure."—Vol. iv., p. 185.

This strikes us as a very doubtful proposition to assume so confidently. The close

borough seats abolished by the Reform Act were 141; and this number pretty closely coincides with the difference between the close seats now and the close seats before 1832, although the change of the franchise may somewhat have affected the distinction. The Tory nominees in the House of Commons, with very incidental exceptions, must be subtracted from this number; for the author, by supposing that the nomination-holders forced the measure on the Government, excludes from calculation those Tory peers whom the Duke of Wellington's influence may have induced to favour Emancipation. We have therefore to set the Whig nomination-members against the fifty Irish seats secured to the Catholics, as the author asserts, by Parliamentary Reform, and against the presumptive difference of opinion between seventy or eighty members nominated expressly to withstand Catholic Emancipation, and such a number chosen chiefly by free suffrages. Allowing, then, these scales nearly to counterpoise each other, we have to account for the increased endowment of Maynooth under a Reformed House of Commons. And, more than all, we have also, in considering the relative anti-Catholicism of the House of Commons in 1829 and 1854, to bear in mind the difference between the views of that House when the claims of the Catholics were withheld, and when they were conceded. This is what Sir A. Alison's argument entirely loses sight of. Surely the alleged prepossessions of the House of Commons against Catholic encroachment in 1854, after relief had been granted for a quarter of a century, affords no sort of index of what their views towards the Catholics would have been if that relief had never been conceded.

So much for the argument which appears designed, on the threshold of a discussion of Parliamentary Reform itself, to instil the reader with a wholesome preconception of the liberality and injustice of popular institutions. Let us see what is the author's view of the practical working of the old House of Commons, and of the representation of classes which prevailed in it:—

"But the aristocracy, which had gained the ascendancy in England at the fall of Napoleon, was not entirely, or even principally, a territorial aristocracy. It was a mixed body, composed of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, colonial proprietors, shipowners, and shopkeepers (?), even more than landholders, in Great Britain or Ireland. The House of Commons was the representative, not of one species of property, but of every species of property; and although numbers were by no means unrepresented, yet the members elected by the popular constituencies were

few in number compared to those who rested on the mercantile, landed, or colonial interests."—
—Vol. i., p. 311.

If we turn to vol. IV., p. 387, we shall find the same proposition asserted, consistently enough:—

"Thus, the House of Commons had come to be an assembly, not of the representatives of any one class or section of society, *but of all sections and classes* [the italics are the author's]; and though the influence of wealth, landed or commercial, was mainly influential in procuring the returns," etc. And the same statement is repeated.

But from this point the two statements broadly diverge, if they do not directly contradict each other. In the *former*, the author asserts that "the mercantile aristocracy pursued measures for their peculiar interests;" and that "it was to the *undue ascendancy* of the mercantile interest in this mixed aristocracy—springing out of the vast riches they had amassed, and the influence they had acquired during the war—that the remote cause of the whole subsequent difficulties of the British empire is to be found."—P. 311. This, if it be so, is a pretty plain evidence of the defective balance of classes in the old representation.

The *latter* statement—that from the fourth volume—is thus followed up:—

"That this was the true character of the House of Commons, and the secret of its long-continued influence and popularity, is decisively proved by its legislative acts. Every interest in society was protected by the laws or the fiscal regulations which it passed, and none in such a degree as to *beget the suspicion that any one interest had acquired a disproportioned sway in the legislature.*"—Vol. iv., p. 387.

Sir Archibald has asserted in volume I., that the "mercantile aristocracy" alone had gained, at this very time, such an "undue ascendancy" as to produce "the whole subsequent difficulties of the British Empire!" Where, then, was the action of this alleged equipoise of classes?

Sir A. Alison's *narrative* of the struggle regarding the Reform Bill appears to us both interesting and reliable. The popular excitement, the vacillation of the sovereign, are well told: there is none of the distressing magniloquence which pervades the discussion of other topics. Justice is usually done to the late Earl Grey and his friends, so far as their motives are concerned. It is when the author begins to reason upon this question, and to enter upon what he frequently terms "reflections on these events,"

that he loses himself so terribly. His criticisms of the Whig Ministers are reserved for intellectual, not moral characteristics: and although it is impossible to do otherwise then commend the gentlemanly feeling which dictates this distinction—and which has not always been borne in mind in the ranks of his own party—the almost invariable recoil of these criticisms upon the author himself, inevitably renders the whole commentary somewhat serio-comic. At p. 375, for example, the author has his fling at Lord Macaulay, in the shape of a criticism which he quotes, with great zest, from Mr. Roebuck's History of the Whig Ministry. The question is that of the charge given by the King to the Duke of Wellington to form a new Ministry in May 1832, on the defeat of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords:—

“Among the rest, Mr. Macaulay said—‘The new ministry will go forth to the contest without arms, either offensive or defensive. If they have recourse to force, they will find it in vain; if they attempt gagging bills, they will be divided; in short, in taking office, they will present a most miserable example of impotent ambition, and appear as if they wished to show to the world a melancholy example of *little men* [Sir A. Alison's italics] bringing a great empire to destruction.’ A curious proof of excitement, as Mr. Roebuck remarks, when we recollect that among those ‘little men’ the Duke of Wellington was numbered.”—Vol. iv., p. 375.

It is singular that neither Mr. Roebuck nor Sir A. Alison should have perceived that Lord Macaulay's criticism referred to a contingency not then come to pass. “Such,” in other words, “would become the character of the Tory ministers, if they did take office.” The issue implied that the Duke pretty closely agreed in Lord Macaulay's opinion. The author has just been lauding his Grace's “practical good sense:” it seemed to be the dictate of this “good sense” that the Tory leaders would put themselves in just such a position as the Whig orator had described; for the Duke declared himself unable to govern the country. We should have expected something better of Mr. Roebuck.

Here is the author's criticism on the Reform Bill, as it finally stood:

“Thus in the Imperial Legislature, as it now stands, there are 253 county members, and 405 for boroughs; an immense disproportion, when it is recollected that they are nearly in an inverse ratio of the population and wealth raised by these different classes of society, three-fifths of both of which are drawn from or dependent on the rural population.”—Vol. iv., p. 382.

In vol. I., and at p. 311, the author has told us, that “the aristocracy [or wealthy classes] in ascendancy in England, was not, even principally, a territorial aristocracy,” but that “it was a mixed body, composed of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, colonial proprietors, shipowners, and shopkeepers, even more than landholders.” If the aggregate wealth of each class bear any relation to the “aristocratic” wealth in each class, how can the argument hold as to the relative wealth of town and country? With regard to population, the statement, *as a bare and abstract fact*, is no doubt perfectly true. But what is the inference to be deduced from the author's criticism? Clearly, that the Reform Act increased the borough and diminished the county representation. Now this is exactly what the Reform Act did *not* do. Thus, the author says again, vol. iv., p. 398:—

“To understand how this came about, it is only necessary to recollect that, by the Reform Bill, nearly *two-thirds* [author's italics] of the House of Commons was composed of members for boroughs.”

It was the pre-eminent aim of the Reform Act, in sweeping away nomination boroughs, to do justice to the county constituencies. Sixty-five were added to 94 county members. Meanwhile, in place of the 141 nomination seats for boroughs that were abolished, not more than 64 borough seats were added. Before the reform of Parliament, the proportion of borough to county representation, in England and Wales, was 405 to 82: it is now 159 to 341. The borough representation of the United Kingdom now exactly equals the borough representation of England alone before the Reform Act.

Of course, if Sir A. Alison were arguing this question as one of the relation of noble to borough interest, it would remain perfectly true that the abolition of so many nomination boroughs more than counterbalanced the concessions to the counties. But he argues it as a question of justice, not to the territorial magnates, but to the “rural population,” to quote his very words. And this is now becoming a more real distinction than ever. The great Tory noble adheres generally to his family traditions, while his tenantry are notoriously liberalising. The Tory landholders, therefore, cannot be relied on as the exponents of the will of the farming and peasant class. It is clear, then, that the Reform Act did a great act of justice, not simply to the large towns—which the author, in vol. I., has indirectly acknowledged to represent the great proportion of

the national wealth—but, even more largely, to the country population.*

We will now pass from the question of the Reform Act in its direct results. It is as well, however, to advert to Sir A. Alison's characterization of the old House of Commons, "that it had grown up like a code of consuetudinary law, with the wants and requirements of six centuries." This is the most remarkable misapprehension that we have yet encountered. Is not Sir A. Alison aware that no significant changes, if indeed any changes, were made in its borough representation during the whole period for which the House of Hanover had sat upon the throne, while changes were continually being made in that representation during previous ages, and that the importance of the great unrepresented towns dated from this very period of the Hanoverian dynasty?

One of the most startling deductions from the policy of Parliamentary Reform, is that which refers our emigration to this measure:—

"It must be obvious to every *partial* observer that this prodigious change, with all its incalculable effects on the world in general, and this country in particular, is mainly to be ascribed to the alteration in the dominant class in the British Islands by the effects of the Reform Bill."

The theory, so obvious, is thus illustrated:—

"When we recollect that the annual emigration from the British Islands, for the seven years prior to 1832, was from 20,000 to 40,000 a year, and that it is now not less, on an average of years, than 350,000, it is evident," etc.—Vol. iv., p. 385.

The author's argument is contradicted by his own figures. Those figures show that emigration, from 1826 to 1832, had risen from 20,000 to not less than 103,000 (p. 384). From 1832 to 1846 he gives no figures; but he states the emigration of 1846 to have been 129,000. We assume this, therefore, to have been the maximum up to

that year; after which the Irish famine introduced an entirely different incentive to any that had existed before. We find, then, from Sir Archibald's own figures, adduced in support of his "obvious" theory, that, during the *seven years preceding* the Reform Act, emigration had increased by more than *four hundred per cent.*; while, during the *fourteen years succeeding* it, it had increased by only *twenty-five per cent.*!

If we turn to volume VI. we shall find another judgment—the dissolution of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1841, which was produced by—the Reform Act! It would be unjust, even to Sir A. Alison, to pass over that portion of his thirty-eighth chapter, which is entitled, "Reflections on the Fall of the Whigs," as it seems to be regarded as the retributive vindication of the wrongs of the old constitution.

"Thus fell the government of the Whigs, and fell never again to rise. The Liberal or movement party have been in power, indeed, for the greater part of the subsequent period, and to all appearance, they are destined for a long period to hold the reins. But the Liberal party is very different from the old Whig party—much more opposed to it than ever the Tory had been. . . . But the case is very different with the Liberals, who, since the fall of the Whigs, have succeeded them in the administration of affairs. The proof of this is decisive: it is to be found in *their* [whose?] legislative acts. *They* [Whigs or Liberals?] have been obliged to substitute favour to the Roman Catholics for the stern hostility of the Revolution; Free Trade, for the protective system, which for a century and a half had regulated their policy," etc.—Vol. vi., p. 447.

Assuming that the author here alludes to the Whigs, in spite of the obscurity of his grammar, are even the statements of fact, from which these opinions are drawn, historically accurate? The whole argument is, of course, based on the assumption, that the Whigs are a race of odious oligarchs, as obscure in intellect as they are rapacious in disposition. They are assumed to be incapable of originating, in fact even of inculcating, any political truths; and it appears to be set down as a proposition too obvious to be argued, that their concessions have been made invariably to pressure, and never consequently to justice. This might be a matter on which Sir Archibald would be entitled to his own opinion, did he not himself furnish us with the means for its decisive confutation. He fixes 1841 as the date of the definitive cessation of the Whig power. The return of the Whigs to power in 1846 he considers as virtually the installation of the Liberals.

Now, Sir A. Alison has taken for his ex-

* The constitution of this House of Commons is termed, at p. 379 of the same volume, a "*Poligarchy*!" The italics, as before, are the author's own. Sir Archibald appears to possess a precise and accurate notion of the etymology of our language where it is founded on the Greek. The expression seems to have been manufactured as a correlative of "oligarchy;" and the author must have been guided by a vague notion that the letter "p," like a single letter at an electric telegraph station, meant a great deal,—that this affix distinguished the "multitude" from the "few," and, in fact, spoke volumes. Perhaps, however, the Greek substantive in this compound is assumed to be, not ἀρχή, but γαρχή.

amples the questions of the Roman Catholics and the Corn Laws. Any instance of favour to the Roman Catholics, and of disfavour towards the Corn Laws, dating previously to 1841, therefore must be assumed to be the result, not of pressure, but of justice or foresight. Does not Sir Archibald remember that the Whigs retired from office in 1807, in one of the most critical junctures of the war, because they were unable to carry Catholic Emancipation? Does he not remember also that, in a far earlier period, Mr. Burke lost his election for Bristol, through his advocacy of that very Free Trade with Ireland, which the author has elsewhere described as the chief instrument of the agricultural productiveness of that country before the famine of 1846?

The great discovery, however, that the fall of the Whigs was brought about by the Reform Bill, is attained by means of three classes of figures, each of which flatly contradicts the other. Let us compare, or rather contrast, in this 38th chapter, Sir A. Alison, sec. 57; with Sir A. Alison, sec. 60, and with Sir A. Alison, sec. 61. *First* :—

"The result of the contest was more favourable to the Conservatives than their most sanguine supporters had anticipated; for it showed a majority in the whole United Kingdom of 76 in favour of Sir R. Peel. In England, the Conservative majority was 104, which was reduced to 76 by a Liberal majority of 9 in Scotland, and 19 in Ireland. A striking proof how much greater and more lasting had been the change worked in the two latter countries by the Reform Bill than the former—[*Quære*, 'than in the former'].—Sec. 57.

Secondly,

"The result of the elections in 1841, when 220 borough members in the United Kingdom were on the Liberal side, and only 181 on the Conservative, while in the counties 181 were on the Conservative and only 72 on the Liberal, proves how completely he [Earl Grey] was mistaken," etc.—Sec. 60.

Thirdly,

"Even in the election of 1841, when the Conservatives for a period obtained the majority, it was by the aid of a majority of 53 in Ireland and Scotland that the Liberals were enabled to make head at all against the majority of 129 against them in England."—Sec. 61.

Now, what possible theory can Sir Archibald concoct out of such contradictions? In the *first* quotation, he tells us that the Conservative majority in England was 104, and the Liberal majority, in Scotland and Ireland together, was 28—the result being an

aggregate majority for the Conservatives of 76. (How, then, did the first division of this House give a Conservative majority of 91? But that is less important.)—In the *third* quotation, he says that the Liberal majority in Scotland and Ireland was, not 28, but 53—or nearly double: and that the Conservative majority in England was, not 104, but 129. The result, it is true, is in either case 76; but it is therefore, on that very account, in either case wrong; inasmuch as the division gave a majority of 91. If we recur to the *second* quotation, we find that the Conservative members mustered 220 added to 181, or 401; and that the Liberal members mustered 181 added to 72, or 253. On this computation, therefore, the Conservatives were in an aggregate majority of 148!

Now then for the "mistake" of the late Lord Grey :—

"The deficit in the revenue, which weighed so heavily upon them [the Whig Ministers], and was the immediate cause of their fall, arose indeed from the monetary system, for which they had been the first to contend, but which had been latterly cordially accepted by their opponents, and sanctioned by an unanimous vote of the House of Commons.—The real cause of their overthrow is to be found in the constitution of Parliament which they themselves had forced upon their Sovereign, and the fatal mistake committed by Earl Grey in supposing that the boroughs, returning three-fifths of the entire representation of the United Kingdom, would fall under the dominion of the territorial magnates in their vicinity, because the nomination boroughs had hitherto done so. The result of the elections in 1841, when 220 borough members in the United Kingdom were on the Liberal side, and only 181 on the Conservative, while in the counties 181 were on the Conservative, and only 72 on the Liberal, proves how completely he was mistaken in his anticipations, and how utterly erroneous was his opinion, that the change was aristocratic in its tendency. The result proves that the Whigs put themselves into Schedule A as completely by the Reform Bill, as they fondly flattered themselves they had put their opponents."—Vol. vi., pp. 448–49.

Sir A. Alison has not quite made up his mind what the cause of the dissolution of the Melbourne Ministry was; and it strikes us that this ambiguity is rather fatal to the whole hypothesis. We are told that "the immediate cause" was "the monetary system;" but that "the real cause" was "the constitution of Parliament." The only explanation of this apparent inconsistency is, that "the real cause" was the *indirect* cause, as distinguished from the "immediate," which was the monetary system. But even this charitable solution inverts the whole

genealogy of our political disasters, as they are chronicled by Sir Archibald; for he tells us that the "monetary system" produced the "constitution of Parliament," and was, in fact, the basis of our whole edifice of perdition. The author would therefore, by this construction—which strikes us as the only alternative of nonsense—make children of fathers, and fathers of children.

But, with reference to the alleged "mistake" of the late Lord Grey, it happens that Lord Grey never said anything of the kind. It is perfectly monstrous to put such expressions into his mouth; and, what is more, they are directly contradicted by Lord Grey's own words, *which Sir Archibald himself quotes in volume IV.* Let us compare the two statements:—

Late Earl Grey's Repeated quotation speech, April 9, 1832 from the text:—
(Parl. Deb., vol. xii., p. 23):—

"How stands the argument with respect to the agricultural interest? I am prepared to contend that the 144 county members of England [Wales excluded] will belong to that interest, and that, of the 264 old borough members, there will be as large a proportion as ever in favour of the landed proprietors. [Sir A. Alison's italics] There will remain, then, the 64 new members; and even should the whole of these fall to the lot of the manufacturing and commercial interests, it will be a share to which those interests will be justly entitled."
—Vol. iv., p. 382.

"Fatal mistake committed by Earl Grey, in supposing that the boroughs, returning three-fifths of the entire representation of the United Kingdom, would fall under the dominion of the territorial magnates in their vicinity, because the nomination boroughs had hitherto done so. The result proves . . . how utterly erroneous was his opinion, that the change was aristocratic in its tendency."—Vol. vi., p. 449.

Our readers can now judge between the statesman and his critic, who builds up this tower of straws, and knocks it down so triumphantly. No man in his senses could suppose anything so absurd, as that the boroughs which were preserved *because* they were vitally distinct from those which were suppressed, and the boroughs which were created anew with a yet more vital distinction, would follow the same principle of election as the suppressed boroughs. The late Lord Grey expressly contemplated the *sixty-four new members falling to the lot of the manufacturing and commercial interests.* Neither does he even suppose for an instant, as Sir A. Alison represents him to do, that the 264 old borough seats will be under aristocratic influence. He predicts simply, that the relation of aristocratic to democratic influence, in the securing of those 264 seats, will not undergo change. This is an intelligible proposition; and certainly, if there be even any approximate truth in Sir Archibald's assertion, that, in 1841, not less than 181 borough members of the United Kingdom—Scotland and Ireland being, as

he says, chiefly hostile to the Conservatives—were on the Conservative side, the prediction of the late Lord Grey may be presumed to have been strikingly verified. The assertion, that that statesman regarded "the change as aristocratic in its tendency," is such an abuse of terms as hardly to merit notice. Any one would suppose that the Reform Act had been the measure of Lords Eldon and Londonderry themselves. When the late Lord Grey said that that Act was an "aristocratic measure," he implied very truly, that it sanctioned a prominent provision for aristocratic interests. The Conservatives themselves have so far come round to this opinion, as to follow the leadership of one of Lord Grey's Secretaries of State. But no sensible person, if he reflect for an instant, can possibly imagine of another, that he regarded the *tendency of the change* as aristocratic.

But, waiving all this—even if the author's figures were consistent, and his criticism on Lord Grey were just—how does he imagine that he proves that the fall of Lord Melbourne's Ministry was produced by Parliamentary Reform? He says that there were many more Liberal than Conservative members returned for boroughs in the general election of 1841; and (as far as we can understand him) that, because the Government had this borough majority, therefore they were defeated!

It is from this high point of logical superiority that Sir A. Alison looks down, with a dignified compassion, on "the ruin of the old world." This catastrophe is traced to the measures immediately following the peace of 1815, and originating, as we cannot forget, from the very statesmen who, up to that period, are lauded for their policy. For Sir Archibald, in the next paragraph, which is headed "Vicissitudes and ceaseless chain of events in human affairs," takes care to remind us, that the Treaty of Vienna did *not* bring creation to a standstill; that we "*forget* that, in real life, events grow in a perpetual chain, and share in the undying succession of the human race;" and, in fact, that the generals and diplomatists of 1815 did not conclude the drama of the Revolution, like the characters in Othello. It must be peculiarly satisfactory to the Tory party to learn that, according to the dictum of their great champion, the authors of "the ruin of England" were, *not* the late Lord Grey and his friends, but that the authors of the ruin of England were, Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Peel!

We now turn to Continental affairs. In

either of the two histories of Sir A. Alison, the French Revolution is the starting point of his foreign politics. The two last chapters of his earlier history (vol. xiv., c. 95 and c. 96) are especially devoted to a retrospective survey of the influence of this event on the drama of the whole subsequent period. This edition, be it observed, is dated 1850, and bears the mark of a large revision.

The author's view of the actual condition of society and land in France, although we cannot commend his essays upon other nations, appears to us a just one. His remarks on the evil of territorial subdivision are generally true; his view of the condition of the Gallican Church is, in most respects, as correct as it is lamentable; and his statement of the backwardness of agriculture we can corroborate from our own experience in several distinct parts of the country. But when we ascend from these facts to their causes, or pass to the effects of great events, we must find fault with him again. Let us, for instance, take the following statement of the *international* effects of the Revolution:—

"It would require volumes to portray the whole effects of the French Revolution, and the wars arising out of it, on the moral, social, and political state of France and the adjoining nations. The time has not yet come when they can be designated with perfect certainty,—this designation of them being free from error. The ultimate effects of all great changes in human affairs do not appear for a considerable time after they occur (!); and it is from mistaking the first consequences for the last results, that not the least errors in the deductions from history have arisen. Some of the effects are evident on the mere surface of affairs. The power of Russia had been immensely increased during the struggle. A dangerous supremacy had been given to the northern nations in the arbitrement of the affairs of Europe. The Cossacks had learnt the road to Paris; the Germans had come again, as in the days of Cæsar, in multitudes to cross the Rhine; Poland had disappeared from among the nations; Prussia had risen from a second to a first-rate power, and contained within itself the elements of more rapid increase than any states in Europe."—Vol. xiv., c. 121.

We say nothing of the italicised truism; and we say nothing of the looseness of the logic which assumes that an event occurring "*during*" a struggle was the "*effect*" of that struggle. But does the assumption, in this instance, fall in with the fact? Was Russia greatly increased in power during this struggle?—and if so, was the increase caused by the struggle? The European encroachments of that empire had been made upon Sweden, Poland, and Tur-

key. The conquest of Finland had already been virtually made before the Peace of Abo, in 1743. The constitution of the Tauric provinces of Turkey into an independent state, had been the work of the Treaty of Kainardji in 1774. Their subsequent incorporation into the Russian empire was in 1783. All but the last partition of Poland preceded the war of the Revolution; and that last partition was not connected with it. The same may be said of the treaties of Sistova and Jassy. More than all, Austria and Russia had entered into an alliance, in 1787, for the partition of Turkey; and it was this very Revolution, more than the alliance of Great Britain and Prussia, that in all probability prevented its accomplishment. We have therefore, previously to 1814, little more to account for—if territory be the index of power, which with Russia it is usually assumed to be—than the Peace of Slobojë in 1807, and the Peace of Bucharest in 1812. And whatever were the territorial concessions of Turkey to Russia in the latter treaty, it may be assumed that they would have been much greater, had not the French invasion of Russia compelled the latter power to make peace with Turkey.

We have all these considerations to set against the acquisition of the Duchy of Warsaw. Thus far we have dealt with matters of opinion. But when we turn to vol. II., p. 114, we find Sir A. Alison broadly asserting as a matter of fact, that Russia has "consolidated her power in Georgia and the Caucasus," and "incorporated Moldavia and Wallachia!"

Let us, however, glance at Sir A. Alison's view of the social results of the Revolution upon France itself. He ascribes to that Revolution the setting aside of the territorial aristocracy, in government as well as in landholding, and the subdivision of the soil. Hence he draws his great moral against "Poligarchies!" Now, if his political philosophy depend upon the accuracy of these two assumptions, we can only say that it is in a most unfortunate predicament; for either assumption happens to be equally erroneous. The errors, it is true, are not proportionate to the importance of the subjects to which they relate, for the subsequent work of M. de Tocqueville (although his discoveries have been enormously exaggerated in this country) has gone far to clear our knowledge of what was done by the Revolution, and of what was done by the last age of the Bourbon rule. Therefore we will merely say, that Sir Archibald has accepted loose notions, which have been floating in the brain of every superficially edu-

cated person in the country, without investigating, or even deeply thinking. But we cannot say this little of the following statement:—

"To such marvellous and unforeseen results has an overruling Providence conducted the *convulsions consequent on the scepticism of Voltaire, and the changes emanating from the dreams of Rousseau!*"—Vol. xiv., p. 297.

This is the longest exploded vulgarity of all that have attached to the French Revolution. It would be far more rational to say that Tom Moore and Lord Byron produced the Reform Act. If Sir Archibald had thought for one moment, before he incorporated such a wild theory into a "History of Europe," in what manner literature could so work upon the political and religious prepossessions of a whole people, he would, we imagine, have acknowledged that the effect would be produced only by complete organization through successive generations. It is clear that the mind of the people must have been prepared by the irreligious example of civil or sacerdotal superiors, and the increasing tendency to irreligion of more than one previous generation, on the one hand, and by the immorality and oppression of the laws, on the other, before the immediate influence of individual writings could be appreciable on the mass of society. At any rate, the *fact* is clear, that this religious and political alienation had been long in progress,—that the territorial aristocracy was shorn of their rights, not by an insurrectionary people, but by the government of their legitimate sovereign,—that the *new* subdivision of the soil arose under the monarchy,—and that the grinding oppression of king and noble continually fanned the democratic flame, of which the subdivision of the soil was itself a reciprocal evidence.

We entirely acquiesce in Sir A. Alison's view of the Revolution itself: we readily concur that, as it was perhaps the greatest, so it was certainly the most hideous event of the modern age. But what we do say is, that it is in the last degree unphilosophical to throw the blame of the events which have transpired in France since 1789 to the principle of revolution (as distinguished from a full comprehension of the policy antecedent to the fact of revolt). It has been long as clear from external evidence, as it has always been apparent from internal probability, that that blame must fall on the antecedent principle of misgovernment, and that the people were demoralized, un-Christianized, and revolutionized, by the brutalizing sense

of daily oppression, and example of crime. These "Histories of Europe" entirely overlook the truth, that a vicious despotism is liable to produce equal evils with a communistic Republic.

Elsewhere Sir A. Alison has his fling at the principle of liberty in another shape. "Mankind," he tells us, "do not escape government by revolution: they merely change their rulers." And he cites, in evidence of this assertion, the despotism erected by Robespierre in succession to that of the Bourbon kings; as though he deemed he could make an induction on such a premise. This reflection, indeed, appears to give infinite satisfaction to Sir Archibald. It is rather an inconsistency, however, that he has been continually asserting our Reform Act to have been a revolution, and has as regularly been bemoaning the overthrow of "rulers" in consequence. In fact, he tells us in his chapter on the Reform Bill, in significant italics, that with that measure "*the ruling power passed away from the realm of England;*" and he considers us to have been in a condition of qualified anarchy during the last twenty-five years.

Again, he moralises in these terms on the Revolutions of 1848:—

"What have been the effects of this great triumph of the revolutionary principle in the principal states of Continental Europe? . . . the Lombard rose up against the German; the Bohemian against the Austrian; the Magyar against both. The revolutionists of Prussia invaded Denmark; those of Piedmont, Austria; those of Ireland, England."—Vol. xiv., p. 218.

So far as our own country is concerned, these mighty "effects of this great triumph of the revolutionary principle" were comprehended in an assembly of Irish democrats on Kennington Common, and in a squabble in an Irish cabbage garden. With respect to the other nations, the author here commingles all constitutional relations, and ignores all distinctions in the originating principles of these several contests. There is no doubt that the policy of Piedmont was indefensible according to received public law; but inasmuch as the conduct of Prussia towards Denmark was, at all events, no better, he takes care to ascribe the whole movement in the latter case to revolutionists, while it is very well known that the king of Prussia was by no means indisposed to its success. The assertion, that the Magyar rose up against the Austrian, is a misstatement beyond all pardoning; since every one knows that the Magyar rose in defence of his hereditary rights against the usurpation of an alien, who had no more claim to

the throne of Hungary, until he had received the suffrages of the people, than Sir Archibald Alison himself. The author compares this noble vindication of right against wrong—of law against force—with the assemblage of a mob dispersed by a shower of rain, and with a trumpery and seditious scuffle in an Irish cabbage garden!

“And what has resulted from this general triumph of democracy, and universal stirring up of the social passions? Consequences only the most disastrous to the interests of real freedom, and the ultimate happiness of mankind. Austria, well nigh torn to pieces in the struggle, has been saved only by the interposition of Russia: a hundred thousand Muscovites have combated in Hungary, and found there the road to Constantinople. The incapacity of Italy for free institutions has been rendered evident to all the world. Misery unheard of has been spread in Ireland.”—P. 218.

Now, does Sir Archibald seriously think that any one—even accepting the whole of his refuted and untenable hypothesis of Irish misery and emigration having been occasioned by the repeal of the Corn Laws—can possibly swallow the anachronism which here refers this misery to the action of the democratic passions instilled from the Continent in 1848, as though with a view of swelling out the list of revolutionary evils? We need not recur to the evidence which implies that that misery was the result of the industrial dislocation involved in the Irish famine: for the two dates coincide: the repeal (though it did not come into immediate force) was carried in 1846, two years before these Continental revolutions had broken out. With regard to the incapacity of Italy for free institutions, his opinion was hardly warranted in 1850, and certainly will not be accepted in 1857. And as respects the Russians, who in 1849 are said to have “found the road to Constantinople through Hungary,” as the result “of the triumph of democracy,” he has already held up to indignation the alliance between France and England for their repulsion from that capital, as itself a glaring instance of democratic passions. The author did not see that these rival tirades went far to neutralize each other.

Sir A. Alison next affords us his explanation of this recurrence of revolutions:—

“It is the principle of HUMAN CORRUPTION. In referring to this principle, it is not meant to assert, as has sometimes been erroneously imagined by divines, that any inherent taint has descended to the human race, from the fall of our first parents, like a hereditary physical disease, independent of their own actions as free agents.”—xiv., p. 219.

And the author thence passes into a dissertation upon original sin, which seems not very relevant to the point at issue.

Sir A. Alison must surely have written this as a school-boy, and have introduced it into his history, with something of that egotism of early life which marked Samuel Rogers. No sane man of this generation could think twice over such an obvious proposition; and even if he did, what possible analysis of the evil itself is obtained? Does not “the principle of human corruption” apply to the British people as well as to the French, the German, and the Italian? And how then—if this analysis can go no further than the discovery of this common principle—is it to be explained that we have possessed freedom in the midst of tyranny, and law in the midst of revolution? If the author had shown how far the difference of our social history had been the result of our different polity, and how far of original national character, he would have done something for the philosophy of government. To be sure, he is precluded from this course by his own position, that national character is the result, not of institutions, but of race; forgetting, all the while, that there must have been originally some predisposing cause for the distinction in external life, and that this principle may operate in a civilized as well as in a barbarous state. There is no doubt that character thus originally formed, and maintained by the habits of life which the necessities of the soil or the situation may render durable, is rarely, if ever, destroyed by any change in government; but to assert the proposition broadly, that national character is the result, not of institutions but of race, throws back upon its author the necessity of recognising a species of “sliding scale” in “human corruption,” which it would not be easy to institute, and still less to apply.

If we turn to the fifth volume of Sir A. Alison's new history, we shall find a pretty clear solution of this enigma furnished by himself. The twenty-seventh chapter, in that volume, is devoted to a sketch of the constitutional history of Germany, from the Peace of 1814 to the Revolution of 1848. The author there adverts to the promises of constitutional rights continually held out by the Prussian Government to its subjects; to the public acts of the collective Governments, to a similar effect; and to the violation of the pledges thus given in nearly every instance. His statement on this point is marked by the greatest candour; and his quotations from the acts themselves are made with every fidelity. We most cheerfully make Sir Archibald this acknowledg-

ment; and we do so with the more satisfaction, that it has hitherto been our misfortune to differ with him so frequently. The following passage is remarkable for its justice and moderation:—

“In nations, as individuals, it too often happens that promises made during a period of danger, or under the influence of extraordinary feelings of terror or gratitude, are forgotten when the peril is over, or the period of excitement is past. The selfishness of libertines has invented the infamous maxim, that lovers' vows are made only to be broken, although many a noble heart and heroic deed has (have?) proved the falsehood of the assertion; but there are, unfortunately, fewer instances of unswerving faith in governments, whether monarchical or democratic. The monarchs of Germany broke faith as completely with the people, who had won for them the victory, after it was gained, as the *Tiers Etat* of France did with the clergy, whose accession had gained them the majority over the privileged orders at the commencement of the Revolution. Ten days after the signature of this solemn act of the Confederation, which guaranteed Parliaments to all the States of Germany, the battle of Waterloo was fought, the independence of the country was secured, and, with the danger, all memory of the promises passed away. The 1st of September came, but no committee met to arrange and settle the organization of the provincial and national representation in Prussia; years elapsed, but nothing was done generally towards the formation of the estates of the realm in any countries of the Confederation.”—*Hist.* 1815–52. Vol. v., pp. 17, 18.

These remarks are a virtual recantation of what has passed before. Surely all this official malversation is a very obvious cause of the German revolutions of 1848. • No doubt there was a principle of “human corruption” at work; and Sir Archibald shows very clearly that the scenes of its operation were the Cabinets of the German States. The zeal with which the people came to the succour of their sovereigns in 1813 (if we merely follow the author's narrative of that period in his former history) indicates that their pervading spirit was a loyal patriotism. How, then, does he account for this revolution of popular feeling, but by throwing the blame on Government itself?

But our perusal of Sir A. Alison's works involves very much what Burns has termed “drops of joy with draughts of ill between.” A few pages further on, the author throws the blame upon the German people, for their insurrectionary demonstrations in 1819. It appears, from his own statement, that they waited patiently during four years for these promised political rights; and when Sir Archibald has before criticised the German Courts for not beginning to reform on the

1st of September 1815, he appears to preclude himself from a criticism of those who waited, not *three months* alone, but *four years*. His inconsistency is here very striking. He considers the strong measures of the Congress of Carlsbad (1819) to have been produced (and very truly so) by popular discontent—and he thence assumes that this popular discontent destroyed the hope of political liberty; while he has already shown that the question had been settled in the minds of the German rulers before the discontent arose.

This morbid desire to prove that every revolution has but injured the cause it was designed to befriend, draws the author into many inaccuracies of fact as well as of reasoning. He tells us the same story of the Revolutions of 1830. The following passage betrays a remarkable misconception of the politics of Northern Germany with reference to that event:—

“It is probable, therefore, that the rapid growth of population, wealth, and prosperity in Prussia would have had its usual effect in inducing a struggle for political power much earlier than it actually occurred, were it not for another event which occurred ere long, and for a considerable period totally altered the ideas and prevailing passion of men. That event was the French Revolution of 1830.

“*Calamitous in every quarter* to the interests of freedom, that great event was *in an especial manner fatal to Teutonic liberty*. It gave a new direction to men's minds, and in the end, for a course of years substituted the terror of French conquest for the sturdy spirit of German independence.”—Vol. v., p. 43.

Is Sir A. Alison aware that every statesman—every merchant—in Germany at this day will concur in referring the “wealth and prosperity of Prussia” during the last quarter of a century, in great degree, to the Prussian Customs League; and that the Prussian Customs League (though shadowed forth indeed in the most vague manner, in a previous and temporary remission of duties) was incontestibly a result of the general movement of 1830? According, therefore, to his own just estimate of the influence of popular wealth on government, this movement must, *pro tanto* at least, have accelerated Prussian liberty. The very concession to commercial wishes (and in such this measure arose in a great degree), is in itself not simply an indication, but a result, of a certain freedom, whether the act were that of a theoretically absolute sovereign, or of a representative Chamber. With regard to the next statement, that this Revolution was “in every quarter calamitous to freedom,”

and "in an especial manner fatal to Teutonic liberty," as Sir Archibald calls it, can he possibly be unaware that the movement of 1830 gave birth to Constitutional Government in several of the more considerable states of Germany; and that the commercial wealth of Saxony, for instance, was computed in 1848 to have nearly doubled its amount in 1830? It is true that much of this increase may be ascribed (if it can really be dissociated from the legislative action of the Chambers, which did much to secure the inclusion of Saxony into the Zollverein) to the Prussian Customs League—*itself*, however, according to Sir A. Alison, an indirect element of liberty. "The terror of French conquest," described as enduring for "a course of years," is an equal misstatement: M. de Metternich and M. de Hardenberg soon began to snap their fingers at Louis Philippe, though he was apparently secure upon the French throne within two years after his accession. But if this "terror of French conquest" had continued, nothing would have been more likely, as in 1813, to provoke "the sturdy spirit of German independence!"

When we meet with such misconceptions of the leading relations of German politics, it becomes hardly worth while to point out how little Sir A. Alison has availed himself of the authentic records before the public, which would have enabled him to follow the most important and interesting of the historic negotiations connected with his subject. Thus he devotes a great deal of applause to the Germanic Confederation of 1815. He terms it, rather quaintly, "a sage constitution;" and enumerates its provisions which "received the consent of all parties concerned." Now, in a measure so novel and so important, it would have been interesting to know something of its origin, and to learn how this "consent of all parties" was brought about. If the author had referred to the Castlereagh Correspondence, he would have seen that this "consent of all parties" was the ultimate result of a fierce contention; that the scheme was that of Prince Metternich, and of Prince Metternich alone; that it encountered very strong opposition even at the Austrian Court; and that that minister, after a contest which it is as amusing as it is instructive to read, carried his point against the strong opposition of the Emperor Francis, of Prince Schwarzenberg, and the heads of the Austrian bureaucracy, and finally against the other German Governments. We advert to this, because the fact was not generally known until the publication of one of the later volumes by the late Lord Londonderry; and

because it is one of the few facts connected with the German Confederation which had not been already told by successive historians.

We beg Sir Archibald to understand, that we in no greater degree sympathise with revolutions in the abstract than he does himself. We readily concur with him, that, as a historical fact, the results of many revolutions have done injury to the cause of freedom. We cheerfully acknowledge, also, that the immediate tendency of many has been so strongly anti-social, that the recoil even of military despotism has been preferable beyond comparison to governments, often rather anarchies, which are founded upon them. But we refer that tendency, in nearly every instance, to the impolicy of the previous despotism. And the ill-success of just and intelligent reformers is, to us, matter not of satisfaction, but of sorrow. But the author's view of the uniform action of revolutions is as contracted, as his notion that a national religion and a national polity could be overthrown by the writings of two imaginative indeed, but superficial sceptics.

We will take another subject. What shall it be? We will take Turkey.

Sir A. Alison is by no means at home in Turkey. He is not *au fait* of dates; he enjoys a very limited knowledge of facts in general; he is apt to atone for the original unkindness of the gifts of memory and application by availing himself of that of the imagination; and his deductions occasionally run in an opposite direction to the facts upon which they are based. He tells us, both in the contents page, and in the text at page 491, of the fifth volume, that the date of the Treaty of Adrianople was 1828,—whereas every one knows that, in 1828, the Turkish and Russian power was nicely poised in battle, and that the Treaty of Adrianople was signed in 1829. As a set off against this repetition of a wrong date, he fires three shots at the date of the great Treaty of 1841, hoping, like an indifferent sportsman in chronology, to bring it down between them! At p. 566 of vol. V., he tells us that it was signed on the 13th of March; at p. 105 of vol. VI., that it was signed on the 13th of February; and at p. 107 of the latter volume, that it was signed on the 13th of July. This is not mere carelessness. In the first place, it happens that this treaty was a provision consequent on the *expiration* of the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, which did not expire until the 5th of July; and, as Sir A. Alison declaims so strongly upon the question of this treaty, he might as well have ascertained when its provisions expired. He

would then have seen that the Treaty of 1841 could not have been signed either in February or March, because they contravened the stipulations of Hunkiar Skelessi. In mitigation of this error, it must be remembered that Sir Archibald was by no means aware, as we shall see, that the two treaties did run in opposition to each other; although he only saves his logic at the expense of his learning. In the second place, it was a peculiarity of this treaty, that Lord Palmerston, who went out of office with the Melbourne Ministry, which resigned on the 30th or 31st of August, was fortunate enough to make an entire settlement of the Eastern Question, but just before his retirement.

Now, the neutralization of the Channel of Constantinople, which was the chief provision of the treaty of the 13th of July, 1841, and that against which Sir A. Alison's blind invective is directed, has long been a cardinal point in our diplomatic faith. Without appealing, however, either to reason or to precedent, we have a shorter way of meeting Sir Archibald: we shall judge him, as we have judged him before, out of his own mouth.

It is necessary, first, to set the author right with respect to the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, of 1833, where he alludes to our non-interference in that year:—

"Instead of this, what did England do? She *refused succour* [italics of author, who has just before said that she had no succour to give]; threw the Ottomans into the arms of Russia, who extorted, as the price of her protection, the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi; which converted the Euxine into a Russian lake, and left the forts of the Bosphorus *vis-à-vis* to the bastions of Sebastopol, with a few sail of the line, ill manned, to combat eighteen line-of-battle ships, the skill of whose gunners England so fatally experienced on the ramparts of the Malakoff and the Redan! Thus are nations led to destruction by the want of foresight in the national councils."—Vol. v., p. 568.

We suggest the reading, in lieu of the last sentence,—“Thus are authors brought to destruction for want of knowledge and reflection.”—Is it possible that Sir A. Alison was not aware that this stipulation was merely temporary—having expired, as we have said, on the 5th of July, 1841—that on the 13th of the same month, it was replaced by a permanent treaty between Turkey and all the Great Powers, recognising the *exact antithesis* to the principle involved in the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi,—and that from the 13th of July 1841, the Black Sea was no more a Russian lake than it had been prior to 1833, which is the date of all

this lugubrious and egotistical foreboding of the fall of the East?

Turn, then, to the criticism on the Treaty of 1841 itself:—

“Unquestionably one set of dangers was obviated by its successful issue; for the authority of the Sultan over Egypt was re-established, and the imminent risk the Ottoman Empire ran after the battle of Konieh removed. But is that the greatest danger that Turkey really ran? Is it from the north or south that its independence is most seriously menaced? Has it nothing to fear from the Northern Colossus, *to whom, by this treaty*, the Euxine became an inland, inaccessible lake? Undertaken to rescue Constantinople from the perilous exclusive guardianship of Russia, the war left the Sultan *tête-à-tête* with the Czar in the Black Sea; intended to secure British influence in the Isthmus of Suez, the high-road to India, it left the Pacha bound by strong ties of interest and gratitude to the French government! The terrible war of 1854, intended to open the Euxine to foreign vessels, and terminate the fatal supremacy of Russia in its waters, was the direct consequence of the Treaty of 1841, purchased by the victories of Beyrout and of Acre!”—Vol. v., p. 567.

We would not write with needless discourtesy; but we must tell Sir A. Alison plainly, *that he knows nothing of what he writes*. 1. The Treaty of 13th of July 1841, which is represented as “first recognising the vast concession of the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi,” *did just the reverse: it repudiated the concession*. The obnoxious stipulation of Hunkiar Skelessi provided for the closing of the *Dardanelles* against all powers with whom *Russia* might be at war; while it recognised, in practice, the opening of the *Bosphorus* to Russia (for Russian aid had already been demanded and obtained). It was, therefore, the effect of this treaty to lay open Constantinople to Russia on the one side, and to preclude, *in any danger*, the summoning by Turkey of the naval succour of any power whom Russia might choose to ostracise by a hostile declaration. It was the provision of the Treaty of 1841, on the other hand, *to close the Bosphorus against Russia*, by reciprocally closing the Dardanelles against other powers, *so long as Turkey was at peace*. The one treaty *extended the authority of Russia to the Egean*; the other *neutralized the whole Channel of Constantinople*. Russia (supposing her to be the apprehended or the open enemy) was excluded from the Bosphorus, by the Treaty of 1841, *both in peace and in war*: the other Powers, excluded from the Dardanelles in peace, *were admissible in war by the free suffrage of Turkey*.

2. Sir A. Alison speaks of the “Northern Colossus, *to whom, by this treaty*, the

Euxine became an inland, inaccessible lake" [Quotation, Vol. V.]; and of "the Treaty of 13th July 1841, which *first* recognised as part of the public law of Europe," etc. [Vol. VI., p. 107]. The Treaty of 1841, on the contrary, introduced no fresh principle. *It simply re-asserted the immemorial law of the Ottoman Empire.* It is certain that the writer can never have read the treaty which he thus criticises, or he would have seen it, at a glance, stated at the very outset, that this was its principle and its aim. If he had ever so little as looked at the Turkish Capitulations, he would have seen that this point had been always reserved. If he had ever read the *Treaty of the Dardanelles*, and known anything of its history, he would have been aware that this was the treaty between Great Britain and Turkey which the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi had overruled—which the Treaty of 1841 called again into action, with the concurrence of the Great Continental Powers—and which was negotiated by Sir Robert Adair in 1809, at the instance of the much-belauded Administration, led by the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Perceval, and Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning!

3. We are told that "the Sultan was left tête-à-tête with the Czar in the Black Sea;" and, again, we find the following intelligent criticism:—

"Lord Palmerston, having succeeded in bringing all Europe into his measures, thought he had secured the independence of the Ottoman Empire, *by adopting the Russian Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi*, closing the Bosphorus [this is just what that treaty took care not to do] and Dardanelles against foreign vessels of war; forgetting that Russia, *with eighteen ships of the line, was already there*; and that the only result of his diplomatic triumph was to leave Constantinople, with (?) its fleet destroyed at Navarino, unsupported, vis-à-vis of Sebastopol, with its impregnable bastions and four thousand pieces of cannon."—Vol. vi., p. 108.

It seems clear, from this passage, that Sir A. Alison supposes Sebastopol to be on the Bosphorus, and in all probability, mistakes it for Scutari! ["*Russia was there already*"—on the Dardanelles!] But we promised Sir Archibald to confute him out of his own mouth. The confutation is to be found in the *tenth** volume of his former

history, and at page 445. Unlucky paragraph!

"A broad inland sea, enclosed within impregnable gates, gives its navy [*i. e.*, the Turkish] the extraordinary advantage of a safe place for pacific exercise and preparation; narrow and winding straits, on either side of fifteen or twenty miles in length [they happen to be sixteen on one side, and seventy on the other], crowned by heights forming natural castles, render this matchless metropolis impregnable to all but land forces!"

Here we take leave of Sir A. Alison on Turkey, with the friendly advice, that, before he favours the world with his threatened history of the late war in the East of Europe, he should acquaint himself a little with the geography of that region; and that, if he were less absolutely ignorant of the leading historic relations of Turkey with the Great Powers, he would also be less flippant in his criticisms of the policy of the most accomplished statesman of Europe. It is certainly rather humiliating to find one's self the dupe of one's own inconceivable self-confidence, after assuming such a majestic superiority—not, indeed, over Lord Palmerston alone, but over such statesmen also as Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Clarendon (who, in 1841, were his colleagues in the administration)—over the astute M. Guizot, and the wary and anti-Russian M. de Metternich—and over statesmen, in the English Opposition, of the insight and sagacity of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen.

Let us turn to the chapters which treat of Spain. Sir A. Alison favours us with a long statement of the condition of that country. Now, if a historian design to describe the condition of a country at such length, he should do so with fidelity. We are speaking, not of its transient, but of its permanent characteristics, which must hold as true now as they did in 1820. And we say (if we may speak on personal authority), that much of this description of Spain is a grotesque caricature. But, as this is a defect of less moment on the part of a historian, we will pass to historical subjects.

Take the question, for instance, of the French invasion of Spain in 1823, and of the recognition of the South American Republics. Sir Archibald is fond of paradox, and the paradox is not always very defensible. That which is set up on this occasion is, that the French invasion of Spain *was* justifiable, and that our intervention in South America *was not*. The author's proposition, is stated as follows:—

shortly before the late war broke out, and formed a widely different opinion of.

* Edition of 14 vols., already quoted from. 1850. Chap. 69, on Turkey. Among other curiosities in contradiction, there are two distinct accounts of Constantinople, each opposite to the other, and both irreconcilable with the truth. These are to be found respectively in vol. x., p. 445 (*Old Hist.*), and vol. iii., p. 38 (*New Hist.*). The latter speaks of the "charming suburb of Galata," which we visited

"No doubt can now remain that the French invasion of Spain, against which public feeling in this country was so strongly excited at the time, was not only a wise measure on the part of the Bourbon Government, but fully justifiable on the best principles of international law. The strength of this case is to be found, not in the absurdity and peril of the Spanish constitution, or even the imminent hazard to which it exposed the royal family in that country, and the entire liberties and property of the country, it is to be found in the violent inroads which the Spanish revolutionists, and their allies to the north of the Pyrenees, were making on France itself, and the extreme hazard to which its institutions were exposed in consequence of their machinations." — Hist., 1815–52, vol. ii, p. 738.

This, then, is the case on behalf of France; and it is a novelty to argue with Sir Archibald on international law. Now, the law of intervention, stated broadly, is pretty clear in theory, although it is often a very nice question to demark right and wrong in its application. If the independence or the *vital interests* of one state are so threatened by another, as to render intervention an act of self-preservation, the right is clear. Let us take, first, the theory, and then the facts, on which this intervention proceeded. Sir A. Alison assumes it to have been the spontaneous act of the French Government in defence of its national interests. If he will refer to the records of the Congress of Verona, he will find that this intervention proceeded on the authority of the Holy Alliance of which France made herself the instrument. This surely involves an important distinction in the right of intervention; and the act of the French Government was no more immediately based on the theory of special interest, than the Austrian intervention in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which proceeded on the authority of the Congresses of Laybach and Troppau (1820 and 1821), without even the fact of territorial proximity to support the plea of "self-preservation." The illegal assumptions of the Holy Alliance thus *indirectly subtracted from the legal privileges of each component State*, and went far to bar the plea of self-preservation, which would otherwise at any rate have been plausible. Waiving, however, this difficulty in the theory of intervention, what were its grounds? Sir A. Alison tells us that they were to be found, not simply in the conduct of the Spanish revolutionists, but in that of *the subjects of the King of France in his own territory*.

But the counterpart of the proposition—the justification of our interference in South America—remains:—

powerful intervention? Was the freedom of England menaced by the re-establishment of Spanish authority in South America? Confessedly it was not; the hope of commercial advantages—the vision of a vast trade with the insurgent states, was the ruling motive. But commercial advantages will not constitute legal right, or vindicate acts of injustice, any more than the acquisition of provinces will justify an unprovoked invasion. It sounds well to say you will call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old; but if that new world is to be carved out of the dominions of an allied and friendly power, it is better to leave it to itself."—Pp. 739, 740.

Now, the whole of this statement proceeds upon a false parallel between France and England. The author argues as though the French Government did one thing, and the English Government another. The decisive intervention of England was that of *individuals*, in opposition to the views of their Government. The author's sneer at Mr. Canning, who is designated in the passage with regard to "the new world," is answered by himself. Thus he says (p. 716):—

"But be the intervention of England in South America justifiable or unjustifiable, nothing is more certain than that neither its merit nor its demerit belongs to Mr. Canning. The independence of Columbia was decided by a charge of British bayonets on the field of Carabobo, on the 14th of June 1821, more than a year before Mr. Canning was called to the Foreign Office."

It is possible that Mr. Canning's language may not have been justified by his share in the transaction. But it is clear from Sir A. Alison's own statement, that before the *recognition* of independence in South America, which *was* the work of Mr. Canning, and the first direct act of the British Government, *individuals* had decided the whole question in fact. And with regard to the author's stricture on the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, he elsewhere himself quotes Lord Castlereagh's statement, that British officers engaging in the South American revolt would forfeit their commissions. Whatever leaning, therefore, the British Government may naturally have entertained towards the emancipation of South America from the worst rule that this century has seen, it is clear that Sir A. Alison's position involves, virtually as well as theoretically, a comparison between a government and a body of individuals, upon which no legal argument can be founded.

Let us see, too, how the author reasons out this proposition by analogy:—

"What was the justification of this armed and

"England saw very clearly the iniquity of

this insidious mode of proceeding when it was applied to herself, when Louis XVI. allowed covert succours to the American insurgents to sail from the French harbours, and the Americans sent some thousand sympathisers to aid the Canadian revolt in 1837. She loudly denounced it when the Americans allowed an expedition to sail from New Orleans, in 1852, to revolutionize Cuba; and she exclaimed against the Irish democrats who permitted the French Revolutionary Government, in 1848, to recognise a Hibernian Republic in the Emerald Isle. But what were the two last, but following her example?"—P. 740.

When the author passes from a legal proposition to a moral grievance—and from looking upon a government and an individual as essentially the same, to dealing with the feelings and sentiments of an interested nation—he of course entirely changes his ground. There is no doubt that Spain, not alive probably to the extent of her colonial misrule, had a fair pretext to feel aggrieved that her misfortunes did not gain sympathy from the British Government. But when we come to Sir A. Alison's precedents, by which the extent of the grievance is to be tested, we find the obliquity of the author's reasoning such as could hardly escape a school-boy. As he speaks of the "*two last*" illustrations as his parallels, we imagine he designs to exempt the *two former* from the ordeal of analysis. We will content ourselves, therefore, with what is given us. With regard to Cuba, is he aware, either that the American expedition to that island was a spontaneous aggression, not proceeding from any antecedent fact of revolt upon the part of the Cuban subjects of Spain; or that the object of that expedition was avowedly one, not of delivering and making free, but of subjugating and incorporating into the state of the invading people? With regard to Ireland, does he imagine it to be the same thing (waiving all distinction between good and bad government) for the Spanish Crown to complain that subjects of the British Crown have aided the disaffection of its colonists, that it is for the British Crown to denounce the disloyalty of its own subjects?

Sir A. Alison's remarks upon the existing principle of succession to the Spanish Crown are still more inconsiderate and indiscriminate. We revert to his view of the results of the Anglo-French alliance of 1830, in reference to Spain. He tells us in the first volume:—

"The Orleans family continued firmly, and to all appearances permanently, settled upon the throne of France. Belgium was revolutionized, torn from the monarchy of the Netherlands, and the Cobourg family seated on its throne; the

monarchies of Spain and Portugal were overturned, and a revolutionary dynasty of Queens placed upon their thrones, in direct violation of the Treaty of Utrecht; while in the east of Europe the last remains of Polish nationality were extinguished on the banks of the Vistula. Durable interests were overlooked, ancient alliances broken, long-established rivalries forgotten, in the fleeting passions of the moment."—P. 8.

We have no concern with any but the Spanish Question; and shall turn from the other instances with the remark, that so far as they bear upon Sir Archibald's theory of the aggregate loss of freedom resulting from a revolution, the author presents us in this picture (independently of Spain and Portugal) with *two* monarchical states which gained constitutional government under the revolutions of 1830, as a set-off against *one* which lost it, and whose population barely reached one-sixth of the combined population of France and Belgium. Perhaps, moreover, the constitutional history of the latter state may now be allowed to form some evidence of the foundation of its government in a "durability of interest."

But, with regard to the Spanish succession the tender care with which Sir A. Alison handles the work of Mr. Harley and Lord Bolingbroke, in the altered relations of the State, is sometimes amusing. That the champion of kingly freedom and conservative tradition should characterise in such glowing terms that stipulation of the Treaty of Utrecht which introduced a direct innovation into the constitutional law of Spain, and offered a slight to the national independence, was hardly to have been anticipated. Yet such is the fact. It is far from our design to criticise the policy of the provision in this treaty which excluded from the throne the female descendants of Philip V. When Sunderland and Godolphin had withdrawn, and St. John and Harley had resolved to compromise the question of the succession in Spain, such an exclusion was necessary to prevent a repetition of the expedient under which Louis XIV. had gained the virtual dominion of the Peninsula. This provision, dictated by expediency, was, therefore, a violation of the most cherished traditions of Spain, and a slur upon its independence.

Why, then, Sir Archibald should have expected such a revolutionary provision long to survive the exigency that could alone have given it birth, we can no more imagine than why he should cherish the memory of a constitutional innovation and a national slight, which, had he but lived a century ago, would surely have been the theme of his most vehement invective. If he would refer

to our own constitutional records three centuries ago, he would see that it was made high treason to declare that the Queen and Parliament could not alter the succession to the throne of England. So far as the conduct of the Spanish court is concerned, it may be presumed that we should ourselves have resented, on the death of William IV., any provision, previously enforced upon us by a congress of belligerents, which excluded from the throne the female descendants of the Princess Sophia of Hanover. And, so far as the Anglo-French alliance of 1830 is concerned, when the last exercise of kingly power in Spain repudiated the stipulation of the Congress of Utrecht, under a manifest difference in the circumstances of the succession (whatever were the intrigue by which the change was immediately brought about), it is hard to suppose that any moral obligation for the maintenance of the stipulation of 1713 remained in force, on the part of the two great Powers which had been most directly interested in the settlement of that year, when there was a clear presumption that this change in the succession consulted the national benefit. And although the hopes entertained of Spain, on the cessation of the civil war, have unfortunately not been realised, perhaps even Sir A. Alison himself, who glosses over the mediæval atrocities of the reign of Ferdinand VII., will not have the hardihood to affirm that the subsequent sufferings of Spain are to be compared with the military and sacerdotal tyranny which Don Carlos was ready to uphold. He will acknowledge, too, that of those subsequent sufferings, since the civil war was ended, nearly all have been experienced, not from the legitimate Queenites, but under the shadow of the Carlist power, and in the specious title of a Moderado policy. He will acknowledge also that that ecclesiastical spoliation, which he may justly deplore, was introduced, *not* by the Progresista party, but by the Moderado or semi-Carlist chiefs, during the existence of the Estatuto Real.

It has already been observed, that Sir A. Alison's narrative of the Revolutionary War, in his previous work, is by much to be preferred to his politics of the Peace in the subsequent history. There is in the former, very happily, less room for political reflections. "So many conquerors' ears were daily driven," that the narrative, either of negotiation or of military events, kept the writer's pen pretty well occupied in sublunary subjects. His histories of the German and Peninsular campaigns have been nearly as much criticised as his narrative of the campaign of 1815. It would hardly serve any purpose to revert to these

questions at length; and public opinion is nearly agreed that Sir Archibald's history of the *German* campaigns of Napoleon is, upon the whole, tolerably accurate, especially as it advances. The author has had access to German documents of authority. This incident of advantage over some other writers, is, however, qualified by the apprehension that an author, who in his new work quotes statistics in the slap-dash sort of way that we have evinced—and quotes them, too, with a truly laudable impartiality, in the face of his own directly opposite theories—may nevertheless not be precluded from falling into grave error. In proportion as the drama of Napoleon's wars advances, the contemporary records appear to increase in authenticity as well as in number. The public are therefore more critical and more exacting as the period proceeds. With reference to the German campaign of 1813, the most reliable statement, so far as the Allies are concerned, is the history of that campaign by the late Marquess of Londonderry, then Sir Charles Stuart. Lord Londonderry was alternately at the camp and at the court; and he had better opportunities, not simply than any other writer, but than any other general or diplomatist in Germany, of knowing what happened at all points. His narrative, too, is written with a succinctness, and an absence of theorising, which Sir A. Alison would have done well to imitate. Between it and Sir Archibald's there are, however, important discrepancies, especially in the worthy baronet's favourite domain of figures. We will not go so far as to say that he sees double on these points; but he frequently over-rates the forces engaged on either side. This observation holds true, not only as against Lord Londonderry's history, but as against several other authorities. To speak generally, however, it may be assumed that where Sir A. Alison quotes the German authorities on the German side of the questions at issue, or quotes such English authorities as Sir Robert Adair for 1806, or Lord Londonderry for 1813, he may be relied on, if exact accuracy be not required.

But it is singular that where he deals with our own share in the military annals of this period, so much cannot be said. For the Peninsular War, Sir William Napier's history is, and we suspect always will be, our standard, even if a future generation of Frenchmen do not accept his testimony as implicitly as ourselves. That much of Sir A. Alison's account of the Peninsular War not only contradicts that by Sir W. Napier, but that it contradicts even the Wellington dispatches, which Colonel Gurwood had

published at all events before Sir Archibald had arrived at the era of the Peninsular War, is too well known to require any illustration. That his narrative of 1815, though patched up and ingeniously defended in each successive edition, remains an essential fiction, is equally notorious. We shall not attempt to drag our readers through a detailed criticism of Sir A. Alison's narrative of the campaigns of Vimiera, Oporto, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo. The mistakes which pervade the detail of each campaign are the result sometimes of carelessness, and sometimes of entire misconception. Occasionally they are absolutely absurd; and that an annalist of the Peninsular War should gravely assert, as Sir Archibald does in the very title of chap. 68, vol. x., that the British campaign of Salamanca, in 1812, was the Duke of Wellington's *first campaign in Spain*, will hardly be believed by any one who does not refer to his work for a corroboration of our statement. The edition of his history of the French Revolutionary War from which we have quoted, dates from 1850; and it is, we believe, the latest. Even in this edition but a small proportion of the errors which had been before the public during ten or fifteen years have been retrieved; and we are almost forced to suppose that one who is so indifferent to accuracy, is also indifferent to reputation. In this respect, Sir A. Alison reminds us of a saying quoted by Blackstone, "that a man may keep poisons in his closet, but that he may not publicly vend them as cordials." This, however, is a restriction which Sir Archibald has the hardihood to break through. His adherence to the most manifest errors, in fact, is as tenacious and as dogged, as is his assertion of disproved and exploded opinions in his new history.

But there are some matters of political philosophy discussed in the author's former history, and especially in the fourteenth volume, which bear a closer relation to his new work. These, we take it, are his most finished and erudite thoughts; for they are to be found in chapters ninety-five and ninety-six, which bear the mark of a wide revision that is not condoned to chapters involving the lustre of our military arms.

Sir Archibald has a theory, which is propounded at great length in Vol. XIV., "of the final cause of war," and which is asserted to be "the purification of mankind." It is an idiosyncrasy in the philosophy of the author, that all his theories are, as it were, *self-existent* in his own mind: that is to say, he does not draw theories from facts; but

he asserts facts on the basis of theories. He makes the most unfounded and extravagant misstatements in general history, which are not to be submitted to question, because they conform to the GREAT DOGMA with which his argument has set out. Thus he asserts that war is only increased by democratic ascendancy; and thenceforth he sweeps down the cardinal facts of European history into conformity with his proposition. Let us take a few examples. Of the affairs of 1848 we read,—

"And the first effect of the French Revolution of 1848 was to light up the flames of war— . . . to arm the *Muscovite against the Magyar*, and drench Europe in blood, *to be stayed only by the triumph of the aristocratic principle*, at least in the first stage of the contest."—P. 265.

As we have no right to question the sincerity of any man, we can but say that this is one of many passages which stamp Sir Archibald Alison as the most ill-informed person of the events of which he writes that we ever met with. Can it, however, be possible that he is ignorant that the Magyar cause was the aristocratic cause at issue in the Hungarian war?—that nearly the whole titled nobility, and the whole untitled nobility, were ranged upon its side?—that the judicial murders of the Austrian Government were the murders, not of democrats, but of ancient magnates?—that its constitution was the purest aristocracy which this century has seen?—that the "Muscovite" differed from the "Magyar," as a modern despotism differs from an ancient oligarchy?—that, so far as the difference of "democratic" and "aristocratic triumph" was concerned, the triumph (a negative one, to be sure) was that of the Slavonian democratic peasantry?

But more. In the third volume of the later history, the author tells us (p. 238) that "it is a markworthy circumstance, that all the serious wars in Europe, between 1815 and 1830, have been wars between the Christians and the Mohammedans." In order to make out this proposition, he is under the unfortunate necessity of raking up all our wars in India during this period, which he has himself, with a rare infelicity, determined prior by two years to "the popular revolution!" The recounting of all these wars in India, in his sixth volume, is nearly interminable. Finally, it is a somewhat novel theory to class the pacific colonization of territories—such as Australia, which *we already possessed*—among the instances of "*aggressive propensities*," p. 264. It seems scarcely discriminative to institute this close comparison between this colo-

nization—which, by the way, is elsewhere described as a “*Divine*” means of the diffusion of civilization—and the irruptions of the French revolutionary armies!

It occurred to us, as we were reading these luminous reasonings, that the perpetual warfare of the oligarchical Italian republics would be hard of subordination to the above theory; and we began to wonder how this difficulty would be surmounted. Our curiosity was soon satisfied. A few pages further on we read, that “in modern times the marvels of this expansive (democratic) power have not been less conspicuous. From the Republics of Genoa and Venice the democratic spirit again penetrated,” etc. The oligarchical constitution of the Venetian Commonwealth presumed to stand in opposition to the GREAT DOGMA: accordingly, the Venetian Republic was transformed into a “*Poligarchy*!”

We pass to the general relations of Europe with Asia; and in the *later history*, vol. IV., p. 608, we find the following astonishing assertion:—

“*Unity renders Asia formidable: diversity constitutes the strength of Europe.*”

In vol. XIV. of the *former history*, p. 262, we find the following commentary upon this axiom:—

“In Asia, the vigour of the chief who seizes the diadem rarely descends to his successor who inherits it; and even the hardihood of a new race of northern conquerors is found, after a few generations, to be irrecoverably merged in the effeminacy of their subjects. Hence the extraordinary facility with which they are overturned, and the perpetual alternation of external conquest and internal corruption which marks every age of Asiatic history.” (1)

With reference to “Europe and Asia,” we are told that Asiatic sovereigns are more despotic than Europeans. The remark is just, though hardly original; but we have immersed ourselves into a portion of Sir A. Alison’s works, in which we treasure up any just observation, be it ever so trite. But when Sir Archibald proceeds, on the strength of this assertion, to his favourite topic of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, we are obliged to differ with him again. Assuming that these patriarchs respectively peopled Asia, Africa, and Europe, he illustrates the milder sovereignty of the Japetic race (iv., 608) from Homer’s description of Agamemnon. Does he not know that the earliest accounts of Greece that we possess, and which are quite as reliable as the exploits of Agamemnon, distinctly refer the foundation of Greek Commonwealths to Egyptian and Asiatic emigrators?

Our allotted space is already exceeded; but it would be unjust to overlook Sir A. Alison’s gallery of political portraits. If this have not the merit of discrimination, it has that, at least, of generosity. There is no grudging of merit in any of these characterizations. Sir Archibald will speak as well of his political opponents as of the leaders of his own party. This is certainly a very fine trait in a writer gifted with such ineradicable prepossessions. It is, no doubt, an inconsistency; for the author has already described the shortsightedness of his opponents, in a manner which renders the praise somewhat inexplicable. But he has forgotten all that, as he has forgotten a good many other things that he has written in the course of his bulky volumes; and, when he begins to describe the characters of public men of his day, he acts on the principle of *de mortuis*, etc.,—makes his portraits all very attractive, though singularly like each other. It is true that he says of Lord Brougham, in respect of his speeches, that he has “an overwhelming deluge of words,” and that “his verbose habit is much to be regretted.”—(Vol. IV., p. 287.) Lord Brougham might perhaps think that the critic had put himself out of court, and was disqualified, by his own example, from pronouncing the censure. But Sir A. Alison has a high opinion of “his merits as an equity lawyer,”—a judgment, at all events, from which he was not precluded by any positive demerits of his own. Sir Archibald pays a handsome tribute to the late Lord Grey (notwithstanding the “fatal mistake,” to which he again alludes), and says, that “he was, beyond all doubt, a most remarkable man.”—P. 280. The observation will not probably be gainsaid. He falls, however, into two singular mistakes. He has the hardihood to assert that “Lord Palmerston has been a member of every Administration, with the single exception of the short one of Lord Derby in 1852, for the last fifty years” (p. 288); whereas every one else is aware that, during both the Administrations of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston was one of the leading members of the opposition; and that, “fifty years” before this volume was written, Lord Palmerston had not entered political life. He speaks of Lord John Russell’s “conduct as the leader of the House of Commons in 1831;” whereas every one else is no less aware, that it was a peculiarity in Lord John Russell’s political position, during the whole struggle of the Reform Bill, that he had taken the office of Paymaster-General without a seat in the Cabinet. Why Sir James Graham should be applauded,

and Mr. Gladstone (the master-mind of his party) should not be noticed, is not apparent. Neither is Lord Althorp mentioned; and we are reduced to the solution, that Sir A. Alison was not aware that he had been Leader of the House of Commons during the four most stormy sessions of its existence. But, as we have said, there is no disposition to injustice; and we are told of each of the prominent statesmen of our day, he has "administrative abilities of a very high order." This is at least gratifying, if it be not discriminative.

Any detailed criticism on the subject of style would be superfluous. It is certain, however, that any three of Sir A. Alison's volumes might be very advantageously compressed into one. The author's aversion to monosyllables is fatal to the force of his diction; and we have roughly calculated that the omission of useless adjectives would alone reduce the work by some twenty or thirty pages a volume. Nearly all his substantives end in "ation;" a peculiarity which ensures them, on an average, an inordinate length. His affection towards the word "superadd," not seldom costs the simple sense of his passage; and his perpetual introduction of the epithet "human"—*ex. gr.*, "human affairs," "human emancipation," etc.—with studied distinctiveness, suggests the notion that he had been writing a political history (if such there could be) of zoology in general. But the wearisome iteration of trite ideas, exploded theories, and false reasoning, is what chiefly swells his second history to its present dimensions.*

We cannot help noticing also the appalling epithets which are coupled with the expression of almost every idea in the analysis of chapters that stand at the beginning of each volume. We are perpetually referred to sections entitled "astonishing success," "prodigious enthusiasm," "universal transports," etc. We had a vague notion, on first reading the latter expression, that "universal transports" were transport ships on a vast scale, somewhat after the fashion of the "Great Eastern;" but we were mis-

taken. Similar expressions are stored up for our sorrows, to those which indicate our joys. Thus, we continually read of "unbounded alarm," and "appalling distress." But our national temperament—and that, indeed, of all the races of "Japhet"—is so happily elastic, that these sentiments quickly pass away; and, a few lines further on, we are sure to recur to a condition of "prodigious enthusiasm," and "universal transports."

We may fairly presume that an author who places himself in deliberate opposition to every statesman, and to every other political writer, is nearly indifferent to any criticism of his work. To depict Sir A. Alison's character as a reasoner or as a writer of fact, is what no one can do so well as himself; and he has described it—in a delineation of Napoleon, which seems as though it had been designed for autobiography—with a fidelity which exhausts our own powers. It shall be transcribed:—

*"Unconquerable adherence to error, in point of fact, in the face of the clearest evidence, is, in like manner, often so characteristic of his writings, where any of his marked prepossessions is concerned, that one is apt to imagine that the account of the peculiarity given by his panegyrists is the true one, that his imagination was so ardent that his wishes were, literally speaking, father to his thoughts, and that what he desired, he really believed to be true."**

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- ART. II.—1. *The Genesis of the Earth and of Man.* Edited by REGINALD STUART POOLE, M.R.S.L., etc. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.
2. *The Testimony of the Rocks, or Geology in its bearings on the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By HUGH MILLER, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," etc. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1857.
3. *Creation and the Fall: A Defence and Exposition of the first three Chapters of Genesis.* By Rev. DONALD MACDONALD, M.A. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1856.
4. *The Mosaic Record in Harmony with the Geological.* By JAMES SIME, M.A. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1854.

* Sir Archibald favours us with numerous Latin quotations—some of which he goes out of his way to translate; and does it in a manner which eliminates the whole epigrammatic collocation of the original. These quotations are commonly of a very hackneyed kind; we find such as "Coelum non animus mutant," etc.; "didicisse fideliter artes," etc.—(the verb in the last instance being mis-spelt, and the qualifying adjective forgotten)—and many others which, through the dim vista of some ten long years, we remember, in our old Harrow days, to have perused in a little book called "Wordsworth's Latin Grammar!"

* Sir A. Alison's Character of Napoleon, vol. iii., p. 628.

5. *Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion*. Delivered in Rome by CARDINAL WISEMAN. 5th edition. Two volumes. London: Charles Dolman. 1853.
6. *Things New and Old in Religion, Literature, and Science*. London: Nisbet & Co. 1857.
7. *Geological Facts*. By the Rev. W. G. BARRETT. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1855.
8. *Geology and Genesis; or the Two Teachings Contrasted*. By "C." London: Whittaker & Co. 1857.
9. *On Parthenogenesis*. By PROF. OWEN. London: Van Voorst.
10. *Scripture and Geology*. By the Rev. PYE SMITH, D.D. London: H. G. BOHN.
11. *Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences*. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D. Glasgow: William Collins (American Reprint).
12. *Noah and his Times*. By the Rev. J. M. OLMSTEAD, M.A. Glasgow: William Collins (American Reprint).

MILTON's remarks on the vitality of books, and on what should be the attitude of the State to them, are well known. "I deny not," he says, "but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and common wealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that evil was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." This characteristically shrewd estimate has much force, when applied to the rapidly increasing literature of present physical science. Certain phases of this, especially those which are alleged to have theological bearings, claim the earnest attention of all thoughtful Christian men. Modern discovery has scattered the dragon's teeth broadcast over the land, and the natural result is a mailed host, more formidable than the fabled one which rose threateningly before the eye of Cadmus. Numerous books, all held by their authors to be equally well-fitted for the defence of the truth, and for chasing out of the world those antiquated religious beliefs which obstruct civilization in her onward march, meet us in every bookshop, lie in-

vitingly, in their covers of crimson and gold, on drawing-room tables, and demand double space on our library shelves, from which they seem to smile contempt on the unpretending volumes of our older literature, whose weighty utterances were wont to quicken our intellects and solace our hearts! How is this great army to be met? Must Swift's "Battle of the Books" be fought over again? If so, some of the names of the combatants of his time might be retained. An addition of another legion to the army of the moderns is all that is necessary to fit the satire to our day. The change of the battle-field could also be made. Swift found his "on a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of Parnassus." But we would require to go down to the foundations of the world, and to pass through the great strata, which tell the wondrous tale of the bygone ages of nature. The contest *there* would concern the question, whether the All-wise One who formed the world has written legends on the rocks which contradict the utterances of His own Wisdom in the Bible?

We know, indeed, that the progeny of the dragon's teeth were not all useless. Cadmus found many of the warriors helpful in doing him good service in his chosen Bæotia. We may find the modern offspring useful too. The fruits of civilization and enlightenment—the revelations of philosophy and the triumph of science, may all be welcomed by Christianity, and used in the service of The King. The chief thing will be, to get quit of the dangerous members of the mailed host. This must continue to be the constant effort of all who know the truth and love it. Circumstances will determine whether this shall be by finding joints in the harness, through which the arrows of truth may find their way to the heart of error, or, as in the old fable, by turning every man's hand against his fellow,—

"Suoque
Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres."

We have no wish even to *seem* to treat with levity a confessedly great and momentous subject, but there are aspects in the modern controversy of book with book, in which science sets up as theologian, and theology claims control over all science, which must provoke a smile.

The list of Works, which stands at the head of this article, will indicate the somewhat formidable character of our proposed discussions. In conducting them we have need of much charity, and our readers have need of much patience. Some recent contributions to the literature of so-called

physico-theology, make it needful that those who love the old paths, and are not ashamed to be found standing in them, should be willing to give valid reasons for their conservatism. They must at least look such works as are quoted above full in the face, and ascertain whether they can *all* be regarded as speaking the truth with forthright earnestness, keeping nothing back, and hesitating not in their speech. We are, however, well aware that the determination to look honestly at much of the current literature of physical science, and to tell plainly what we think of it, are hazardous undertakings. In addressing ourselves to the task we have undertaken, certain preliminary remarks fall to be made, in the light of which we wish to look at the subjects under review.

Our first remark has reference to the very narrow limits within which the observations of physical science are, as yet, contained. Only a few remote corners, which, because of their isolated character, must be imperfectly understood, have been visited and examined, in that great field of observation which surrounds man. We make this statement in the full knowledge of the ground which geology, for example, has gone over, and of the grouping of its discoveries under general divisions, corresponding to the present state of human knowledge. Still, we have been working in, comparatively, mere corners of the great field; and, certainly, the philosophical attitude of the students of this science should be that of men who are content to work on in the line of discovery—to gather up facts, and to classify phenomena, in the spirit of those who love the work for its own sake, and not for any grand theological generalizations they may hope to build on it. But, carried away by over-confidence in their own powers, many leave the attitude of true wisdom, and rashly generalize, without having patiently gathered up sufficient material for this. The results will always be hostile to the advancement of knowledge. "The sole cause and root," says Lord Bacon, "of almost every defect in the sciences is this, that while we falsely admire and extol the powers of the human mind, we do not search for its real helps."* This, as we shall see, has often led to such neglect of the "real helps," as to make the foundations for a theory of trifling moment, and the might in the mind which has formed it everything. We can have no objection to the geologist coming to any conclusion he may think fit, if his observations fairly warrant it; but

his conclusion should be held with the acknowledgment that all the elements needed, in order to make it absolutely true, may, not have been taken into account. This would render the boldest speculations comparatively innocuous, because all men would regard them in the light of the acknowledgment. But what seems to us remote from the spirit of a sound philosophy is, that many of our most accomplished discoverers, in the various departments of physical science, seem to have constantly in their thoughts, the presence of *another* book than that one whose leaves they are trying to turn, and whose wondrous rock-written legends they are seeking to decipher. If the student happen to be a man whose heart has yielded to, and whose mind has been pervaded with that higher truth revealed in and by Jesus Christ, his tendency is to labour to gather facts from the field in which he toils, to corroborate the initial historical statements of that book in which he has found the new life, and its fruits, joy and peace. If he be not a man of this mind, but, on the contrary, an idolater of natural law, and a sceptic as to the lawgiver revealed in the Scriptures, we may expect that he will begin by hinting a doubt on one point, and hesitating dislike on another. The Bible will soon come to be denounced by him as a book of false science; and this, he will believe, warrants him to reject its moral and spiritual teaching also. His scientific researches will be regarded successful in the measure in which they help to build him up in his prejudice against it. We must ever protest against this mode of following knowledge. We have, indeed, nothing to fear from men who, prosecuting science with minds under the influence of the highest truth of God, are yet wise enough not to attempt to make the bible responsible for what it is no part of its divine mission to teach, and whose thoughts shall not constantly act as if the Scriptures needed the help of the natural sciences, either on the matter of their authenticity or on that of their influential teaching. Yet this vicious tendency (to drag the discoveries of geology into questions which bear upon the subject-matter of revelation) is not confined to the school of prejudice now referred to. It is found in men from whom the Church might have looked for better things. It is done too, in such a way, that you become persuaded they believe that the field of observation has already been so thoroughly searched—the discoveries made so conclusively abundant—and the classification of phenomena so complete, that we are constrained either to acknowledge direct and

* *Novum Organum*. Lib. i., Aph. ix.

unmistakeable antagonism between the Word and the World—between the positive teaching of the strata and the no less positive statements of the opening chapters of Genesis, or that we are necessarily put on the defence, and must now, for the truth's sake, learn to read Genesis in a way which had never before entered into the imagination of the most devout, most intelligent and most learned students of the Word of God. We admit that times may come in the future, as they have more than once done in the past, when, from some apparent contradictions between Scripture and Science, we may be forced to question long-accepted interpretations of Bible narratives, and to seek in new ones some ground of harmony. But in such rare cases the new readings will have nothing *outré* about them, and they will find ready belief from their manifest simplicity, and their likeness to the modes of interpreting other portions of the sacred book. We should like to see much more caution in regard to this, and far less readiness, either, on the one hand, to believe that isolated phenomena demand immediate explanation, or, on the other, that there can be any safe ground for coming to sweeping general conclusions on solitary facts.* This is so well put in Mr. Miller's "Old Red Sandstone"—a work which, we are persuaded, will continue to be estimated more highly than any other he has written—that we would direct the attention of our readers to the whole of the seventh chapter, which opens with some remarkable statements on this point. He shows how cautious the geologist should be in concluding, from the juxta-position of fossils, that they must have been contemporary. "The convulsions and revolutions," he says, "of the geological world, like those of the political, are sad confounders of place and station, and bring into close fellowship the high and the low; nor is it safe in either world—such have been the effects of the disturbing agencies—to judge of ancient relations by existing neighbourhoods, or of original situations by present places of occupancy." Forgetfulness of this, we shall have occasion to show, has led to many errors.

It will always be a leading feature of the men who are under the influence of the true spirit of the inductive philosophy, that

they will regard with suspicion, conclusions which have been arrived at by observations confessed to be partial and limited. And when such conclusions shall seem to enter the domain of historic or of dogmatic theology, and claim to be regarded as either questioning or corroborating the positive statements of the Word of God—as, for example, the Mosaic record of creation—the utterances of other Scriptures, on the connection between sin and death, and the presence of death before the introduction of sin, they will regard them with still greater distrust. Such a state of mind would be sure to keep men far away from rash theories, and would lead them to seek a position, in regard to Scripture and geology, like that which is so admirably maintained and illustrated by Bishop Butler. The author of "The Analogy" made use of nature as the ground on which to vindicate religion. But we would now reverse the process; and, we think, there are multitudes of intelligent men who would attain to rest amidst the wild surging billows of unbelief around them, if the Scriptures, in which they believe, it may be only with a traditional faith, were more used to illustrate God's ways in nature. This would lead us to reason,—if we find such modes of procedure in connection with the Church, why should we esteem them arbitrary, and as such, to be rejected when seen in creation, and in the building up of the world?

Again, the whole question as to the place and the amount of miracle to be expected in God's ways, with the outward world, would need to be well weighed before we attempt to form any grand general scheme, which shall be held as fully illustrative of the harmony between Genesis and Science. And not only would we need to acknowledge miraculous power as to the creative act, by which, that which had not been became; but also, we should be willing to find it in all the giant ages, from the time when the foundations of the earth were laid, upward and onward to this present epoch, when man walks amidst those works in which God delights, and in which all who delight in God, take pleasure. Such a state of mind, on the part of the student of science, would lead him to look at this "miracle-question" in a light both more accordant with a sound philosophy, and more consistent with the belief in the omnipotence of Jehovah, than we find it generally regarded in the present day. Besides, an almost bewildering confusion exists in the minds of men on this subject. We could occupy all our allotted space with quotations illustrative of this. Even in the books at the head

* Dugald Stewart reckons among the causes of the slow progress of human knowledge, "a disposition to grasp at general principles, without submitting to the previous study of particular facts."—(Outlines of Moral Philosophy. Sect. iii. Edinburgh, 1793.) This, not less than the tendency now referred to, is not only obstructive to knowledge, it is very unsafe also.

of this article, we might find many passages about "the unphilosophical character of tendencies to fall back on miracle—the great waste of miraculous power—the likelihood that there was only the one miracle of creation (though some of our authors grudge even that), and that it is inconsistent with what we know of God's general procedure, to allege that He would interfere by miracle, or that the result would not harmonize with the miraculous power put forth in order to it." Men seem strangely to forget, that the character of the agent is the refutation of all such remarks. How could there be waste of power in connection with any work of an Almighty One? But, apart from this, is it not strictly philosophical to argue, that whatever is associated with miracle at its origin, should be regarded as within the influence of miraculous keeping unto the end; consequently, we should not deem it inconsistent with this, but the opposite, if we find one point and another at which we are shut up to the acknowledgment of miraculous interference. It was by true miracle—the passing of the non-created into the created—that the grand system of the universe was realized. And when we meet with the same form of power in any department of the universe, or side by side with our commonest phenomena, why should the spirit of man be ushered into scepticism on that account? The settlement of the question, as to harmony between the power employed and the results, is beyond the scope of our faculties. We might, indeed, be held competent to form a pretty correct estimate of the first result, because that might frequently be small, and fairly within the range of our powers, but no such forth-putting of might as we now refer to, ever terminates in the one, first, and outstanding effect. Yea, it is capable of proof that the *immediate* result is often the smallest, and that a series of links in the great chain of circumstances, of which the observed and clearly seen one has the first, are continued indefinitely, ever enlarging as they proceed. Or, it is like the effect of the pebble, cast by a well exercised arm into the centre of some lake, as it reposes in its own beauty under the eye of God, and reflects every cloud which hangs softly in the deep blue above it. The first result is, the stirring of the placid surface, and the manifestation of this is the circle not larger than the water displaced by the stone. But the circle widens, and ultimately the whole bosom of the lake acknowledges its influence; not the surface only, but the whole body of the waters, down to the lowest depths through which the stone has passed. We would like that

our friends would admit, not the possibility only, but the likelihood of results, thus connected with some first forth-putting of miraculous might, which eagle-eyed as some of them may be, pass far beyond the range of their vision, and reach into other fields than they have ever travelled, even in the most gorgeous of their great imaginings. Then the questions might arise whether, with all their philosophy, and with all their attainments in exact science, they could believe themselves able to trace the connection between some first miraculous act and its sequences, and whether it might not be an evidence of truest and highest wisdom, to entertain the probability that many phenomena, which they seek to explain by referring them to simple natural causes, may find their true explanation only by associating them with miracle. We would be very far, indeed, from countenancing taking refuge in the thought of miracles whenever we find wonders which for the time, are past finding out. Neither would we give any weight to them, when they directly contradict or outrage man's common sense, or do not fit into the analogy of God's ways and works in other departments of the moral or physical world. The subjection of the Christian understanding to that which does violence either to its own direct utterances, or to its knowledge of God through the written Word, is superstition. But what we plead for, as believing that it would prevent many hasty and dangerous generalizations, is, that students in the sciences, whose revelations have a constant tendency to run into theology, should not be so chary of the very thought of the probability of the presence of the effects of direct miracle, in many of the deeper spheres of investigation into which they rightly love to penetrate, even when they see none of the connecting links. In a word, and more precisely, it ought to be kept in mind, that the primary act does not always carry its chief characteristics into those ever varying states, into which it often passes. Plato's doctrine of the *ἑν καὶ πολλὰ*—the one grand primal type, keeping some of its distinctive features in all the transformations it may undergo, however beautiful and true as associated with morphology in the natural sciences, ceases to be of much value when we enter the domain in which moral and spiritual elements come to be mixed up with natural laws. A third influence comes into power there, and its variable character is only limited by the kind of disposition, training, habits of thought, education, and the like, which can be postulated of its possessor. We allude to the Christian or the anti-Christian indi-

vidualism of the student. Most men cast the shadows of individual bias over the bright image of truth. If all this were taken into account, we would neither be very hasty in forming opinions on very difficult physico-theological subjects, nor would we easily become strongly wedded to any of the alleged explanations of physical phenomena, which necessitate the discussion of the authenticity of Scripture history, or the special bearing of purely theological dogmas.

We lay much stress on these views. They appear to us more in harmony with a sound philosophy than the attitude of those who summarily dismiss the possibility of the presence of miraculous power in whatever seems to them unworthy of it. Mr. Macdonald's book is not free from this; it is broadly stated in the "Testimony of the Rocks," and you meet with it in the "Harmony of the Mosaic and Geological Records." But it is forgotten that very many of the miracles of the Old Testament would not stand this test. Take, for example, the miracles of Elisha, and among these, look at that recorded in 2 Kings vi. 1-7. By the laws recognised by all science, and accepted by common sense, the axe-head had sunk to the bottom, and, in virtue of a law equally received, its nature was to lie there. But, by an exercise of His will, God acted on the will of another, and made that the instrument by which the iron was caused to swim. The axe-head hastened to meet the bit of wood which also, in obedience to law, continued to float on the surface. Who looking, only at the restoration of the borrowed axe, would say that here was an occasion for the direct interference of the Almighty? Yet here was a true wonder (*τέρας*), and a true sign (*σημεῖον*) of the greatness of Elisha's Lord. The isolated object might seem unworthy of His glorious character, but our views change when we try to estimate the moral and spiritual fruits to the prophet and to his followers—fruits, however, which others, not directly concerned, would come to feel the influence of, while they continued wholly ignorant of their origin. But it is well to remember that, when we represent absolute Will as interfering with established laws, we do not hold that there is anything arbitrary in this, or even that there was the application of any other power of God than what had ever been working in him. There was only the manifestation of that at a special point in the personal and spiritual history of the prophet. "The unresting activity of God, which at other times hides and conceals itself behind the veil of what we term natural laws, does, in the miracle, unveil itself; it

steps out from its concealment; and the hand which works is laid bare. Beside and beyond the ordinary operations of nature, higher powers—(higher not as coming from an higher source, but as bearing upon higher ends)—intrude and make themselves felt even at the very springs and sources of her power."

We wish it were possible to destroy this distrust of the simple acknowledgment of the probable presence of miracle in the different stages of the building up of the world, which obtains so largely in our day. It would keep us from the unsafe tendency into which many theologians have recently fallen, of trying to commend the works and ways of God, by robbing them as much as possible of what is miraculous. But truth suffers. There may be great rejoicings in the Camp of Compromise, when some work or fact, hitherto associated with a miracle, is put on the basis of natural law, and even Biblical scholars may find that particular portions of Scripture history may be made very plain and palatable to many, by tracing them to natural causes; but, it were well to remember, that those receiving the new principle of interpretation will not halt at the partial application of it.

"They struggle vainly to preserve a part,
Who have not courage to contend for all."

Applying these remarks to discussions relative to the past history of the earth's crust, and to the deluge, the recognition will follow, that there may have been miraculous interferences where we do not acknowledge the need of them, and that we are not in circumstances to conclude that even well understood phenomena must have taken place according to laws with which we are acquainted. If we can account for them by tracing them to well-known laws, we will attain to the rest of simple belief; but, if they shall *seem* antagonistic to these, we are not entitled to hold either that they are so, or that they may not be under other laws, of the nature of which we are yet ignorant. Is it not likely that they may never have been designed to square with our notions as to the operation of God's laws? Nor, in taking up this ground of humility and acknowledged ignorance, do we frown upon free speculation being set alongside of painstaking investigation and observation. All that we desire is, to send the student to the study of the physical sciences, in a state of mind furthest removed from scepticism, on the one hand, and everything like religious bias on the other; in short, under that discipline of humility, which has taught him

the lesson of his own imperfect knowledge, and, especially, the lesson that God's ways are not as man's ways, and God's thoughts not as man's thoughts. In this spirit let him question the manifold works of God vigorously as he may. Let him break up the rocks, and, led by reason into regions whither imagination fears to follow, let him listen to the story of the giant ages, as he has ears to hear it; let him search into those new worlds of polype and insect life, opened up but yesterday, by the labours of Owen, and Steenstrup, and Von Siebold, and cry mystery on mystery, if he will; let him deal as strictly as he can with ethnology in its linguistic, historical, and physiological aspects, and try the science of those who would unbrother one great family of the human race, and make of them "chattels personal;" let him climb the azure heights of heaven, and see wonders under the guidance of sober science, before which Dante's imagination would have paled; yea, let him search and seek, and question, and speculate, according to the ability given to him by his Maker, but let all this be as conscious of the imperfection of his faculties—as one who has been led into the secret place of the Most High—as one on whose affections He who made all these things has found a throne.

These considerations, moreover, will have a direct bearing on the conflicting hypotheses relative to the deluge—on the doctrines of autochthones and centres of creation—and on the discussion as to the reproduction of previously existing forms of life. The alleged waste of miraculous power, if the claim be for a universal deluge, would have no weight. The objection is urged as if to exercise His power cost the Almighty labour. Again, to hold it as implying the same thing if the Creator be represented as recreating that which formerly existed, bears witness to very low views of Divine power, as well as ignorance of what, in the bringing in of many *new* species into the world, He has been doing. This would be no more unphilosophical than to hold the now generally admitted *partial* realization of this in the structure of the lower animals, which Owen has so fully and beautifully illustrated as exemplar types of some part in the structure of the great ante-type—Man—the Son of Man. The whole history of science goes to enforce these views. Her march, which has ever been onward and upward, has yet been slow. Her votaries of one generation, have brought to light facts which, in their causes, afford ground for the theories of the next, while yet a third or fourth might pass before the solution of universally acknow-

ledged difficulties begins to be suggested to leading minds. But it is not prudent—it is not discreet—either to attempt to thrust the solution on the general mind of the age, which, in the knowledge of such matters, is always a generation behind; or to assert positively, that the solution offered, especially if there are theological points involved, must be the true one, because it harmonizes with the advancement of science. All that can be claimed for it is, the acknowledgment that it serves for all present purposes of discussion. We will have read the history of chemical science to very little purpose, if we have continued ignorant, that many phenomena, in the explanation of which all for a season found rest, have turned out to demand a wholly different one. Forces, undreamt of previously, have been brought to light. Electricity, for example, in connection with which hitherto supposed general laws have been modified, and effects have been traced to causes, very widely unlike those with which they had before been associated. Young science—noble, enthusiastic, somewhat over self-reliant, will gain much by thinking on these things, and by eschewing the very appearance of hasty generalization.

Though reluctant to detain our readers so long on the threshold of our subject, there is another general consideration which should have some weight with the Christian apologist. He is entitled, as he wanders amidst the multiform objections to the Scripture account of the Genesis of the earth and of man, to demand that the objectors shall agree among themselves before he can be fairly called to deal either with their objections or with their explanations of the Divine record. He may justly allege, that their want of agreement on any one cardinal point—their diversity of opinion as to particular phenomena, or classes of phenomena—is a sufficient reason why he should not take action against them. It is, however, notorious, that very few men who have left the true platform of science—observation, in order to the classification of facts—for the field of physico-theological controversy, agree as to the nature of the facts themselves, which are held by some to contradict Scripture, and fewer still as to the mode of meeting these allegations. The battle sooner or later must be fought; and so, while we make this remark on the tactics of the apologist, we cannot urge too strongly on the individual sections of the Christian church, the necessity of seeing that they use all endeavours for the thorough training of those who must be the chief combatants. They must furnish them with weapons, and they must teach

them to use them—they must provide the armour, and see that it be proved in order to the day of battle. Often, however, the highest form of effort will be found in warding off the blow; because, as the fight is often in the dark, the supposed combatant may turn out to be a brother, and the blow dealt at what we regard the fair bright form of truth, may come from the strong hands of her own most loving children, who recognise not their mother under the veil, or through the bias which devotion to some favourite theory has spread over their own souls. The safety of this neutral, yet avowedly defensive, attitude has many illustrations in the history of geological discovery. It is well known, that great prominence was given to the statements of Scripture, alleged to be for or against the respective combatants in the keen word-wars waged between the Neptunists and the Plutonists of the past generation. Neptunism pointed in triumph to the references in Genesis i. to water. Indeed, they carried their aqueous views so far that Thales might have claimed their belief in his theory—"That water was the true ἀρχή, or beginning of all things."* And Plutonism was not less confident that abounding references to igneous action, in connection with the past and future history of the globe, conclusively acknowledged its claims. A Neptunist sceptic would find easy refuge from the revelations of the burning world of the lost, in showing that all these were contradicted by the analogy of past physical history; and a like-minded Plutonist might gravely shake his head over the water-influences in Genesis i., as not fitting into present well known laws. Yea, we know that this was actually the case. The Church was startled by the boldness with which both sides claimed the positive teaching of the Bible for their support; while the uninitiated sceptical mind, looking on, did not fail to triumph amidst the charges of alleged contradictions. It is a testimony to the strong hold which the Bible, as a revelation directly from God, has upon the mind of Britain, that, sooner or later, it comes to be accepted as an un-

erring standard of appeal by men who may have but little love for the covenant God set forth in it, even on questions touching which it is not within its scope to give a positive utterance. The warfare was not modified when Fuchs propounded his theory of "The Gelatinous condition of Rocks." Neptunism was indignant, and A. Von Humboldt, Elie de Beaumont, and other disciples of Hutton, would not listen to anything which went to break up the entirety of their theories. Had there, at that time, been in the churches but half of the spiritual life and the learning in philosophy and science, which obtain in our day, the likelihood is, that we would have had the Church pledged to one or other of the favourite theories. Her indifference and incapacity were overruled for her safety. The so-called conflicting theories have found their harmony, while no one dreams that even the shadow of a doubt has been cast on the Scriptures, which, at that time, it was held, must have been against one of them. Now, we believe it would have been a right thing for the Christian apologist to have said to the followers of Werner, or Hutton, or Fuchs,—“You appeal to the Bible in support of your theories, and in the appeal you seem to set one portion of Scripture against another, and to bring the world into antagonism with the Word; but you are not agreed, even among yourselves, as to the nature of the phenomena you make so much use of. When you shall agree on this, and aver that you pledge yourselves to make good even the evidence of direct antagonism, then we will deal with this, show cause for arrest of judgment, or for the summary dismissal of the case.” This is confessedly not very high ground to take, but it is ground which is tenable, and may be used for good purposes. If all the crude theories of antagonisms could be brought to stand on the same platform, united on the points which constitute these, there might really be some pleasure, and not a little profit in looking them full in the face. As it is, there is no agreement among those who form these theories, as to what is the safest basis to rest them on. When we enter the field, our work is hindered by the very confusion in the foes we expected to meet united.

It is not our intention to enter into a full discussion of the questions treated of in the volumes quoted above. It may, however, help to clear the way, and may not be without interest to our readers, if we take a rapid survey of the leading sciences, whose discoveries have come to be held by many as more or less opposed to Scripture history. We shall begin with ethnology, both

* It is curious to mark the ancient forms of thoughts which most hold to be limited to modern mind:—"Thales would all the more readily adopt this notion from its harmonizing with ancient opinions; such, for instance, as those expressed in Hesiod's Theogony, wherein Oceanus and Thetis are regarded as the parents of all such Deities as had any relation to Nature. He would thus have performed for the popular religion that which modern science has performed for the book of Genesis: explaining what before was enigmatical."—*Biographical History of Philosophy*. By G. H. LEWIS, p. 5. London: Parker and Son. 1857.

because it is naturally suggested first in point of order, and because several pursuits which, in recent times, have been assigned a place among the sciences, and to which we may have occasion to refer, are greatly influenced by the ethnological views of their votaries.

Ethnological discussions, in connection with Scripture history, have generally assumed two forms—one having reference to physical characteristics, and another to language—to grammar. These have been variously treated. Many are found boldly averring that the application of historic criticism to the teaching of Genesis, on the questions of race and language, has shown it to be wholly a myth. The Word represents all men as descended from a single pair; but we are now told that there are many races whose varieties are so broadly marked, that physiology is constrained to reckon them generic—that there are linguistic peculiarities which point certainly to more than one primeval language, and, consequently, that there must have been more than one original pair of parents for the human race. This is now a favourite assertion of many American and British ethnologists.* These assume to themselves much importance, as the original promulgators of the doctrine of a "Plurality of Races." Yet they shine in borrowed plumage, as the very mode of stating the question illustrates. It has been well discussed both in Britain and on the Continent in former days.† Some modern French physiologists have taken Voltaire's prejudice point of view as their starting point, and have carried their speculations much further while they have drawn their illustrations from details of a peculiarly disgusting and blasphemous kind. They have found apt scholars in Britain and in America. We think it capable of something very like proof, that the boasted exact science of Agazzis on this question, has taken its tone and hue from the prejudice point of view referred to, just as the foregone conclusions of the American ethnologists, on the subject

of slavery, have influenced all their researches.

The danger to be dreaded from these views is, that professing Christian men—men with at least a traditional respect for the Bible—may be gained over to them, and the invariable result would be, that by far-fetched analogies—novel modes of interpretation—and modifications of the doctrine of plenary verbal inspiration—they will seek to harmonise them with the statements of Scripture. The work, which stands first on the list at the head of this article, is devoted to the exposition and enforcement of views whose leading features are—the acknowledgment of the Bible as the Word of God—the reception of the theories now referred to as fully warranted by facts—and, as a corollary, the assertion that the doctrine of a plurality of races is taught in the Bible. Such attempts must be judged of by their tendencies. If we once give up the firmly established position of the unity of the human race and its origin in one pair, no amount of scholarship, talent, and ingenuity will be able to stand by the broadly stated New Testament views of sin and atonement. The revelation of God will be held as having an eye to only one favoured family, and the vicarious work of Christ will have reference simply to one great tribe.

Our readers will remember that when the enemies of the Saviour found it impossible, from their own point of view, to find a joint in that armour of truth in which He was clad, they thought to wound His testimony, by assuming that as He loved the truth so did they. "They watched Him, and sent forth spies which should feign themselves just men, that they might take hold of His words." We would not take up the ground of uncharity, and aver that the authors of works like the "Genesis of the Earth and Man," are merely feigned friends of the Scriptures, but only that, looking at the way in which the text of the Sacred Record is dealt with by many who say they receive it as the Word of God, their whole attitude looks very like that of the spies sent to Jesus. The Editor's Preface opens with the sentence—"I desire most prominently to put before the reader the facts that it propounds no new religious doctrine—that it manifests a profound respect for the Scriptures—and that it even favours a belief in verbal inspiration. On this point I may quote a passage from a recent work by Professor Baden Powell. (!) The author likewise claims for his efforts "the constant method of comparing Scripture with Scripture as to words and also as to topics," and he submits his work to

* The alleged number of independent families of the human race varies from three to twenty. Most, however, receive Blumberbach's classification (*De Generis Humani Varietate Nativa*), which is based upon the form of the skull, and on the colour of the skin, the iris of the eye, and the hair. This classification gives three leading types, and two subordinate ones.—I. THE CAUCASIAN; 1st, *The Malayam*. II. THE MONGUL; 2d, *The American Indian*. III. THE NEGRO. Agazzis pleads for eight distinct origins!

† "Men before Adam." London: 1656. It was one of Voltaire's favourite theories. See the opening chapter of "Histoire de L'Empire de Russie, sous Pierre-le-Grand," and the remarks in the "Preface Historique et Critique."

"readers of superior knowledge, who will concede that the Bible is not rightly understood when it is made to be at variance with facts and science."—(P. xxi.)

It is worthy of notice, as showing how much modern speculation runs in the same channel, that this volume opens with a statement of "The Vision Theory" of revelation to the mind of Moses. This is given with much clearness and ability, while it reveals to us the sources from which certain geologists have drawn, at second hand, material for their theories. "There is a close analogy between natural days and the great geological periods: each of the latter was a period of life followed by a period of death, or at least of death on a very extraordinary scale: and the period of human *life* is called in Scripture 'day,' and that of *death*, 'night,' as in St. John's Gospel, ix. 4. For this reason, therefore, more particularly, the passage in Exodus xx. 9-11 may mean, 'Six of thy days (natural days) shalt thou labour, but the seventh of these days is the Sabbath; for in six of His days (figurative days) the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested the seventh of these days.'"—(P. 9.) It is not of very much moment *how* God revealed the order of creation to the mind of Moses, but when the mode of revelation is used to open the door to far-fetched notions on the nature of that which is revealed, the sooner we offer to prove that a verbal revelation, as opposed to a pictured one, is adequate, the better. This rendering of the passage from Exodus, apart altogether from the exegetical absurdity involved in it, proceeds on the assumption that the Bible was not given to *man*, but only to highly instructed men. They alone could be expected equal to such a reading of it. But "to the poor the Gospel is preached," and "not many wise men after the flesh are called."

We may now notice some of the strong points in this book. Adam (or as our author loves to call him, "the Adām") is regarded as the first of a *new* race. Having quoted Genesis ii. 18—"It is not good that the man be alone," he shirks the difficulty in it—he feels it more than a match for him—and then proceeds, as if he had made it fit into his views, to tell us that Genesis iii. 20—"Adam called his wife Eve; because she was the mother of all living"—means only "that Eve was the mother of many children."—(P. 13.) He has reached this reading, which, however, is not new, after much study, by the easy way of cheating himself into the belief that "all" must only mean many, or a variety. The simple answer to this is, that whenever it does so,

this is clearly indicated in the context. But this passage must be read in the light of Gen. ii. 8, 18. He is even less happy in comparing Matt. xix. 4, 5 with Mark x. 6, in which our Lord tells us, "God made man male and female." "This does not necessarily imply the non-existence of pre-Adamites: it only means that God has ever proportioned the females to the males." Acts xvii. 26—"Made of one blood all nations"—"mainly conveys a figurative meaning," as is suggested by the construction which we must put on 1 Cor. xv. 39. "The one flesh of beasts cannot mean that beasts, whatever be their genera and species, originated from a single pair."—(P. 15.) But, if our author had looked at the context in both cases, he might have been set right. The term "one blood" is used in Acts to cover the equality of the human race *as to the offer of the Gospel*. This is all that is implied in it. And in 1 Cor. the term "flesh" is used first in a general sense, and then to indicate that all who believe the Gospel shall be distinguished from those who do not believe, as one kind of flesh is from another. *All* were in the first Adam (ver. 45), while *some* only have attained to eternal life in Him who, as the "second Adam, is made a quickening spirit"—life and resurrection.

The specimens already given of our author's exegetical skill, will not lead us to expect much when he tries to grapple with passages like Rom. v. 12 and 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, in which the universal prevalence of death has been held to be associated with Adam's sin. These passages, we are told, teach nothing more than the fact that the descendants of Adam inherited death from him. They say nothing on the question of its universality because of his sin. "This fact is by no means inconsistent with the existence of multitudes of other men of whom every one died for his own transgression against the law written in his heart"—"he did not (like Adam) sin against a divine revelation."—(P. 18, 19.) The logical result then is, and it is hinted at more than once in this book, that as Christ died for those only who had sinned against a "divine revelation" given to the head of *one*, in the midst of *many* existing families of the human race, His death was not for mankind. The offer of grace to all can have no meaning, and the divine command of grace—"preach the Gospel to every creature"—is a mockery. He tries to strengthen this position by making a distinction between sin against a revealed law and sin against natural law. But he forgets that the whole drift of the apostle's teaching

on this question in Romans, is to show that the natural law is as much a "divine revelation" in and to the heart of man, as the written or spoken law itself can be, and that, because of this, Jew and Gentile are all alike guilty before God.—(Rom. ii.) This part of the work demands more notice because of the use which he makes of geological facts in illustrating his views of sin and death. Geology reveals death before Adam's sin; it may then have existed among a race outside of Eden before Adam's introduction as the head of a new one. The conclusion suggested evidently is, that as the views prevalent till recently, of the connection between sin and death, have had to be modified, so we should modify prevalent ones on the question of races—acknowledge generic differences, and give up the plain teaching of the Bible. Our readers must have observed how much use scepticism is beginning to make of the fact now referred to. The statements of Scripture are held to be pledged to teaching that no death existed before the sin of our first parents, and the facts of geology are pointed to as in direct antagonism to this. We accept the testimony of geology, but we find no necessity to admit the contradiction. The geological facts are thus graphically stated by Mr. Miller:—"This early exhibition of tooth, and spine, and sting—of weapons constructed alike to cut and to pierce—to unite two of the most indispensable requirements of the modern armoured—a keen edge to a strong back—nay, stranger still, the examples furnished in this primeval time, of weapons formed not only to kill, but also to torture—must be altogether at variance with the preconceived opinions of those who hold that, until man appeared in creation, and darkened its sympathetic face with the stain of moral guilt, the reign of violence and outrage did not begin, and that there was no death among the inferior creatures, and no suffering." Theories of the most arbitrary kind have been formed to make the facts of geology fit into the statements of the Scriptures. Some have tried to find a retrospective bearing in man's sin, and have reasoned that, in the sovereignty of God, the lower animals were made subject to death, because man was to sin;—a view of the Divine procedure directly opposed to all that we know of it, and one which gives a peculiarly harsh bearing to absolute sovereignty. Others have fancifully found the existence of death traceable to the sins of the angels. But such fancies can never satisfy even the demands of common sense. Mr. Macdonald's book is not satisfactory on

this point. "Death," he says, "is a universal law, from the operation of which, in the present constitution of things, no organized being is exempt."—(P. 386.) Then we are told that the Bible "references will be proved to be exclusively to death as related to the human race." But the difficulty lies deeper down, and must be looked at in connection with matters not embraced in the "present constitution of things." The Bible plainly states that all death to man is the result of man's sin. The Materialist says there is no need of such a declaration, because naturally, and apart from so called moral or spiritual characteristics, death is a law of the human as of every other organism. But if you admit, as Mr. Macdonald virtually does, that from the beginning the human organism was under the same law of death as the lower animals had been, what ground have you to stand upon as to the Bible-statement that *all* death to man is the result of man's sin? Such a mode of dealing with this as is followed in "Creation and the Fall" (p. 386-393) can never meet the difficulties of the case. Some, of greater power and larger view, have sought for the solution in the allegation that the death associated with sin is wholly spiritual. That it has no reference to the body at all, but only to the soul. The danger of this view will at once appear, when we remember that the atonement of Christ was made in the body, which had never suffered pollution from sin, but now suffered as the body of Him who died to rescue body and soul ultimately from the power of sin. This is in part realized in our coming under the power of an higher life; and the resurrection of the just shall be the full triumph of it, while the resurrection of the unjust will be the separation of the raised body to the eternal consequences of sin. To limit the effects of sin to what is purely spiritual is, we repeat, perilous in the extreme. This might be largely illustrated, but we cannot now turn aside. Is there, then, a ground of harmony which will both grant all that the Scripture demands, and turn aside every weapon formed against it. We think so. There may have been a law of change of some kind associated with the unfallen man. We are not told what it was; but the strong statements of Scripture, on the accursed character of all death to man, leads us to believe that it could not have been that of the death which the lower animals died. But the Spirit of God recognizes death as a law under which the lower animals were. "They are the beasts that perish." We find man made in the image of God—man knowing not death as the beasts

did—man with a body set aside to a higher destiny—degraded to the level of the beasts that perish, because of his sin. Here we have the degradation of the body of man because of man's sin, and this, we are confident, is all that is required in order to turn away the shafts of unbelief from the Bible narrative.

The acknowledgment of a separate race existing before Adam is believed necessary for the vindication of the sacred record. The author of the "Genesis of the Earth" makes much of this. It is held to be new ground, and he seems to think, in his simplicity, that if his theory were received, there would be an end to controversy about the authenticity of the Scriptures.

The most formidable antagonists to the Bible narrative are found in the Egyptian archaeologists. The received chronology, they say, must be false, because we find on Egyptian monuments of the 13th and 14th century B.C., representations of numerous types of men, differing very widely in physical characteristics. Two questions may suggest a possible solution of this difficulty—Have we any correct and infallible system of Egyptian chronology? and if we have (accepting the Scripture account of the dispersion of Babel), Are not climatal influences sufficient to account for the diversities? The latter query is met by our author alleging, "that peculiar physical conformation is not needed in order to live in peculiar regions." But the question is as to the modifying influences of climate on the colour of the skin and on certain physical features, time being given to permit these to take effect. Again, it is urged, that Egyptian archaeology has made us acquainted with Art in a state of advancement, to which it could not have reached in the time usually allotted to it. But were not the sons of Noah in the highest sense representative men, and would not the antediluvian knowledge of art be preserved by them in the ark? See how soon a colony, in modern times, rises up to compete with the mother country in all the products of a high state of civilization.†

Much stress is evidently laid on the "Philological Observations;" but they may safely be dismissed with the single remark, that however much scope there may be in the diversities of language for the exercise of critical acumen, and even for historic research, up to a certain period in the world's history, they must be held useless when alleged to establish the theory of a pre-Adamic people.

Philologists have claimed for their favourite pursuit a place among the sciences, that, lifted into this position, men might bow down before it as a kind of infallible guide in the mazes of historical researches, and as an unfailing test of historical accuracy. In the hands of Christian men it has been made to do good service to the truth. But, in the hands of very many, it has been used with more or less success against the integrity of the Bible as a revelation from God. It has been made the channel through which the alleged unerring "intuitions" of the soul have found expression. We all know what havoc it has, as thus used, done among the thoughtful youth on the continent, in America, and in Britain. Through it the "higher criticism" has accomplished most of its work, in throwing discredit on Scripture history, and in questioning Scripture doctrine. Many of its most accomplished masters have gone to their work, in dealing with Genesis, wholly under the power of Diderot's well-known utterance, "*Le premier pas vers la philosophie c'est l'incrédulité.*" And the results are debates and discussions innumerable on the historic or semi-historic, the mythical or semi-mythical character of Genesis; on the Elohim and Jehovahistic documents of the Pentateuch; on naturalism and spiritualism; and on inspiration, plenary-verbal—plenary, but not verbal—doctrinal, but not historical. But, if any of our readers wish to know more of what has been urged for and against, we can refer them to Mr. Macdonald's book for the *resumé*. We cannot promise them anything new, for if Bacon could speak in his day of "the exhaustion of all that can be invented or said" on such topics, it is specially true of our time. "The doctrines, opinions, here-

* Egyptian chronology constantly reminds us of the fabulous dates of Chinese annalists. *Manetho's* chronology, preserved by Syncellus, gives the first, or Thinite dynasty, as beginning B.C. 5367. Champollion believes that the astronomical tables found in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, clearly demonstrate that the Egyptians kept a correct national calendar in 3285 B.C., that is 837 years before the date usually assigned to the period of the flood.

† This demand for a lengthened period for the development of Art, has been strongly urged in Germany for mental development in Religion. Vatke

cannot give "Moses credit for the prohibition of image-worship." This must have been the offspring of a later age—an age in which the thought of the abstract ideality of God was a living one." The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," could not be given till centuries after Moses. For "the moral sentiments of man must have passed through many stages before that great commandment could be expressed in this simple universality." —Hengstenberg's *Introduction to Vol. II.*, "*Contributions for the Introduction to the Old Testament.*"

sies," now revived "by heat and warmth, and passed off on the crowd," are old ones, which have once and again been exposed and set aside in the history of religious controversy. This, we shall see, is also true of some of the physical theories of the present day.

In this review of the state of the question touching the points of alleged antagonism between Genesis and Science, the natural sciences, especially Geology, and, though less so, Zoology, claim a place of special prominence. The well-known "development theory," that, as "we see in nature an existing gradation of organised beings, there must have been a successive development, whereby animals of one class might rise into another," may be summarily dismissed. The mode in which Brewster, and Lyell, and Miller, have dealt with it, makes it little likely that we will hear much of it for a long time. Meanwhile, we may leave "The Vestiges," doing the only work for which it seems specially fitted—attempting to unsoul man, and cast him into the heart of sensuousness; and we may safely warn its readers, that to admire it must now be held a mark of wilful and deliberate ignorance. But, as one old phase of error is disposed of, another, as if it had been waiting for the occasion, in the progress of science, walks forth into the light. We were laughing at the notions of the old physicists on the matter of "spontaneous generation," when we found that it was no subject to be laughed at after all; for, have not the researches of modern naturalists, among the lower forms of life, brought to light modes of reproduction, which give occasion for the revival of the old notions? Some continental savants have got hold of it, and we may count upon its getting a footing ere long on this side of the channel. The researches on which it is based are beginning to get much attention devoted to them. Prominence will be given to any subject on which have been united the strong common sense of Steenstrup,* the massive intellect of Owen,† and the descriptive power of Von Siebold.‡ The British naturalist has, perhaps unintentionally, given it a direct reference to Genesis. He says, "the brief record of the creation in the sacred volume, leaves us to infer that certain plastic and spermatic qualities of

common matter were operative in the production of the first organised beings of this planet. 'The earth brought forth grass,' etc. 'The waters brought forth abundantly,' etc. But of our own species it is written, 'God created man.'" But what is true of man, is equally so of the living things on the earth and in the water. The Professor forgets the creative act in the other verses, "Let the earth bring forth;" "Let the waters bring forth." Reference in this way is to be regretted, both because there seems to be no occasion for it in the subject matter of his discussions, and because the rest of the book is written in a spirit very far removed from that which some might think is indicated in the quotation. The investigations now referred to, prove that there are classes of animals which produce a brood unlike the parent, but which itself brings forth a progeny that returns after two, three, or four generations, to the resemblance of the parent. Thus a medusa produces a hydra-tuba; this, again, a strobila; and the progeny of the strobila is a medusa. "A trematode entozoon necessarily assumes the form of a gregarina, a radia, and a dietoma." But the most remarkable phenomena refer to the reproduction of certain insects, without sexual connection. This, for example, is the case with the aphid, or plant-louse. In spring, a wingless six-footed larva is developed from the impregnated eggs, which will produce a succession of broods without any connection with the male, and if the virgin progeny be kept apart, the succession will go on to even the eleventh generation. The answer to any sceptical theories of the origin of the lower forms of life based on these discoveries is simple. There is nothing fortuitous in the result. It does not spring up at random, as was once supposed, but it occupies a well defined place in nature. On the continent, the explanation has been found in another way—"by the individualisation of a previously organised tissue," (par individualisation d'un tissu précédemment organisé).* "This phrase," as Owen ably remarks, "does little more than express the old fact in a new way. No one has ever seen a portion of mucous membrane detached and transform itself into an entozoon; such a process is as gratuitously assumed, and as little in accordance with observed phenomena, as spontaneous generation in the abstract"—(P. 31). Should, then, the hypothesis of spontaneous generation obtain any notoriety by being brought out under a new terminology, we believe it would soon be forced

* The Alternation of Generations. By JOH. JAP. SM. STEENSTRUP, Lecturer in the Academy of Sorø. Ray Society, 1845.

† On Parthenogenesis. By Prof. OWEN, London. Van Voorst. 1849.

‡ On True Parthenogenesis in Moths and Bees. By CARL T. ERNST VON SIEBOLD. Von Voorst. 1857.

* Prof. Morren, quoted by Owen.

back again into darkness, by that light of true science, which continues to increase in brightness year after year.

It is more than time, however, that we should look at the very stronghold of the alleged discrepancies between the Word and the World—Geology, the most recent of the sciences, but second to none in the grandeur of its revelations—in the testimony it affords to the manifold wisdom of God, and even in its usefulness in matters of national industry and enterprise. One class of men read its facts as antagonistic to the Bible History; another read them as highly corroborative, if the Bible narrative be rightly understood. The literature of geology should thus assume three forms: it should deal with the classification of phenomena and facts, it should point out the relation between genera of present forms of life and those of pre-Adamic epochs, and it should illustrate any theological bearings which the science may be held to have. This last department should be left to those who have devoted as much attention to the written word as the accomplished geologist is believed to have bestowed upon his favourite science. Were these divisions recognised, and did men work on in their respective departments, the grand triumphal march of science would not be so often interrupted, as it now is, by many turning aside to the discussion of questions foreign to their pursuits. But this has been forgotten. Much of the present literature of geology presents a confused mass of speculations on the origin of the world—of theological opinions and prejudices—of credulity believing all things, and of Atheism, believing nothing but itself. One mind essays to place you, in imagination, side by side by the great Creator, and to show you the first effects of His creative power; another boldly affirms that man's thoughts on physical phenomena must be true, because God has constituted him the interpreter of nature. One discourses eloquently on the divine march of being up from the mollusc to the man, as if the mollusc made itself, and then hastened on to make the man; another discovers that all the legends on the rocks tell only a tale of *simulacra*, which point to realities, when men shall be able to read them. The whole world, says one, speaks of no antiquity more remote than 6000 years; from the same data, another makes a claim on you to acknowledge that its age must at least be 20,000,000 of years. One makes the six days work of Genesis account for everything; and another believes it a myth, which accounts for nothing. Every day in Genesis is simply a day, say some, but others, more

deeply taught, say no, every day is a vast period—an age.* We have often heard plain men say "they were bewildered." No wonder; for in the very heart of a geological treatise you may be startled to find a few profound pages on intuitive morals—disquisitions on Archbishop Cullen and the Pope of Rome—and paragraphs on Galileo and the isochronism of the pendulum—Shakspeare and the Sabbath question—yea, you begin to look for the "musical glasses" too. Yet with all this, we are told by many that geology is united in the condemnation of Genesis, and that it has shown that Moses is no more to be trusted than Hesiod. We must, in short, discard Moses, and take a ready-made Genesis, which shall exactly fit into the views of a generation of philosophic giants, who have now nothing to learn. But *cui bono*? Were we willing to give up the plain literal account of the Mosaic record, what guarantee have we that any ten makers of world-plans will agree among themselves on any one plan? Would we not be left with

"Rumour and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion, all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths."

These differences touch not only the meaning of isolated phenomena, but the character of the general bent of geological discovery. They are not such differences as in Protestant Churches obtain among different denominations, but such as separate between the Protestant and the Papist, or between the believer in the eternal sonship of Christ and the Socinian. And what all have a right to complain of is, the attempt to settle purely theological questions by geology. The geologist is justly indignant, when the theologian, thoroughly equipped in all the learning of his science, enters the field of controversy and attempts to determine geological questions by the canons of his favourite study.†

It seems scarcely necessary, in looking at the attitude of geology to Genesis, to state, that all who have received the Scriptures as

* "Some of the moderns have indulged this folly with such consummate inconsiderateness, that they have endeavoured to build a system of natural philosophy on the first chapter of Genesis, the book of Job, and other parts of Scripture—seeking thus the dead among the living. And this folly is the more to be prevented and restrained, because not only fanatical philosophy but heretical religion, spring from the absurd mixture of matters human and divine. It is, therefore, most wise soberly to render unto faith the things that are faith's."—*Novum Organum*. Lib. i. Aph. lxxv.

† "First Impressions of England," p. 312.

the Word of God—a plenary inspired and infallible record—on evidence in harmony with their intellectual and moral constitution, but which is not within the sphere of geology, hold that there neither is nor can be antagonism between the two records. When difficulties, apparently irreconcilable, turn up as the physical sciences advance, theology is not called to deal with them in any other way than by warding off the blows which an unscrupulous infidelity may aim at the Inspired Word. Nor is the Church called upon to be continually suspicious of the raising of questions of difficulty. Founded on the eternal Rock of Ages, she can afford to look on in quiet confidence; and, if she must speak, let her words be words of encouragement to the students of natural science—let her bid them God-speed, and urge them to go forward. The more complete our knowledge of the outward world, the nearer will we be to the full, bright, manifested harmony between the words of the Creator and His works.

We have no intention, in this review, of pledging ourselves to any one of the several theories, at present propounded, of reconciliation between Genesis and Geology. One of these has been long before the mind of this age, which we think is still fitted for all purposes of defence to which the Christian apologist may be called. But in our remarks on some of the geological works quoted above, we shall not pledge ourselves to it. All we desire to do is to show cause that we are not yet called upon to leave it by any irresistible arguments having been used against it. The theory to which we refer is that associated with the name of Dr. Chalmers.

“So early as 1804 he had arrived at the conviction that ‘the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe. If they fix anything at all it is only the antiquity of the species.’ In the article on Christianity, this general assertion appears in a more distinct and intelligible form, when it is asked, ‘Does Moses ever say that there was not an interval of many ages betwixt the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse? Or does he ever make us to understand that the genealogies of man went any further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers?’ About the time at which this article first appeared, Professor Jameson published his translation of Cuvier’s ‘Essay on the Theory of the Earth.’ In a review of this Essay, inserted in the ‘Christian Instructor’ for April 1814, Mr. Chalmers remarks,—‘Should the phenomena compel us to assign a greater antiquity

to the globe than to that work of days detailed in the book of Genesis, there is still one way of saving the credit of the literal history. The first creation of the earth and heavens may have formed no part of that work. This took place at the *beginning*, and is described in the first verse of Genesis. Is it not said when the *beginning* was. We know the general impression to be that it was on the earlier part of the first day, and that the first act of creation formed part of the same day’s work with the formation of light. We ask our readers to turn to that chapter, and to read the first five verses of it. Is there any forcing in the supposition that the first verse describes the primary act of creation, and leave us at liberty to place it as far back as we may; that the first half of the second verse describes the state of the earth (which may already have existed for ages, and been the theatre of geological revolutions) at the point of time anterior to the detailed operations of this chapter; and that the motion of the Spirit of God, described in the second clause of the second verse, was the commencement of these operations? In this case, the creation of light may have been the great and leading event of the first day, and Moses may be supposed to give us, not a history of the first formation of things, but of the formation of the present system.”*

This soon became the acknowledged satisfactory scheme of reconciliation between the two Records. Geologists accepted it. Infidelity found it a shield on which all its arrows broke. Until recently it was permitted to hold the high place assigned to it by Chalmers. But varied as the lights were in which the mind of Dr. Chalmers put it, it was reserved for Hugh Miller to shew the many-sidedness of it as an apologetic hypothesis. It finds a prominent place in his earliest writings. But we need to turn to his “First Impressions of England and its People,” for the fullest and ablest statement of it to be found in his works. We shall quote from the edition of 1853:—

“But did God reveal the earth’s *age*, either directly or otherwise? Let us examine the narrative. ‘In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.’ Now, let it be admitted, for the argument’s sake, that the earth existed in the dark and void state described here only six days, of *twenty-four hours each* before the creation of man; and that the going forth of the Spirit and the breaking out of the light, on this occasion, were events immediately introductory to the creation to which we ourselves belong. And what then? It is evident, from the continuity of the narrative in the passage, say the anti-geologists, that there could have been no

* “Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.” Vol. i., pp. 336, 337.

creations on this earth prior to the present one. Nay, not so; for ought that appears in the narrative, there might have been many. Between the creation of the matter of which the earth is composed, as enunciated in the first verse, and the earth's void and chaotic state, as described in the second, a *thousand* creations might have intervened. As may be demonstrated from even the writings of Moses himself, the continuity of a narrative furnishes no evidence whatever that the facts which it records were continuous.

'Take for instance, the following passage:—
'There went out a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. And the woman conceived and bare a son; and when she saw that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink.' The narrative here is quite as continuous as in the first three verses of Genesis. In the order of the relation, the marriage of the parents is as directly followed in the one case by the birth of a son, as the creation of matter is followed in the other by the first beginnings of the existing state of things. The reader has as slight grounds to infer in the one case, that between the marriage of the parents and the birth of the child, the births of several other children of the family had taken place, as to infer in the other, that between the creation of matter and the subsisting creation there had taken place several other creations. And if the continuity of the narrative would not justify the inference in the one case, just as little can it justify it in the other. We know, however, from succeeding portions of Scripture, that the father and mother of this child *had* several other children born to them in the period that intervened between their marriage and his birth. They had a son named Aaron, who had been born at least two years previous; and a daughter Miriam, who was old enough at the time to keep sedulous watch over the little ark of bulrushes, and to suggest to Pharaoh's daughter that it might be well for her to go and call one of the Hebrew women to be nurse to the child. It was essential, in the course of Scripture narrative, that we should be introduced to personages so famous as Aaron and Miriam, and who were destined to enact parts so important in the history of the Church; and so we *have* been introduced to them. And had it been as necessary for the purpose of revelation, that reference should have been made to the intervening creations in the one case, as to the intervening births in the other, we would doubtless have heard of them too. But, as has been already said, it was not so necessary; it was not necessary all. The ferns and lepidodendra of the coal measures are as little connected with the truths which influence our spiritual state, as the vegetable productions of mercury or of pallas; the birds and reptiles of the oolite, as the unknown animals that inhabit the plains or disport in the rivers of Saturn or Uranus. And so revelation is as silent on the geological phenomena as on the cotemporary creations,—on the periods and order of systems and formations, as on the

relative positions of the earth and sun, or the places and magnitude of the planets."*

Mr. Miller left this ground. He had been working for a few years amongst some of the later fossiliferous strata, and believed he had found phenomena which the scheme of Chalmers did not meet. "The Testimony of the Rocks" deals with these, and propounds a solution of the difficulties. All that he found necessary, he says, "at the time (of his old studies among the Palæozoic), was some scheme that would permit me to assign to the earth a high antiquity, and to regard it as the scene of many successive creations. During the last nine years, however, I have spent a few weeks every autumn in exploring the later formations, and acquainting myself with their peculiar organisms." And he adds—"The conclusion at which I have been compelled to arrive is, that for many long ages ere man was ushered into being, not a few of his humbler contemporaries of the fields and of the woods enjoyed life in their present haunts, and that for thousands of years anterior to even *their* appearance, many of the existing molluscs lived in our seas. The *day* during which the present creation came into being, and in which God when He made 'the beast of the earth after his kind, and the cattle after their kind,' at length terminated the work by moulding a creature in His own image, to whom He gave dominion over them all, was not a brief period of a few hours duration, but extended over, mayhap, millenniums of centuries." Thus "The Age Theory," which, though held before by several eminent naturalists,† will now be mainly associated with Mr. Miller's name, because he has linked it with facts which before did not seem to have any bearing on it, and because he has surrounded it with a poetic beauty which will make it attractive, apart altogether from the question of its truthfulness.

The publication of "The Testimony" had been looked forward to with some anxiety by many, who had intelligently loved to associate Mr. Miller's great name with the defence of the accepted scheme of reconciliation. This feeling had been deepened by the publication of some of the lectures in a separate form, which were to be incorporated in the new volume. In perusing these,

* "First Impressions of England and its People." Third Edition, 1853. Pp. 321, 323.

† Cuvier, Parkinson, Jameson, in whose writings difficulties like those stated by Mr. Miller must have been before him while he held by the scheme of 1804.

earnestly and lovingly, they had yielded to the giant intellect of the author, they had willingly given themselves up to the fascination of style and illustration, nevertheless they laid them aside, under a sense of want of comfort, the cause of which they were not very willing to define. Was it not with the author as it had been before? There were still the heart of love and the weapons of faith; but were there not armour which he had not proved, and weapons which might become weapons of weakness, even in the might of his practised hand? We know we express the feelings of many who have sat at his feet, looked lovingly into the manly grandeur of that truly Scottish countenance, and listened with joy to the words of wisdom from his lips, when we say, that there was a wish that some of the views brought out in the published lectures might not have greater prominence given to them by being made part of a book. They forgot that this could not be. He gave permanency to every thought the moment he committed it to the press, and it became the possession of his age and of posterity. It was, moreover, likely that the proud position, to which the richly and grandly gifted author had so nobly climbed, would lead many to accept his physico-theological views, simply because they are his. Many, too, who might not see their way to this, would be tempted to remain silent, as they remembered the battles he had fought in the cause of liberty, in the Church, and in the State, and the great work he had accomplished in demolishing huge fabrics of dreamy scientific speculation, and in adding so much to the strength and the adorning of that grand temple which science, under the power of the thought of God, is hastening to build up to the praise of the great Creator. That the attitude which many are assuming to the views propounded in "The Testimony," and the manifest attempts which are now being made to drive young, thoughtful minds into a cold, dark, surging sea of doubt, on these questions, make it needful that an effort should be made to show that it has not yet come to this. There is no concealing that this volume has been hailed with a welcome by some men, who are labouring with great ability, but with much expressed malice, to sap the foundations of men's confidence in the Bible. We have a case in point in "C," whose work on "Geology and Genesis," we shall have occasion to characterize. "It is a great satisfaction," says "C," when referring to the scope of his own work, "to receive this confirmation from so deeply lamented and able a geologist," p. vi.

"The Testimony of the Rocks," is too well known to require any lengthened analysis. Its contents may be classed under five divisions—1st, The Palæontological History of Plants and Animals; 2d, The Mosaic and Geological Records, and the mode in which the matter of the former was revealed to the mind of Moses; 3d, The Noachian Deluge; 4th, A Statement of the Distinctive Provinces of Natural and Revealed Theology, with an exhibition of the "Geology of the Anti-Geologists;" 5th, Two Lectures on the "Less known Fossil Floras of Scotland." This bald outline will suggest to our readers some idea of the wide range and the great importance of the subject discussed. We shall not wait to characterize these in order, as we may have occasion to glance at them in looking at the distinctive features of the volume—the alleged demand for a new scheme of reconciliation, and the proposal of the "Age Theory," as the only satisfactory one.

It seems to us that any scheme, whose leading feature is parallelism between the great characteristics of the Mosaic days and the palæontological remains of geological epochs, can never satisfy inquiring minds as absolutely true, if it be open to the charge that all the elements have not been taken into account, yea cannot be taken, which are needful in order to a safe judgment. For example, let us look at any great series of strata—as the Silurian, formed in deep sea. The positive statement has been, that higher forms of vegetation have not been found during long protracted periods of their formation; or, as "C" puts it, when showing that the parallelism does not hold, "thousands upon thousands of years (passed) before a single evidence of the seed bearing plants of the first day's creation existed."—(P. 23.) But has not Murchison found anthracite in the oldest greywacke, and does not Prof. Nichol believe that he has discovered, under the microscope, fibrous structure in the ashes of the Peeblesshire lower Silurian greywacke anthracite? Do we know, then, absolutely, that neither land plants nor animals existed during the great silurian ages? Do not the hints now referred to, point in a different direction? Nay, is not the very silence of the oldest fossiliferous strata suggestive on this point, when we take into account what is at present going on in our deep seas? Were they to be now dredged, the likelihood is, that a hundred men might toil for a life time without finding bone of bird, or animal, or bit of tree. These leave their traces in the

* "Siluria," pp. 38, 61, 492.

hollows among the hills, in inland caverns, in quiet lakes, and in the deltas of great rivers. May not the researches of science yet show us deposits in which a terrestrial flora and fauna existed contemporaneously with the forms of life, to the existence of which the palæontology of the Silurian bears testimony? Most of the generalizations on this subject, are built on the assumption, that nature has preserved the likeness of all the forms of life which have at any time existed, and that it is impossible there can have been any more than what we know. Those working in the dark corner, are persuaded that there is nought else, out in the wide fields, than what they see; those sailing in the little creek, believe that there can be no wonders far out on the great ocean, other than what, as presently sailing, they know so well. Forthwith the theorist takes up a position; great in the midst of controversies, he forms generalizations, as if there could never be found aught in the wide world to conflict with them. This is put with much force by Col. Greenwood, in his recent, able, but somewhat eccentric and dashing volume—"Rain and Rivers." "In the Permian, footmarks of birds have been found. Imagine the chances against these footmarks being preserved! Imagine the chances against their being afterwards discovered! . . . Will any one conclude that birds became extinct and did not exist on earth between the permian and cretaceous periods, on the negative evidence, that no traces of them are found. Why, then, in this negative evidence, conclude that birds did not exist *before* the permian period, even in the silurian?"—(P. 166.) Yes, imagine! How many apparently fortuitous concurrent circumstances must have met before those footprints were to leave their traces on the sands of time? They turn up now, at the stroke of the field geologist's hammer, with a lesson of caution for all hasty theorizers.

Mr. Miller discards the theory that the present creation was ever abruptly broken off from the preceding one, and says:—"Any scheme which would separate between the recent and extinct existences, by a chaotic gulf of death and darkness, no longer meets the necessities of the case."—(P. 122.) He then asks, "What are the facts, scientifically determined, which now demand a new scheme of reconciliation?"—(P. 123.) Let us rapidly review some of the alleged facts.

The Old Coast line supplies the most important. Mr. Miller found that it consists of a subsoil of stratified sand and gravel, arranged as in the neighbouring beach, and interspersed in the same manner with sea

shells. The escarpment behind is either a sloping grass-covered bank, or surf-worn rocks. This escarpment was once the coast line; and the terrace beneath, on which some of our principal sea-port towns are built, was once the beach over which the sea rolled. It is known that, B.C. 150, the coast line was as it is now. If the present has stood 2600 years, the old must have existed 3900, because its caverns are deeper in the proportion of three to five. "And both periods united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology." This mode of putting the difficulty would be satisfactory, were we sure that the caverns of the old coast line were subject to no other action than those of the present one, and that, when the sea receded, they have not gone on enlarging. But we have evidence, even within the historical period, of the elevation of certain beaches at a rate far more rapid than would suit this theory, and we have special phenomena, which fairly warrant us to conclude that, what led to elevation or depression in particular spots, might at some period have obtained over it all.*

The next outstanding point is connected with the discovery of boreal shells above the old coast line—shells which, though no longer British, yet live still in high northern latitudes. But the whole question of the likelihood of the reproduction of forms of life in one epoch which were characteristic of a previous one, would require to be settled before we could acknowledge the difficulty believed to be involved in this fact. To take action in the difficulty without discussing this, would be begging the whole question. The great feature of the demand for a new scheme of harmony, is the allegation that types of life have been carried forward from one epoch to another, without any break. That period dove-tails into period, and epoch overlaps epoch in the grand march of life up to the present without break, hiatus, or cataclysm. It seems strange, however, that with evidences of violent change in contorted strata, and the like, and with periods at which there must have been the destruction of many varieties of species, it should be held that these suggest no probability of a time like that brooding-darkness so plainly taught in Genesis i. If Murchison and Sedgwick can speak of some of the phenomena of the Arran geology, as the result of the "upheaval of the gra-

* We refer our readers to the facts given by Mr. M. at p. 298, for another purpose, and to a graphic illustration of the danger of large calculations, by Cardinal Wiseman, in Vol. i. p. 275 of "Science and Revealed Religion."

nite," and tell us that the upheaving forces must have been in force at a time *after* the deposition of the new red sandstone, why should we exclude the possibility of the general operation of like agencies, at the introduction of the present epoch? There has been a grand march of life, but, we do not think, an uninterrupted one. Forms of life have passed away, and by a great creative act, new ones have been put in their place, fitted for a scene wholly different from that which preceded it. It is, moreover, consistent with Scriptural views of God's method of government to reason that, if it be acknowledged that forms of life not previously existing, were introduced among existing ones, nothing forbids the conclusion that after a period of cataclysm all the living things for the new epoch were created, and that among these were some characteristic of a previous one. The talk about waste of power is sheer, downright nonsense. In view of this strong point, then, we still believe that the old scheme contains an hypothesis which even yet resolves the greatest number of difficulties.

It seems scarcely worth while to refer to the renowned Kirkdale Cave Remains, now that even Lyell * has come to tell us that the nature of these is still a "vexed question," and that "the remains found may not always belong to strictly cotemporaneous quadrupeds." But as to the cave animals, this is the strong point in "The Testimony." If, however, we keep in mind the analogy to which we have referred, in connection with the boreal shells, it seems of little moment whether we associate those remains with the period of the Norwich Crag, with the glacial, or the post-glacial epochs. Their existence can create a difficulty only in two ways—either that it can be shown we have no material for this analogy, or that we know to a certainty how they were collected.

It will be seen that we do not acknowledge the urgency of the demand for a new scheme, and we are even less inclined to give any weight to the proposed one. We fear that the longer it is sifted, the darker will be the shadow it will throw over a great name. Then there is a great drawback in even attempting to look it in the face. Its gifted author liveth not to vindicate his positions with that majesty of thought, copiousness of illustration, and, withal, that withering sarcasm, which made his opponents think twice before they entered the lists with him. But the theory must be looked at, because many are rejoicing in it as a rebuke to the "narrow

Bible views" of Scottish theology, and as a rebuke, too, to the Church which looked up to him as one of her noblest sons. That, however, would be a daring hand which would attempt to pluck one leaf from the laurel wreath wherewith Science has crowned him; yet a friendly one may not err, or even seem over bold, in seeking to remove what is not native to the mark of victory.

"The geologist," says Mr. Miller, "in his attempt to collate the Divine with the geologic record, has only three of the six periods of creation to account for—the period of plants, the period of great sea monsters and creeping things, and the period of cattle and beasts of the earth. He is called on to question his systems and formations regarding the remains of these three great periods, and of these only. And the question once fairly stated, what, I ask, is the reply? All geologists agree in holding that the vast geological scale naturally divides into *three* great parts."—(P. 135.) Mr. Miller believed that the Palæozoic, or oldest fossiliferous division of strata, represents the creative work of the fourth day. Now, it must be borne in mind that Genesis i. records a series of acts which took place in the order of time, and that the fourth day is assigned to the bringing out of lights in the firmament. Mr. Miller transposes the work of the third day from its place in the chronological narrative, and puts it in the place occupied by the fourth. This arbitrary liberty taken with the sacred text is sufficient to vitiate the whole theory. But the geological objection is even more formidable. For the sake of his theory, he is forced virtually to overlook his own and Dr. Fleming's labours in the Old Red, and those of Murchison in the Lower and Upper Silurian. He says, indeed, that in the Palæozoic, "we find corals, crustaceans, molluscs, fishes, and, in its later formations, a few reptiles;" but none of these organisms give the leading character to the Palæozoic. Now with the discoveries of Fleming, Murchison, and Mr. Miller himself, before us, we cannot admit that the increasingly numerous brachiopoda, gasteropoda, and cephalopoda of the Lower and Upper Silurian, do not rank as leading features of these great formations. And, looking more closely at Genesis, we find that the creation of fishes was limited to the work of the fifth day; but how are we to reconcile the order of their occurrence in the fossiliferous strata with the Age theory, even if we accept the arbitrary transposition of the third day? We meet with *Dipterus*, *Pterichthys*, *Coccosteus*, *Asterolepis*, etc., at a time when it is alleged there were no leading forms of life to give distinct charac-

* Supplement to the 5th Edition of the Elements," London. 1857.

terto the scene! More, Mr. Miller admits the existence of reptiles and formations older than the carboniferous, there is for example, a small air-breathing reptile—*Telerpeton Elginense*—in strata regarded by Sedgwick and Murchison among upper divisions of the Old Red; but Genesis i. 15 unequivocally confines the creation of creeping things to the work of the sixth day. We conclude, then, that “the Footprints of the Creator” contains the full refutation of the “Testimony of the Rocks.” The old views had much power over him, and have led to some confusion in “the Testimony.” Thus he gives, in the magnificent suggestions for the possible poem, great prominence to the living things which Genesis associates with the fifth and sixth days’ work, as existing at a period which could never fit into his theory. He says:—“With what wild thoughts must that restless and unhappy spirit (Satan) have wandered amid the tangled mazes of the old carboniferous forests! With what bitter mockeries must he have watched the fierce wars which raged in their sluggish waters, among ravenous creatures horrid with trenchant teeth, barbed sting, and sharp spine, and enveloped in glittering armour of plate and scale!”

The division of the great strata at p. 184, with the view of accounting for the six days, or times, or ages, is not more satisfactory, even on the theory of the “Mosaic Vision,” in which the periods may have passed before the eye of the prophet, as so many “representative scenes.” On this plan, the Azoic period is to count one—the earlier or middle Palæozoic, one—the Carboniferous, one—the Permian or Triassic, one—the Oolite or Cretaceous, one—and the Tertiary, one. But if there be anything in this, might we not, with equal propriety, so subdivide the series of strata as to make twelve, or more, instead of six periods? Manifestly, the “Age Theory” is a present failure. It will not give us the ground of harmony. Genesis, at every point, tells the story of a widely different order in the manifestation of being than the earth’s crust does. In the chapter on the Palæontological History of Plants, a corroboration of the theory is sought in the alleged “resemblance, almost amounting to identity,” between the classification of modern botanists, and that discovered in the various fossiliferous strata. The statement is most striking and beautiful, but we are persuaded it will not bear examination. There was once a time when it would have seemed more strikingly true than it ever can do now, and advancing science will go to widen the difference. “The single point of difference” vitiates the presumed corre-

spondence. This seems to have been felt. In the note on p. 9, we are told that “the chance discovery of some fossil in a sufficiently good state of keeping would establish the correspondence”—would put the monocotyledons in the place in the geologic scale which they hold in that of Lindley. We might reason, then, that the chance discovery of a true dicotyledon among the monocotyledons, or a gymnogen among the thallogens, would still further vitiate it. But no; for we are told in the text (p. 9), that even if it were established that a true endogen had been found among the thallogens, this would not vitiate the resemblance: it would “merely be a solitary exception to the general rule.” Even less satisfactory is the statement of the necessity (p. 12) for two series by which one class runs through another. It is an “untoward arrangement for the Lamarkian;” but it is not less so for this presumed resemblance. Moreover, of what use can the resemblance in the arrangement be, when we meet with such a confession as this?—“Here let me remark, that the facts of palæontological science compel us to blend, in some degree, with the classification of our modern botanists, that of the botanists of an earlier time.”—(P. 11.) The highly artificial and arbitrary character of this scheme of harmony wholly unfit it for the purpose for which it is propounded. If it be needful that we should hold as true any one scheme of reconciliation, in order that our souls may get rest, as they turn over the pages of that Old World history written on the rocks, we shall look for one in its simplicity more like the Divine record which it is intended to vindicate.

A similar line of remark might be applied to the mode in which the “Noachian Deluge” is treated. It is not dealt with in the way we might have expected from the author of “The Old Red Sandstone.” The chief illustrations—as the red grouse, and the two species of elephants—fall far short of the mark to which they are directed, and might be used in another way. Notwithstanding the strong statements about “supposititious miracles,” we must, in looking at the Deluge, take, *even on the partial theory*, miracles into account. The illustration from the shores of the Caspian will not shut out this.* Beside, recent investigations, carried on under the direction of the Russian government, go right in the face of the remarks in “The Testimony.” But we

* The corroborative evidence from Lyell on *Ætna* has been set aside in “Rain and Rivers,” ch. vi, with much point.

would be very far from pleading for the universal Deluge. Neither would we take positive ground on the other side. This can safely be left an open question; and we would not like to see the Church pledge herself either to the one theory or the other. The tendency seems towards the partial theory; but with strong expressions before us, like those of 2 Pet. iii. 5, 6, christian men should feel that they can wait. No great danger can come to truth by leaving the question open. Such of our readers as have neither time nor taste for the study of the scientific evidence on this question, but who have heard the clash of the weapons of the combatants, will find a useful *résumé* of the arguments on both sides in "Noah and his Times."

One other remark, and we shall pass from "The Testimony."—Eight or ten pages in the chapter on "The Discoverable and the Revealed," are devoted to the exposure of the ignorance of Turretine. But Turretine did *not* hold the views of creation here attributed to him. Students of this divine, remembering the large prudence, the profound sagacity, and the great common sense which belonged to him, might have anticipated much caution in treating of Creation.* And so it is. The topic under discussion is handled in the spirit of a man who was not in the habit of making Scripture responsible for scientific teaching, and the questions—"An Adamus primus mortalium fuerit?" and "An primus homo ante lapsum immortalitatem habuerit?"—are dealt with in a way from which such men as the author of "The Genesis of the Earth" might learn much. Mr. Miller's quotations are taken from the "Compendium," which was not drawn up by Turretine, but by Rijssenius, a man of very different calibre, who embodied in his abridgment of Turretine a jejune work of his own.†

* "Institutio Theologicæ." De Creatione, Quest. viii., xii.

† "Summa Theologicæ Elenctica." Auctore LEONARDO RIJSSIENUS. Daventriensi, 1677. If the reader compare the quotation in "The Testimony" with the following extract from Rijssenius, he will find how innocent Turretine is of the sentiments ascribed to him:—

1. Sol dicitur in cælo moveri, oriri, et occidere.—*Psal.* xix. 6, 7, and civ. 19, 22; *Ecc.* i. 5.

2. Dicitur miraculo quiescere in habitatione sua.—*Jos.* xx. 12, 13, 14; *Hab.* iii. 11; *Job.* ix. 7. Et retrocessisse.— xxxviii. 8.

3. Terradicitur immota stare.—*Psal.* xciii. 1, and xvi. 1, civ. 5, cxix. 90.

4. Nec aves, quæ per horam sæpe in gyrum volitant, ad nidos suos redire possent. Interea enim mota esset terra 450 milliaria nostra.

5. Quidquid volitat, et pendet in ære, ab occasu ad orientem moveri videretur; quod falsum esse

The other works named at the head of this article may be regarded—(1.) As neutral; (2.) As in the main accepting the "Age Theory;" (3.) As holding by the scheme of 1804; and (4.) As directly and avowedly pledged to irreconcilable antagonism between Genesis and Geology.

"Creation and the Fall" must be reckoned among the first, or neutral class. This is a pervading defect of a book which bears marks of much earnest industry on the part of its author. Thus, referring to the scheme of Dr. Chalmers, he says—"Giving due consideration to this great principle ('that life, once begun on earth, has been maintained without interruption') of science, it must be felt that any scheme of reconciliation which, like the above, proposes to break the continuity of the chain of life by the intervention of an absolute blank, is one that cannot satisfy the requirements of the case."—(P. 88.) This looks as if the old scheme were not satisfactory. Is it held that there is any one satisfactory scheme? The "Age Theory" seems to be most so; and having stated that, once propounded by Cuvier, etc., it was now "very much abandoned," it is held as "worthy of re-examination, as having much to recommend it." But at p. 244, Dr. Chalmers' reading of "in the beginning" is received; and, p. 245, when the relation of the first verse to the narrative is discussed, the different views are given, and in the style of Matthew Henry the remark is made—"It is not easy to determine which of these alternatives is to be chosen. Much may be said on both sides of the question." The same hesitancy pervades all the pages devoted to this subject. We took up this book, expecting to meet with the grasp of a mind like that which met us some years ago in "The Method of the Divine Government;" but, if we have been disappointed as to this, we have, nevertheless, found an able statement of the literature of controversy on the topics referred to.

We can do no more than touch lightly on "The Harmony between the Mosaic and

cognoscitur ex avibus, emissis sagittis, atomis splendente sole, et pappis in ære volitatibus.

EXCEPTIONES.

1. Scriptura loquitur secundam apparentiam, i.e. ut videtur esse. Resp. Et ut videtur, ut revera est.—*Matt.* v. 18.

2. Aves, aer, et omnia cum terra moventur. Resp. Figmenta sunt, Aer est corpus fluidum. 2. Qua vi tunc aves ab oriente ad occidentem moveri possent?

§ XIII. Homo consistit corpore terreno, et anima spirituali.—*Gen.* ii. 7.

Object. 1 *Thess.* v. 23. Additur spiritus. Resp. Spiritus mentem, seu intellectum significat, anima voluntatem.—*Pp.* 94–96.

Geological Records." The author receives substantially the views of Mr. Miller (p. 96), though there are several points of difference brought out by him. Mr. Miller and others define the periods as ages; the author of "The Harmony" refuses to admit the element of time, and makes the morning simply the commencement of the special Mosaic vision, and the evening its termination.—(P. 42.) The descriptions in Genesis were "pictures painted on the fancy" of Moses. Thus (Genesis i. 21), "He saw the monstrous reptiles, whose bones are imbedded in the secondary rocks." It was, then, one vast charnel-house into which the man Moses was led, when under the visions of the Almighty! It was not that grand vision of life, and living, moving, healthful things, which we used to think was set before us in verses 20, 21! The chief objection which our author alleges against the scheme of 1804, is in connection with the use of "And" in Gen. i. 2. Is it not copulative? Mr. Miller has answered this in the extract given above from "First Impressions of England." While Mr. Sime pleads for a partial deluge, he makes two noticeable admissions. On the limited theory, he admits God might have removed Noah beyond the reach of it, as he did Lot from Sodom; and also, that the deluge may have reached beyond the bounds of the inhabited earth. Another objection to the old scheme is found in the alleged parallelism between Gen. i. 1 and Exod. xx. 11. The words, "in six days," are held to be equivalent to "in the beginning." But if we associate Exod. with Gen. ii. the difficulty is solved:—

"Thus | the heavens and the earth | were finished."—Gen. ii. 1.
 "In six days | heaven and earth | the Lord made."—Exod. xx. 11.

We place "Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures"—"The Geological Facts," and "Things New and Old"—in the third class referred to above; because in them the scheme of Dr. Chalmers is received and illustrated from the point of view of modern discovery. The Cardinal's volumes are in good keeping with the name he has obtained for learning, for breadth of view rarely met with among Romanists, and for the power of commanding "mother Church" to educated minds. It will not do, however, to magnify the Papacy as ever a true patron of progress in literature and in science. Even in the Cardinal's readable and pleasant volumes, there are unmistakeable evidences that he loves Rome more than the subjects under discussion, which would be all fair, did he not love to get a back-thrust here and there at Protestant combatants. Then, have we not

the experience of Galileo—have we not the History of the Inquisition—and, under our very eyes, the Index Expurgatorius, to read us the lesson of Rome's attitude to progress?

We rank "Geology and Genesis," by "C.," under the fourth class. Genesis, this author holds, may be a myth—a Jewish fable—a work of imagination by several authors—a narrative written by a man called Moses, but it cannot be a book of God—a divinely inspired volume. Geology says, No; Professor Baden Powell says, No; and so does "C."; therefore there can be no doubt about the matter. It is all settled. Is not "the Hebrew Testament clothed in garments that outrage our senses by their inappropriateness?" Is it not "the work of a somewhat unscrupulous Jewish leader?" Does it not sound the praises "of a people whose progress was deluged with blood, stamped with rapine," and whose only motive was "ungoverned self-satisfying impulse?"—(P. 4.) Yet there is a certain kind of ability about the book, which will assuredly lift it up into a leading place among publications of a stamp which are always acceptable to a large half-instructed class, whose morals are not in the best possible condition. Every time we have taken up "C.," we have remembered what *Franz Carvel's* mother* said of the German philosophers—"They believed everything except the Bible: they believed, with this exception, everything which they could not—and disbelieved everything which they could." Thus, equally great in credulity and in unbelief, "C." begins his work by an ominous want of sincerity. He tries to fix upon the Church the folly of holding "that what is true in science, may, in its religious aspects, be unsound, or dangerous to promulgate." And with a ludicrous air of self-importance, he tells us he has found the true key to "the historic account of the life of Moses, the assumed writer of Genesis." What is it? Hush! Political cunning in adapting his delineations "to the idiosyncrasy of the Hebrew character!" The account of the creation was fabricated for this purpose. Yet this author believes himself equal to deal with "Geology and Genesis." It is this kind of spirit which makes works of this class piquant. If their authors would keep to their task, and deal with their subject dispassionately, they would find no readers. The exhibition of this *animus* against the Scriptures should vitiate the whole book. Or, if he were desirous to be great on these

* "The Metaphysicians." Longmans. 1857.

points, he should have shown that the literature of apologetical Christianity has significantly failed on the question of the canon of Genesis. Had he been able to detach Genesis from other books of Scripture, his Geology might have been used to illustrate his historical and exegetical skill. But it is wholly beside the point to try a book by what it does not profess to teach, and by what none who receive it as inspired say that it teaches. There is no claim made for it "as if Moses had a prescience of the discoveries of science."

"C.'s" dread of miracles amounts to something like monomania. The mere reference to analogy creeps like a dark shadow over his temper, and leads him to speak unadvised words. Nevertheless we would again darken his dreams by asking—Does not the whole connection of God with the earth represent it as a scene for the forth-putting of miraculous power at certain great stages in its history? Do we not find the analogy to this in the work of Redemption? Do we not see it in the birth of Christ—in His life, at His death, in His resurrection? Buds it not out everywhere in the conversion of souls to God; and shall the world not witness its triumph in the dread future, when the quick and dead shall be raised up? Why not expect this same power leaving its footprints at each great epoch in the history of the earth's crust?

"C.'s" strong point is found in holding that the *present* aspect of nature has existed for great ages, which it could not have done if the Hebrew chronology be true. He repeats all the old points about deltas. The mud deposit of the delta of the Ganges would require 10,000 years for its accumulation. Of course, there can be nothing, either in the consideration that at one time there may have been an amount of *detritus* brought within the action of the water greater than we have ever seen during the historical period, or that at the mouth there may have been retarding processes not now at work. The *debacle*, or outburst of lakes, has been little taken into account in these calculations.* To notice other features in this book, in which Sciolism looks smartly forth from behind the Mask of Science, would be to repeat matters already passed under review. We leave it, with the expression of the hope that before the next time "C." shall seek to hold parley with the general public, he may have learnt that

humility befiteth man who knoweth not all things, and that it is not very becoming, even for great men, to be "wise in their own eyes."

Our design has been to put in a word in favour of the reconciliation scheme, now generally associated with the great name of Chalmers. We have attempted to show cause why we should not drift away from this, until the objections to it assume a more formidable attitude than they have yet done. The scheme of Dr. Pye Smith has not been dealt with, mainly because it did not displace that of 1804, but merely laid alongside of it a thought, which its advocates could entertain without giving less weight to it than they had done. We would not, however, be reckoned as pledged to this one. All that we urge is, that for all present purposes it is liable to fewest objections. Every scheme of reconciliation will continue to be questioned and sifted, as Science, in her onward march, spreads out before us facts and phenomena unthought of before. Scepticism, from its dark standing place, will continue to watch what is passing in the sunlight, and it will not fail in the future, as it has not failed in the past, to step forth into broad day, when it sees anything in the progress of the physical sciences which will serve it as a weapon against God's truth revealed in the Bible. It has ere this achieved something. It has met young minds at that awful point at which their fresh thoughts either look humbly up to God, or proudly abroad on man; and it has given to many a bias towards the idolatry of their race, and ultimately a persuasion that their calling is to wage war with old beliefs. The position is a perilous one; and many who have begun the battle for truth, according to man's standard, have, at last, fallen fighting against God. The wonder is, that scepticism has not been able to do more. It occupies vantage ground of no ordinary kind. It has for weapons all the difficult points which both Christians and infidels have ever met with, and stated, in connection with the outward world, and it uses those of the former without the solutions which may have been given. Voltaire used to study Calmet's "Commentary," in which the Christian author notices difficulties in order to solve them; but the Frenchman gave no heed to the solution. He picked out the difficulties to use for his own purposes. This is a characteristic of the class, as all are aware who know anything of much of the literature which is current in cities. We have more than once been startled to find objections to the Bible, which have again and again been refuted,

* If "C." would make a study of "Rain and Rivers," he might learn something at pp. 5, 14, 75, 95, 114, 116.

stated as if they were unanswerable. Scepticism has another advantage. What Bacon calls "the Harmony of the Sciences,"—a harmony which not only reveals each science as one great part having its distinctive place in a system, but which lifts theology up to the platform on which the physical sciences stand, and recognises it as in brotherhood with all the rest,*—is not dreamt of by it. The sceptic finds his strength in singling out one from the midst of the many, and, shutting his eyes to all the rest, in torturing the phenomena of his favourite pursuit, until he wring from them utterances corresponding to his own habits of thought—his individual tastes and prejudices, and often his dislike of the Bible. Each science, ignorantly or wilfully misunderstood, furnishes many points of this kind. The attention of the Christian apologist becomes distracted, and the very imperfection of man's faculties comes to lend strength to the enemies of the truth, while the defence of it is weakened by the energies of the defenders being of necessity divided.

ART. III.—1. *Diary of Narcissus Luttrell.*

Oxford: University Press. 1857.

2. *The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior.*
2 vols. Pickering.

WE feel much more interest in some ages than in others. Two periods may be exactly contiguous, and yet one appear within the verge of ancient, the other of modern history. Even in those times which must be called by a common name, modern, one epoch impresses upon us a feeling of the closest affinity and analogy; we can understand the passions and point of view of its chief characters; and intuitively penetrate to the springs of their conduct; while, when surveying the annals of events occurring, it may be, but a single reign before, we wander in a comparatively strange land. We hear party names and party cries, and we know that the objects for which these factions were striving, are the same with those which roused the desires and regrets of our own fathers. But the people which assumed these appellations, and which strove so angrily for those privileges and

rights, is to us as strange and foreign as the modern Norwegian, with his Saxon constitution and liberties. One great line of demarcation, indeed, there does exist between the different ages of our world. In a broad sense, all on that side Constantine is ancient; all on this modern history. In many prominent and strongly defined features, even the borderlands of this line differ from each other; in one mighty, common characteristic all the constituent units of the two several aggregates agree. But we feel that the differences in the aggregate are greater, or, at least, more various and numerous than the similarities which bind them together.

Then, waiving other and more distant boundaries, pass in our own history from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of his father, and what a strange feeling of isolation in a strange land and people comes over us! Bosworth Field; and Queen Margaret, and princes smothered in the tower,—what "Dark Ages" tales are these overshadowing the traditions of the Reformers, and of the bold Hugh Latimer haranguing from St. Paul's cross. Here, then, we discover another subdivision of history, even of that history which we call modern. The tie of a common special belief unites us lineally to those times. As long as the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Churches stand in Europe side by side, we cannot help recognizing and sympathizing with the countrymen of our Reformers as compatriots, almost cotemporaries of our own. The feudal system, with its barons and its villains, its strict and strange cumbrous forms and ceremonies, and its reciprocal bond between lord and vassal, Magna Charta itself, with illegal scutages and reliefs, wards defrauded of their inheritances, and heiresses legally sold to needy profligate adventurers, have vanished from the neighbourhood of actual associations. The thrill which these old names call up, is of the fancy, not the feelings, and scarce warmer or more homelike in most men's hearts, than the tale of Thermopylæ. But the old faith and the new are still struggling on the battle-field of Europe, and we, the inheritors of the strife, perforce feel with those who in far distant times inaugurated it.

The commencement of the Modern History of England is popularly fixed in the reign of Henry VIII., because one of the most prominent actual aspects of modern society then first developed itself. So as we pass on through the rule of Edward, and Mary, and Elizabeth, into the epoch of the Stuarts, we start to find the scene again changed, and the same actors, the Bacons, Cecils, and Raleighs, the Shakespeares and

* "We come, lastly, to that science which the two former periods of time were not blessed with, viz., sacred and inspired theology: the Sabbath of all our labours and peregrinations."—*Advancement of Learning.*

the Ben Jonsons, on an entirely different stage. We have arrived at a new landing-place; and, when we compare the appearance of things with that which they displayed immediately before, the one era seems to us an archaistic period, the other modern history. As the former great subdivision is owing to the common manifestation now as then of certain religious characteristics, so the latter arose from the analogy in the constitutional phases displayed to us and our ancestors. That, in fact, we term "modern," which in some important particulars resembles the existing state of things. Christianity now-still, as formerly, separates us from the days of the Cæsars and Augustuses, — the Reformation distinguishes Europe under one ecclesiastical government from Europe broken up into two great religious camps; and the separation of king and ministers, with the consequent innocence of the old maxim, that the sovereign can do no wrong, connects actual citizens of our English commonwealth with the Cokes, and Pym, and Vanes. Yet has the division been even now carried far enough? Does not the age of the Star Chamber, and "*ex officio*" oaths, of monopolies of soap, and compulsory knighthoods, scandalum magnatum, and sales of peerages, cropped ears, and Harrington's Oceana, appear to us unnatural and alien? We know that the men of that age fought for the liberty which we now enjoy, and we recognize, at a general election, some of the arguments which Pym and Hampden first made watch-words. But the private life and manners of these heroes of our political reformation are black-letter to us. They seem as ideal as the descriptions of men and women in historical novels. We cannot imagine a Falkland or a Strafford walking the streets of London, or an Aston and a Wilmot reveling in the Guards' club-house. Between the dinner parties of the West End, and the fierce riotings of the Royalists, or the genuine business-like debates of the Long Parliament, and the harangues of our modern House of Commons, yawns the same impassable gulf as between the dark countenances frowning from the masterhand of Vandyke, or Lely's beauties,—and a miniature by Ross, or even the portraits of Laurence.

It was reserved for another reign and generation to roll back the heavy folds of the curtain stretched between us and our ancestors. The Revolution of 1669 did not reform the working of our constitution alone, it changed our manners. It was not achieved by the energy of one class exerted against another class, as that

consummated by the men of 1642. Nor yet again, were its objects in the high atmosphere of politics which the majority of a nation scarcely breathe. They were attained, equally, by the dexterity of statesmen, and by the passive resistance to oppression, of the ranks which had cowered beneath the horrors of the "bloody assizes." Freedom of opinion was the Nonconformists' reward for having detected behind the mask of an occasional lenity the persecutions of the High Commission Court, and the Corporation and Conventicle Acts. The great nobles had been at the head of the movement, but the masses, which followed and approved, or suggested, gave the moral weight and momentum which ensured success. Feudal lords were no more; it was influence, rather than power, which belonged to the order. Never had public opinion, in the wide sense of the term, been appealed to more consistently or fully. Even when the object had been attained, and a new dynasty placed on the throne, as a guarantee that the policy most antagonistic to the old would be carried out, the battle still raged, and every inch of ground had to be defended by the strength of half the confirmed partizans in the kingdom against the attacks of the other half.

No period is so favourable to the amalgamation of ranks, and the annihilation of classes, as constituting an original and perpetual distinction between individuals, as one in which known and recognized chiefs have led a movement, but by the choice and election of the people. Every feature, whether mental or even physical, every little peculiarity in manner or conduct discovered in the leaders, whether Whig or Tory, was of importance. The eccentricities of caste, which only do prevail when the class is so separated and bound up in itself, that each member is sure of his position, and can, in the very wantonness of impunity, transgress all established rules—that audacious trampling upon decency which the annals of Charles II.'s reign so lavishly display—disappeared under the inquisitorial censorship of public opinion under William and Anne, and the biting sarcasms of the pen. Wharton was, at last, decent, though as complete a profligate as ever, and the notorious Buckhurst, of the crew of Sedley and Wilmot of Rochester, became, in the later scenes of his life, a legitimate subject for panegyric and ode, under the name of the Earl of Dorset, the Mæcenas of literature. In some measure, it was that the licence of the days succeeding the Restoration had borne its fruits. In its ripeness and maturity it had spread

from rank to rank, till at length there seemed danger lest that which had been a scandal to the nation, should become one to the world. The moral leprosy had so crept throughout the body of the people that, as with the physical, its strength and banefulness, politically speaking, were gone. The courtier could no longer pride himself on vices of which he once had the monopoly, nor other classes feel that their superiors breathed an atmosphere of which they had had no experience. But now the position of the aristocracy, as candidates for the popular leadership, and forced by dread of antagonists ever in the field, and ready to seize on some occasion for decrying them, to submit themselves to the general rules of society, had led to the breaking down of the partition between court and people. They were still the constitution's rightful champions, but subject to the nomination of the nation, and, consequently, with a tendency to adopt the fashions and ways of thinking with which their constituents could most readily sympathize. A community of ends and aims led to the approximation of classes. In part, the higher assimilated themselves to the lower, their clients and electors; in part, these imitated the refinement and habits of their representatives. Villiers of Buckingham might have still, in this generation, been the hope and chosen leader of the Puritans, but he must have assumed their demeanour to qualify himself. A reign earlier, Harley would not have deemed it necessary in the head of the Tories, to wear the guise of a High Churchman, nor St. John to pretend to be a Christian.

Subject to the circumstances of the time, political and ecclesiastical, this result had been effected by the efforts and vigour of the writers whom the Revolution brought forth armed in all the panoply of satyr and invective. From the Caroline era they had caught the ease and polish of society, as opposite to the elaboration and art of the Elizabethan epoch of literature, as was the stately feudalism of Gloriana's court, and her solemn progresses to the younger monarch's saunter in St. James' Park, and the banter of the galleries at Whitehall. From the same source, they had learned the manners of the great, whose sworn defendants they were, and to depict these, and these alone, in their works, since, as courtiers were the only patrons of letters, no representations, or even mimicry, of manners other than theirs, would have been understood by the only audience they were likely to have. The fate of the Stuarts changed the aim and the form of their efforts,—while it was the

means of elevating their profession, did not alter their character. The general phases of society were no longer displayed in comedy for the amusement of society itself, or burlesqued in the serious rant of tragedies with plots laid in Asia;—keen satire, whether in prose or verse, was levelled by one side against the peculiarities of some prominent champion on the other. They did not attack vaguely and uncertainly whole classes, for the dart would often have flown wide, and hit a friend. The Revolution had initiated no class-war. Its reproach, on the contrary, is, that its contests were mere battles of factions, each with leaders of the same condition and rank—each with a regular subordination of followers. Especial individual defects in the opposite leaders were the subjects and topics of these authors; to know the vulnerable points they were obliged to live in the same circles, and affect the same fashions. No mere hirelings—inditing savage *à priori* libels, not designed to convince those of the same class with their victims, but only to rouse a vulgar storm of odium against them among those who knew no standard by which to gauge their superior's iniquities—these did not write in taverns for the half eleemosynary guinea of a noble. They wrote as partizans—as themselves personally interested in the events of the struggle—they drew the outline, and polished the style, nor left it to their employers to embellish it with point and personality. It was not a fee for which they looked as their pay and reward. Every student of Swift remembers the bitterness with which he repudiated a gift from Harley. They claimed a share in the division of the booty when embassies and departments were to be filled up.

If such were the duties and expectations of writers in this age, it might naturally be anticipated that, the more furious and doubtful the contention, the greater would be the importance, and the more magnificent the recompense to these, the chief agents and instruments in the strife. More peculiar claims would the men have to such compensation, who rose to gratify the ever ready demand, when the issue of the struggle of parties was as yet uncertain, and when the new system was still too recent to supply fully its own requirements. This palmy condition of authors is, indeed, the prominent feature in this strangely exceptional epoch of time. Under Charles II. literature flourished. A whole nation of poets lived on the taste for dramatic exhibitions and the nauseous fulsomeness of ridiculous dedications, wherewith the most eminent personages of the day were fed. There was a

"wits' coffee-house" then, as later; and courtiers, and men of fashion, loved to throng the winter table, or summer balcony, where sat enthroned the king of the wits, John Dryden. They dined at the tavern with authors: they gossiped with them at the coffee-house; and, on occasion, adjourned in their company, from the long-protracted debauch, to break windows and worry watchmen, or play at the "Mohocks" of the time. But this familiarity was all on one side. Writers, who in public were boon companions, found too often the great man's doors rigidly closed against the suitor for the customary gratuity, after an adulatory inscription on the frontispiece of the last new poem. Even in those half legendary, halcyon days of letters—the age of Queen Elizabeth—the position of poets, though with a little less familiarity, and a little more of independence, was still that of hangers on, and expectants of bounty. The Sydneys and Southamptons were too few to rescue a genius from the situation of a supernumerary in the real business of life—a creature born only to amuse, and not for use—a self-adopted descendant of the kept fools and jesters of a feudal prince's court. Suddenly, and to the manifest surprise of some among them, they found themselves elevated, by the novel relations of the Revolution, and the generally factious and personal type of parties in that period, into wielders of the most tremendous political engine, and the real deciders of the strife. Scions of noble families, who would, under the old state of things, have begun with being courtiers and companions of royal follies, now inaugurated their career with a dash at literary fame. The great Earl of Halifax, as Charles Montague, grandson of Lord Manchester, had no mean title to promotion at the court of a liberal and revolutionary monarch. He challenged and proved his claim to favour there, and in Parliament, by achieving the glories of a successful satyrist. Prior, the son of a joiner and nephew of a butcher, would have been, under different circumstances, as much, if not, perhaps, something more of a wit; his name had, most undoubtedly, never been connected with a peace, which is one of the landmarks of politics, and with the two statesmen, whose real character is yet so completely a problem, unless for the exigencies of the events of 1689.

Prior is, indeed, the most perfect representative of this phase and order of things that it is possible to find. Not, apparently, designed, by his nature or tastes, for a genuine and professional statesman, like Montague; not a writer, who has by his genius, as Addison, compelled the world, and right-

ly, to accept, as truths of human nature, the oddities and humours of a special period; yet, by tempering literature with politics, and politics with literature—neither, by itself, in his hands, very powerful—he made a high reputation among his cotemporaries, and won lofty official rank. Yet more—by the mere weight of the frequent repetition of his name, in one relation or another, in the records of the period when he flourished, his fame, as a distinguished diplomatist and true poet, has descended to an age which recollects little of the circumstances of his negotiations, and not much more, in reality, of his muse. Yet, the single fact of the creation of a great reputation, is never without an interest of its own. No effect can be without a cause. Men may praise something which contains not a germ or spark of what is really praiseworthy; but men never praise by accident. Either in the object of their laudations, or in themselves and their circumstances, is to be found the explanation of the halo which surrounds some names. It is often necessary to recollect this in contemplating the life of Prior. At first, the humble attendant and client of wits, and the patrons of wits; then the college cotemporary of a man destined to be the most powerful of agents in carrying out the spirit of the Revolution—distinguished, and raised to fame and consideration by a work which carried the coffee-houses triumphantly over to the liberal side; an active and favoured co-operator in every great scene of William's foreign policy, while not less influential in furthering it, as a co-founder and luminary of the great Whig committee of wit, the Kitecat Club; then, a revolter from the standard he had so long followed, but not altogether, even now, alienated from his old companions, nor ever visited by them with revilings and hatred as an apostate; quietly, among his new friends, assuming the same position as among his former connections—always associated with, but never leading any prime movement of their policy; though assisting antagonists to its spirit, still negotiating on the principles of the Revolution, and not of the previous period; a chosen companion and intimate of the great minds of his new side; neither one of those the mere acquaintances for the hours of relaxation and pleasure—if employed in affairs, employed only for a pretext to burden the public, rather than their friends, with their support—nor yet the secret, unrecognised counsellor of incompetent or indolent ministers; even in the time of his disgrace, and the fall of his chiefs, not condemned to the ignoble punishment of a subordinate, neglect and obscurity, but thrown up, by the tide of

circumstances, to observation—exposed to examinations before secret committees, and imprisonment by the Commons; lastly, when at length released, though excluded from the rôle of a politician, as a poet, the idol of society, he affords, in his history, a most complete epitome of his times. Though, in his tastes and conduct, a good representative of the old, he is, in his fortunes, a better illustration of the new spirit of the age—with its dissolution of caste distinctions and prejudices, as barriers of society, but not of the personal gossiping tone of a community, once so insolently exclusive and careless of public opinion,—with its appeals to the nation at large, by arguments drawn from the scandal of the drawing-room, and with, consequently, the elevation of the recognised interpreters of those arguments, the authors—than either Montague, with his high talents for finance, in an age when finance was government, and his historic name; or Addison, with personal influence and literature, which must have, in any age, distinguished their possessor from the masses; or Swift, with his keen political perceptions, and constitutional exuberance of party virulence, in an epoch of personal and party rivalry.

This deficiency of Prior's in any one strongly marked faculty, in default of Montague's high birth, the amiability of Addison, and the irresistible despotism of Swift's mind, may have even aided his advancement. He had no family claims to excite the envy of those great old Whig houses, which had effectuated the expulsion of the Stuarts, and claimed the benefit of that event, nor sufficiently manifest ambitious propensities to rouse their jealousy. But, besides this negative qualification of disability, the business-like tastes he does seem to have possessed, certainly contributed, and most essentially, to his advancement. They were just enough to hinder him from being a mere clog on serious hours, and proved a most important accession to the utility of a boon companion in days when affairs of State were discussed over tokay, and intimacy with royal waiting-women, and a capacity for a lengthy tea-table debauch, were essential gifts in a Chancellor or Lord Treasurer. Business and the pleasures of life were in that short but brilliantly artificial portion of our history, curiously intermingled. The combination in Prior's disposition of an inclination for pleasure with a good deal of what is called "bureaucracy," made him a most efficient agent throughout it. The aristocracy which had expelled the old dynasty, naturally asserted a supreme prerogative in developing the new system. The sovereign no longer was the head and

source of all political action. William and Anne had been parties to the conspiracy. On its success they shared in its results. But they had been parties only, not the designers, champions rather than patrons. As the relative power of the two great factions in the State rose and fell, the monarch gave in his or her adhesion. William had been naturally a member of the great Whig junto; his sister-in-law, through life, manifested a timid but regular bias to the side of the Tory and Church of England confederacy; yet, with all the feelings and tastes of their several natures interested and bound up with one party or the other, we find each, in turn, compelled to have recourse to that whose superiority had been decided on for the time in the dubious struggle. And that struggle was not fought out in a duel between the two parties, and the victory won by defections from the opposite ranks. The nation in whose cause it had begun, asserted its right to nominate managers to carry it to its completion. They did not claim to appoint demagogues from their own body as defenders of a popular standard; but selected their defenders from the limited aristocratic caste. The administration of affairs continued to be a monopoly vested in a court, not one dependent, however, on the sovereign, and all government to be an incongruous medley of politics and pleasure.

In such a period was cast the poet's lot; a period enveloped in a bright haze of personal love and hatred, intrigue at home and abroad, great alliances cemented by reciprocal presents of strong liquors and champagne, liable to be dissolved and interrupted by a fire in an ambassador's house, or the abduction by the Popish Countess of Jersey of her Protestant son. In reading the records of the time, we might imagine ourselves engaged with the Court of Charles II. or the Orleans Regency, till the casual mention of the "Crisis," or some appeal to the people against the efforts of an opposition hourly gaining ground, drives home to our recollection the fact that we are still in the purlieus, still dragging on the skirts, as it were, of that mighty prodigy, the popular Revolution of 1689. Never was there a man whose powers were more completely drawn out, and turned to account by the predisposing influences of the reigns of William and Anne, than Prior's. His wit and poetry were utilized in a state of society, when "vers de société" were an important part of the machinery of statesmanship, when ministers of state went wildly about to find a bard to celebrate a battle, and a lord treasurer could win popularity by pa-

rating the pageantry of his white staff through a crowd of admiring courtiers, to flatter and caress no greater a versifier than the amiable and ingenious Parnell. As a diplomatist, he was criticized by Walpole, perhaps rather harshly; for Walpole had a great dislike for "litterateurs," taking upon themselves the style of politicians. It was certainly fortunate for him that he emerged in circumstances requiring not so much a master-mind, as an obedient and industrious secretary and mouth-piece, the popular name and manners of a poet, rather than an inventive politician. English diplomacy was almost the creation of this age, and in diplomacy he found the freest scope for his abilities. The deeper and more subtle mysteries of negotiation were indeed beyond him, but he was never without chiefs to whom the conduct of these fell, who, in fact would hardly have suffered him to exert his capacity in that direction, even had he possessed any. William—it was a matter of notoriety—was his own foreign minister. The mind alone which had formed and designed it could hold the threads and clues of a complicated net-work of plans embracing the whole of Europe. The peace of Utrecht again, was far too delicate a matter to be entrusted to the casual intuitions of some self-reliant envoy; nor was the pride or the vanity of Bolingbroke likely to brook any intermeddlings with the mazes of his comprehensive scheme. It was the *indifference* of intellectual capacity in Prior's character, rather than its many-sidedness, which explains, not the continuity of his employments only, but also his peculiar happiness in being the point of contact for all the great men and coteries of his day. All projects of ambition and pleasure were then much more concentrated than at present, and drawn, as it were, into a far smaller and more contracted space; but there was a facility and coolness of temperament in him peculiarly, which connected him at different times with combinations the most dissimilar or even mutually repulsive.

For so prominent and active a personage, remarkably little is to be learnt of what is personal to himself. The details of his life are but his relations with the great events of his time and its most illustrious characters. All men have a sort of morbid curiosity respecting the minutiae of the origin or growth of genius; the point where it put off the slough of ordinary humanity, and began to prepare the world for the coming splendour. The demand for anecdotes of a celebrated man's boyhood often produces the supply, whether genuine or not. But the school days of Prior are chiefly remark-

able for having been coterporaneous with those of one (Montague) with whom his name was hereafter to be connected, whose powers, though with the same component elements of a taste for poetry and for politics, were yet weak and strong in exactly the converse manner. It does not appear that the grandson of a peer and the nephew of the butcher and vintner, at first proved very intimate friends. Probably the acquaintance between the two became closer at Cambridge, through the medium of Stepney, called by courtesy a poet, and made into one of those classics who are never read, by the introduction of his name into Johnson's famous biographies. The future bond of connection was the like dependence of all three, though in very different degrees, upon themselves, for promotion in the world, and tender reminiscences of the noble old school near which two of them were destined to repose in death. Prior was fortunate in his master, the Dr. Busby, whose pupils have procured for him a sort of honorary place in any history of English poetry. We are told that he there distinguished himself highly; and indeed he must have quickly accumulated a competent store of learning, for we find him prematurely withdrawn from school to be apprenticed to his uncle at Charing Cross. So near a chance did diplomacy run of losing one of its chief ornaments—and publishers of a prescriptive right to add one more volume to every orthodox edition of English poets. Not to have passed through the college at Westminster, was in those days a serious disadvantage to an ambitious youth; for the "Challenges," especially those at the conclusion of the course, a competition in which each candidate turns examiner of his rivals in his turn, were then one of the most fashionable spectacles of the metropolis. According to the politics of the head-master for the time being, or the accident of political or natural relationships with the families of the competitors, party leaders, influential peers, and prelates, thronged the antique school-house. There might have been seen St. John, in the plenitude of power and place, encouraging a friend's cousin, and watching spitefully, with the old rancour of the bygone Christ Church and Bentley feud, the manœuvres of the tyrannic master of Trinity inflexibly resolved, "*pro solitâ humanitate suâ*," writes the indignant minister, "and with all the good breeding of a pedant," on choosing the best scholars for his own college. At a later period, we have the "great Commoner," Pulteney, writing to his nephew Colman, with fervour and enthusiasm, on the same

subject, and expressing his desire to be present at the contest. Many boys had an entrance into public life secured them by the acuteness and quickness they manifested on these occasions. Prior, who had scrambled into the school with difficulty, had not the opportunity of signalling himself in this manner. Traditions vary as to his plans and hopes on leaving. There is a tale that he even actually served the office of tapster at his uncle's house. But his talents were too useful to be lost at the epoch of our history; and his ingenuity and wit appear to have been exactly suited for pushing his powers into notice in the only way then possible.

Patronage was now in the very pride and full blossom of its existence. Partly from the natural revulsion after the ascetic severity, which was a blight even upon the fine arts, of the Puritans of the Commonwealth; partly, it may be, from the instinct of gilding over the gross Sybaritism of court life with the superficial gloss of literary taste and refinement, every aspirant after fame, or licensed indolence, betook himself, as of right, to composing verses, often of the very smallest and most pointless character. But too many, of feeble powers, and a great repugnance to turn these to account in any rational fashion, used literature, not after the honest Grub Street fashion of their compeers, so mercilessly, nay malignantly, assaulted in the *Dunciad*, the writers of Queen Anne's time—men who meant to live, and did live, by hard real work, done for small, but well earned pay,—but made it an apparent excuse for begging, just as mendicants, to avoid the legal penalties, offer matches for sale. There were some even then of the later, and certainly, spite of all the ridicule cast upon them, the far more honourable type. Dryden laboured in literature as zealously as any man could work in the more regular and avowed professions. But the majority were of a different disposition. The luxury of the age, and the love of superfluous attendants had demoralized letters, as a court, or a nobleman's residence often does a neighbourhood. Authors did not rely on themselves, but on the chance of cajoling some great man into guaranteeing their powers. Nor did the wealthy courtiers disdain the office imposed upon them. Needy writers were taken in to their service, as an additional ten lacqueys might be, with the risk, of course, of being turned off, to make room for a dwarf or a bravo; for

On the easy terms of rendering his regular quota of judicious praise to the poetry of his host and dedicatee—for generally “ipse facit versus,” he held his pension. In fact, the demand for writers worthy of patronage had now at last exceeded the supply. But a state of opinion when a brace or so of bards is an essential element in a splendid household, not because the master appreciates their compositions, but because he thinks such a suite a badge of taste and letters, is not favourable to the growth or the vigour of genius. The condition of taste can be best indicated by the fact, that Horace was the standard of poetry, and the cotemporary French bards the received interpreters of classical feeling. Not only at this time, but later, when literature seemed regenerated, morals, taste, wit, and sentiment were all discovered in their highest perfection in the great original and type of all poets of society, the domestic laureate of Augustus, Mæcenæ, and all the most refined givers of dinners at Rome. It would be quite inexplicable why Horace, Horace, Horace is the perpetually recurring authority of the Caroline period, and of the distinguished men, the flower of whose youth falls within the same epoch, did we not recollect the analogy in the spirit of both ages, and how complete a reflection that poet is of the tone of his own times, and of what was then considered the tone of good society.

The Earl of Dorset and Horace furnished very appropriately Prior's introduction to society and fame. The celebrated Lord Dorset represents the court, of which he was the brightest ornament, in its lights and its shades. We may at once reject his protégé's judgment of him as a writer. Without going so far as to allow the song

“To all you ladies now at land,”

the highest merit, or ranking its author with Alexander or William III., because he could touch it up the night before a bloody sea-fight, we may fairly give it credit for great neatness and spirit. But that “the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled,” that “every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, such as wrought or beaten thinner would shine through a whole book of any other author,” is adulation only excusable from the extravagant courtesy of the age, the laudable grief of a friend writing to a son of his old patron, or, lastly, the same prejudice in favour of profligate wits, which leads him to excuse his panegyric of one noble poet, by allusion to the forgotten lucubrations of another, Wilmot Earl of Rochester, as “the other prodigies of the

“Constat leviori bellua sumtu
Nimirum, et capiunt plus intestina poetæ.”

age." As a friend, a gentleman, and a courtier, he probably deserved the praises lavished upon his generosity and universal affability, though frequent gusts of passion, however short and speedily atoned for, and an uncontrollable taste for satirizing, not vice, but social faults, such as "tedious recitals of private affairs," "extreme ignorance and impertinence," or even "an ill-judged civility," must have made his temper rather trying, to say the least, to his associates. But to gloss over the nauseous debaucheries and mad follies of many years, to glance at scenes which have done most to taint the memories of Charles II.'s reign, as "the little violences and mistakes of a night too gaily spent," is a terrible evidence of the radical corruptness of society, which could pardon everything and forget everything, when the perpetrator was a Lord Buckhurst. As a patron, however, he seems to have possessed that instinctive apprehension of the neighbourhood of true genius, which so often beguiles men into the belief, that he who can so skilfully estimate power in others, must surely be himself endued with the same species of capacity. Intimate relations with Waller, and Dryden, Butler, Wycherley, and Prior, with all but the first, the relations of a patron, point to no common appreciation of intellect or ordinary powers of discernment. It is to the gratitude of the last named that he is indebted for the preservation of his fame and the memory of his munificence.

They met at an annual dinner of the noblemen and gentry of the parish of St. Martin's, held, according to custom, at the Rummer Tavern, kept by S. Prior. From wine and talk of love there had been no unnatural transition, as usual in those days, to the poet of both. A discussion arose respecting the exact interpretation of some inspired platitude in the Odes about these mysteries; and one of the company happened to recollect that a schoolboy was in the house, the nephew of their host, and whose memory might be fresher on these points than their own. The array of courtiers and authors were astonished at discovering the delicacy and quickness of perception of the destined vintner in their own peculiar subjects. Lord Dorset at once recognised the lad's genius, and charged himself with his maintenance at Cambridge and future advancement. The determination did honour to his sagacity. The life of Prior is, from henceforth, at home, the history of cliques and coteries, which have made themselves niches in history, whence many a reminiscence of them sheds a bright quiet light over the dark places of this most obscure and idio-

syncratic of periods; abroad, of famous treaties, appealed to even now as articles of faith in the creed of the balance of power, and, in their provisions, still fresh and lasting. At St. John's, he soon grew into fame as a wit of the very first rank in the then sense of "wit." Mathematics had scarcely at that early period, spite of the world-wide reputation of Sir Isaac Newton, begun to engross all the interests of Cambridge. Latin verse was still there the poetry of the educated; and each unhappy tenant of the throne counted it among the burdens of greatness to have to peruse—or pretend it—the prolix Latinity of each ambitious gowmsman. Prior's good scholarship even secured his election as fellow of his college, shortly after taking his degree, and he became the centre of that society of which, at an earlier date, we discover many picturesque traces in the quaint biography of Matthew Robinson. In the vacations, with his brother Cantabs, he might have been found pressing round the upper table in the "Wits' Coffee-house," or the famous summer balcony, where they listened reverentially to the great chief of the wits, "proud to dip a finger and thumb into Mr. Dryden's snuff-box, thinking it enough to inspire them with a true genius, for poetry, and make 'em write verse as fast as a tailor takes his stitches," as a contemptuous cotemporary asserts. He certainly does appear to have been, at least on repartee terms with the great man at the date of the publication of the "Town and Country Mouse," whatever may be the truth of the anecdote, that the veteran author shed tears of annoyance and indignation, as the malice of the town delighted in believing, at the fact of "two young men, whom he had always treated well, treating him so ill." The story was a mere expression of the wrath which his envious detractors imagined must have been excited by learning the general ridicule (Prior and his coadjutors being the "coryphæi") cast upon the "Hind and the Panther."

Never, indeed, had anything been welcomed with more riotous exultation and a heartier burst of panegyric than this parody. The smartness of the insinuations and inuendoes so pleased and gratified the party-feeling, which had now engrossed every other sentiment, as to insure it against cool, impartial criticism. Dryden had already, by a proud self-assertion, and, at the same time by the narrowness of his circumstances, which, with all his fame, necessitated his appearing as a rival of hack-writers, roused the envy and jealousy of a host of competitors. Now there had arisen an additional motive to rage against him in his change of

religion, and, in the fear of the admirable powers of satire and criticism, which had worked such havoc in his "Absolom and Ahitophel," in the ranks of Shaftesbury's liberals. Dryden has been partly avenged by the neglect with which posterity has chosen to visit the instrument of his persecution. Such has always been the case with productions of ephemeral interest, and almost, it would seem, in proportion to their temporary popularity. The "Two Mice" is never republished, for it could have no readers, unless for its historical interest. They were at once enrolled in the select company of wits who met, curiously enough, at "The Judges' Head," in Chancery Lane, the sign of the celebrated Jacob Tonson, publisher of the rival "Hind and Panther." In this society was the germ of the prince of clubs, the Kit-Cat, more regularly established in 1700. Originally it was a sort of publishers' dinner and conversazione, at which literary projects were discussed, and the first foundation of a clever epigram laid. Gradually, as the fame of its wit and conviviality grew, peers and politicians of the liberal party petitioned to be admitted, till at last, though preserving, as *e. g.*, Brookes's still does, the idea of a party of guests, with Jacob Tonson for host, not of a systematic and independent society, it grew into a mighty centre of the literary and statesmanlike brilliancy of the great Whig houses. It is amusing to read the traditions of the elections of the "toast" for the year—the summer expeditions to the "Upper Flask," amid the distant (but not more rural in appearance then than now) wilds of Hampstead—of their conclaves at Jacob Tonson's country house—the proud condescension of their host, who thought himself the greatest man among them, in taking the post of their secretary—his love of all the old forms, and horror at the sacrilegious insolence of the notorious Lord Mohun, in breaking off the gilded emblem of office from the publisher's chair. But all this was at a later period, when Prior was lamented as a deserter to the Tory camp. At present it was more exclusively an association of young authors, or genuine literary lords, and the conviviality was confined chiefly to Christopher Cat's mutton pies. The poet's puns and bon-mots soon secured him a high place in this fraternity. But there was an under-current of prudence in his disposition, which made him crave some more stable position than that (in itself no sinecure) of a man of wit and fashion.

The times were favourable to his ambition. Literary men were still as much pa-

tronized as in the reign of Charles II., but now for the use to which their gifts could be put, not as being a necessary part of a great man's household. In fact, the importance of authors was disproportionately increased. The professional services of poets and satirists, it is obvious, were useful for winning over the nation to assent to the actual result which a comparatively very small body of prominent individuals had achieved. But this scarcely explains the sudden demand for the political aid of writers of any pretensions. We must recollect that, besides the accident of several of the chief supporters of the Revolution having been long conspicuous as patrons of literature, it was especially necessary to enlist, on the side of Reform, all the names of most popular notoriety. Lastly, when all those most versed in the routine of public business had been the employés of an adverse Government, and bound over, as it were, to promote hostile principles, it was much to have a choice from among men who had actually evinced their powers in any one direction.

The very universality of the practice of dispensing Government patronage in favour of his own class, made Prior feel injured at being passed over even for a time. He complained with a mixture of humour and querulousness—

"My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats while t'other's starved."

His murmurs were hardly justifiable. Not only had Montague a capacity for business, and an eloquence of the very first order, but his name and connections would give him a sure title to notice from the ruling oligarchy. Poor Prior, however, might be pardoned for overlooking the fact that the immediate event, the publication of the satire, which led to his friend's elevation, was not the sole reason. He only observed, that one of the co-authors seemed in danger of ending his days as a senior fellow, and he the man who had contributed all the wit of the pamphlet, except what merit the preface might possess. "Did not Halifax write 'The Country Mouse' with Mr. Prior?" asked Spence once. "Yes," said Lord Peterborough, "just as if I were in a chaise with Mr. Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, Lord! how finely we draw this chaise." He murmured that his right to promotion was vested, but not made payable. The interest of his friend Fleetwood Shepherd—an old boon companion of Charles II., and to whom two

amusing "Conversation" poems are addressed, with his old patron—great at William's Court and at the Kit-Cat Club,—the Earl of Dorset procured him an introduction to the king. In 1690, just three years after the publication of the parody, he was gazetted to the secretaryship of the embassy at the Hague.

Here then begins his political career. It was altogether diplomatic, though at times he held other employment, with nominal duties, and was almost the same in its demands upon his talents and political principles in the days of his Toryism and his Whiggism. It is fortunate for his fame, that the times immediately succeeding the Revolution, were as admirable for their negotiations as for their wars. Then first began to be understood the great doctrine of a balance of power, already referred to. It had formerly existed, as a principle, only in the speculations of profound international lawyers; the mutual fears and jealousies of neighbouring states having been, in the practice of nations, the substitute for it, since the condensation of those myriad independencies, which, under the feudal system, had rendered such a doctrine unnecessary. Practical statesmen had been forced to recognize it through the insolent ambition of Louis XIV., which made these terrors and suspicions, formerly intermittent, now continuous and even cotemporaneous. The comprehensive policy of William of Orange gave the banded nations of Europe a chief-tain and centre, and facilitated the adoption of measures in accordance with it. The negotiator recognised in the terms he was empowered to ask, and the conditions the ministers of hostile cabinets seemed ready to accept, the vast and energetic mind of his king. A sentiment of veneration for the champion of the Whigs, appears to have survived in the secretary's mind his apostasy to the Tories. Nor was he himself a mere obstructive in these transactions. A spiteful saying of Walpole's, and the reputation of his poetry, have prejudiced posterity against receiving him as a statesman. Less reasonably men have been led to conclude that he was an incapable diplomatist. But neither William nor Bolingbroke, his subsequent patron, were in the habit of choosing incompetent ministers. If there were any merit in the labours of the embassies in which he was engaged, it is undoubtedly to Prior that we must assign the praise, and not to the great "Revolution" Lord who might happen to be the chief figure in the pageant. That he had abilities for the work there can be no doubt whatever; for, if his name only had been want-

ed to give an air of literary patronage to the Government, plenty of glittering sinecures could have been found for him. What the work really was, and what sort therefore of abilities were needed for it, is not so apparent. Probably an ambassador even now possesses but little original power. He is only the organ of a cabinet, with very definite instructions. The time when he acts most of his own mere notion, is on occasions arising from some accidental *contre-temps* requiring prompt decision. In those days when resident legations were not yet customary, except among the Venetians, the chance of such exigencies was but small. The envoy was sent for a special purpose, and was expected to communicate at once all that occurred on the moment. Neither was the division of labour in a court quite as absolutely recognised then as now. As William was his own foreign minister, so, like Bolingbroke, he was all but his own diplomatist likewise. Indeed, it would have been strange had it been otherwise. The rights of nations were much more perplexed then than now; the complications which had been growing and growing since the feudal system, were then first unravelled. The statesman who had conceived the plan, and who held the chart of the track in his own mind, could alone embody the result in a treaty. No certain principle had as yet been established to determine the relations of states; the application of them was not then as now the only difficulty, but the induction itself. Hence a different sort of envoy was required, a man shrewd enough to comprehend the state of things, and not too self-reliant or vain to communicate all to his principal, and to obey orders implicitly; a man, besides, pliant and adapting himself quickly to foreign customs in an age not yet prolific in travellers, and with a reputation for wit and *esprit* enough to render him acceptable in foreign society; able, finally, to avail himself of all secret influences in that age of female intrigue and finesse. The correspondence of Prior with Lord Bolingbroke at a later period, shows how well he fulfilled all these conditions.

We have not full particulars of his conduct as a negotiator during William's reign. We only know that he answered the expectations of his patron, and satisfied the king. Without any impeachment to his talents, he appears to have been looked upon as rather ornamental, not from personal attractions (since we are told by a friend, that he possessed "un visage de bois"), but, for his sparkling wit. He figured, accordingly, on all occasions of show and pageant. Nor does he seem to

have disliked being forced to become part of a spectacle, though with a good deal of prospective shame at the thought of the humble condition into which he would have, some time or other, to descend. His movements were watched by all the quidnuncs at home, with a curiosity which must have been gratifying to the nephew of the butcher and vintner of the Rummer, or, perhaps yet more so, to the fellow of St. John's. Narcissus Luttrell is most particular in recording every rumour of his elevation and doings. From him we learn that, after having been four years at the Hague, attending there the congress of the Anti-Gallican powers of the West of Europe, he was appointed secretary to the king himself. Being now regularly retained for diplomacy by Government, he assisted at the peace concluded at Ryswic, in 1697, and was selected for the honourable employment of bringing home news of it to the Lords of the Regency. Bonfires and bell-ringing welcomed him home, as though he had been a conqueror. The same year, as a reward for his exertions, he was gazetted Chief Secretary to Ireland, but was speedily called upon to attend Bentinck, Earl of Portland, William's prime favourite, on his mission to Paris to exchange ratifications of the treaty. With the exception, perhaps, of the Duke of Bedford's embassy, in the last century, and that of Lord Castlemaine to the Pope, in James' reign, this was perhaps the most sumptuous ever dispatched by our country. Besides the importance of the occasion itself—the conclusion, not of one, but a series of wars—there was a desire to show France that England, in receiving a parvenu dynasty, had not abdicated the old sentiments of national grandeur—to publish, in short, before the eyes of France and all the West of Europe, a manifesto of its invincible pride and spirit. The whole was conducted on a scale of rude magnificence. The starving peasants, who thronged the highways to welcome the bearers of peace, were astonished at the spectacle of droves of fat oxen conveyed from home, and the French capital flowed with English ale. The Secretary was allowed L.300 for his equipage in the pageant of the solemn entering into Paris; and the exact number of shillings thought sufficient for such an official's daily expenditure, by the administration, is recorded by the veracious chroniclers of the gossip of clubs and coffee-houses.

His name and his business habits, his tact and wit, recommended him to the same office under Portland's successors, Villiers, Earl of Jersey, and Lord Manchester. In-

deed, with his reputation for fashion and dexterity of repartee, combined with real application, he was a most valuable representative of England in that court of coteries and politico-amatory intrigues. There seems to have been a kind of coolness—or, rather, perhaps, it should be termed, coldness of temper in him—which made him, though no Machiavel, a capital secretary of legation. The dignity of his position, as envoy of England at that special time, and a probably genuine admiration of the obstinate heroism of William's character—of which the object of his mission to his rival's court, was so material a proof—gave an air of sincerity to the famous saying, when paraded before Le Brun's pictures of Louis' Flemish Campaign at Versailles, that "the monuments of *his* master's actions were to be seen everywhere but in his own house."

He continued to reside in France, with but two short intervals—one for a mission to see King William at Loo, on some matters connected with diplomacy, the other when, in default of work for him at Paris, he was called over to take the Under-Secretary's portfolio in Lord Jersey's office. The curious in England were very inquisitive as to what business could have gained Prior admittance to the monarch's favourite retirement, and the conference has been considered evidence of his statesmanlike qualifications. His return home was rumoured to be connected with a negotiation of marriage between himself and the Lady Falkland. Whether there was any ground for the report does not appear. Poor Prior, at all events, never had the good fortune to contract so important an alliance. Indeed, it would seem that he was unhappy in his attachments. He had, at least once already, paid his addresses, during the leisure of a Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber—their object being Mrs. Singer, subsequently the celebrated Mrs. Rowe; while, from Mrs. Bessy Cox, who did respond more favourably, his friends thought him fortunate in being emancipated, even by the last resource of dying. He was soon summoned back to Paris, from the caresses of society in London. To be employed at all is no disagreeable lot in life; but to be employed as Prior was, with his love for high and refined society, delightfully, is rare good fortune. We should remember what sort of mind and tastes his were—we should, indeed, read a page of his poetry—before we regret that a poet's life should have been frittered away in the puerilities of diplomacy. Yet we must not underrate his court poetry. In those times of imaginary po-

liteness and serious politics, a poet in office was considered indebted to the king or his ministers in so many blunders or panegyrics or condolences, just as if he had been a very laureate. But Prior laid his tribute before the throne with a frankness and elevation of tone, which showed it not to be wrung unwillingly from him, but to be a spontaneous offering.

The character of the king, as a general and sovereign, spite of forbidding and uncourtier-like traits in his ordinary demeanour, might have provoked a man of lower endowments to poetry. Even Johnson is forced to allow, when speaking of the *Carmen* Secretary of 1699, that William was, in his public character, heroic, and that Prior may have told the truth, when he declared that, while he praised others out of complaisance with fashion, he lauded Orange from inclination. The latter poem itself is too laborious, after the manner of odes generally, and specially those of his age, to be read with pleasure now, let alone the wearisome mimicries of Horace. Still it has some fine lines, contrasting with William's more complete character, as he thought, the mixture of iron and clay in Roman heroes. He proceeds in a noble strain:—

“With justest honour be their merits dressed;
But be their failings too confessed:
Their virtue, like their Tiber's flood,
Rolling its course, designed the country's good.
But oft the great and too impetuous speed,
From the low earth tore some polluting weed;
And with the blood of Jove there always ran,
Some viler part, some tincture of the man.”

This is exalted for the professional wit and inditer of clever epigrams; yet people in this day may be pardoned for not searching a poem, and that, too, an ode, of some five or six hundred lines, for some few passages of this calibre. But why the “English Ballad on the Recapture of Namur” has not kept its popularity, it is much harder to explain. Perhaps, as in the *City and Country Mouse*, the labour of hunting out the parallelisms of a parody of a poem, itself now not generally read, may be the reason. At all events, there is a freshness, and animation in these verses, which is perfectly admirable. In lieu of thought, there is what is no such bad substitute sometimes, true ardour and zeal for his subject. There is abundance of effervescence, if there be scarcely genuine poetic fire. The art visible in all the poets since Shakspeare, with hardly an exception of Milton in his exquisite “*Comus*,” or of Dryden’s “*Alexander’s Feast*,” for once gives way here to open daylight and plain sound English, which had

been well-nigh superseded by the poetic diction of the age borrowed from the Elizabethan era.

Prior’s change of party is a fact of history, nor is there any history in it which needs explanation. He was no hero of political purity, no originator of a theory of the constitution and of government. The value of any criticism on his life must consist in the clearness with which it shows him to have been simply a representative character, representing that and the clever men of his age. He was not sufficiently energetic for the bar; nor could the son and nephew of tradesmen have gained ready admission to the court. From Parliament as a profession, he was excluded by the same deficiencies which unfitted him for the Temple or Lincoln’s Inn. But he chanced to have that very common combination—a taste for the glitter of a courtier’s life, and abilities for the busy idleness of bureau statesmanship. His powers, such as they were, were well attuned, and in perfect unison. Poetry and patronage were the regular and legitimate resource then for men of good education, narrow means, and aspirations for society superior to their own rank. Prior, therefore, became a poet, having not indeed any large portion of inspiration, but natural wit, and an especial taste for Horace, the hierophant of the mysteries of court versification; and Dorset and Fleetwood Shepherd had the honour of lighting upon him for a protégé and client. The days and the characteristics of Charles’ reign passed away. The court, as a court, no longer absorbed all the talents of the nation. Sedley, and Buckhurst, and Wilmot, could no longer affect, with repute, to blaspheme. But the people, though not now feeling content to be beaten and insulted by a gang of young nobles, who esteemed it fashionable to play the ruffian, had yet in it too much of the impulse of the Restoration, to refuse to let the same men subside from oligarchs into ministers and ambassadors. Their followers, in turn, were compelled to become politicians with their patrons; and Prior, without abnegating his character of a wit, grew in time into a minister plenipotentiary.

But he had betaken himself to politics as the profession, in those times, of a wit and a poet. He had no sympathy with the fervour of either of the two religious parties, if, indeed, he could comprehend their point of view. His political tenets were not much more clearly defined than his religious, though he does seem to have had a practical liking for the oligarchical system succeeding the expulsion of the Stuarts. It was his intimacy with some of the chief

agents in that event which had engaged him in his first literary performance, and which carried him on in the same track. Even his strongest sentiment in sympathy with 1689, viz., admiration for the great qualities of William, was itself of the same personal sort. But political partizanship, grounded merely on personal associations, nor cemented by reminiscences of personal risks and triumphs in the strife and struggles of great principles, is most unsteady.

His defection occurred the year after his election for East Grimstead, in Sussex, and his appointment as Locke's successor at the Board of Trade. The occasion seems to have been the motion for a Bill of Impeachment against the privy councillors, who had irregularly connived at William's conclusion of the Partition Treaty. On the same occasion, a future friend, destined by the baleful lustre of his genius and ambition, to ruin the hopes of the Tories, Henry St. John, made himself remarked. It has been supposed that Prior has recorded his own original dislike of that convention, spite of the part he had himself taken in it, in "The Conversation."

"Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approved that mystic league."

But, as this is said in the character of a false pretender to intimacy with the negotiator, and the next couplet—

"In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
Poor man! he found enough to do,"

is an attack upon what he most certainly had advised, just the contrary inference should, perhaps, be drawn. If we must be uncharitable—as is thought sometimes to be indispensable in history—his conduct, taken in connection with the rather suspicious circumstances of his subsequent relations with the Whig ministry, on the fall of the Tory cabinet, may be tolerably plausibly ascribed to a fear that, from the mechanical share he himself had taken in the transaction as secretary to the king, occasion might be taken by his enemies of the time being, for involving him in the criminality. But explanations, when we once allow the possibility of perfidy, are endless. A quarrel with, or jealousy of the grandeur of his old school-fellow, Charles Montague, would be as probable as any; only unfortunately it has not the least basis of proof to rest upon. It will be best to leave the matter to be explained by a combination of motives—a little fear of the odium waiting upon a sinking party, long-

accumulating discontent at the superior rank of old acquaintances, a faint conviction of the impropriety of unconstitutional measures in politicians, who had expelled a sovereign on this plea, and, finally and chiefly, the formation of new connections.

His vote against Somers and Montague clearly indicated his defection, but he had never at any time sufficiently compromised himself as a partizan, to be open now to revilings as an apostate. His present change was one rather of connections than of principles, and even this, of relations with the statesmen at the head of the Whig party, rather than its literary champions. Scarcely, even in the heat—if the term can be used of a cold diplomatist—of party controversy, during the latter years of Queen Anne, did Prior engage himself to pre-Revolution doctrines. For a long time he even seems, notwithstanding what Pope asserts to the contrary, to have maintained his acquaintance and co-operation with many of the subordinates in the party he had left—men who had, like himself, taken to politics as the proper profession now for men of intellect—persons like Stepney, who, on his death in 1717, associated his two now estranged school-fellows in his will, bequeathing to Halifax books and a gold cup, to the other fifty guineas. We find, even so late as the year 1700, in the very midst of the contest between the two factions, when Harley and his friends—the friends of Prior—had been ejected from office by a coalition of Whigs and liberal Tories, the "Phædra," a play of Edmund Smith's, brought out under the direct and united auspices of him and Addison.

If he had changed from motives of interest, he was rightly punished with a long interval of enforced leisure. He was even repulsed in 1701, when his new allies were in place, in an application for the Keepership of the Records at Whitehall, vacant by the death of Sir Joseph Williamson—a circumstance alluded to in Addison's answer in the "Whig Examiner" to his criticism on Garth's verses, where it is insinuated that his bitterness against the quondam Tory, Godolphin, was not purely patriotic. Literature, and plots, and all the multifarious trivialities of a man of fashion occupied him, whether voluntarily or otherwise, for nine or ten years. Some of his time was given up to the unmeaning dissipation of the period. Yet he was not a noted tavern-haunter, like Smith, or even a man to delight, as did Addison, in spending whole days and nights in a coffee-house. He preferred privacy in his pleasures, and the character of his wit was better suited for

the meetings of a select club, or the *salons*, than for the confusion and publicity of the favourite resorts of that age. The lodgings in Duke Street, Westminster, were often glorified by the presence of Addison himself, and Swift and Steele, who all, at times, could merge the excrescences of political hostility in the common brotherhood of literary genius. At some of these meetings the conspiracy of Isaac Bickerstaff's predictions against the astrologer Partridge's peace of mind, and belief in his own existence—conceived by the same quick fancy which forced the idea of Lilliput and Brobdingnag—was elaborated and picked out, as it were, by the others, assisted by Rowe, not yet a Whig, and Yalden, a consistent Tory, both old—Westminster men.

Thus, between the pleasures of literary idleness in the society of his acquaintances in town, and the houses of Lord Dorset, Fleetwood Shepherd, near Stamford, and Sir Thomas Hanmer's, at Euston, Prior seems to have passed the greater part of these years. Some of the interval he spent in his rooms at St. John's, where, no doubt, he was duly admired as a great politician and London wit. Yet, with all these varied sources of interest, the late diplomatist repined at being without employment. He always rather enjoyed the bustle and the minutiae of a legation, his commissionership, in which he had been confirmed on the accession of Anne, being all but a sinecure. Besides, he had an inclination to chronic fears of poverty, though, according to his friends' testimony, totally devoid of the prudent habits by which it might have been avoided. Rather later, responding to an invitation to Euston, he complains, that "he does not perceive that his fortune does any way intend to lessen his liberty," and commissions Hanmer to get him, not only "a pretty nagg," but also any available "Welch widow, with a good jointure." The narrowness of his circumstances, at the same period, appears even to have made him hesitate about declining an offer of a secretaryship to the Bishop of Winchester, with, seemingly, a kind of general agency in the estates of the see. He certainly had weighed the matter in his own mind, and was decided against accepting, by hearing that the income was much less than what report made it, and from fear of compromising his prospects with a liberal Tory ministry. He expresses himself vexed at the rumour that he was to "sett up High Church, and cut down all the bishop's woods into fagotts to burn dissenters."

Indeed, the first cabinet of Queen Anne's reign had been formed on Tory principles;

and though, with many questions turned into open ones, to let in the new partizans of the Duke of Marlborough discontented with the regular Tories, it had still sufficiently retained its original character to allow the regretful envoy to hope a restoration to the dignity and emoluments of the representative of a great nation. The successes of Marlborough left no scope for abilities so peculiarly adapted as were Prior's, for the atmosphere of the Paris and Versailles of Louis XIV.'s epoch. On the rupture of the Tories, he attached himself, gradually more and more, to the faction of Harley and St. John—not from any especial devotion to their principles, but from the courtesies of which these leaders were so prudently profuse to all men of letters. The death of Dorset in 1706, and of Stepney in 1707, left their friend more at liberty to follow his own bent. Some feeling of disappointment may, it is more than probable—as has been already suggested—have combined, with his intimacy with the conspirators and intuitions of St. John's talent for government, to carry him over as a professed member of opposition, on the catastrophe of Harley's plot against his Whig colleagues in 1706.

He was not ordinarily inclined to exult much in the triumph of his friends or the fall of his opponents; so that we must not expect songs of victory on the virtual defeat of the persecutors of Dr. Sacheverell; but, for a time, he certainly let himself be borne away by the violence of his associates, being one of those Tories who sympathized with the wrath of the October Club, at the lenity displayed to their foes by Harley. When the "Examiner" was set up by St. John, who at first conducted it, Prior was enrolled among the contributors, and signalled his accession by a contemptuous critique of Dr. Garth's verses to Godolphin on the loss of his white staff.

The keen epigrammatic genius of Prior was concentrated and brought to bear upon the most vulnerable points in the enemy's ranks by the Secretary, a most complete master of all the artillery of political literature. Yet, notwithstanding the poet's zealous co-operation in the earlier numbers of the "Examiner," this kind of warfare does not appear to have suited his capacity. We miss, even in Addison's answer, the graceful tact and the neatness of his sarcastic humour. He was not better adapted for a hand to hand combat in letters than in Parliament. His satire is obscure, and even the virulence clumsy. His opponent was not more fitted for such a situation: He was too open to attack himself, and too self-conscious to take

up any of those positions in such conflicts, where only, with some risk of personal exposure, any great injury can be done to the adverse side. He could point and wing a javelin, but not "the clumsy sort of sledge-hammer retort," which Swift, without a fear, and scarce an effort, could heave at ancient friend and ancient foe. His talents had soon a more congenial sphere created for them in his beloved diplomacy by the peculiar policy of his adopted party. Till the time was ripe, he murmured at the "dreams of cockets, and docketts, and drawbacks, and jargon," by which, as Commissioner of Customs, he declared himself to be haunted, made smart epigrams, organised clubs, and did much of the work of an agent among the polite and fashionable adherents of his two chiefs.

This was the age of epigrams. Society was a more important element in the life, especially, of politicians and authors, then than now. Newspapers had not yet begun to report faithfully the heaviest and the longest speeches for future reference, so that oratory, to be remembered, had to be terse and pointed, rather than elaborate and argumentative. Further, the author had not then a large reading public at his beck and call; for, even in the upper classes, books were not thought a necessary of life. A bon mot, on the other hand, travelled with the swiftness of every sedan chair, and made its inventor a famous man where he most desired to shine. The example of France, even the prevalence of the French language, encouraged this taste; and the keenness of political contests, with the concentration of a man's political and social life, made that kind of literary ability, which can embalm a party cry or invective in a stanza, quite invaluable. Luttrell, the celebrated wit of the commencement of the present century, and the poet Moore, flourished in a period at once of great political and literary impulse, but the progress of general education and of journalising made that time far different from the otherwise corresponding era of Anne's reign. Luttrell did not devote his powers to politics, and Moore's squibs, though animated and smart, read too often like versified and be-chorussed leaders of the "Times" or "Chronicle," which had commonly furnished their text.

Prior's powers as a wit were employed by his party, but the policy of its leaders soon created scope for his services in diplomacy. Peace with France had been, since the Revolution, a rooted sentiment of the Tory party; but the recent Whiggism of Marlborough, the only consummate general England possessed, rendered negotiations—

at least so thought a hostile cabinet—now inevitable. The nation, however, could not bear the thoughts of resigning the fruits of an incomparable series of victories, even while it murmured at the expenditure of which they were the result. To despatch, then, a formal embassy on a contingency, and, with all the circumstances of publicity, to insult as it were the Whigs, was too perilous an enterprise for an unstable cabinet. They gave Prior a secret commission to prepare the way for regular negotiations. The whole transaction was, however, bruited abroad through his detention on his return from Paris in company with Mesnager and Gaultier, by the officious patriotism of some provincial politicians. We can imagine how the ancient city of Canterbury (though other accounts represent Deal as the scene of the incident) would exult, and in what a strain of self-gratulation it would indulge itself, at the capture at last, of the celebrated Mr. Matthew Prior, so long a suspected character, in the company of a notorious French Abbé, and what occasion for murmurs at a Tory and Popish Government the order in Council for their release would furnish. The "New Journey to Paris," by the Sieur de Baudrier, was indited by Swift in ridicule of the monstrous reports to which so clandestine an expedition soon gave rise. The quiet demureness of the satire is first-rate, as is the picture of the airs of the pretended narrator, whom we discover from internal evidence, to have been the envoy's prying valet. It had, at all events, the effect of habituating the town to the idea, at least, of peace, and precipitated the preliminaries.

Next to St. John, Prior was the most active and conspicuous personage throughout these negotiations. It was at his house in Duke Street that the managers of the preliminaries met; and he signed the articles along with the privy councillors. Often, after the business of the day was over, did the aspiring Secretary of State resort to these same lodgings in quest of "cold blade-bone of mutton at the hour of midnight, dispatched after the drudgery of office, with much talk," and that, often, we suspect, not of the gravest or most statesman-like character. The poet was even named Ambassador Extraordinary, to act at Utrecht with the Resident, Lord Strafford; but the indignation of the Lord of Raby justified Swift's apprehensions, and hindered the ratification of the nomination. He was consoled by being selected, as of right, to attend his chief and boon companion, the "all-accomplished" Secretary of State, to Paris, where he partook in the glory of a deliverer of a harassed nation from an internecine war.

On his own account he was acceptable to Louis and his court. The monarch had the generosity, or prudence, to forget, if he had ever heard,* as well certain other verses, as the advice how without risk to earn the laurels of a martial king:—

“Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made
Without the help of fighting.”

The correspondence of Bolingbroke, on the return of the latter to England, throws light upon the poet's character in this the most exalted scene of his career. He was not a great master of the art of letter-writing, but neither were his immediate coevals. It is noteworthy that, as his age was the age of epigrams, so it was reserved for the next, which had lost this secret (for we find a bluntness even in Pulteney's *bon mots*), to excel in epistolography. Nowhere can be discovered more exquisite models of this branch of literature than in the correspondence of Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, (both, though contemporaries of Prior, in a literal sense, belonging more properly to the era of the Georges), Gray, and Horace Walpole. The letters of the famous men of Anne's reign, of Swift, and Bolingbroke, and Prior, are stiff and spoiled by classical quotations, and stilted attempts now and then at being lively, while their epigrams and sayings are pointed and as happy as can be. The distinction was owing to the influence of the social element in both epochs, and to its having been called out and developed at the respective periods for different objects. A good epigram is, in its own way, as certain evidence of the prominence of the social phase of an age as a picturesque style in letter-writing. Its smartness and pungency require a highly educated audience. That is not enough by itself. The audience must be composed of persons living so familiarly together, as at once and simultaneously to catch the glancing of an insinuation. Again, as has been already suggested, a perfect epigrammatic style implies, as precedent to its formation, large enough an audience and keen enough an interest in their neighbours' concerns, to reward the inventor's pains. The age of Marlborough, and Addison, Wharton, and Bolingbroke, was such. Politics were be-

come the sport and excitement for a number of leaders of society—the plotters in drawing-rooms as well as in cabinets. But the interests with which they played and coquetted were national; the heart of a whole people was the source on which they depended, and the throb and flutter of the pulse of ministries. But the very universality of the excitement destroyed the ease and freedom of society, while it infused a tone of hurry and agitation. Many instruments and agents were required to meet the demands of national and party enterprises, and each claimed, and, from the nature of the warfare, in which the engines were secret history and personalities, was necessarily allowed an equal footing in society. But that perfect reciprocity of sympathy and even prejudices, that feeling that the relations of the writer and reader are settled once for all, whether they be those of mutual equality, or the reverse, and that rank and position are recognized and certain, all necessary conditions of perfection in a correspondence, were altogether wanting between the tradesman's son and the masters of Mortimer and Battersea. Hence, in these letters of Prior to St. John, there is something of an appearance of effort at freedom in the familiarity. It is only when he talks of common acquaintances that this vanishes.

Otherwise, they are curious records of the business of the representative of a powerful nation in these days of intrigue. They throw much light on the real functions of a plenipotentiary in that age, if not in all, pending the negotiations for a great European peace. The proofs of the servile dependence of the minister at Paris for instructions from home on every single point, however trivial, diminish our wonder at the phenomenon of so unstatesmanlike a personage as the poet, having been placed in so important a station. He was, with two short intervals, when Bolingbroke and the Duke of Shrewsbury were at Paris, minister plenipotentiary. On the departure of the latter he actually assumed the public character of ambassador; nevertheless, his correspondence with the Secretary of State is filled throughout the entire period with details of petty vexations, little triumphs, and little duties. The letters chiefly refer to events subsequent to his visit to England in October 1712. We hear incidentally about that visit, that stocks rose on his arrival, and that he went up to Cambridge to display the plenipotentiary to his wondering brother-fellows, and how the Master of St. John's, to show he at least was not dazzled, let the minister *stand* before his elbow chair, and how the minister, in his

* A remark of Voltaire (*Lettres sur les Anglais*) suggests a simple, though less pleasing explanation of the king's magnanimity,—viz., that, up to the time of the poet's last visit to France, Paris was not aware that he had ever written verses. It is, however, hard to reconcile this with other facts.

indignation, indited an epigram to the effect that the dignitary should not have *his* interest for a bishopric.

He returned to France, to be harassed with a whole host of minute perplexities. His complaints that his salary was always in arrear, and the murmurs at the ambiguity of his position, as envoy with full powers at one time, and at another (during, *i.e.*, Shrewsbury's residence in Paris) having no definite name, though with a public commission, are quite distressing. Along with nearly every official despatch to the Secretary of State, is an epistle from "Matt to Harry," detailing his embarrassment from want of equipages. Every now and then he affects to despise the parade of a public entry into Paris, except for the honour of England and the Queen's commission. In March all his querulous questions are answered by Lord Dartmouth, the Secretary of State for France, with a reproof of his craving to be made part of the spectacle on the entry of the Duke of Shrewsbury. He had been allowed a sum of money for equipage when only secretary to the Earl of Portland, at the peace of Ryswic; he is now censured for supposing his commission gives him any representative character, and informed, that he need only assist at the ceremonial as a private gentleman. "Did I ever desire to be a lion in Arabia," he cries to St. John, in a burst of hurt pride and indignation, "any more than to be an ambassador at Paris?" His friend "Harry," who to every disappointed applicant for Government patronage was always profuse in his expressions of sympathy and readiness to aid, were it not for the senior partner in the firm (Harley), had often reiterated, "My friendship, dear Matt, shall never fail thee; employ it all, and continue to love Bolingbroke." Now, he advised him not to ask for such things, but to get them on credit. Poor Matthew did this to his cost, finding on the fall of his patrons, that he was held personally liable. In April 1713, however, the old querulousness breaks out. "Those people, you know," he writes, "who are curious and impertinent enough upon such heads, begin to question me so closely, that I sometimes wish I knew how to turn the discourse;" and in July he feelingly complains, that "if he be left plenipotentiary, he must have a house and a parson." His troubles were considerably lessened in September, for his friend had now become Secretary of State for the half of Europe, in which France was included, and the envoy seems to have been told, in St. John's magnificent way, to get all that he wanted on credit, for he bemoans, with manifest vanity,

the necessity of keeping "ten horses in his stables, and knaves in proportion," while we know that no part of all this splendour was as yet paid for, even the salaries of the State messengers being in arrears.

His public business consisted mainly of learning and transmitting the propositions of the French ministry, not in discussing or arguing on them. His less mechanical duties, besides the constant source of employment and meditation which his unsatisfied wants in the way of services of plate and coaches supplied him with, concerned the maintenance of the national glory, by hospitality to foreigners and Englishmen, the transaction of Bolingbroke's private business at the French court, and the distribution of his presents to the ladies and others of his acquaintance, or the care of providing truffles for the Queen's kitchen. The latter subject is most prolific of ministerial despatches. The history of the truffles was this: Mme. de Tencin had sent some to the Secretary of State through the agency of Prior. St. John, knowing the Queen's taste, loyally transferred them to the royal cook in the plenipotentiary's name, on which event we have the mysterious announcement in an epistle from him: "the Queen liked them, wished them *marbré* within; I give you the hint." Hence more truffles, and fervent thanks from Paris for "the hint as to the *marbré* in truffles; non sunt contemnenda quasi parva sine quibus magna constare non possunt." Prior recompensed his friend's kind offices in this negotiation with the sovereign's palate, by undertaking the apportionment of the former's gifts among his fair or political allies in France. There is much correspondence on the important subject, the cargo being composed of honey-water, sack, and "eau de Barbade," and several high dames having, it appears, equal claims in a share of the "Nectareous liquor eau de Barbade" (King's Toast), known to us under a less recondite name. "I protest," writes St. John, "I contributed to make the partition of Europe without being so much at a loss as I should be how to make that of this cargo!"

His interest with great men was doomed to be short-lived. A blight was about to fall upon all his political prospects. Harley and St. John had quarrelled; and the hopes of foes and fears of friends rose to a tremendous height. Prior had often vaunted his preference of "some small establishment at home" to all his ministerial grandeur, and indulged in affected regrets for the modest poverty of Duke Street. Still the Queen's illness, in January 1716, had struck him with a panic, and induced the trite but

well-founded foreboding—"if the prospect be dreadful to the masters of Mortemar Castle, Hinton St. George, Stanton Harcourt, and Bucklebury, what must it be to friend Matt!" No sooner had this danger disappeared, than lo! in the very next month came the terrible rumour of a schism in the Tory party. "We have reports here," he says, on March 3, 1716, "that frighten me all day, and keep me awake all night;" and which compelled him "to put his mind into 10,000 postures, as the caprice of every man that comes from the enchanted island (England) requires." Then again, ignoring his old cravings for a lowly retreat, he encourages himself and his chief to determine to make their retreat, respectively, to Bucklebury and St. John's, "as late as possible," while he urges upon the Secretary, that, "though it may look like a bagatelle, what is to become of a philosopher, when that philosopher is Queen's plenipotentiary and on such an occasion, and friend of one of the greatest men in England, one of the finest heads in Europe," he should not be left to the ostentatious patronage of a Frenchman (de Torey, who had offered to remind "Robin and Harry" of his claims). He disdains the Baden legation, and even a Commissionership of Trade, "having been put above himself, and not liking to return to himself." In vain did his friend reiterate that, "though he laugh at the knave and the fool who is advanced, he will never go about to disturb the only administration he ever liked, the only cause he ever can like." In vain did Prior urge the scandal of open quarrels between his masters at Whitehall, and bemoan his own ruin as involved in them; "Am I to go to Fontainebleau? Am I to come home? Am I to hang myself? From the present prospect of things, the latter begins to look most eligible." The rupture was to be; St. John was to snatch the crown of victory from his rival Harley's hands, and find it transmuted in his own to a mere bunch of withered weeds.

In less than a month all the fears of the party were realized, the Tories convulsed by an internal revolution, and the Queen dead. Well might Prior have exclaimed with Lord Bolingbroke, "What a world is this! and how does Fortune banter us!" He lingered in Paris till March in the next year, in a sort of amphibious condition, between an ambassador and a political refugee, harassed by debts contracted to support the dignity of his station, and watched by his own countrymen as, perhaps, now already intriguing with the Pretender. It was a sad reverse, after having so gaily congratulated himself and the ministry on St. John's

"beautiful daughter, the peace," to be looked upon as a traitor for the very treaty which he had proposed should be depicted on medals, impersonated, and enthroned in a triumphal car, as "Pax missa per orbem." At last he was relieved from the legatine pillory by the arrival of Lord Stair as his successor, and the tardy payment of his debts, not the less tardy that Lord Halifax, his old schoolfellow, and who still called himself his friend, was King George's first Commissioner of the Treasury.

No bells were rung or bonfires lighted, on this occasion, on his arrival at Whitehall; but men's eyes were not the less fixed upon him with eager expectation. Without having ever been notorious for perfidy or caprice, still his political career had scarcely given evidence of any rigidity of principle. His partisanship had always seemed rather the result of personal connections and friendships than principle. His disposition was cold, and his intimates appear to have considered him, though careless, selfish. Enemies could not be blamed for hoping to intimidate or corrupt such a character, and they adapted their measures for both aspects of his temperament, committing him to the loose custody of a messenger in his own house, and inviting him to dinner at the house of Walpole. The most terrible evidence of the common opinion, even of his friends, as to his weakness of will, or bad faith, was that conveyed in the flight of Bolingbroke the very same night on which the news of this certainly most suspicious entertainment reached him. We are glad to find strong reasons for believing that his terror was groundless. Prior, if indeed he had really led the Whigs to hope anything from his confessions, only pretended readiness to turn king's evidence to concentrate on himself exclusively their expectations of startling disclosures. He calculated that, if he, the confidant of the late cabinet in all the inmost mysteries of negotiation, should, when discovering all that he knew, be found to have revealed no plan bordering upon treason, the party would be cleared of criminality in the eyes of the nation. The details of the rage of the Whigs on discovering the trick played upon them, as furnished by the pen of the poet himself, are amusing and piquant. They vented their wrath on the author of the failure of the mighty secret committee, by voting him the honour of an impeachment. Perhaps for the humble poet and diplomatist this was the acmé of his glory. Still, though he never was in any fear for his life, notwithstanding his own account of the rise of his deafness, that "he had not thought of taking

care of his ears, while not sure of his head," the wreck of his hopes as a politician, and the cloud under which he lay, seem to have weighed upon his spirits.

He remained under surveillance over two years, being discharged shortly after the passing of the Act of Grace in 1717, from which, however, he was excepted by name. At first he had attempted to make light of his misfortunes; the clever but unsystematic "*Alma*" was the production of this period; but the permanence of his equivocal position, aggravated by a constitutional cough, produced great dejection. In October 1716, he writes to Sir Thomas Hammer, his steady friend, and too moderate a Tory, to have been dangerously implicated in the plots of his brother ministers:—"I have been for the last two years a stranger to health and pleasure;" and, in November of the same year, "Melancholy I can't help indulging even to stupidity." In fact, he had never been a sufficiently bold or earnest politician to be properly impressed with the grandeur of being a martyr to his maintenance of the tenets of the October Club, so long as the dignity interfered with his personal ease and comfort. His circumstances, besides, were bad, most of his little savings from official salaries having been swept away in 1711 in the failure of Stratford's bank. He was forced to meditate selling his house and effects. His friends, however, on hearing of his necessities, exerted themselves nobly. They were a numerous body. The correspondence with Bolingbroke had, indeed, never been renewed. In the dark suspicious mind of St. John, an impression once planted unfavourable to a friend grew and grew till it overshadowed all his reminiscences of ancient kindness. His rage against the memory of Pope evinced this phenomenon of temperament. He seems, in the same manner, always to have recollected, with resentment, that the fear of Prior's disclosures was the immediate cause of his own rash and ill-judged flight. But the closeness of the relations between Prior and Lord Harley, his rival's son, kept his anger fresh. Swift and Pope might remain on a friendly footing with the house of Oxford, yet be his friends; but the poet-diplomatist, always a sort of client of the fallen Lord Treasurer, was now become his attached and regular retainer. With the rest of the party, however, Whig persecution was accepted as sufficient testimony to the constant good faith, as well of Prior, as of the family of Harley. The halo of an impeachment hid all shortcomings.

Instead of a subscription, which would now be the course, an edition of his poems

was proposed by Lewis and Arbuthnot, and strenuously furthered by Swift, Pope, and Gay. "No advertisements," writes the first mentioned, "are to be published, and the whole affair will be managed in a manner the least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary." Besides the "*Alma*," the collection contained another new work, the fruit also of his imprisonment, "*Solomon*," his chief pride and boast, but, spite of Cowper's approbation, and some few dignified passages, an attempt quite beside, perhaps, beyond his powers. The design itself wants system, the poem being a sort of endeavour to embody "*Proverbs*" and "*Ecclesiastes*" in a romance, embellished with lively scenes and high-wrought descriptions of banquets so complete, that

"Not e'en the Phoenix scaped" (!)

Its great defects arise from the bard having no heart in what he portrayed, and, perhaps, but little comprehension of the grandeur of the sentiments he aspired to versify. The enterprise was undertaken in rivalry of Pope; and it is amusing to remark how petulantly he rejected the latter's preference of the Hudibrastic *Alma*. Pope judged rightly; he could also praise discreetly:—

"Our friend Don Prior told, you know,
A tale extremely à propos;"

and even the jealous author could, at times, criticise impartially, and in the same spirit, the child of his matured abilities—

"Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime."

The collection produced £4000, which, with the addition of the same sum lent by Lord Harley, in whom the estate, subject to the poet's life interest, was vested, purchased Down Hall in Essex.

He did not spend much of his time there. He divided his time, thenceforward till his death, chiefly between "the little house close to the noise of the Court of Requests," the mansions of Lords Harley and Bathurst, and St. John's. He had steadily refused to resign his fellowship in the height of his fortunes (though making over the emoluments most generously to a deprived fellow, the learned Baker), replying to the raileries of friends on his pluralities, that it would procure him "bread and cheese at the last." The event had justified his prudence.

The "*Brothers*" still met occasionally, and he with them; but beclouded with thoughts of the "great Dean" fretting his soul away in Ireland, and of their founder,

the aspiring secretary, an exile, and with the bar of treason on his scutcheon, treason to the king of the Whigs and the king of the Tories, the society pined and at length died out. Prior did not keep up his intimacy with the more professed political followers of St. John, such as Wyndham; but a warm friendship subsisted between him, and, not only Hanmer, a type of the Hanoverian Tories, whose Conservatism was based on a firm acquiescence in the Revolution, as "un fait accompli," but even with that most learned and sagacious of plotters, Bishop Atterbury. The comfort and consideration which attended him at this period of his life, we might have anticipated would have satisfied the vanity and tone of epicureanism in his disposition. It certainly approached what he had himself often represented to his friends as his ideal of happiness. Nevertheless, we can detect, in his correspondence, the shadow of a lingering hope that he might once more rise into political consideration, not through any exertions of his own, or even the agency of the Tory party, but in the train of Lord Oxford. The South Sea bubble, indeed, at one time so endangered the credit of certain of the Whig ministers, that there grew up a vague anticipation of the late Lord Treasurer's restoration to his old authority. Prior hoped to share in his patron's prosperity, though not entertaining the same opinion with the public of that statesman's character. The contrast he draws between the popular explanation of all Lord Oxford's conduct as ruled by the laws of a profound cunning, and the fact known to his friends, that the apparent caution and astuteness was nothing but dilatoriness and indecision, is grotesque but true. The crisis passed by, and the rumoured sagacity had no opportunity for display.

The ex-diplomatist's regrets and longings, his querulousness at straitened means, and determination to enjoy to the full the pleasures within his reach, lasted till his death, which occurred shortly after this final disappointment. He left behind him the brief memory of a very every-day character, most remarkable in its contrast, with the grandeur of the scenes and circumstances in which he had figured as a principal agent. Both parties in turn reckoned him an active ally. He was the favourite, as a negotiator, of two sovereigns; one his own, the other an enemy. Yet, notwithstanding all this, he was no statesman. In the golden age of our literature most eminent among poets, in his own day, confessedly, the first who introduced that more polished rhythm which the Rape of the Lock displays in its

highest perfection, reckoned by Pope, who disliked him because of his quarrel with St. John and Atterbury, along with Shakspeare, Spenser, and Dryden, among the eight "authorities for poetical language," vindicated fiercely by the truthful and natural Cowper from Johnson's "rusty fusty" remarks on Henry and Emma, and honoured in having furnished large stores of poetry to the tenacious memory of Scott, his claims to a lofty poetic fame have been disallowed by the popular judgment of posterity, and his most epigrammatic love-odes neglected. Without thought or passion, no writer can long keep his rank among poets. He was more regularly engaged in politics than Swift. Some of his bon-mots, Hazlitt says, are the best that are recorded—yet who would dream of comparing the author of Drapier's Letters and Gulliver, with Prior, as a politician, or even as a wit. In poetry, he was no less famous in his own day than Pope; but thousands, it may be said without exaggeration, read and know Pope for one who has glanced through Prior. Even in the brilliant social epoch of Queen Anne's reign, he occupies no special, no individual position among the Dorsets, Montagues, and St. Johns, with whom he familiarly associated. Scarcely an idea has been handed down to us of his very demeanour and general appearance. He did, said, and wrote many things, which are remembered; but he himself is not.

He died in 1721. He was attended to the grave by the cold regret of his once enthusiastic friend, Lord Bolingbroke, at his having been left by his wealthy patrons to comparative poverty, and by Atterbury's excuses for being kept away by a cold. He had himself to remind posterity by a bequest for a sumptuous monument in the Abbey, who he was, and what he was.

ART. IV.—1. *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Brown, M.D.* By Rev. D. WELSH. 1825.

2. *Edinburgh University Essays*, 1856.
 ART. VII. *Sir William Hamilton.* By THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, LL.B.

In the edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" now in the course of publication, there is a continuation of the Historical Dissertations on the Progress of Natural Philosophy; but, as yet, there has been no continuation of the Dissertations on the Pro-

gress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy. We are at this moment without an account of the phases which mental science has assumed of late years in Scotland. We are not, in this article, to attempt to supply this defect. We are to content ourselves with a sketch and a criticism of the two men who have exercised the greatest influence in a department in which Scotland has been allowed to excel. We are aware that Dr. Thomas Brown and Sir William Hamilton, whom we place side by side, differ very widely from each other; but their peculiarities will come out more strikingly by the contrast; and it may be interesting, and instructive withal, to observe the one sinking as the other rises above the horizon.

There would be no propriety in giving a history of Dr. Brown, since we have a full and admirable memoir in a work so accessible as his "Life" by Welsh, and an excellent compend of this in the short notice which prefaces the common edition of Brown's "Lectures." In regard to his younger years, it will be enough for us to mention, that he was born at Kirmabreck, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in January 1778; that his father, who was minister of that place, died soon after, when the family removed to Edinburgh; that he there received the rudiments of his education from his mother; that, in his seventh year, he was removed to London, under the protection of a maternal uncle, and attended successively schools at Camberwell, Chiswick, and Kensington, down to the time of the death of his uncle, in 1792, when he returned to Edinburgh, to reside with his mother and sisters, and begin his collegiate course in the University. He is described as a precocious child, and we can believe it. He was precocious all his life, and in everything. We have to regret that he did not take sufficient pains to secure that the flower which blossomed so beautifully should be followed by corresponding fruit. We can credit his biographer, when he tells us that he learned the alphabet at a single lesson; but we suspect that there must have been the prompting of some ministerial friend preceding the reply which he gave, when he was only between four and five, to an inquiring lady, that he was seeking out the differences in the narratives of the evangelists. At school he was distinguished by the gentleness of his nature and the delicacy of his feelings; by the quickness of his parts, and particularly by the readiness of his memory; by his skill in recitation, and his love of miscellaneous reading, especially of works of imagination. Nor is it to be forgotten that he also gave promise of his genius for poetry, by verses

which one of his masters got published, perhaps unfortunately for the youth, in a magazine. He read with a pencil in his hand, with which he made marks; and, in the end, he had no pleasure in reading a book which was not his own. He began his collegiate course in Edinburgh by the study of Logic under Finlayson; and having, in the summer of 1793, paid a visit to Liverpool, Currie, the biographer of Burns, introduced him to the first volume of Stewart's "Elements." The following winter he attended Stewart's course of lectures, and had the courage to wait on the Professor, so renowned for his academic dignity, and read to him observations on one of his theories. Mr. Stewart listened patiently, and then read to the youth a letter which he had received from M. Prevost of Geneva, containing the very same objections. This was followed by an invitation to the house of the Professor, who, however, declined on this, as he did on all other occasions, to enter into controversy. It is but justice to Stewart to say, that he continued to take a paternal interest in the progress of his pupil, till the revolt of Brown against the whole school of Reid cooled their friendship, and loosened the bonds which connected them. In 1796 he is studying law, which, however, he soon abandoned for medicine, and attended the medical classes from 1798 till 1803. At college, he received instructions from such eminent professors as Stewart, Robison, Playfair, and Black, and was stimulated by intercourse with college friends, such as Erskine, Brougham, Reddie, Leyden, Horner, Jeffrey, and Sidney Smith—all precocious and ambitious like himself, and who, in the "Academy of Sciences," debated on topics far beyond their years and their knowledge.

It was when Brown was at college, that Darwin's "Zoonomia" was published, and excited, by its superficial plausibility, an interest resembling that which the "Vestiges" has done in our day. Brown reads it at the age of eighteen, and scribbles notes upon it; these ripen into a volume by the time he is nineteen, and are published by him at the age of twenty. It is a remarkable example of intellectual precocity. In the midst of physiological discussions, most of the metaphysical ideas which he developed in future years are to be found here in the bud. He considers the phenomena of the mind as mental states, speaks of them as "feelings," delights to trace them in their succession, and so dwells much on suggestion, and approaches towards the theory of general notions, and the theory of causation, expounded in his subsequent works. It should be added, that the book committed him prema-

turely to principles which he was indisposed to review in his riper years. It appears from a letter to Darwin, that, at the age of nineteen, he had a theory of mind which he is systematizing.

Out of the "Academy of Sciences" arose, as is well known, the "Edinburgh Review," in the second number of which there was a review, by Brown, of Viller's "*Philosophie de Kant*." The article is characterized by acuteness, especially when it points out the inconsistency of Kant, in admitting that matter has a reality, and yet denying this of space and time, in behoof of the existence of which we have the very same kind of evidence. But the whole review is a blunder, quite as much as the reviews of Byron and Wordsworth in the same periodical. He has no appreciation of the profundity of Kant's philosophy, and no anticipation of the effects which it was to produce, not only on German, but on British thinking. Immersed as he was in medical studies, and tending towards a French Sensationalism, he did not relish a system which aimed at showing how much there is in the mind independent of outward impression. The effects likely to be produced on one who had never read Kant, and who took his views of him from that article, are expressed by Dr. Currie, "I shall trouble myself no more with *transcendentalism*; I consider it a philosophical hallucination." It is a curious instance of retribution, that, in the succeeding age, Brown's philosophy declined before systems, which have borrowed their main principles from the philosophy of Kant, and deal as largely with *à priori* "forms," "categories," and "ideas," as Brown did with "sensations," "suggestions," and "feelings."

We feel less interest than he did himself in two volumes of poetry, which he published shortly after taking his medical degree in 1803. His next publication was a more important one. The chair of mathematics in Edinburgh was vacant, and Leslie was a candidate. The city ministers attached to the Court party wished to reserve it for themselves, and urged that Leslie was incapacitated, inasmuch as he had expressed approbation of Hume's doctrine of Causation. It was on this occasion that Brown wrote his "Essay on Cause and Effect"—at first a comparatively small treatise, but swollen, in the third edition (of 1818), into a very ponderous one. It is divided into four parts;—the first, on the Import of the Relation; the second, on the Sources of the Illusion with respect to it; the third, on the Circumstances in which the Belief Arises; and the fourth, a Review of Hume's Theory. The work is full of repetitions, and the style,

though always clear, is often cumbrous, and wants that vivacity and eloquence which so distinguish his posthumous lectures. It is characterized by great ingenuity and power of analysis. He has dispelled for ever a large amount of confusion which had collected around the relation; and, in particular, he has shown that there is no link coming between the cause and its effect. He agrees with Hume, in representing the relation as consisting merely in invariable antecedence and consequence. In this he has been guilty of a glaring oversight. It may be all true, that there is nothing coming *between* the cause and its effect, and yet there may be, what he has inexcusably overlooked, a power or property in the substances acting as the cause to produce the effect. It is but justice to Brown to add, that, in one very important particular, he differs from Hume; and that is in regard to the mental principle which leads us to believe in the relation. This, according to Hume, is mere custom; whereas, according to Brown, it is an irresistible intuitive belief. By this doctrine, he attached himself to the school of Reid, and saved his system from a sceptical tendency, with which it cannot be justly charged. This irresistible belief, he shows, constrains us to believe that the universe, as an effect, must have had a cause. It is to be regretted that he did not inquire a little more carefully into the nature of this intuitive belief which he is obliged to call in, when he would have found that it constrains us to believe, not only in the invariability of the relation, but in the potency of the substances operating as causes to produce their effects.

We are not concerned to follow him in his medical career, in which he became the associate of the famous Dr. Gregory in 1806. We are approaching a more momentous epoch in his life. Dugald Stewart being in a declining state of health, Brown lectured for him during a part of sessions 1808-9 and 1809-10; and, in the summer of 1810, Stewart having expressed a desire to this effect, Brown was chosen his colleague, and, from that time, discharged the whole duties of the office of Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Even those who have never seen him can form a pretty lively image of him at this time, when his talents have reached all the maturity of which they are capable, and his reputation is at its height. In person, he is about the middle size; his features are regular, and in the expression of his countenance, and especially of his eye, there is a combination of sweetness and calm reflection. His manner and address are some-

what too fastidious, not to say finical and feminine, for a philosopher; but the youths who wait on his lectures are disposed to overlook this, when they fall under the influence of his gentleness, so fitted to win, and of the authority which he has to command. Expectation was on the tiptoe, and he fully met and gratified it. His amiable look, his fine elocution, his acuteness and ingenuity, his skill in reducing a complex subject into a few elements, his show of originality and independence, the seeming comprehensiveness of his system, and above all, his fertility of illustration, and the glow, like that of stained glass, in which he set forth his refined speculations, did more than delight his youthful audience—it entranced them; and, in their ecstasies, they declared that he was superior to all the philosophers who had gone before him, and, in particular, that he had completely superseded Reid, and they gave him great credit, in that he generously refrained from attacking and overwhelming Stewart. He had every quality fitted to make him a favourite with students. His eloquence would have been felt to be too elaborate by a younger audience, and regarded as too artificial and sentimental by an older audience, but exactly suited the tastes of youths between sixteen and twenty. A course so eminently popular among students had not, we rather think, been delivered in any previous age in the University of Edinburgh, and has not, in a later age, been surpassed in the fervour excited by Chalmers or Wilson. There are men of sixty, still spared to us, who fall into raptures when they speak of his lectures, and assure the modern student, that, in comparison with him, Wilson was no philosopher, and Hamilton a stiff pedant. It should be added, that, when the students attending him were asked what they had got, not a few could answer only by exclamations of admiration, “How fine!” “How beautiful!” “How ingenious!” In those large classes in the Scottish colleges which are taught exclusive by written lectures, large numbers, including the dull, the idly inclined, and the pleasure-loving, are apt to pass through without receiving much benefit—unless, indeed, the professor be a very systematic examiner and laborious exacter of written exercises; and this, we rather think, Brown was not. As he left the impression on his students, that there was little wisdom in the past, and that his own system was perfect, he did not, we suspect, create a spirit of philosophic reading such as Hamilton evoked in select minds in a later age. But all felt the glow of his spirit, had a fine literary taste awakened by his

poetical bursts, had their acuteness sharpened by his fine analysis, went away with a high idea of the spirituality of the soul, and retained through life a lively recollection of his sketches of the operations of the human mind. This, we venture to affirm, is a more wholesome result than is likely to be produced by what some would substitute for psychology in these times, *a priori* discussions derived from Germany, or demonstrated idealisms spun out by an exercise of human ingenuity.

His biographer tells us that, on his appointment to the chair, he had retired into the country in order that fresh air and exercise might strengthen him for his labours, and that, when the session opened, he had only the few lectures of the previous winters; but such was the fervour of his genius and the readiness of his pen, that he generally commenced the composition of a lecture after tea and had it ready for delivery next day by noon, and that nearly the whole of the lectures contained in the first three of the four volumed edition were written the first year of his professorship, and the whole of the remaining next session. Nor does he appear to have re-written any portion of them, or to have been disposed to review his judgments, or make up what was defective in his philosophic reading. He seems to have wasted his life in sending forth volume after volume of poetry, which is, doubtless, beautifully and artistically composed, after the model of the English poets of the eighteenth century, but its pictures are without individuality, and they fail to call forth hearty feeling. Far more genuine poetical power comes out incidentally in certain paragraphs of his philosophic lectures than in whole volumes of his elaborate versification.

The incidents of his remaining life are few, but are sufficient to bring out the lineaments of his character. His chief enjoyments lay in his study, in taking a quiet walk in some solitary place, where he would watch the smoke curling from a cottage chimney, or the dew illuminated with sunshine on the grass, and in the society of his family and a few friends. Never had a mother a more devoted son, or sisters a more affectionate brother. In his disposition there is great gentleness, with a tendency to sentimentality; thus, on the occasion of his last visit to his native place, he is thrown into a flood of sensibility, which, when it is related in future years to Chalmers, on his happening to be in the place, the sturdier Scotch divine is thrown into a fit of merriment. We perceive that he is fond of fame and sensitive of blame, but

seeking to cherish both as a secret flame; and that he is by no means inclined to allow any one to offer him counsel. In 1819, he prepared his "Physiology of the Mind," as a text-book for his students, and put it into the press the following winter. By the Christmas of that year he was rather unwell; in spring he removed for the benefit of his health to London, and died at Brompton in April 1820. His remains were deposited in the churchyard of his native place, beside those of his father and mother.

His lectures were published shortly after his death, and excited an interest wherever the English language is spoken, quite equal to that awakened by the living lecturer among the students of Edinburgh. They continued for twenty years to have a popularity in the British dominions and in the United States greater than any philosophical work ever enjoyed before. During these years most students were introduced to metaphysics by the perusal of them, and attractive beyond measure did they find them to be. The writer of this article would give much to have revived within him the enthusiasm which he felt when he first read them. They had never, however, a great reputation on the Continent, where the Sensational school thought he had not gone sufficiently far in analysis; where those fighting with the Sensational school did not feel that he was capable of yielding them any aid; and where the Transcendental school, in particular, blamed him for not rendering a sufficiently deep account of some of the profoundest ideas which the mind of man can entertain, such as those of space, time, and infinity. His reputation was at its greatest height from 1830 to 1835, from which date it began to decline, partly because it was seen that his analyses were too ingenious, and his omissions many and great; and partly, because new schools were engaging the philosophic mind; and, in particular, the school of Coleridge, the school of Cousin, and the school of Hamilton. Coleridge was superseding him by views derived from Germany, which he had long been inculcating, regarding the distinction between the Understanding and the Reason; Cousin, by a brilliant Eclectic system, which professedly drew largely from Reid and Kant; and Hamilton, by a searching review of Brown's Theory of Perception, and by his own metaphysical views promulgated in his lectures and his published writings. The result of all this was a recoil of feeling in which Brown was as much undervalued as he had at one time been overrated. In the midst of these laudations and condemnations, Brown's psychological system has never

been completely reviewed. Now that he has passed through a period of undeserved popularity, and a period of unmerited disparagement, the public should be prepared to listen with candour to an impartial criticism.

The psychology of Brown may be summarily described as a combination of the Scottish philosophy of Reid and Stewart, and of the analysis of Condillac, Destutt de Tracy, and the higher philosophers of the Sensational school of France, together with views of the association of ideas derived from a prevailing British school. To Reid and Stewart he was indebted more than he was willing to allow, and it would have been better for his ultimate reputation had he imbibed more of their spirit, and adhered more closely to their principles. He admits everywhere with them the existence of principles of irresistible belief; for example, he comes to such a principle when he is discussing the beliefs in our personal identity, and in the invariability of the relation between cause and effect. But acknowledging, as he does, the existence of intuitive principles, he makes no inquiry into their nature and laws and force, or (what has never yet been attempted) the relation in which they stand to the faculties. In this respect, so far from being an advance on Reid and Stewart, he is rather a retrogression. His method is as much that of Condillac and Destutt de Tracy as that of Reid and Stewart. He is infected with the besetting sin of metaphysicians, that of trusting to analyses instead of patient observation; and, like the French school, his analysis is exercised in reducing the phenomena of the mind to as few powers as possible, and this he succeeds in doing by omitting some of the most characteristic peculiarities of the phenomena. His classification of the faculties bears a general resemblance to that of M. de Tracy, the metaphysician of the Sensational school.* The

* Hereby hangs a tale. Professor James Mylne of Glasgow, resolved all the powers of the mind into Sensation, Memory, and Judgment—Emotion being represented as a conception with a sensation attached. There was a correspondence between this division and that of Brown, and yet neither could have borrowed from the other; Mylne, who never published his system, delivered it in lectures years before Brown was a professor. The general correspondence arose from both being influenced by de Tracy. This came out when the posthumous lectures of Prof. Young of Belfast, on "Intellectual Philosophy," were published (1835). The views there given had such a resemblance to those of Brown, that some of Brown's friends were inclined to regard him as having borrowed from Brown without acknowledgment. But the actual state of the case is, that Dr. Young's lectures, written immedi-

Frenchman's division of the faculties is—Sensibility, Memory, Judgment, and Desire; Brown's is—Sensation, Simple and Relative Suggestion, and Emotion.

In estimating the influences exercised from without on Brown, we must further take into account, that ever since the days of Hartley, there had been a great propensity in Britain to magnify the power and importance of the Association of Ideas. Not only habit, but most of our conceptions and beliefs had been referred to it; Beattie and Alison, followed by Jeffrey, ascribed to it our ideas of beauty; and, in a later age, Sir James Macintosh carried this tendency the greatest length, and helped to bring about a reaction, by tracing our very idea of virtue to this source. It is evident that Brown felt this influence largely. Our intelligence is resolved by him into Simple and Relative Suggestion. There is a flagrant and inexcusable oversight here. All that Association, or, as he designates it, Suggestion, can explain, is the order of the succession of our mental states; it can render no account of the character of the states themselves. It might show, for example, in what circumstances a notion of any kind arises, say our notion of time, or space, or extension, but cannot explain the nature of the notion itself.

But it will be necessary to enter a little more minutely into the system of Brown. From the affection which we bear to his memory, and bearing in mind that his views have never been used by himself or others to undermine any of the great principles of morality, we would begin with his excellencies.

In specifying these, we are inclined to mention, first, his lofty views of man's spiritual being. He everywhere draws the distinction between mind and body very decidedly. In this respect, he is a true follower of the school of Descartes and Reid, and is vastly superior to some who, while blaming Locke and Brown for holding views tending to sensationalism, or even materialism, do yet assure us, as Mr. Morell does

("Elem. of Psychology," p. 78), that the essential distinction between mind and matter is now broken down.

We have already referred to the circumstance, that Brown stands up resolutely for intuitive principles. He calls them by the very name which some prefer as most expressive—"beliefs," and employs the test which Leibnitz and Kant have been so lauded as introducing into philosophy. He everywhere characterizes them as "irresistible"—a phrase pointing to the same quality as "necessary"—the term used by the German metaphysicians. No one—not even Cousin—has demonstrated, in a more effective manner, that our belief in cause and effect is not derived from experience. By this doctrine he has separated himself for ever from Sensationalists, and given great trouble to those classifiers of philosophic systems who insist, contrary to the whole history of British philosophy, that all systems must either be sensational or ideal. It is quite obvious that such men as Butler, Brown, and Chalmers, cannot be included in either of the artificial compartments, and hence one ground of their neglect by the system-builders of our age.

His whole account of sensation is characterized by fine analysis; and, in particular, his separation of the muscular sense from the sense of touch proper. About the very time when Sir Charles Bell was demonstrating, by anatomy, the distinction between the nerves of sensation and the nerves of motion, Brown was showing, on psychological grounds, how, by the muscular sense, we get knowledge which cannot be had from mere feeling or touch. No doubt, Sir W. Hamilton has been able, by his vast erudition, to detect anticipations of these views (see note D, appended to Reid); but they were never so clearly stated, nor so acutely elaborated.

Nor must we forget his ingenious and felicitous mode of illustrating the succession of our mental states. In this particular, were it only by his happy illustrations, he has made most important contributions to what he called the physiology of the mind. It is not to be omitted, that, while he illustrates the laws of suggestion under the three Aristotelian heads of Contiguity, Resemblance, and Contrast, he hints at the possibility of resolving the whole to a finer kind of contiguity—a doctrine which is an approach to the law of integration developed by Hamilton. It should be added, that he has a classification—crude enough, we acknowledge—of the secondary laws of suggestion, a subject worthy of being further prosecuted.

ately after his appointment to the Belfast Academical Institution (1815), are largely taken from his preceptor, Mr. Mylne, who was indebted to de Tracy. It is only justice to add, that all three were men of original and independent minds. Mylne was a clear, cool lecturer, and made his students think; but his system of morals was a utilitarian one of a low stamp, and, in his account of the human mind, he overlooked its noblest ideas. Young's lectures, which do not seem to have been carefully re-written, gave no adequate view of one who was a man of fine parts and an orator, but who wasted his talents in "dining out," and unprofitable speechifying. It is a disgrace that there should be no epitaph over his grave but this, put up by some foolish fellow, "Young moulders here."

His manner of classifying the relations which the mind can discover, though by no means complete and ultimate, is, at least, worthy of being looked at, and is superior to what has, to some extent, the same end in view—the vaunted categories of Kant.

Some place higher than any of his other excellencies, his eloquent exposition of the emotions—an exposition which called forth the laudations both of Stewart and of Chalmers. We are not inclined, indeed, to reckon the principle which he adopts in dividing them—that of time—as the best; and we are sure that he includes under emotion much that should be placed under a higher faculty; still, his lectures on this subject contain much fine exposition, and are radiant all over with poetry, and will repay a careful reading, much better than many scholastic discussions such as it is now the custom to teach in the chairs of mental science. It would be injustice not to add, that he has some very splendid illustrations of Natural Theism, fitted at once to refine and elevate the soul. We have never heard of any youth being inclined towards scepticism or pantheism, or becoming prejudiced against Christian truth, in consequence of attending on, or reading the lectures of Brown.

Over against these excellencies we have to place certain grave deficiencies and errors.

First, we take exception to the account which he gives of the very object and end of mental science. It is, according to him, to analyse the complex into the simple, and discover the laws of the succession of our mental states. There is a grievous oversight in this representation. The grand business of mental science is to observe the nature of our mental states, with the view of classifying them, and rising to the discovery of the laws which they obey, and the faculties from which they proceed. Taking this view, analysis becomes a subordinate, though of course an important, instrument; and we have to seek to discover the faculties which determine the nature of the states, as well as the laws of their succession.

He grants that there are intuitive principles of belief in the mind; but he has never so much as attempted an induction of them, or an exposition of their nature, and of the laws which regulate them. In this respect he must be regarded as falling behind his predecessors among the Scottish metaphysicians, as he is in a still greater degree inferior to Hamilton—who succeeded him—in the estimation of students of mental science. The intelligent reader is greatly disappointed to find him, after he has shown so forcibly that there is an intuition involved in our

belief in our personal identity and in causation, immediately dropping these intuitions, and inquiring no more into their nature.

In his analysis he often misses the main element of the concrete or complex phenomenon. In referring so many ideas to sensation, he omits to consider how much is involved in body occupying space, and how much in body exercising property; and, in the account of memory, he fails to discover how much is contained in our idea of time. Often, too, when he has accomplished an analysis of a complex state, does he forget the elements, and reminds us of the boy who imagines that he has annihilated a piece of paper when he has burnt it, forgetting that the elements are to be found in the smoke and in the ashes. Thus, in analysing our belief in personal identity, he comes to an intuitive belief or instinct, but no account is taken of that instinct in the summary of mental principles. It is by a most deceitful decomposition—it is by missing the very peculiarity of the phenomena, that he is able to derive all our intellectual ideas from sensation, and simple and relative suggestion.

Thus, he looks on consciousness merely as a general term for all the states and affections of mind; and then, in order to account for our belief in the sameness of self, he calls in a special instinct, which he would have seen to be involved in consciousness (always with memory), had he taken the proper view of consciousness—as an attribute revealing to us self and the states of self.

His doctrine of Perception has been severely criticised by Hamilton, and it is not needful to dwell on it. According to Brown, the mind, in perception through the senses, looks immediately on a sensation in the mind, and not on anything out of the mind. This, says Hamilton, is contrary to consciousness. We may add that, by adhering to this doctrine, he finds himself in great difficulties, in attempting to show how the mind can, from a knowledge of a mental state, which is not extended or solid, ever rise to the knowledge of something extended and solid.

In supposing that our conceptions can be referred to suggestion, he is overlooking the characteristic of the conceptions. He takes no separate account of the fantasy, or imagining power of the mind, which pictures and puts in new forms our past experience by the senses and by self-consciousness; nor does he distinguish sufficiently between a conception, considered as a mere image or representation, and the abstract and general notion. Nor can his system admit of his

giving any account of the genesis of some of the profoundest notions which the mind of man can entertain—such as those of space, and time, and substance, and infinity. In his view of cause, he is obliged to call in an intuitive belief; but he does not see that this belief declares that there is power in the substance, acting as a cause, to produce the effects. His analysis of reasoning has been declared defective, even by Mr. J. S. Mill, and must be held as erroneous by all who maintain that there is need, in every argument, of a major term, explicit or implicit.

But his view of the motive and moral powers of man is still more defective than his view of the intellectual powers. Dr. Chalmers has shown that he has overlooked the great truth brought out by Butler, that conscience is not only a power in the mind, but claims supremacy and authority over all the others. We hold that his account of the moral faculty is altogether erroneous, inasmuch as he represents it as a mere power of emotion, overlooking the necessary conviction and judgment involved in it. He is guilty of an equally fatal mistake, in describing will as the prevailing desire, and desire as a mere emotion. Nor is it to be omitted, that he does not bring out fully that the moral faculty declares man to be a sinner. He thus constructed an ethical system, and delivered it in Edinburgh—which sometimes claims to be the metropolis of evangelical theology—without a reference to redemption or grace. This has been the grand defect of the academic ethical systems, and especially of the systems taught in the Moral Philosophy Chairs of Scotland. No teachers ever inculcated a purer moral system than Reid, Stewart, and Brown; but they do not seem willing to look at the fact, that man falls infinitely beneath the purity of the moral law. They give us lofty views of the moral power in man, but forget to tell us that man's moral faculty condemns him. It is at this place that we may expect important additions to be made to the ethics of Scotland. Taking up the demonstrations of the Scottish metaphysicians in regard to the conscience, an inquiry should be made, how are they affected by the circumstance that man is a sinner? This was the grand topic started by Chalmers, and which will be prosecuted, we trust, by other inquirers.

We are now to turn to a thinker of a different stamp. Brown and Hamilton are alike in the fame which they attained—in the influence which they exercised over young and ardent spirits—in the interest which they exercised in the study of the Human Mind—and in their success in up-

holding the reputation of the Scottish Colleges for metaphysical pursuits: each had an ambition to be independent; to appear original, and establish a system of his own; both were possessed of large powers of ingenuity and acuteness, and delighted to reduce the compound into elements; and each, we may add, had a considerable acquaintance with the physiology of the senses; but in nearly all other respects they widely diverge, and their points of contrast are more marked than their points of correspondence.

They differed even in their natural disposition. The one was amiable, gentle, somewhat effeminate, and sensitive, and not much addicted to criticism; the other, as became the descendant of a covenanting hero, was manly, intrepid, resolute—at times passionate—and abounding in critical strictures, even on those whom he most admires.

As to their manner of expounding their views, there could not be a stronger contrast. Both have their attractions; but the one pleases by the changing hues of his fancy and the glow of his sentiment, whereas the other stimulates our intellectual activity by the sharpness of his discussions, and the variety and aptness of his erudition. The one abounds in illustrations, and excites himself into eloquence, and his readers into enthusiasm; the other is brief and cool—seldom giving us a concrete example—restraining all emotion, except it be passion at times—never deigning to warm the students by a flash of rhetoric—and presenting only the naked truth, that it may allure by its own charms. If we lose the meaning of the one, it is in a blaze of light, in a cloud of words, or in repeated repetitions: the quickest thinkers are not always sure that they understand the other, because of the curt-ness of his style, and the compression of his matter; and his admirers are found poring over his notes, as the ancients did over the responses of their oracles. The one helps us up the hill, by many a winding in his path, and allows us many a retrospect, when we might become weary, and where the view is most expanded; whereas the other conducts us straight up the steep ascent, and, though he knows all the paths by which others have mounted, he ever holds directly on; and if there be not a path made for him, he will clear one for himself. Both were eminently successful lecturers: but the one called forth an admiration of himself in the minds of his whole class; whereas the other succeeded in rousing the energies of select minds, in setting them forth on curious research, and in sharpening them for logical dissection. One feels, in reading Brown, as

if he were filled and satisfied—but sometimes as he finds in the digestion, the food has been far from substantial; whereas we are forced to complain, in regard to Hamilton, that he gives us the condensed essence, which the stomach feels great difficulty in mastering. The one never coins a new technical word, when the phrases in current use among the British and French philosophers of the previous century will serve his purpose; the other delights to stamp his thoughts with a nomenclature of his own, derived from the scholastics or the Germans, or fashioned out of the Greek tongue;—and so the one feels soft as a bird of delicate plumage, whereas the other is bristling all over with sharp points like a porcupine. The works of the one remind us of Versailles, with its paintings, its woods, its fountains, all somewhat artificial, but beautiful withal; those of the other are ruled and squared like the Pyramids, and look as if they were as lofty, and must be as enduring.

Both were extensive readers; but the reading of the one was in the Latin Classics, and the works of the well-known authors of England and France in the last century; whereas the other ranged over all ancient literature, and over the philosophic systems of all ages and countries; and delighted supremely in writings which had never been read since the age in which they were penned; and troubled many a librarian to shake the dust from volumes which no other man had ever asked for; and must, we should think, have gratified the dead, grieving in their graves over neglect, by showing them that they were yet remembered. The one delights to show how superior he is to Reid, to Stewart, to the Schoolmen, to the Stagyrte; the other rejoices to prove his superior learning by claiming for old, forgotten philosophers the doctrines attributed to modern authors, and by demonstrating how much we owe to the scholastic ages and to Aristotle.

Both departed so far from the true Scottish School; but the one went over to France for refinement and sentiment, the other to Germany for abstractions and erudition. If Brown is a mixture of the Scottish and French Schools, Hamilton is a union of the Schools of Reid and Kant. Brown thought that Reid was over-estimated, and had a secret desire to undermine him, and Stewart with him; Hamilton thought that Brown was overrated, and makes no scruple in avowing that he labours to strip him of the false glory in which he was enveloped; and he took up Reid at the time he was being decried in Scotland, and allowed no man,—but himself—to censure the common-sense

philosopher. Brown had no sense of the merits of Kant, and did his best (along with Stewart) to keep him unknown for an age in Scotland; Hamilton was smitten with a deep admiration of the great German metaphysician—helped to introduce him to the knowledge of Scottish thinkers—was caught in his logical network, and was never able thoroughly to extricate himself.

As to their method of investigation, both employ analysis as their chief instrument, but the one uses a retort and proceeds by a sort of chemical composition, while the other employs a lens, and works by logical division. In comparison with Reid and Stewart, both erred by excess of decomposition and overlooked essential parts of the phenomenon, but the object of the one was to resolve all mental states into as few powers as possible, whereas the aim of the other was to divide and subdivide a whole into parts, which he again distributes into compartments of a framework provided for them. The one has added to the body of philosophy mainly by his acute analysis of concrete phenomena and by his illuminated illustrations of psychological laws; the other by his vast erudition, which enabled him to dispose under heads the opinions of all philosophers, and by his skill in arranging the facts of consciousness by means of logical division and distribution.

Brown acquired a wide reputation at an early date; but, like those showy members of the female sex who have many admirers but few who make proposals of union, he has had scarcely any professing to follow him throughout. His most distinguished pupil Dr. Welsh, was possessed of a fine philosophic spirit, but abandoned Scotch metaphysics for phrenology and for theological and ecclesiastical studies. Several eminent men, not pupils, have been influenced by Brown. Payne's work on Mental and Moral Science is drawn largely from his lectures. Isaac Taylor, in his "Elements of Thought," has adopted some of his peculiarities. Chalmers had to prepare his lectures on Moral Philosophy when Brown's name was blazing high in Scotland, and feeling an intense admiration of his eloquence and of the purity of his ethical system, has followed him perhaps further than he should have done, but has been kept from following him in several most important points by his attachment to Reid and Butler. John Stuart Mill has got the very defective metaphysics which underlies and weakens much of his logic from his father, James Mill, from Brown, and from Comte. Still, Brown has no school, and few professed disciples. It is different with Hamilton,

His influence, if not so extensive—to use a favourite distinction of his own—has been more extensive. His articles in the “Edinburgh Review” were above the comprehension, and still further above the tastes of the great body even of metaphysical students in this country when they appeared twenty-five or thirty years ago. But they were translated by M. Peisse into the French language, and there were penetrating minds in Britain, America, and the Continent which speedily discovered the learning and capacity of one who could write such Dissertations. By the force of his genius he raised up a body of pupils ready to defend him and to propagate his influence. He has at this present time a school and disciples, as the Greek philosophers had in ancient times, and as such men as Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant, have had in modern times. His pupils employ his distinctions and delight in his nomenclature—their speech everywhere bewrayeth them. Some of them, it is true, remind us of a modern soldier in mediæval coat of mail, and move very cumbrously under the ponderous armour of their master, but, as a whole, they constitute an able and influential school of abstract philosophy. Some of them seem incapable of looking on any subject except through the well cut lenses which Hamilton has provided for them; others seem dissatisfied with his negative conclusions, and with his rejection *à la Kant* of final cause as a proof of the Divine existence, but do not seem to have the courage to examine and separate the truth from the error in that doctrine of relativity on which his whole system is founded.

While Hamilton has thus been establishing a school and acquiring an authority, it has not been without protest. In saying so, we do not refer to the criticisms of his attacks on the character and doctrines of Luther, which have been so powerfully repelled by Archdeacon Hare and others, but to opposition offered to his philosophic principles. There has been a general dissent even by disciples from his doctrine of causation, and, if this tenet is undermined, his elaborate scheme of systematised “Conditions of the Thinkable” is laid in ruins. A pupil has opposed his negative doctrine of the Infinite. Others, not pupils, have expressed doubts of his whole theory of relativity. Ubrici, in the leading philosophic journal of Germany, “*Zeitschrift für Philosophie*” (1855), has charged him with departing in his method from the stand point of Scotland, with giving in to the critical method of Kant, and ploughing with the German heifer, and alleges that he or his school must advance with Germany. As the unkindest cut of all,

Mr. Ferrier, who was supported by Hamilton in the competition for the Moral Philosophy Chair in Edinburgh when Professor Wilson retired, and with whom Hamilton (as he assured the writer of this article) was long in the habit of consulting, published the “*Institutes of Metaphysic*,” which is a complete revolt against the whole Scottish Philosophy, and Kant was not more annoyed with the Idealism of Fichte than Hamilton was with the “Object *plus* Subject” of Ferrier.

We are to occupy the remainder of this article with a notice of the Life and Metaphysics (omitting the Logic) of Sir W. Hamilton.

We have an account of the principal external events of Hamilton’s life in an article by his pupil Mr. Baynes, in the “Edinburgh University Papers.” He was the son of Dr. W. Hamilton, an able professor of anatomy in Glasgow, and established his right to be regarded as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert Hamilton who commanded the Covenanters at Drumclog, and through him to be the representative of the Hamiltons at Preston, who claim to be descended from the second son of the progenitor of the Hamilton family. He was born at Glasgow in March 1788, lost his father in early life, was boarded some time with the Rev. Dr. Summers at Mid-Calder, entered Glasgow College at the age of 12, was afterwards sent to a school at Bromley, and returned to Glasgow College, from which he was sent, on the Snell Foundation in 1809, to Oxford. The profession which he made on going in for his Degree was unprecedented for its extent. It embraced all the classics of mark, and, under the head of science, it took in the whole of Plato, the whole of Aristotle with his early commentators, the Neo-Platonists, and the fragments of the earlier and later Greek schools. His examination in philosophy lasted two days, and six hours each day, and he came forth from it showing that his knowledge was as accurate as it was extensive. In 1812 he went to Edinburgh, where he betook himself to the study of law, and entered the bar the following year. In 1821 he was appointed Professor of Universal History, and, in the discharge of his office, delivered learned lectures to a small but select audience. From 1826 to 1828 he wrote elaborate papers against Phrenology, and Combe, and Spurzheim, and, in preparing for them, he dissected several hundred different brains. In 1829 he wrote his famous article on Cousin and the Philosophy of the Unconditioned; in 1830 his article on Perception and on Reid and Brown; in 1833 that on Whately and

Logic. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. Having begun to prelect on Reid in his class, the effort ripened into his edition of Reid in 1846. In 1852 the "Edinburgh Review" articles were re published with large additions in the "Discussions on Philosophy." By these works, and by his lectures, he has gained an influence in all countries in which philosophy is valued, and has founded a school which is likely to be predominant for several years in Scotland.

The writer of this article has a very vivid recollection of Sir William as he happened to pass into his class-room a year or two after his appointment. There was an evident manliness in his person and his whole manner and address. His features were marked, he had an eye of a very deep lustre, and his expression was eminently intellectual. He read his lecture in a clear emphatic manner, without show, pretension, or affectation of any kind. His nomenclature sounded harsh and uncouth to one unacquainted with it, but his enunciations were all perspicuous and explicit. The class was a large one, numbering we should suppose between 150 and 200. At the opening there was a furious scribbling visible and audible by all the students, in their notebooks; but we observed that, as the lecture proceeded, one after another was left behind, and, when it was half through, at least one-third had ceased to take notes, and had evidently lost their interest in, or comprehension of, the subject. Unfortunately for the Scottish Colleges, unfortunately for the youth attending them, students enter the Logic Class in the second year of their course, when the majority are not ripe for it. A course of lectures, like that given in old time by Jardine of Glasgow, might be fit for such a class, but not a rigid course like that of Hamilton, who did, indeed, make his thoughts as clear as such profound thoughts could be made, but could not bring them down to the comprehension of a promiscuous class, of which many are under seventeen, and some under sixteen, or even fifteen years of age. But even among second year students there were every year a larger or less number who rejoiced to find that he first awakened independent thought within them, and who were ready to acknowledge ever afterwards that they owed more to him than to any other professor, or to all the other professors under whom they studied.

In his examinations he expected a sort of recitation of his lectures from the students. He also encouraged his pupils to submit to voluntary examinations on private studies undertaken by them. He prescribed essays

on subjects lectured on, and in these essays he allowed great latitude in the expression of opinions, and some of his students, out of a spirit of independence or contradiction, would at times take up the defence of Dr. Brown, and were not discouraged. All students of high intellectual power, and especially those of a metaphysical taste, received a stimulus of a very lofty kind from his lectures, and these examinations and essays. We suspect that some of the duller and idler passed through the class without getting much benefit. In his whole intercourse with young men there was great courtesy and kindness, and a readiness to appreciate talent and independent thinking wherever he found it. For a number of years before his death, Sir William was oppressed with infirmities and had to employ an assistant, and it was characteristic of him that he was in the habit of selecting for the office some one of those who had been his more distinguished students.

Of all thinkers Sir W. Hamilton was least disposed to call any one master, still there were influences operating on him. In estimating the forces which contributed to the formation of the character of such a man, perhaps as much is to be attributed to his antipathies as his predilections. His philosophy is a determined recoil against the method and systems of Mylne and Brown, the two professors, who, in Hamilton's younger years, were exercising the greatest influence on the opinions of Scottish students. So far as he felt attractions, they were towards Reid, the great metaphysician of his native college; Aristotle, the favourite at Oxford, where he completed his education; and Kant, whose sun was rising from the German ocean on Britain, and this, in spite of all opposing clouds, about the time when Hamilton was forming his philosophic creed. Professor Ferrier thinks that the "dedication of his powers to the service of Reid" was the "one mistake in his career;" to us it appears that it must rather have been the means of saving one possessed of so speculative a spirit from numberless aberrations. But Kant exercised as great an influence over Hamilton as even Reid did. His whole philosophy turns round those topics which are discussed in the "Kritick of Pure Reason," and he can never get out of those "forms" in which Kant sets all our ideas so methodically, nor lose sight of those terrible antinomies, or contradictions of reason, which Kant expounded in order to show that the laws of reason can have no application to objects, and which Hegel gloried in, and was employing as the ground principle of his speculations, at the very time when Hamil-

ton aspired to be a philosopher. From Kant he got the principle that the mind begins with phenomena and builds thereon by forms or laws of thought; and it was as he pondered on the Sphinx enigmas of Kant and Hegel that he evolved his famous axiom about all positive thought lying in the proper conditioning of one or other of two contradictory propositions, one of which, by the rule of excluded middle, must be true. His pupils have ever since been standing before this Sphinx proposing, under terrible threats, its supposed contradictions, and are wondering whether their master has resolved the riddle. For ourselves, we maintain that the mind begins with the knowledge of things and not of mere phenomena; and that there are faculties which work on this, the laws of which are to be determined by induction; and we acknowledge no contradictions real or even seeming in the judgments of reason. The contradictions dwelt on by Kant and the Hamiltonians are contradictions merely in their mutilated mode of expressing the ideas of reason, and are not in the judgments themselves, which often indeed land us in mystery but never in contradictions.

We have an idea that Hamilton did at times set before him no lower a model to copy than Aristotle himself. We do not ground this opinion on such circumstances as the following:—That he is fond of expressing his admiration of Aristotle, and is in doubts whether Homer had, metaphysically speaking, a greater imagination than the peripatetic; that he had profoundly studied all the writings of Aristotle and has commented on several of them; that he feels a pride in telling us that he had collected a greater number of works illustrative of Aristotle than are to be found in any public library; that he can quote Themistius, Alexander, Ammonius, Simplicius, and Eustratius, as readily as common men do Locke or Reid; and that he delights to show that the moderns have borrowed or stolen from the Stagyrite—some having so thieved without being suspected, and others having thieved at second hand, without knowing it. We found our conviction on positive resemblances in habit. Both are fond of opening their treatises with historical and critical notices of the opinions of previous philosophers, and, in doing so, are as much inclined to show wherein they differ from, as wherein they agree with, all other men; both usually commence their discussions with the definitions of terms; both proceed largely in the method of logical divisions, dissection, and distinction; both have a peculiar nomenclature, and an underlying

system, by which they judge of every topic and of all opinions; and both delight in brevity, giving us but a proposition when we should have liked a paragraph, and a statement when we expect an explanation, and feeling aggrieved, and almost insulted, when they are asked to amplify or illustrate, to suit the capacities of weaker men. But, with their resemblances, there is at least one strong point of difference, and this is in favour of the ancient. Aristotle, considering the age in which he lived, was far in advance of Hamilton in his appreciation of physical science. We can conceive that if Hamilton had lived in ancient instead of modern Athens—that, if he had, like Aristotle, studied under Plato—felt the influence left behind him by Socrates—been stimulated by the gymnastics of the Grecian sects—listened to the orators on Mar's Hill, and to the plays in the theatre—he might have executed much of the logical, metaphysical, grammatical and critical work which Aristotle has done; but we cannot conceive him, in any circumstances, writing the treatises of natural history. We have often thought that Hamilton's mental philosophy would, with less appearance of completeness, have, in fact, been more satisfactory, if, along with his learning, in the technical sense of the term, and power of logical organization, there had been a greater appreciation of the method of induction, as illustrated (not in medicine and mesmerism, which he did know), but in some of the more advanced of the physical sciences.

The intellectual features of Hamilton are very marked and prominent. The first characteristic is his high cognitive ambition. This was strikingly illustrated in the extent of reading which he professed at Oxford—being, in fact, all ancient literature, and the whole of ancient philosophy, from the Pre-Socratic schools down to the Neo-Platonists, Proclus, and Plotinus. He had an appetite for all philosophic works and systems, and his power of digestion was equal to his appetite. Books, which others had overlooked, were apt to be his special favourites. Systems, which most men despised, he studied with peculiar avidity. It was a desire of knowledge, not so much for the sake of dazzling the eyes of men by it—though, perhaps he was not above this “passion of genius,” as Erskine calls it—as for the sake of the knowledge itself, and the pleasure of the acquisition, and in order that he might systematize it all. He did much in his span of life;—yet we venture to say, that he meant to do vastly more; and we suspect that no man ever fell further below his own high standard than he did. The

writer of this article once asked him, some years before his decease, when he meant to complete his Notes to Reid? and he replied, that he must really take it up some day soon, and finish it. He talked of the work as if it were a small one; and it is evident that it was but a small part of what he designed to do. He refers, in foot notes, to projected works, which he had been obliged reluctantly to abandon; and he proposes others, which we suspect, were left unaccomplished when he was summoned from the earthly scene. Often must he have wished that he could only get rid of these terrible "conditions" of time, and press thirty hours, instead of twenty-four, into the day; and not being able to do this, often did he encroach upon the time which, according to a much lower kind of conditions, but not less stringent in their way, ought to have been given to sleep; and by thus straining the bodily organism, he sowed, we expect, the seeds of that weakness which so oppressed him in his declining life.

We must add, that his excellence in this respect is one of his defects. His ambition tempted him to try what is beyond human strength. He would dabble even in theology, therein only to show his weakness and his obstinacy—as in his *brochure* on Non-intrusion, and his attacks on the Reformers. In his philosophy he hastened, by a speedy analysis, to reach a premature synthesis—in this respect being a great contrast to Reid, who aimed at no such pretended completeness. He aimed at nothing less than a complete system, and sought therein to rival Aristotle, Descartes, Kant, and perhaps even Hegel himself. It is no disparagement to the Scottish philosopher to affirm, that he failed where they failed. His "Conditions of the Thinkable," or "Alphabet of Thought," will be ranked with the Categories of Aristotle, Kant, and Cousin: it will take no lower and no higher a place; that is, it will be regarded, by all but his immediate school, as a splendid failure.

The next feature which strikes us, is his profound erudition. We should like, we confess, to know the secret of his capacity of acquisition. There was, no doubt, indomitable industry; but this was but the smallest part. Are we to ascribe his vast stores to a capacious memory, or to art and method? We rather think that, by his unmatched logical power, he was in the habit of drawing out a scheme of all possible views, and then the opinion of any given man fell into its proper place.

He is the most learned of all the Scottish metaphysicians. Not that the Scottish

school ought to be described, as it has sometimes been, as ignorant. Hutcheson was a man of learning, as well as of accomplishment, and visibly experienced great delight in quoting the Greek and Roman philosophers, as he walked up and down in his classroom in Glasgow. Adam Smith had vast stores of information; and the ground-plan which he has left of departments of ancient philosophy, and the sketch of the sects which he has given in his "Moral Sentiments," show that he was more competent, had he devoted his attention to the subject, than any man of his age, to write a history of philosophy. Hume had extensive philosophic, as well as historical knowledge; but he was so accustomed to twist it to perverse uses, that we cannot trust his candour or accuracy. Reid was pre-eminently a well-informed man. His first printed paper was on Quantity. He taught, in Aberdeen College, according to the system of rotation which continued even to his day, Natural as well as Moral Philosophy; and continued, even in his old age, to be well read on all topics of general interest. Beattie and Campbell were respectable scholars, as well as elegant writers; and the former was reckoned, at Oxford, and by the English clergy, as the great expounder, in his day, of sound philosophy. Lord Monboddo was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman philosophies, and, in spite of all his paradoxes, has often given excellent accounts of their systems. Dugald Stewart was a mathematician as well as a metaphysician; and, if not of very varied, was of very correct, and, altogether, of very competent, ripe, and trustworthy scholarship. Brown was certainly not widely or extensively read in philosophy; but, besides a knowledge of medicine, he had an acquaintance with Roman and with Modern European literature. Sir James Mackintosh was familiar with men and manners, was learned in all social questions, and had a general, though, certainly, not a very minute or correct, knowledge of philosophic systems. But, for scholarship, in the technical sense of the term; and in particular, for the scholarship of philosophy, they were all inferior to Hamilton, who was equal to any of them in the knowledge of Greek and Roman systems, and of the earlier philosophies of modern Europe; and vastly above them in a comprehensive acquaintance with all schools; and standing alone in his knowledge of the more philosophic fathers, such as Tertullian and Augustine; of the more illustrious schoolmen, such as Thomas Aquinas and Scotus; of the writers of the Revival, such as the Elder Scaliger; and of

the ponderous systems of Kant, and the schools which have ramified from him in Germany.

When he was alive, he could always be pointed to as redeeming Scotland from the reproach of being without high scholarship. Oxford had no man to put on the same level. Germany had not a profounder scholar, or one whose judgment, in a disputed point, could be so relied on. Nor was his the scholarship of mere words; he knew the history of terms, but it was because he was familiar with the history of opinions. In reading his account, for example, of the different meanings which the word "idea" has had, and of the views taken of sense-perception, one feels that his learning is quite equalled by his power of discrimination. No man has ever done more in clearing the literature of philosophy of common-place mistakes, of thefts, and impostures. He has shown all of us how dangerous it is to quote without consulting the original; to adopt, without examination, the common traditions in philosophy; that those who borrow at second hand will be found out; and that those who steal, without acknowledgment, will, sooner or later, be detected and exposed. He experiences a delight in stripping modern authors of their borrowed feathers, and of pursuing stolen goods from one literary thief to another, and giving them back to their original owner. For years to come, ordinary authors will seem learned, by drawing from his stores. In incidental discussions, in foot notes, and notes on foot notes, he has scattered nuts, which it will take many a scholar many a day to gather and to crack. It will be long before the rays which shine from him will be so scattered and diffused through philosophic literature—as the sunbeams are through the atmosphere—that they shall become common property, and men shall cease to distinguish the focus from which they have come.

The only other decided lineament of his character that we shall mention, is his logical power, including therein all such exercises as abstraction, generalization, division, definition, formal judgment, and deduction. In this respect he may be placed along side of those who have been most distinguished for this faculty, such as Aristotle, Saint Thomas, Descartes, Spinoza, S. Clark, Kant, and Hegel. In directing his thoughts to a subject, he proceeds to divide, distribute, define and arrange, very much in the manner of Aristotle: take, as an example, his masterly analysis of the primary qualities of matter. He pursues much the same

method, in giving the history of opinions, as on the subjects of the principles of common sense and perception. No man ever displayed such admirable examples of Porphyry's tree, reaching from the *summum genus* to the *infima species*. It is quite clear that, had he lived in the days of the schoolmen, he would have ranked with the greatest of them—with Albertus Magnus, Abelard, and the Master of the Sentences—and would have been handed down to future generations by such an epithet as Doctor Criticus, Doctor Doctissimus, or Doctor Indomitabilis.

Here, again, his strength is his weakness. He attempts far too much by logical differentiation and formalization. No man purposes now to proceed in physical investigation by logical dissection, as was done by Aristotle and the schoolmen. We have at times looked into the old compends of physical science which were used in the colleges down even to an age after the time of Newton. Ingenious they were beyond measure, and perfect in form far beyond what Herschel or Faraday could produce or would attempt in the present day. We are convinced that logical operations can do nearly as little in the mental as they have done in the material sciences. We admit that Sir W. Hamilton had deeply observed the operations of the mind, and that when his lectures are published they will be found to contribute more largely to psychology than any work published in our day. But his induction is too much subordinated to logical arrangement and critical rules. His system will be found, when wholly unfolded, to have a completeness such as Reid and Stewart did not pretend to, but it is effected by a logical analysis and synthesis, and much that he has built up will require to be taken down.

In reviewing Hamilton, we feel the greatest pleasure in pointing to those doctrines which we look upon him as having established. His doctrine of Perception seems to us to be substantially correct. That Perception is intuitive and immediate is the doctrine most in accordance with consciousness and encompassed with fewest difficulties; we wish he had only added with Reid (who, however, is not very consistent in his language) that our knowledge of the primary qualities of matter is positive and not merely relative. We are inclined, too, to agree with him in thinking that our original cognitions through the senses is simply of our organism and of objects directly in contact with the organism, and that all beyond this is acquired; and we venture to add, that the distinction between our original

and acquired knowledge might be profitably used by those who defend the doctrine of Natural Realism—it might be maintained that our original perceptions are trustworthy, and that all the apparent deceptions of the senses arise from a wrong application of the rules derived from experience. The distinction which he has drawn between presentative and representative knowledge, is as just as it is important. His view of representative knowledge, as against Reid, seems to be sound, and we may say so without subscribing to all that he maintains in regard to conception. His lectures when published will unfold a most admirable classification of the powers of the mind; at the same time we are convinced that the three-fold division which he has sanctioned into the Cognitive, the Conative, and Emotive, will be found imperfect; for, besides that, imagination cannot without straining be described as cognitive, we are sure that the moral faculty cannot be placed under any of the three heads. Under the head of the Cognitive powers will be found in the forthcoming lectures invaluable remarks on the faculties of Memory, Reproduction, Representation, Comparison, and the Regulative Principles, with a revival of curious Leibnitzian disquisitions on latent operations lying beneath consciousness. His exposition of these topics will be found to embrace new facts, and facts lost sight of, fresh quotations from authors of various ages and countries, and admirable divisions, subdivisions, and discriminations. On the subject of the principles of Common Sense, or the Regulative Principles of the Mind, he has done more than any other philosopher, except, perhaps, Reid himself. One in no way given to admiration, and in no way predisposed in behalf of such philosophy, was awed by the famous note A, on Common Sense. "I have been looking," says Lord Jeffrey, "into Sir W. Hamilton's edition of Reid, or rather into one of his own annexed Dissertations 'On the Philosophy of Common Sense,' which, though it frightens one with the immensity of its erudition, has struck me very much by its vigour, completeness, and inexorable march of ratiocination. He is a wonderful fellow, and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and overawe us for years to come." While we look on Hamilton as having vastly advanced this subject, we do not regard him as having completed it. He has no where, so far as we know, pointed out the relation between our necessary and experiential ideas, say our necessary and experiential ideas of space (*for he acknowledges both*), nor the relation between the faculties and

these regulative principles. Further, he has not seen that while there are *à priori* principles in the mind, they are not as principles before the consciousness—all that consciousness is cognisant of is the individual act; and so he has not acknowledged fully that *à priori* principles are after all to be discovered by means of *à posteriori* observation and induction. Above all, he has erred in representing some of them as mere *impotencies* of the mind, whereas they are positive, and about the most essential *potencies* of the human understanding.

The time is at hand when the whole philosophy of Hamilton, the philosophy of the Conditioned or the Relative, must be subjected to a rigid review. The followers of one who has so criticised others, surely cannot object to this. But the time for this will not actually arrive till we have his whole posthumous works before us. As we have already, however, in his published works an epitomized statement of most of his favourite ideas, we may be allowed to specify in an equally brief statement the tenets to which we are inclined to take decided objection, and leave the more formal discussion of them till his views are fully unfolded.

First, we object to his method. It is not in fact, it is not even professedly, the inductive. We are convinced that Hamilton never fully appreciated the Baconian method, and in this respect his disciples do not seem an improvement on the master, for, amid all their abstract discussions, we do not remember of an attempt by any one of them to add to inductive mental science. Often, indeed, did Hamilton refer to induction, but it was always with the ambition of reducing it to a form like the syllogism; and this, we venture to say, can no more be done with the grand practical principles of the *Novum Organum* than with a father's advice to his Son, or the Sermon on the Mount. Hamilton's own method is professedly an analysis in order to a synthesis. It partakes as much of the critical method of Kant as of the inductive method of Bacon. He tells us, "the first problem of philosophy is to seek out, purify and establish by intellectual analysis and criticism the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession."—(Edition of Reid, p. 752.) If he had said that the business of philosophy is to observe with care, to seek out, to analyse, and classify, *in short, to induct* the necessary convictions of the mind, his account would have been correct. But he has gone over to Kantism, and furnishes a foothold to the later aberrations of Ger-

many, and even to Ferrierism, when he speaks of "purifying" them, and "establishing them by intellectual criticism."

His philosophy is that of the Conditioned or Relative. We acknowledge that he has laid in ruins the philosophy of the Unconditioned. But we may admit this without giving our adherence to his own theory. Instead of the great *realist*, Hamilton should be called the great *relativist*. Surely there may be a Positive theory (not in the Comtian sense), alike removed from the Absolute and the Relative theories. We maintain that the mind is so endowed that it has a positive, though of course limited knowledge of things—not of relations but of things. We acknowledge that there is a true doctrine of relativity, but it must be separated from the Hamiltonian doctrine. We acknowledge that there is a sense in which knowledge is a relation; even the Divine knowledge is a relation, but the relation arises from the knowledge, and not the knowledge from the relation. Again, human knowledge differs in this respect from Divine knowledge in that it is limited; but when we mean this, why not say this? This limited knowledge of man arises from the limited nature of man's faculties—man knows only what he has the capacity to know (thus the blind cannot see colours), and man is incapable of discerning much truth, which God and angels know; but when we mean this let us say this. If this were all that Hamilton meant, we would offer no objection to his doctrine, except to say, that relative is not the word to express his meaning. But when he affirms that man knows only phenomena as contrasted with things, that man's intuitive knowledge may not be pure, and that the "contents of every act of knowledge are made up of elements and regulated by laws proceeding partly from its object and partly from its subject"—(Notes on Reid, p. 808), we feel that we are fast in the fetters of Kantism, and approaching Ferrier's "Object *plus* Subject." Ferrier might claim to be only "purifying" what is acknowledged to be impure, and establishing by intellectual criticism that in all knowledge there is *subject* along with *object*. We hold (with Mansel) that by self-consciousness we know self; the thing self, the ego, and not a mere phenomenon or relation of self to the knowing subject. No doubt, we do not know the substance apart from the quality; even God himself cannot know this, for our intuitive convictions assure us that mind as a substance cannot exist apart from qualities.

Hamilton has been much commended for his view of Consciousness, as so superior to

that taken by Reid on the one hand, and Brown on the other. We do not admit this—till his doctrine is fully unfolded. He has ever the word consciousness in his mouth (as Locke has "idea, and Kant, "*a priori*," and Brown, "suggestion,") but does he always mean the same thing by it? It is not only the recognition of the affections of self, co-existing with all the intelligent exercises of the mind, but it is a "comprehensive term for the complement of our cognitive energies"—(Dis. p. 48, 2d ed.); and again, "all our faculties are only consciousnesses" (p. 52); and, again, it is the "universal condition of intelligence" (p. 47); and, once more, "consciousness and immediate knowledge are terms universally convertible" (p. 51). Are all these one and the same? He tells us, that,—"*We know, and We know that we know,*" while "*logically* distinct, are *really* identical" (Dis. p. 47). Let us expand this statement and view it in a concrete example. *To know this table, and to know that we know it*, are, as it appears to us metaphysically, that is, really distinct, and may be logically distinguished, because really different. No doubt they co-exist in the concrete act, but it is as the knowledge of form and colour always co-exist in perception through the eye, they co-exist as cognitions, but we know them to be really different. We are clear, with Reid, that it is desirable to have one word to express our power of immediate cognition through the senses; and another to express our power of knowing of self in all its exercises, whether looking at an object without, or what is equally possible looking at self in a past state, or looking at no separate object at all, as when we are imagining; and it appears to us, that the best word for this latter capacity is consciousness. We are further convinced, that it is of vast consequence with Locke, with Hutcheson, with Reid, with Stewart, to bring out consciousness to the view separately, as a mental attribute, the source of important experiential knowledge, which can be submitted to all kinds of logical processes. The neglect of this truth, degraded the philosophy of Condillac, and passing from him to Kant, has confused the whole philosophy of Germany.

We have not as yet Hamilton's view of Space and Time fully unfolded. He often proclaims, however, his adhesion to Kant's view of them as forms or conditions of the sensibility, but adds, that we have also an empirical knowledge of them.—(See his Edit. of Reid, p. 126, and p. 882.) What relation we wonder do these two notions bear to each other? He has told us ex-

pressly, that "space is only a law of thought and not a law of things."—(Dis. p. 607.) We maintain, that our intuitive conviction, declares space to be a thing as certainly as the body contained in space. If we regard it with Kant as a mere subjective form, we cannot save ourselves from the consequence drawn by Fichte, that the bodies perceived in space may also be creations of the mind.

We shall not enter on the discussion of his doctrine of Substance and Quality, inasmuch as he has not expanded it. We shall only say of it, that it seems lamentably defective in representing our conviction of substance as a mere impotency.

His doctrine of Causation has been unfolded and has been pretty generally repudiated. If Brown "eviscerates" the idea (to use Hamilton's phrase), Hamilton decapitates it, making it a "Law of Thought (not of Things) and merely subjective" (Dis. p. 613). He leaves out in his Analysis and Intellectual Criticism the main element in the intuitive conviction. The phenomenon is this:—When aware of a new appearance, we are *unable* to conceive that therein has originated any new existence, and are, therefore, *constrained* to think that what now appears to us under a new form had previously an existence under others."—(Dis. p. 609.) This is not the phenomenon. The phenomenon is, that when we meet with a new substance, or a substance in a new state, we are constrained to look for a potency in a substance or substances to produce the new substance or the change of the old. His generalization is founded on a narrow view of material objects. It may be all true that "gunpowder is the effect of the mixture of nitre, charcoal and sulphur, which all existed before;" but this is a mere experiential observation in regard to the material cause. But we can conceive this sulphur, or a soul, or a world, springing into being without any previous matter, and what the mind insists on is, that there must have been an efficiency in some substance to produce it. This belief in Causation is not, as he represents it, a mere *mental impotency* or inability, but is a positive conviction, belief, or judgment, that every effect has a cause; and that when the effect is real, say the world, the cause, that is God, must also have a real existence. It is one of the lamentable consequences of this wretchedly defective view of Causation, that it does not entitle us to argue from the world as an effect to God as the cause.

His doctrine of the Infinite has appeared to not a few to be unsatisfactory. We admit that his criticism of the Theory of Cousin is unanswerable, and those who

would succeed in meeting Hamilton, must not take up the ground of the brilliant French Eclectic. The business of the philosopher is here faithfully to interpret and unfold our intuitive conviction on this subject, when it will be found that the mind has something more than a mere negative impotency, that it has a positive belief, that to whatever point we might go in space or in time, there is, and must be, a something beyond.

It is in order to establish a great law of Relativity, that he has resolved our convictions as to Space, Time, Substance, Causality, Infinity (what makes he of a more important one still, Moral Good?) into mental impotencies. But when it is shown that the individual convictions are not impotencies but potencies, the great Law of Relativity is undermined, and with it the whole Alphabet of Thought.

The defective nature of the whole Hamiltonian system comes out in its results. Comparing his philosophy with that of Germany, he says:—

"Extremes meet. In one respect both coincide, for both agree that the knowledge of Nothing is the principle or the consummation of all true philosophy. "*Scire Nihil,—studium quod nos lætamur utrique.*" But the one doctrine openly maintaining, that the Nothing must yield every thing, is a philosophic omniscience, whereas the other holding, that Nothing can yield nothing, is a philosophic nescience. In other words:—the doctrine of the Unconditioned is a philosophy confessing relative ignorance, but professing absolute knowledge; while the doctrine of the Conditioned, is a philosophy professing relative knowledge, but confessing absolute ignorance."—(Dis. p. 609.)

Surely this is a pitiable enough conclusion to such an elaborate process. A mountain labours, and something infinitely less than the mouse emerges.

We suspect that Sir W. Hamilton was wont to meet all such objections, and try to escape from such a whirlpool as that in which Ferrier would engulf him, by taking refuge in belief—in faith. And we are thoroughly persuaded of the sincerity of his faith, philosophic and religious. But it is unsatisfactory, it is unphilosophic, to allow that cognition and intelligence may lead to nihilism, and then resort to faith to save us from the consequences. Surely there is faith involved in the exercises of intelligence; there is faith (philosophical) involved, when from a seen effect, we look up to an unseen cause. We are sure that human intelligence does not lead to absolute knowledge, but as little does it lead to scepticism or to nothing. Of this we are further sure,

that the same criticism which pretends to demonstrate that intelligence ends in absolute ignorance, will soon—probably in the immediately succeeding age—go on to show with the same success, that our beliefs are not to be trusted.

The same doctrine of relativity carried out, led him to deny that there could be any valid argument in behalf of the Divine existence, except the moral ones. We acknowledge that the moral argument, properly enunciated, is the most satisfactory of all. We admit that the argument from order and adaptation (the physico-theological) can prove no more, than that there is a living being of vast power and wisdom, presiding over the universe—but this it can do by the aid of the law of cause and effect properly interpreted. The proof that this Being is infinite must be derived from the mental intuition in regard to the infinite. Hamilton has deprived himself of the power of using the arguments from our belief in Causation and Infinity by what we regard as a defective and mutilated account of both these intuitions. He has nowhere stated the moral arguments which he trusts in. We suspect that the criticism which cuts down the argument from intelligence, needs only to be carried a step further to undermine the argument from our moral nature. This process has actually taken place in Germany, and we have no desire to see it repeated among metaphysical youths in this country. It is on this account, mainly, that we have been so anxious to point out the gross defects in the account given by Hamilton of our necessary convictions.

The question is started at the close of our survey, are we to have for ever nothing but a successions of schools in mental science, —Hutcheson superseded by Reid, and Reid by Brown, and Brown by Hamilton, and Hamilton superseded, as the author of it would wish, by a new and Ideal school, and in this view is Hamilton to be as much disparaged in the next age as Brown is in this? We reply that Reid and Stewart are not superseded, that they stand as high as they ever did: that Brown so far as he has really added to psychology is not superseded, and that Hamilton, inasmuch as he has given us admirable summaries of philosophic systems, and masterly classifications of mental phenomena, will go down through ages, with the brightest names in philosophy.

All that is solid and permanent in mental science has been reached, in fact, by observation and induction. We must here, however, draw a distinction which has often been lost sight of. When we say that ob-

servation is needful in order to construct metaphysical science, we do not mean to say that there are no principles in the mind except these derived from observation and experience. Observation shows that there are principles in the mind, native and necessary, and regulating experience. But these principles acting in the mind as regulative principles are not before the consciousness as principles; all that is before the consciousness are the individual acts and exercises. The law of Causation is not written on the surface of the mind to be discovered by consciousness any more than the law of gravitation is written on the sky to be read by the senses. All that is before the senses, in the latter case, is an individual fact, say an apple falling to the ground, and the law is to be discovered by a process of generalization; and all that is before consciousness, in the former, is a particular mental conviction—the principle of which can be detected only by classification. And so it may be quite true that there are *a priori* principles in the mind, and yet a process of careful *a posteriori* induction may be absolutely requisite in order to discover their nature and their rule, and to entitle us to employ them in philosophic speculation.

In regard to systems which are not built upon inductive psychological proof they are to us all alike; they differ only in respect of the peculiar intellectual character and tendencies of those who have constructed them. The man of genius, like Schelling, will form a theory, distinguished for its ingenuity or beauty; the man of vigorous intellect, like Hegel, will erect what looks like a very coherent fabric; but until they can be shown to be founded on the inherent principles of the mind by a rigid induction, we wrap ourselves up in doubt, and refuse to give our consent.* And we cleave

* Professor Ferrier has endeavoured to introduce into this country an ideal system, which may attain the same notoriety as those of Schelling and Hegel in Germany, but in this he will fail. For, in addition to British good sense, he has the transparency of his own style against him. No man can confute Hegel, for no man is sure that he understands him, and to any professed refutation it will always be competent to reply that he has been misunderstood. But Ferrier's style is as clear as it is often fascinating, and the error is very visible. We may remark, however, that onlookers will often be tempted to think that Ferrier is in the right, if he be met by mere logical distinctions. A few stones from a sling will be felt to be far more annoying to this most dexterous of small swordsmen, than a more formidable weapon. He has given us a pretended demonstration without axioms or definitions. He is no sceptic, and has propositions which he assumes. On what ground we ask him? When he specifies the ground, we show on the same ground, that when

to this principle because of its wisdom, knowing all the while that there are fervent youths (abetted by conceited older men) who, as believing that the next turn in the high *a priori* road which they are pursuing, is to open on the ocean of absolute truth, will feel as if it were turning them back, when the long looked for object were about to burst gloriously on their view.

Nor are we to be seduced into an admiration of these imposing systems, by the plea often urged in their behalf, that they furnish a gymnasium for the exercise of the intellect. We acknowledge that one of the very highest advantages of study of every description is to be found in the vigour imparted to the mind which pursues it. But, whatever may have been the state of things in the days of the schoolmen, it is not necessary now to resort to fruitless *a priori* speculation, in order to find an arena in which to exercise the intellect. Nay, we are convinced that when the research conducts to no solid results, it will weary the mind without strengthening it; the effort will be like that of one who beateth the air; and activity will always be followed by exhaustion, by dissatisfaction, and an unwillingness to make further exertion. Labour it is true, is its own reward; but if there be no other reward there will be the want of the proper incentive,—the vigour imparted is only one of the incidental effects which follow when labour is undertaken in the hope of reaching substantial fruits. Nor is it to be forgotten that these speculations though fruitless of good are not fruitless of evil. In the struggles thus engendered, there are other powers of the mind tried as well as the understanding; there are often sad agonisings of the feelings, of the faith, and indeed, of the whole soul, which feels as if the foundation on which it previously stood had been removed and none other supplied, and as if it had in consequence to sink for ever—or as if it were doomed to move for ever onward without reaching a termination, while all retreat has been cut off behind. In these wrestlings, we fear that many wounds are inflicted, which rankle for long, and often terminate in something worse than the dissolution of the bodily organism, for they end

in the loss of faith and of peace, in cases in which they do not issue in immorality, or in scepticism and profanity.

These exercises we suspect resemble not so much those of the gymnasium, as those of the ancient gladiatorial shows, in which no doubt there were many brilliant feats performed, but in which also, members were mutilated, and the heart's blood of many a brave man shed. We fear that in not a few cases generous and courageous youth have entered the lists to lose in the contest, all creed, all religious—and in some cases all moral principle, and with these all peace and all stability.

ART. V.—1. *Letters from the Slave States.* By JAMES STIRLING. London: Parker. 1857.

2. *American Slavery and Colour.* By WILLIAM CHAMBERS. London: W. and R. Chambers. 1857.

Two nations, in the present era of the world's history, are exercising almost a paramount influence on the world's progress—Britain and the United States of America. They bear the relationship of sire to son. The one in the full prime of life pursues his habitual avocation, exhibiting no symptoms of decay,—the other having attained to manhood and achieved independence, strides onward in a separate but not altogether dissimilar career. They acknowledge their kindred by terming themselves Anglo-Saxons—a name unknown to the official catalogue of political designations, but one which expresses, in a higher sense than mere political classification, a community of origin, and not the less a community of end, aim, purpose, and destination. Of all races, this Anglo-Saxon race is the most ceaselessly active, the most daring in design, the most indomitable in execution. It is girding the world with its power, from two ends, and carrying into new regions the fruits and labours of civilization more than any, or all other races combined. Geographical considerations have assigned to Britain one course, and to America another course, but the end in view is substantially the same. America, with the same intention as Britain—"to subdue the earth and make it yield its increase"—has obviously a different career from that of Britain, a different destiny over which a different genius presides. Britain departs from a centre, works from a centre, colonizes from a centre, and governs from a centre. Her political action is outward, not less than in-

we look on a stone, we know the stone to be an object separate from, and independent of the object. He says (Scott. Phil. pp. 19, 20), that "no man in his senses would require a proof that it (that is real existence) is." We are glad of this appeal to man's "senses," but we insist that these same "senses" tell us that the stone has an existence independent of the contemplative mind. This cannot be disproved by any pretended demonstration, for the principles assumed in such cannot be more certain than the truth which they would set aside.

ward. Her two islands, Britain and Ireland, are all that she has to boast of in the shape of a main land fit to rear a nation. The rest of her home territories are small islands—little dots that stand like children round the father and mother of the family. Seen from the moon by some lunar Herschel or Lord Rosse, Britain would appear to occupy but a small space. The map of the world reveals her territorial insignificance. We see two little spots huddled up into a corner, awkwardly shot off to a side, as it were, yet facing the great sea, on the very verge and lip of the great waste of waters, with nothing outside of them to protect them; not like Greece, or Italy, or Egypt, in a Mediterranean bounded by a surrounding shore to be coasted by timid mariners, but on the very edge and verge of the great ocean, looking out westward to the expanse. If she launch at all, she must launch with the fearless heart that is ready to brave old ocean—to take him with his gigantic western waves—to face his winds and hurricanes—his summer heats of the dead still tropics—his winter blasts—his fairy icebergs—his fogs like palpable darkness—his hail blasts and his snow. Britain has done so. From her island home she has sailed east and west, north and south. She has gone outwardly, and planted empires. The States themselves, now her compeer, were an offshoot from her island territory. Her destiny is to plant out nations, and the spirit of colonization is the genius that presides over her career. She plants out Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape. Ceylon and the Mauritius she occupies for trade. India she covers with a network of law framed and woven in her Anglo-Saxon loom. She clutches China, and begins at least to break up the celestial solecism. She lays hold of Borneo, and straightway piratical prahus are seen wrecked and stranded on the shore, or blown to fragments in the air. She raises an impregnable fortress at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and another in its centre, as security to her sea-borne trade. She does the same in embryo at the entrance to the Red Sea. Westward from Newfoundland she traverses a continent, and there, in the Pacific, Vancouver's Island—which may one day become the new Great Britain of new Anglo-Saxon enterprise, destined to carry civilization to the innumerable islands of the great sea—bears the Union Jack for its island banner, and acknowledges the sovereignty of the British crown. At Singapore she has provisionally made herself mistress of the straits of Malacca, and thousands of miles away on the other hand at the Falkland

Islands, near to the Land of Fire, the British mariner may hear the voice of praise issuing in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In addition to this, she has representatives at every court, and consuls at every seaport. Her cruisers bear her flag on every navigable sea. Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, Americans, and Australians, are found wearing her uniform, eating her bread, bearing her arms, and contributing to extend her dominion.

All this may be construed into ambition. We shall not stay to argue that point, but content ourselves with believing that, one service which Britain renders to the world would go far to justify the introduction of her policeman's baton among the tribes of the earth who otherwise would be a prey to lawless force. Britain keeps the police of the ocean. Without the British flag and the British cannon, piracy would make navigation too dangerous to be pursued as an art of peace, and that fact is occasionally overlooked when foreigners charge Britain with ambition. Perhaps, also, there is a deeper and a better truth than the imaginary independence of savage tribes or violence-doing chiefs and despots, no less than the brotherhood of mankind, which justifies the strong in protecting the weak. On that point, however, we say nothing. Let us rather turn to America.

America, animated in a great measure by a similar spirit to that of Britain, has entirely a different field for the exercise of her energies. She has no colonies, no foreign empire, no ocean fortresses, nothing out of herself, or out of the line of her own circumference. She has, in fact, no central station from which to flow in all directions. She flows in a mass, not from a centre. She trades largely, because she has large foreign wants, and can supply large foreign demands. Yet, with the exception of the South Sea whale fishery (which, although a maritime pursuit, somewhat resembles a foreign occupancy, from the peculiarity of its arrangements) she has absolutely nothing out of the limits of her own territory to require her attention. Yet her part in the world's drama is scarcely inferior to that of Britain. It is different rather than inferior. Her objects are,—to occupy a continent—to assemble all its countries under a single banner—to prevent war between them—to secure free trade between them—to prevent all custom-house lines of duties and tariffs between them—and to make every man (*white man at present*) within that vast territory a free citizen of the same gigantic nation. She was placed upon the sea-shore, on the outer verge of the great continent, and she must drive back into the wilds with

the axe in her hand and the rifle on her shoulder. British men did not land on New Zealand or at Port Natal without arms; and the west, to America, is what New Zealand or Natal is to Britain—a new colony that is brought under civilized rule, only after the first incidents of adventure, which imply more or less of warfare, disorder, and fatal strife. Instead of the ocean and the far distant settlement, America has had to face the continent—"Westward, Ho!" She has had to pioneer her way—to ascend or to cross rivers—to traverse forests—to ford through swamps—to wander on the prairie—to meet the hostile Indian—to breast the mountains, and to slope down on the far side, where she once more meets the sea, and finds the limits of her journeying westward. More or less perfectly or imperfectly, she keeps the police of this vast region—sometimes with swift Lynch retribution, sometimes with the stricter formalities of law; but, at all events, her ostensible object is to subdue and occupy the continent, to carry law into every territory that acknowledges her sway, and to endow all who dwell within her boundary with the same full rights of free citizenship.

The slave is an exception, and we shall endeavour to exhibit the reason.

Britain, in planting out colonies, or in establishing dominions, is compelled to encounter societies—tribes, nations, or states—in every stage of transition, and in every degree of progressive advancement. Her dominions include almost every known form of society—from the savage idolater, who stalks about armed with a club and clothed in a skin, up to the Asiatic prince, whose jewelled turban flashes in the sunlight, and whose arms are marvels of artistic beauty even in the eyes of our most skillful artificers. The hut of the Australian savage, the wigwam of the Red Indian, and the kraal of the Kaffir, are found on British territory; so also are the stockaded fort of the fur trader, and the hill fort of the chief in Bengal; so also are the cottage of the hind, the house of the citizen, the mansion of the lord, and the palace of the duke. But not only do the British territories contain all present conditions of society; they contain representatives of the historic phases through which nations have passed. Were the Queen to summon her subjects before her, she would not only see all conditions of men, from the skin-clad savage up to the peer in his ermine, but she would see a living history of England portrayed in the living representatives of the various stages and aspects of society.

Admitting, then, that Britain combines

the utmost diversity in her separate territories, we have only to glance at the distinguishing characteristic of the United States, to remove surprise that institutions, which appear utterly incongruous with civilization, should still be found within the limits of the great Republic. What Britain contains in her diversity of dominions, America contains within the boundary line of her circumference. She could not, it is true, present so great a variety of complexions, such a multitude of dialects, nor such a rare spectacle of outward garb and appearance; but she could furnish variety notwithstanding. The Southern planter, who owns a thousand slaves, contrasts as really with the New England trader, as the Asiatic prince would contrast with the Melbourne merchant; the Indian squaw contrasts with the lady of New York quite as much as the bride of the New Zealander or Hottentot would with the daughters of the English aristocracy; the seminoles of Florida would contrast with the senator of Massachusetts quite as much as the wildest Australian savage would with the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor of England. True, the United States are under a Federal Government, but under a Government somewhat in the sense that all the colonies, territories, and possessions of Britain are under the same Government—a Government that tolerates, even where it does not establish, the utmost diversity of laws, religions, policies, practices, usages, customs, privileges, exemptions, and so forth. Acknowledge the Crown, pay your taxes, and commit no breach of the public peace, is almost the only rule of British dictation. In all else, we may find the most discordant elements all mingled together, and all supposed to be under the dominion of the British throne. Slavery, it is true, is exempted. It is the grandest attribute of the empire, that, notwithstanding all its creeds, all its complexions, and all its languages, "the sceptre of Britain cannot touch a slave." But a quarter of a century has not yet elapsed since the same Negro slavery which now prevails in the southern states of the Union, prevailed in our West India Colonies and Mauritius; and, more recently, we have been compelled to enforce the truth with a strong hand on our Dutch colonists at the Cape. We have not much to boast of, therefore, in point of time.

The difference, then, between Britain and America, is, that Britain contains, discretely and in separate colonies or dominions, a vast variety of laws and institutions; and that this variety of laws and institutions, or at least a corresponding diversity, is found in

the United States brought together within the boundary of the Union. The British dominions are like a family, from which the sons and daughters are first sent to school, and then planted out, in different professions, to shift for themselves. The United States are like a joint-stock company, in which each independent member holds shares, but, at the same time, pursues his own private business after his own fashion. It need not, therefore, be a matter of surprise to the student of political history, that some of the colonies of Britain should have been infected with negro slavery, nor that some of the States of the Union should still continue to perpetuate the evil; but the same duty that impelled the British Government to abolish it, must weigh with the Federal Government of America, as soon as the Free States return a body of directors representing their own principles, or, in fact, representing the true interests of the American Union.

That America derived her slave system from Britain, is an unquestioned fact; and it is needless to argue the greater or less culpability of the two countries. The States, in declaring their independence, did so as colonies of Britain, in which slavery was tolerated and established. They formed a portion of the slave colonies of Britain, and, consequently, were more deeply implicated, and had a longer and more arduous struggle before them than the British Empire at large, where slavery was a local accident, pertaining only to a small portion of the general dominion. Slavery, with Britain, was only the disease of a branch of the empire. With the Declaration of Independence, a diseased branch took independent root, and gradually wrought its way to a more healthy condition of society. A colony, in separating from the mother country, necessarily retains the impress of its condition at the period of separation; and, though it must ever be regretted that the first constitution did not pronounce boldly for freedom, and terminate the question once for all by law, it must not be forgotten that the States were exclusively absorbed in their struggle for national independence, and had not contemplated the magnitude of the evil that might grow out of their hereditary disease.

Rightly to understand the Slave question of America, therefore, it is necessary to conceive the Union as starting, not from the point of liberty, but from the point of slavery. In 1790—the year of the first census of the United States—two States only, Maine and Massachusetts, were absolutely without slaves; every other free

State has been a virtual conquest or acquisition on the part of freedom. What the progress has been, we shall see in detail as we go on; but, before doing so, we must say a word on the leading characteristic of the Union—her genius, as distinguished from the genius of Britain. Britain colonizes or governs; America absorbs and amalgamates. All states and territories, whatever their peculiarities, are absorbed into the Union—amalgamated with it, and form a constituent portion of it. If Britain had ten or twenty slave colonies, she could govern them at a distance. There would be little or no reaction on the character of the Government at home. The colonies send no representatives to Parliament, and, consequently, exercise no direct power on the formation of the Legislature. With America it is different. Her Government is the reflection of herself. The Slave State sends its members to the American Parliament, and the American Parliament rules and governs the Union. Wherever, therefore, America absorbs a new State, she absorbs not only a territory or a population, but a new element into her Legislature; and hence, the strife between slavery and freedom is a perpetual struggle of political parties, in pursuit of political power; and hence, also, the violent struggles that are now occurring to secure for the one side or the other the remaining territories that are still to be absorbed. The contest for Kansas, for instance, has not been merely a contest for the extension or restriction of slavery, but whether more votes in Congress should be added to the party of Slavery or to the party of Freedom; for both are aware that the first time the party of Freedom gains the ascendancy in Congress, a new era must dawn on the history of the Union.

We now, with the volumes on our list before us, enter more particularly on the question of Negro slavery in the United States, and lay down a few of the conditions of the problem, to enable us to detect the influences that are working out the demolition of the fatal institution. We are content to suppose that there are some in Britain to whom the subject is almost unwelcome—some who would pass it by as if it did not concern them, and who wish to hear no more of it. And yet, again this slave question must be faced. The statesman must face it, because it involves some of the most vital questions of national existence; the philanthropist must face it, because it involves an untold amount of human weal and human woe; the Christian must face it, because it involves the principles of his faith and the practices of his daily duty; the economist must face it,

because it involves a whole theory of labour and a problem of profit and loss; the traveller must face it, because it intrudes itself hideously on his attention; the novelist must face it, because it involves scenes and characters of specific national interest; the critic must face it, because it involves a literature of its own. Sooner or later we must all face it. Our Anglo-Saxon race is implicated in it—it belongs to our race's history; posterity will paint it into the portraiture of our time and being; we shall go down to posterity with this "dark shadow" hanging about us. True, Britain has cut adrift the shadow, and Britannia has emerged with Freedom—free to carry freedom far and wide over the broad surface of the world. But history will tell the tale of the Antilles, and the middle passage, and the slave whip, not yet passed out of the memory of living men, and we of Britain shall have our share of the dark colouring not less than our brethren of the West, on whom the shadow has rested a little longer, as if freedom, like the sun, had risen first on us and was now but travelling westward.

Let us, then, look at American slavery as it stands realised.

The population of the United States may be divided into five distinct classes or embranchments. First, the free white population of the Free States, numbering, at the last census of 1850, about thirteen millions; second, the white population of the Slave States, numbering about six millions; third, the slaves of the Slave States, numbering more than three millions; and, fourth, the free persons of colour distributed throughout the Union, numbering less than half a million. But the white population of the Slave States must itself be divided into two classes, namely, the planters and slave-owners, numbering only three hundred and fifty thousand, or, with their families and relatives, say two millions altogether, and the free white population of the Southern States,—owning no slaves—numbering about four millions. It was out of this latter class that the Border ruffians were extemporised, apparently without much trouble, and with no great change of habit. The three millions of slaves of 1850 are now, from the estimated rate of known increase, little short of four millions, the expectation being that they will exceed four millions at the ensuing census.

Assuming, then, that the slave population of the United States reaches, at the present time, nearly four millions, we next turn to the race. The slaves are of African blood, but not of African birth. A few there are of the original stock of imported negroes, but the vast majority have been born in

America, and have been brought up as children in the presence of white civilization, such as it there appears. The early associations of the American slave are American, not African. The present slave knows Africa only by tradition—a tradition that has ceased to operate as a moving impulse in his character. He knows nothing of Africa, does not regard it as his fatherland, and indulges in no mysterious hope that he may see it before he dies. A *slave* he may be, but he is an American, as much so in fact as his white master, who may date a little further back in the history of his ancestral importation, but who is an importation nevertheless—a man of British, French, or German blood, born in America; and as the white race of America has gradually assumed a national type of its own, which has no existence in the lands from which the emigrations have been made, it is certain that the Negro-American has undergone somewhat of a similar transformation, although the extent of the change may be less in his case than in the case of the white American. The Negro-American, under whatever influence it may be—climate, intercourse with the white man, the light of Christianity, shaded and obscured as that light has been—has become a different man from the native African. He has begun to awake from his intellectual apathy—a thought has flashed across his mind that he also is a man; this dark race, down-trodden and slave-driven—has been imperceptibly inspired with an aspiration that has a different birth-place from Africa—that was born in Britain, hewed out by the race of "God's free Englishmen," as John Milton triumphantly calls his countrymen. Into the woolly head this Anglo-Saxon notion has been making its half uncertain way. This *thought* is the thing that has made the radical difference between the native African and Negro-American. The Negro has begun to think, and, thinking, has become more dangerous; hence the ameliorations that, to some extent, had been made in his condition, have latterly been superseded by a system of more severe restriction. So long as he refrained from thinking he could be trusted; now that he has begun to think, he must be looked after, which is, perhaps, the beginning of the end. Nothing that America can now do can prevent the coloured population from acquiring knowledge, and knowledge must ultimately be freedom if it be power.

In race, however, there are gradations. The black blood and the white have mingled. It is reckoned that one-twelfth of the slaves of America are mulattoes, while one-

half of the free persons of colour have the blood of the white man in their veins. Here, again, is an essential point of difference between the Negro of Africa and the coloured American. Not only is the coloured man brought into the presence of civilization, such as it is, and of even a beclouded Christianity, but his physical conformation has received an admixture of the nervous temperament and the progressive brain to which intelligence is a native necessity. Farther and farther from the native African the coloured American is removing, generation after generation. With the free black there may still be the fact of lineal descent, but the whole man is changed. His thoughts, his associations, his hopes, his habits, his whole outward and inward universe have undergone a transformation. As a freeman, he is no longer the stultified and uneducated serf and bond labourer, but an intelligent man—not rarely now—with the habits and education of a gentleman; a man who, as merchant, lawyer, physician, or clergyman, can hold his place respectably, even when brought into competition with the pale faces of the old world or of the new.

The elevation of the free black is a point of the highest importance. The free black is a perpetual object, if not of envy, at least, of curious speculation to the slave; and the more the free black makes progress, and puts himself on an equality with the white man, the more often will the question recur to the slave,—“Why cannot I do so likewise?” This influence is the more effectual, from the circumstance, that the free blacks are located in the very States where their example may be most conducive to the cause of freedom. If they were congregated on the borders of Canada, they would be beyond the region of slavery; if they were all located on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, they would be beyond the region of freedom. On the contrary, they are placed in greatest number on the verge of the line that separates the Slave States from the Free States. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the three Eastern States that border on the British possessions, contain very few free blacks, only 2500 altogether. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, lying to the south of Vermont, contain 20,000 free blacks. New York contains 50,000—but the State of New York is exceptional, as it affords an easier market for the labour of black servants, waiters, porters, and occasional workmen—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, the three Free States that border on the Eastern Slave States, contain 100,000, while

Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, the four Slave States that border on the line of freedom, contain 170,000. North Carolina, which is next to Virginia, contains 28,000, while South Carolina, a remove farther from the line of freedom, contains only 9000. The most Southern State, Florida, does not contain 1000, and Texas does not contain 500. Louisiana, like New York, is exceptional, on account of the city of New Orleans, and its vast traffic. It contains 18,000 free blacks. We thus see, that the great mass of the free blacks are distributed along the line that separates the Free from the Slave States. And it is there, we presume, that the spectacle of their freedom, restricted as it is, in some respects, can be of most avail for influencing their fellows who are held in slavery. This influence may be imperceptible from day to day, but it becomes abundantly evident after a period of years, and is now acknowledged to be one of the most powerful agencies for the amelioration of slavery in the States that border on the line of freedom.

We now turn to the legal condition of the slave. The slave is, by law, a thing, and not a man; but, as laws cannot be altogether consistent when based upon erroneous principles, it is not legal to put a slave to death—evidently a logical absurdity—for, if the slave be “goods and chattels,” the owner should be at liberty to slay him, but not to *torture* him, as that would be an offence against the laws relating to cruelty to animals. With the exception, however, that he cannot legally be slain, the slave has virtually no rights conferred or secured by law. He cannot contract a legal marriage, and can have no family that he can call his own. His wife may be given to another husband, and his children may be sold in the customary routine of business. He can hold no property, unless by the continued consent of his master; that is, he cannot hold property at all, in a legal sense. He cannot raise a suit at law, and cannot claim damages for injury. He cannot testify in a court of justice against a white man. His owner may beat him, flog him, brand him, and punish him; or, if *punishment* be supposed to imply a reasonable being, we should rather say, “torture” him, and the slave has no remedy. He is a thing, and not a person. Such is the legal position of the slave. But, if the master were allowed to “do what he likes with his own,” the master might *educate* the slave on the same principle that he would teach his dog to dance, his parrot to talk, or his monkey to play tricks. The law, therefore, introduces more logical confusion, and forbids the master to educate

his slave; he must not, in that particular, "do what he likes with his own." This restriction shows, that the laws are not made in the interest of the master, but in the interest of the institution of slavery. In some States, in fact, it is a penal offence to teach free coloured children to read.

One peculiarity of the American laws is not to be overlooked, as it forms the characteristic feature of the American system. The slaves are not entitled by law to any holiday, period of rest, nor even to a Sabbath. This peculiarity is one of the greatest hardships that could possibly be imposed on the afflicted race—one of the greatest obstacles to the slaves' improvement, and an effectual barrier to self-emancipation. In the British West Indies the slave was allowed a patch of ground, with a certain portion of time that could be devoted to its cultivation. In Brazil and Cuba at the present time the same system prevails, and if that system had been adopted by the Slave States of the Union, there can scarcely be a doubt that, under the example of American energy, it would have reacted most powerfully on the whole slave population of the South. As it is, all that a slave has belongs to his master—all that he can possibly do must, by law, be done for his master. True, it is customary not to work the slave on Sabbath, and it is usual to allow him a holiday at Christmas. This, however, is merely an alleviation of his wretched condition. It does not animate him with the prospect of freedom purchased by his own exertion. On the other hand—if the slave had had a certain portion of the week secured to him by law, and if the proceeds of his labour could have been safely deposited and registered for the purchase of his own freedom or that of his family—the moral impulse would have inspired the more intelligent slaves with a resolve to achieve their liberty, and the process—continually calling forth the exercise of foresight, prudence, economy, self-denial, and self-reliance—would have rendered the struggle a moral education for the man, and would have left him, when he had achieved success, a trained and disciplined citizen who, under adverse circumstances, had learnt to perform with credit the social duties of a freeman. It may be too late now to speak of a weekly holiday secured to the slave by law, and other means must probably come into play for the settlement of the question; but we have the firmest conviction that, if a Saturday holiday had been instituted at the period of the Revolution America would now have been without a slave, or at least that the remnants of slavery would have

been wearing themselves out in the remoter regions of the Southern plantations, and fading gradually away before a course of continual emancipation. A weekly holiday would have involved the two greatest social requisites of the slave—the possibility of education and the possibility of freedom, procured by the training of voluntary and systematic labour, combined with the practice of prudential saving.

As regards their social condition, the slaves must be divided into three classes—the plantation slaves, the farm slaves, and the household slaves. The plantation slave is the lowest and most miserable of the whole. Treated essentially as a labouring animal, he is reduced to the last condition of unrequited toil. He is lodged in a slave hut, fed on plantation provisions, and clothed in slave garments of the meanest uniformity. He is driven a-field in the morning, and driven back to his quarters at night. No humanizing influence comes near his dwelling—nothing to alleviate when his work is over. He belongs to a gang and is under a driver, over whom is the white overseer, the sole and undisputed master of the whole establishment. The proprietor is usually absent, or, if present, does not interfere with the management of the slaves.

The farm slave is placed in a condition of comparative respectability. He is brought into more immediate contact with his master's family. He works with his master and his master works with him. With the exception of his bondage, he occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a farm servant; and, where the master and mistress are endowed with tolerably even tempers, a community of feeling grows up in the family, even where there is little direct community of interest. Association, that powerful tie which binds all men more or less to habitual circumstances, creates in him a virtual and genuine belief that he belongs to the family in the same manner perhaps that an old servitor of an English family persists to the last that he belongs to it, even after he has ceased to serve and may now receive only charitable aid. These are the slaves that are said to be "well off," and whose condition is sometimes contrasted with that of our poor labourers at home—with those, for instance, who are subjected to the abomination of the *bothy* system. Materially they are well off—sufficiently fed, sufficiently clothed, and tolerably well cared for, so far as their material wants are concerned. At the same time, they are exposed to the ill-treatment of savage masters, or—worse—may be sold at a moment's no-

tice—they, their wives, or their children—to the hopeless plantations of the South, and the “regions of drudgery till death.”

The third class consists of the household slaves, or house servants, who are even more immediately connected with the family; who have easier work, and that of a domestic kind, and who, so long as they remain in the house, really know little of the genuine hardships of slavery. These slaves, subject as they are of course to cruel treatment or to sale, are treated in many families with a species of indulgent familiarity, that perpetually recalls the difference of race—as if they were children of a larger growth, and were indulged because they were inferior, and could not compromise the dignity of the white proprietor. The position of these slaves, although in favourable circumstances offering little outwardly to shock the moral feelings, is altogether detrimental to the Negro character. A foolish childishness is encouraged by the master, and artfully adopted by the slave, who intentionally sinks his manhood in habitual cunning, and adopts an artificial imbecility, that he may the more easily prey on the weakness of his white master.

Difficult as it would be to assign the numbers of slaves in each of the above classes, it is still easy to determine that the numerical strength of the planters is less than might have been imagined, seeing that they possess the greatest share of political power, and monopolize for their party most of the offices of State. The “planters,” according to the returns of the last census, are set down at 27,005; but, as this return depends on the use of a name which might be arbitrarily adopted or rejected, we may employ another method of arriving at their probable number. The whole slave-owners of the United States are set down at 347,525, and, if we assume that the possession of at least twenty slaves must be necessary to entitle the holder to the name of “planter,” and deduct from the above number those who hold less than twenty slaves, we arrive at the limits within which the planters must necessarily be confined. The proportions then should be as follows:—

Total slaveholders,	347,525
Owners of 1 slave,	68,820
“ less than 5 slaves,	105,683
“ less than 10 slaves,	80,765
“ less than 20 slaves,	54,595
	<hr/> 309,863

Total owners of 20 slaves and upwards, . . . 27,662

It is thus certain that the great slave-holding interest, which at present rules the political

destinies of the States, is confined to less than 40,000 persons. But we could no more argue the weakness of the slave power from the smallness of the number of the planters, than we could argue the weakness of a European aristocracy, from the still smaller number of its members. In fact, the condensation of aristocratic interest and influence appears to have increased the security of the position in both cases. The material has become stronger in becoming more condensed; that is, it has, in the meantime, assumed a more precise and definite form of interest, and has become more manageable as a political power. The slave interest is precise, and consequently works with advantage towards a given point, amid a mass of vague general interests. Condensation, compactness, and a comparatively small number of slave ownerships, are rather advantageous than otherwise to the slave party. In every age, and in every country, six men ten feet high would meet with more consideration than twelve men five feet high, and, in the social or political world, ten planters who own a thousand slaves each, will make a stronger party, and exercise more political influence than a thousand small cultivators, who own ten slaves each. Each of the ten planters could become a politician and legislator, whereas each of the thousand small cultivators would require to stay at home and attend to the culture of his crops. Hope for the slave, therefore, is not to be found in the smallness of the number of planters, unless, indeed, a catastrophe were to come, and the question were to be tried by force.

These planters, in fact, constitute the oligarchy of the Union, which, so far from being a Republic, is the co-partnery of a democracy in the north with an aristocracy in the south,* a form of government unknown to the older States of Europe, and not likely to continue permanent, at least in its present form.

Next comes the geographical question—the question of latitude and climate. Running down the United States from north to south—from Maine to Louisiana—we may say roughly that we pass through a region of timber, a region of grain, a region of tobacco, a region of rice, a region of cotton, and a region of sugar. Into the timber State of Maine slavery never found its way; from the grain region, slavery has already disappeared; it is loosening its hold in the tobacco States; its stronghold is in the rice field and the cotton plantation; the sugar cultivation of the South is unsuccessful, and

* Stirling, page 60.

the sugar planters are looking to Cuba, not so much for the purpose of extending slavery, as for the purpose of preserving their capital from exhaustion, and it may be themselves from ruin. In 1780 Pennsylvania, the seat of the pacific Quakers, and Massachusetts, the seat of northern intelligence, abolished slavery. In 1784 Connecticut and Rhode Island, the trading and sea-going States, followed the example. In 1792 New Hampshire, the northern neighbour of Massachusetts, was ranged on the side of freedom. In 1799 New York, the virtual metropolitan State, declared for emancipation, and in 1825 achieved the abolition. In 1804 New Jersey was added to the roll of the Free States. The plan was that all born after the respective dates should be free, while the actual slaves were allowed to die out in the course of nature. In 1820 there were left in Rhode Island 48 slaves, in Connecticut 97, in New York 10,088, in New Jersey 7657. In 1840 there were in Rhode Island 5, in Connecticut 17, in New York 4, and in New Jersey 674. In 1850 the whole of these Northern States were clear, with the exception of New Jersey, which still retained 236 in the character of apprentices. The most northern Slave State on the seaboard is Delaware, which contains only about 2000 slaves, and must soon be added to the number of the Free States. We see here the "dark shadow" flitting off from north to south, from the land of industrious enterprise and success to the land of luxurious indolence and decay.

The question, then, is, will this process continue? and the answer must be extracted from the present condition of the Slave States that border on the line of freedom. Next to Delaware is Maryland; and Maryland, at the last Presidential election, forsook the South, and voted for the anti-slavery candidate. Next to Maryland is Virginia; and the "Old Dominion" is already so divided, that the West Virginians, who, as whites, are more numerous than the white population of East Virginia, have threatened to split the State into two, because they are outvoted by the slave representation of the East—every five slaves counting for three white votes. Tennessee, again, has its two parties, and two classes of population. East Tennessee partakes of the character of West Virginia, and is, at least, preparing to discover that, with only 8 per cent. of slaves, it is disadvantageously allied with the western district, that contains 31 per cent. Next to Virginia is Kentucky; and in Kentucky abolition meetings have already been held; and next to Kentucky, westward across the Mississippi, is the State

of Missouri, which is so unquestionably verging towards freedom, that the last election for governor was announced to be in favour of the anti-slavery candidate. The border States are evidently becoming imbued with views and feelings that must sweep slavery still farther south; and if to this we add, that manumission and flight are going on in them, at a much higher rate than the average rate, there can scarcely be a doubt that several of these States must soon be numbered in the ranks of freedom. In the old States, there is a perpetual crumbling of the wall of separation. The edifice of slavery is giving way before the progress of industry, and the more modern necessities of a civilization which rushes onward too rapidly for the slave system. In the Northern Slave States—those which touch the line of freedom—the system is perishing, simply because it cannot keep pace with the progress of society.

To make this even more clear, let us look at the following fact:—

In 1790, there were *five* States in the Union that contained no slaves, or less than 1000. In 1800, there were *seven* States that contained less than 1000 slaves. In 1810, there were *ten* such States; and, in 1820, there were still *ten*. In 1830, there were *twelve*; in 1840, there were *fifteen*; and, in 1850, there were *sixteen*—fifteen of these being absolutely free of slaves altogether, and the other being New Jersey, a Free State, with 236 apprentices. It is impossible to affirm that a continuous course of this kind is without a definite meaning. It means, that if no new Slave States had been added, the causes which have presided over the above progress would have terminated slavery. But—including the newer States, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas—slavery (or rather, the slave population) is increasing in fourteen States.

How, then, is it that, ever and anon, there should be such fierce struggles to carry the institution of slavery into the new territories of the Union? If slavery has died out of the Northern States, and is dying out of the States that border on the line of freedom, what is the real motive for carrying a seemingly worn out institution into the new districts, that, from time to time, are thrown open to the scrambling enterprise of the adventurous citizens? If slavery was a failure in New York and Pennsylvania, and was abandoned because it was a failure, why carry it into Texas, Missouri, or Kansas? If it is dying out in Maryland and Delaware, what possible advantage could attend its introduction into Utah or Nebras-

ka? If the system is evidently doomed, why extend it at all?

In her westward race from the sea to the Mississippi, and again from the Mississippi to the mountains and the sea, America had two starting points—the Yeoman States of New England, and the aristocratic plantations of the South—a starting point of freedom, and a starting point of slavery. Her object has been to absorb, to grow wider and wider—to take in territory after territory, and State after State. Her institutions she has carried with her. She had no central Government to direct the flowing of her people; but, with the one proviso, that all new States should be Republican and should adopt a Republican form of rule, she allowed the stream to flow westward, clear or turbid, as it might be. At the Revolution, she had no traditional government to start with, and no sufficient power to establish a central and dominant authority. She was compelled to throw around the States a few loose rules, which formed the Confederacy into a Union. The common danger, and the common triumph, bound her independent countries—for independent countries they were—into a formal, and at first almost a nominal, unity. She scarcely knew that she was inaugurating the establishment of a central government, which must eventually absorb her separate governments, and subject the whole to a uniform system of laws, policy, and administration. Two generations have passed, and the central government is still labouring and gasping, oppressed with the gigantic enterprise, and suffering, in the meantime, from a plethora of liberty. The States have flowed, as it were, by accident, and in a mass. If slave owners planted themselves out in the new territory, the territory became a Slave State; if freemen, the territory became a Free State, by the law of "squatter sovereignty," which allows the people of a new territory to adopt any institutions, and to enact any laws, provided it only adheres to the one essential of republicanism. The race westward, therefore, is a struggle between North and South which party shall possess the new territories; and, consequently, the New States; and, consequently, the votes in Congress; and, consequently, the power. The North attempts to thrust the slave line as far south as possible; the South attempts to thrust the line of freedom as far north as possible. Hence the racing and running of the two parties into Kansas, that the State might be voted, black or white. Then must come New Mexico, then Utah, and then the race is well nigh ended, and the play over, for California,

as a Free State, intercepts the extension to the ocean. This race can scarcely be called the "extension of slavery," or of freedom. It is merely that the Union flows, as a mass, almost geographically, and carries its institutions with it, such as they are, for the time being.

In this race across the continent may possibly be found what, for want of a better name, may be termed the natural termination of slavery in the United States. Any accident may, of course, produce a change in the position of parties. The slave system, like a steam boiler, may give little warning before it bursts and is blown to atoms. But we mean that the extreme limits of American slavery, as regards duration, are possibly or probably to be found in the absorption of the remaining territories. As soon as the territories are occupied and have become States, the strife changes its character. It is no longer a race westward, but a trial of the permanent capability of slave institutions, or of free institutions, to stand in the presence of modern civilization with a progressive people. Slavery might possibly stand so long as the American nation was hurrying onward to new ground, but it must fall when the progress ceases to be onward and becomes upward. It can stand in a country of nothing but plantations,—hence the desire to get it into new ground,—but it stands no longer when exposed to the tidal wave of competitive commerce, which is certain to follow the plantation period. First hunting, then pasture, then agriculture, then commerce, manufacture and art. Commerce kills slavery, because slavery cannot keep up with its requirements,—hence at New Orleans and St. Louis, trade is converting the slave into a semi freeman, taking off the shackles, even though it has not yet accorded the deed of manumission.

We now turn to the volumes before us, to record the impressions of two British writers who have recently visited the States. Believing as we do, that slavery in America will be made to disappear quite as much by the enlightened opinion of Europe and the advance of catholic truth, as by the efforts of abolition organizations, we welcome every work on the subject that can pretend to even a moderate amount of intelligence and impartiality. Much more do we welcome the works before us. If British writers had always written of the States with the good sense that characterises the letters of Mr. Stirling, and the criticisms of Mr. Chambers, our trans-Atlantic friends would have had little reason to complain of literary injustice, even though their evil

practices may be exposed and rebuked more effectually by the condemnation that arises after inquiry than by the flippant sarcasm that originates in a wounded self-esteem. Both authors approach the Republic with a just appreciation of her worth,—both give her credit for what she has done,—both are willing to recognise whatever she contains of great, good, useful, or true, and both arrive at an unmitigated, absolute, and total condemnation of her slave system. With a clear and rapid style, Mr. Stirling's letters combine the rarer element of proportion. He does not wish to dwell on the cruelties of the slave system, nor on the crimes it generates. He does not find an "Arrow-smith" tragedy in every railway train, nor a Legree in every plantation. But he finds enough of truth to make romance unnecessary, and setting the truth into a well-proportioned composition, which portrays the social aspect and countenance of the States, he brings out the cancerous blemishes of slavery, and shows how they disfigure the features that should have beamed with the health of freedom. Slavery, according to Mr. Stirling, is not a pathological preparation to be studied in a museum of horrors, but a cancer on the brow of freedom. He draws it as it stands, not bottled up in cases and instances, but as it stands upon the brow of life—shows how it contrasts with vitality, and how, unless handed over to sharp excision, it must spread its malignant fibre until the whole tissues of society being invaded fall into the hideousness of corruption. He shows how it ramifies through the various classes of society, and how injurious it is to all—how it degrades the South, and robs the North of its integrity—how its nature is at all times vile, and its influence everywhere destructive. Such is a summary of the convictions of an observer who does not pretend to devote more attention to slavery than exactly as much as slavery demanded at his hands while drawing the portrait of the States through which he travelled. We should do injustice to the "Letters," however, were we not to mention that they contain a most ably drawn delineation of the Union; for though the author devotes his descriptions to the slave States, he does so with a perpetual stream of comparison running through his narrative, which proves incontestably the superior success of the northern institutions. He sketches rapidly, but often with the happiest touches, and always with a freedom that renders his work attractive. The shrewdest remarks are scattered about with seeming carelessness, as if the author had sharpened his pen in New England before

he commenced his tour through the South, while now and then he winds up a paragraph with a figure so concise and apposite, that the reader is startled into admiration. We question whether the progress of America has ever been better hit off than in the following passage:—

"When I attribute superficiality to American civilization, the charge does not apply equally to all parts of the Union; and its applicability to any part varies from day to day. This qualification, indeed, should modify every judgment on American affairs. It is this varying aspect of the social phenomena of America that makes it so intensely difficult to form an accurate estimate of her progress. Everything varies, and everything is in flux. The phenomena change with every step you take, and with every hour you continue your observations. The East differs from the West—the North differs from the South; and all are different to-day from what they were yesterday, or will be to-morrow. You have to daguerrotype a scene that is at once a moving panorama and dissolving view."—*Letters*, 192.

We do not profess to give even the slightest summary of Mr. Stirling's Letters, because they are certain to be read universally by all who take an interest in the subject. He has given us a work that will enlighten Britain and produce a most powerful impression on the States—a work full of faith, hope, and charity, good taste and discrimination. We wish rather to devote our remaining space to the influences that are in operation for the emancipation of the slave, and, in so doing, we shall weave in a portion of Mr. Stirling's materials. We must say a few words, however, on Mr. Chambers' volume, which, as its title indicates, is devoted more exclusively to the treatment of the slave question. Mr. Chambers gives us the pathology of the slave question—its history (since the Revolution)—its nature—its influence on the body politic—its economy, and its probable termination. His history is excellent, his facts well selected, and his integrity beyond question, yet we scarcely incline to the belief that Mr. Chambers makes a just estimate of the course of slavery, or of the process by which it is to be finally abolished. As a book of facts, *American Slavery and Colour*, is thoroughly conscientious, but we question whether its inferences and anticipations would not be more correct if they were more hopeful. We object to all works, however well written, that treat any department of man's social history on the plan of a Newgate calendar. Crime cannot be seen in its proper and most instructive light except when contrasted with rectitude, any more than disease can be understood unless when contrasted with

health. In a crime like slavery we can fall back with almost unlimited confidence on the historic teaching of past time. We can see how slavery has perished out of the most advanced nations of the earth, and feel the firmest assurance that it will also perish out of America with the advance of catholic civilization. We may even take analogous institutions and trace their fate. We can see in *their* history, that there was a period of growth, when the evil was becoming every day more and more gigantic, when it seemed laden with portentous disasters, and no man could see the end. Yet we have only to look a little further down the page of history, and behold the evil is obliterated. It has fallen into decay, or has removed further outward to the edges of civilization. On the frontiers of civilization we find not only the habits but the crimes of past centuries. Society, in fact, flows like the sea with the turbid wave always in front, only to be followed by the clear water when the turmoil of advance has ceased.

And here we must note, as Mr. Chambers well observes, that the question is no longer one of *Negro* slavery. The old argument, that Negroes are an inferior race, and ought therefore to be slaves, has fallen to pieces, partly from the circumstance that the coloured Americans have shown themselves capable of education, and partly because they have received so large an admixture of white blood, that the argument bears a contradiction on the face of it. The doctrine now is, that slavery in itself, whether black or white, is a good and proper thing, and a wise and legitimate institution. "We do not adopt the theory that Ham was the ancestor of the Negro race," says Mr. Fitzhugh, a southern writer, quoted by Mr. Chambers; "Slavery, black or white, is right and necessary." The argument is beginning to move, and the institution must move also, although not exactly in the same direction. The advocates of slavery are searching for a new line of defence, and thereby beginning to acknowledge the weakness of their cause. But they have leapt from the argumentative frying-pan into the argumentative fire; and this new doctrine of a universal white slavery, is only one of the pangs and throes that betoken dissolution.

But while Mr. Chambers takes a view of the case scarcely, as we think, sufficiently hopeful, though, after all, his view may prove to be correct, he does what is more valuable. He throws the whole weight of his moral judgment against the American slave-system. From Mr. Chambers we expected moderation, impartiality, and an unbiased estimate of the system. America would expect the

same. But he has given us more. He pronounces indignant judgment, washes his hands from all possible contamination, and tells America that if she will not root out the curse she will have a revolution or an insurrection. No slave-owner will quote the name of William Chambers as affording the slightest pretext in favour of slavery, no slave will hear of that name except as the name of a friend. And this, we presume, is one of the influences that work directly towards the abolition of the atrocious system—atrocious in reality, and in the eyes of Europe, though not yet atrocious in the eyes of the Southern slave-holders, nor even in the eyes of Northern traders. The more the mind of impartial Europeans is brought to bear on the question, the more must the mind of America be brought to see that her Negro-slavery is the miserable accident of a locality, a moral swamp and fever-breeding pestilential marsh that must be drained of its waters of iniquity, before the air can be purified for the use of honest men. America will see reflected in European opinion the coming doom of the accursed evil, and will be ashamed of the foul blot that makes Europe point the finger of scorn at all her professions of liberty. What can America dare to say to Italy, when the clank of the chain in the Italian dungeon is answered by the echoing shriek in the Southern slave plantation? What can America dare to say to Poland or Hungary, when the knout sounds the key note of brutality, and the slave whip takes up the infernal theme, and draws blood from the American born as fiercely and as fiend-like? What can America dare say to any down-trodden nation, when millions of her own people writhe hopelessly in the agony of bondage? The South may bluster for a time, but the freemen of the North cannot continue to live on in an atmosphere of contempt.

Nor, indeed, is it necessary that the United States should much longer endure the sarcasms of Europe, for there are causes at work which must lead to the emancipation of the slave. The fact of emancipation we regard as an indubitable certainty. It will come as a matter of course with the advancing tide of civilization, and the specific causes, each of which would entail its overthrow in a longer or shorter period, can be pointed out. It might even be possible to conjecture the duration of slavery were the causes to work separately; but when many causes work together in the same given direction, and react upon each other, we cannot know how soon emancipation might take place. In four or five States it might arrive to-morrow. But if even four

States—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Missouri—were to pronounce for freedom, the present balance of parties would be so changed, that it would be impossible to predict the result. The Federal Government might then venture to take the whole subject into its own hands, and there can scarcely be a doubt that the first time the Federal Government fairly approaches this one great master evil of the American organization, it will be for the sole purpose of effecting the destruction of slavery—by a process longer or shorter, as the case may be supposed to require.

We give Mr. Chambers' conclusion:—

"Slavery, we repeat, is seemingly destined to push far beyond its present limits. Is no check practicable?"

"The Constitution—it can do nothing.

"The Republicans—they possess little political power, and, besides, they propose to act solely through the Constitution.

"The North—the majority of its representatives faithless; confidence in politicians gone.

"The Anti-slavery Societies—a scattered body, with unfashionable views and no political weight.

Enlightened Opinion—suppressed by mob, violence, and outvoted, the less opulent and more numerous classes being democrats and supporters of the slave power.

"The South—resolute in maintaining its institutions, and master of the situation.

"Patience—the next decennial census will add to the number of members in Congress from the Free States; the Free States will be increased in number by Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington. . . ."—P. 177.

"To be quite Plain—there appear, at least on the surface, to be but two expedients by which this fearfully embarrassed question is to be solved—Revolution, Insurrection—both to be earnestly deprecated. . . ."—P. 179.

"One trembles at the fatal alternative—Revolution—Insurrection. Can insurrection be avoided either way? Revolution would produce insurrection. Successful insurrection would be followed by revolution, for we can scarcely expect that the North would remain in union with a nation of blacks."—P. 181.

And now for Mr. Stirling's conclusion:—

"I put no faith in political or philanthropic nostrums. If the South is to be regenerated, it must be by economical influences. Slavery will be abolished now as heretofore, simply because slavery is unprofitable. An unworthy motive some may say. True; but it is the way of God to bring good out of evil, turning even our unworthy motives to His own good ends."—P. 302.

We would fain hope that Mr. Chambers has taken too dark a view of the alternatives. Mr. Stirling's conclusion we regard as too hastily expressed, unless the terms "economical" and "unprofitable" are taken in

such a wide signification as to include all possible elements—Christianity and education as well as dollars and danger. We hope, and indeed expect, that the good sense of the States will discover some other termination than revolution or insurrection. But we cannot suppose that slavery in the Southern States will gradually die away, merely because it is unprofitable, or that it can be abolished without violent agitation and the application of, perhaps, very strong "political nostrums." It might die out of the North, because the North was peopled with yeomen who were themselves willing to labour, and to whom slavery was an encumbrance and a nuisance, as well as a degradation. But it cannot die out of the plantation districts in a similar manner or from a similar cause. Labour has there become traditionally dishonourable, and the whites would on no account encounter the drudgery of the fields. The political pressure of the North must come into play; and if the planters saw that the North was really serious—which it has not yet been, or is only beginning to be—they would feel the necessity of capitulation, to escape what to them would be a greater evil—Separation. There is a vast substratum of power in the North that has never been brought into action, namely, the power of the yeoman proprietors, the strongest body of freemen in the world out of the British islands. If these men were fairly roused, their voice would startle the Union from end to end, and the slippery politicians, who have been playing fast and loose with slavery, would quail when they heard the manly voice of Anglo-Saxon freemen pithily, but unmistakeably, declaring that the name of slavery should no longer be branded on the reputation of their free country. Yet these men have not taken their side. They scarcely even vote at elections. In the State of New York, there are 300,000 electors (about a third of all the electors of England) who do not use their franchise, and in Massachusetts, nearly two-thirds of the electors stay away from the polls.

The causes at work for the abolition of American slavery, we are inclined to enumerate as follows:—

First, Christian civilization. Second, The education and social elevation of the coloured American. Third, The moral aversion of the Northern States to the system. Fourth, The public opinion of Europe. Fifth, The commercial as distinguished from the plantation and agricultural period of society. And, Sixth, The proven inferiority of the slave system to the free system.

We shall take these causes of abolition

or emancipation inversely, and offer a few observations on each; but before doing so we may remark, that pecuniary compensation, or the purchase of the freedom of the slave population, is utterly and totally out of the question. Britain could afford the outlay, because the empire was only negotiating the affairs of some small colonies; but the New Englanders would as soon think of buying up the Pope and Cardinals as of buying up the slave rights of the planters. The extradition of

the blacks is also hopelessly absurd. They are there in the Southern States, and there they must remain to cultivate the land.

First, The proven inferiority of the slave system to the free system. What was formerly suspected is now proven, and the more the proof is known, circulated, canvassed, and reflected on, the more does it become a valid argument and a moving power. Let us, in the first place, contrast the Free States with the Slave States in the following table:—

FREE AND SLAVE STATES, 1850.

	Population.			Industry.							Public Works.	Education.		Representation.	
	Density per Square Mile.	Annual Increase, 1790 to 1850.	Agriculture.						Agricultural and Manufacturing products per head of Population.	Canals per Million of Population.	Railways per Million of Population.	Illiterate Whites.		1790.	1850.
			Improved Lands.	Average Value of Lands.	Average Value of Agricultural Implements.	Produce per Acre.		Native.				Foreign.			
						Wheat.	Maize.								
P. Cent.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.	Doll'rs	Doll'rs	Bush's	Bush's	Doll'rs	Miles.	Miles.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.		
Free States,.....	21.91	9.71	14.72	19.00	.77	12.4	81.1	105.35	274	1000	2.40	6.87	58.8	61.5	
Slave States,.....	11.85	6.59	10.00	6.00	.36	9.8	19.6	65.67	116	500	8.87	9.19	46.2	38.5	

Stirling, 338. Compiled from De Bow's *Compendium of the Census*, and the *Treasury Report* of 1853.

This table proves that in every single item, without exception, the Slave States are inferior to the Free States. But listen to Mr. Stirling, "Marvellous as has been the progress of the Northern States of the Union, it is, I am persuaded, nothing compared with that which is in store for the South, so soon as she shall have the virtue and wisdom to remodel her institutions in the spirit of freedom."—(247.) Leaving the above table to speak for itself, we turn to the question of slave and free labour, with the same population before and after emancipation. This, in fact, is the real question, and the following quotation will suffice to show in what sense the West Indies have been "ruined":—

"The impression, we believe, prevails among the American planters that the British West Indies are rapidly returning to a state of nature, and especially are fast abandoning the sugar cane, as too much for the energies of free labour. Happily, the commercial returns dispel this ridiculous illusion. Slavery was abolished by the Act of 1833, the system of forced labour being still continued for some years, under the name of apprenticeship, and the monopoly by differential duties remaining unbroken until 1845. If we take the produce of the three years, 1835, 1845, and 1855, we shall see at a glance, 1st, The latest achievements of the slave system with protection duties; 2d, The result of free labour without free trade; 3d, The most recent opera-

tion of a system doubly free. In the first of the three selected years, our Slave Colonies (West Indies and Mauritius) furnished for home consumption, only 178,000 tons of sugar and molasses; in the second, 180,026; in the third, 211,631. Thus the free produce, instead of dwindling away in obedience to prediction, has increased about 19 per cent."—Chambers, p. 160, from *Anti-Slavery Advocate*.

Second, The commercial as distinguished from the plantation period of society. Plantation agriculture implies little more than animal labour. Commercial industry implies the growth of intelligence. Whenever commerce prevails over mere agriculture, the bonds of slavery are relaxed, and ultimately are broken. If commerce could undermine the feudalism of Europe, it can have no great difficulty in rooting out the slavery of America, which, after all, is only black feudalism. Hear Mr. Stirling:—

"Further, among the commercial class of the South there is much concealed hostility to slavery. This is particularly the case in the large trading towns of the frontier States; in Wheeling, Virginia; in Louisville, Kentucky; and above all, in St. Louis, Missouri. In St. Louis there are about 30,000 Germans, all to a man opposed to slavery. Indeed, slavery in St. Louis exists only in name. When the time comes, the party of freedom in the Slave States will find itself suddenly endowed with unlooked for strength. Two-

thirds or three-fourths of the commercial business of the south are carried on by northern men, or foreigners. At present these men hold their peace—they bide their time. But many of them hate the system they are forced to endure.”—P. 821.

Hear, again, the American correspondent of the “Times:”—

“The soil of Missouri, its climate, and its productions, are as much adapted to free as to slave labour. Hemp, tobacco, and Indian corn, are its staple agricultural products, but its commerce and its manufactures promise to be of greater value than its agriculture. St. Louis, the depôt of the former, is near the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi, with an inland navigation of thousands of miles in every direction, with great accumulated wealth, a large tonnage, and promises to become the great city of the interior of this country. The mountains of Missouri are full of mineral wealth, and want only to be struck by the hand of well-directed industry, to yield a stream of wealth. The population of the eastern part of the State is young, and largely from the Free States. *It is easy to see that all these causes might bring about in Missouri a feeling in favour of emancipation not shared by the other frontier States.*”—(*Times*, Aug. 29, 1857.)

Third, The public opinion of Europe. Perhaps the greatest achievement of civilization, is the triumph of catholic opinion. What is the catholic opinion of the civilized world? On some subjects we are compelled to answer, “The civilized world has not yet arrived at its conclusion”—with regard, for instance, to the mode of political government. But where it has done so, as in the case of piracy and slavery, we acknowledge that the catholic opinion must prevail—must be reduced from a form of opinion to an overt act, and from an overt act to an outward condition of society. Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy, countries where slavery once prevailed, have given in their declaration on the side of freedom. Even Russia is coming rapidly over to the common conviction, and Turkey is at least on the way. All nations that join in the community of civilization must necessarily abandon slavery, or must at least expel it to colonies; and this common, habitual, effortless, but invincible influence, is bearing most powerfully on America. So long as they retain slavery, the States cannot be admitted *on terms of equality* into the community of nations; and the Americans know and feel this fact with ever growing acuteness. The black stain is always present; and, until it is removed, America knows that she cannot take her place at the council-table of nations, except as the tolerated representa-

tive of a new society, that has not yet been moulded into form—exactly as we tolerate a Californian with a revolver in his belt, although the European gentleman has given up the habitual use of arms. America feels not merely the sarcasms of British writers, but far more intensely she feels the moral weight of British consistency and political rectitude. She feels beaten, not by the enterprise of Britain, but by the honesty of Britain. She feels robbed of her place in the world’s estimation, because there is another country that bears a free flag, and carries it fearlessly before all—before high and low, rich and poor, bond or free—a flag which her very slaves are taught to reverence in their childhood—a flag that is not dragged one day in the blood of Negroes, and next day flaunted in the face of foes—but a flag that covers every man, woman, and child born in the British dominions, and gives them the same right to the full protection of the British crown. She knows that whatever her strength, her population, or her territory, she can never attain to a similar estimation in the eyes of the world, until the curse of slavery is rooted out; and thus the opinion of Europe, and of the world, is perpetually disintegrating her slave system, perpetually exposing its rottenness and worthlessness, and perpetually passing a sentence of condemnation, from which no escape is possible, except by the surrender of her black institution, and by the coming over of America to the side of freedom.

Fourth, The moral aversion of the Northern States to the slave system.

This feeling on the part of the inhabitants of the Northern States is every day becoming more widely diffused, and every day deepening in intensity. The Fugitive Slave Law brought the reality of the system home to the door of the North, and created a revulsion which first rendered that law a total failure and an impracticable absurdity, and then began to express itself in “struggles for Kansas,” and other similar efforts. The North is not yet alive to the full degradation of its own position, and, consequently, exercises less weight than really belongs to it; but every day the progress is towards more decisive action; and, though the foolish prejudice against colour complicates the influence which the North undoubtedly possesses, all the more recent proceedings of the Free States prove that the North is gradually tending to a European style of thought, by which slavery must ultimately be condemned. Even while we write, it is announced that the State of Maine—the northernmost State, and one that never had

slaves—had admitted persons of African descent to the franchise of citizens, and entitled them to vote for Governor, Senator, and State Representative. Here we see, commencing at the extreme north, the second course of Freedom's progress—the first course being the abolition of slavery without conferring the right of citizenship.

Fifth, The education and social elevation of the coloured American. So far as regards the slave, we may quote from Mr. Stirling:—

"The elevation and the emancipation of the Negro must go hand in hand. Now, the ennoblement of the slave can only be effectual by reversing those influences which have degraded him. High motives of action must be substituted for low ones. Free will must rule instead of force, and voluntary contract take the place of the cowhide. By giving the slave an interest in his labour, we shall stimulate his energies, and raise him in his own esteem. His labour will cease to be a degrading and irksome drudgery. The idea of property, with all its civilizing influences, will be awakened within him, and the consciousness of voluntary exertion will gradually lead to that development of the power of will which lies at the root of all human ennoblement."—*Letters*, p. 240.

The elevation of the slave, however, *during the time he is a slave*, is not the quarter to which we look for amelioration. We look rather to the elevation of the free coloured American. If the men of African blood be capable of standing on a footing of equality with the white races, the coloured American must prove it by the actual, tangible, realized fact. He must become a man of education, a man of wealth, and a gentleman. If he can do so, he has won the battle of his race; if he cannot do so, in a free country, and with the fair field of honourable competition open before him, then we should be compelled to conclude, that there was some inherent inferiority which nothing can eradicate, and that he must remain, even if free, a hewer of sugar canes and a drawer of molasses. The Jew—against whom prejudice, during the middle ages in Europe was incomparably stronger than the vulgar prejudice of present Americans against the yellow and black complexions—has won his place in European society; but won it, not by the elevation of the Jews of Poland, or of the old clothesmen of London, but by the manful competition of the Rothschilds, fairly launched in the open market of the world, and winning the battle of mercantile life; taking the guineas from the very teeth of the christian Jews, and daring them to their faces in a free encounter in the lists of money. Let the coloured Americans do the

same in any department whatever of man's social existence; let them do it in the fear of God, as the highest duty they owe to their race, and Providence, that fails not to the brave, will show them at length the fruits and harvestings of their endeavours ripening in the respect of the world. No race has worked so hard for its place as the Anglo-Saxon; none has paid down the price of success with such constant and untiring punctuality, in all quarters of the globe, and under all circumstances of earth or ocean. Is it, then, too much to ask, that those to whom the Anglo-Saxon accords full freedom, with all its hard-won benefits, bought by centuries of unflinching toil, shall not be entitled to assume social equality until they have at least proven themselves worthy workers in the world's great cause? Let the coloured American once win his place, and the Anglo-Saxon will secure it to him in perpetuity, in the midst of a civilization which the dark man could not have attained without the white man's aid. Already this process is at work, and the next generation will see a vast change in the position of the coloured American. Lawyers, doctors, editors, manufacturers, and others, on the way to the higher platforms of society, are now seen clothed in the cloud of Africa—painted black by nature for nature's purposes, but not the less endowed with the immortal spirit of man, that may live for ever.

Sixth, Christian civilization. Modern civilization is so essentially the result of Christianity, that we cannot separate the one from the other. Paganism can civilize man up to a certain point—it can make him an artist—but it leaves the moral world a wilderness, with fiery serpents in it. Civilization is the outward and worldly expression of the spiritual truth of Christianity; and Christianity and civilization are both essentially antagonistic to slavery. This is proven by the historic course of Christianity, which has gradually lifted the veil from the eyes of nations, and gradually swept slavery out of the older societies of Christendom. It is useless to aver, that, in the Slave States, Christianity appears under a corrupted form, and even preaches slavery. It does so; but the preaching of a few half-educated and interested men, placed in the worst of circumstances, can no more affect the historic evidence, that Christianity bears freedom on its wing, than the secession of a few renegades to the Moslem faith can prove the decay of Christianity, and the advance of Mohammedanism. Take up a map of the world, and plant your finger on the Christian countries, one after another; you have planted them on the countries where slave-

ry has been abolished. Plant your finger on the countries where slavery is thoroughly rooted out and forgotten; you have planted your finger on the countries that are most peculiarly Christian. Nor has this result been the impulse of accident: it has been the universal and constant tending of Christianity to elevate man as man—to draw him upward into intelligent freedom, where he shall be able to rule and guide himself under the administration of just laws, framed by the living conscience of society for the welfare of all. Christianity is so fatal to the very essence and being of slavery, that slavery dies before it; and though a Christian nation may begin, like Bishop Meade of Baltimore, by preaching slavery, it will infallibly end, like Bishop Meade, in the emancipation of its slaves. The historic course of Christianity is in no degree affected by the utterances of a few tortuous-minded men, who seek for sophistry to defend a surrounding evil. The progress of Christianity is independent of all such local and temporary hindrances. It will sweep slavery, not only out of the States, but out of the world itself. Its very nature is to make man a free spirit, under the laws of God. Christianity walks with the seed of truth in one hand, and the seed of freedom in the other; and she sows broadcast the two together, as the twin blessings with which she endows the earth.

Such are the causes that are working out the demolition of American Slavery; and the result we regard as altogether indubitable. Slavery is doomed, and must die. The future is, of course, inscrutable; but we shall venture to hazard an anticipation. The next census—of 1860—will so alter the position of North and South, of Free States and Slave States, that the election of an anti-slavery President, in 1861, may be reckoned as not improbable. Should an anti-slavery President find himself installed in the chair at Washington, the slave question must be brought to an issue, so far as the extension of slavery is concerned. If slavery can then be confined to limits, and no longer allowed to enter new territories, its domestic demolition becomes a matter of detail, as it cannot be perpetuated if confined to definite boundaries.

and History of the Atomic Theory up to his Time. By ROBERT ANGUS SMITH, Ph.D. F.C.S., Sec. to the Lit. and Phil. Soc. Published also as Vol. XIII. New Series of the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Pp. 298. Lond. 1856.

2. *Memoirs of the Life and Scientific Researches of John Dalton*, Hon. D.C.L., Oxford; LL.D., Edinburgh; F.R.S.; President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester; Foreign Associate of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris; Member of the Royal Academies of Science of Berlin and of Munich, and of the Natural History Society of Moscow, etc., etc. By WILLIAM CHARLES HENRY, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Chemical and Geological Societies, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Turin. Printed for the Cavendish Society. P. 250. Lond. 1854.
3. *The Life and Discoveries of Dr. John Dalton*. By GEORGE WILSON, M.D., etc., etc. (Brit. Quarterly Rev., Vol. I., p. 157, Feb. and May 1845.

AMONG the great men who have illustrated the passing century, there is no brighter name than that of John Dalton. Among the Watts, the Cavendishes, the Herschels, and the Youngs of his own country, he occupies a distinguished place; and foreign nations have not hesitated to crown him with the honours which they so readily and so impartially concede to original genius. It is always instructive to trace the steps by which "Industry and Genius" lead their possessors to brilliant discoveries; but there are cases of a peculiar interest, where the provincial sage has been ill equipped for his arduous enterprise, or where the path of research has been encumbered with the failures of unsuccessful rivals. Ingenuity and patience may sometimes procure for the apprentice philosopher the materials and the instruments of study, which an academic or more opulent rival can command; but the sage who first reaches the goal, and carries off the prize, is often doomed by contemporary injustice, and the ignorance of the historians of science, to wear for a while a mutilated laurel. From both of these misfortunes Dalton was destined to suffer. Without pecuniary means he was compelled to carry on his researches under the harness of professional labour, and with the cheapest and most imperfect apparatus; and when he had triumphed over all the difficulties which had beset him, and achieved a European reputation, his claims to origin-

ART. VI.—1. *Memoir of John Dalton*, D.C.L., F.R.S., Instit. (Acad. Sc.) Paris; Socius, President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, etc., etc.;

ality were keenly contested by the very rivals whom he had outstripped in the race of discovery. But though thus pursued under difficulties, the studies of Dalton had a prosperous issue. The laws of proportion and combination, the foundation and the nucleus of the Atomic Philosophy, with which he enriched the science of chemistry, were as firmly established as if he had occupied the most favoured position; and, while his competitors in discovery have received their meed of praise, his independent claims have been ratified by the acknowledged arbiters of European fame.*

In no event of his career has Dr. Dalton been more fortunate than in the biographers who have appreciated his labours, and in the fellow-citizens who have done honour to his name. Within a comparatively brief period since his death, three eminent individuals have published *Memoirs of his Life and Discoveries*, and in the wealthy and enterprising city which he adorned, a massive tombstone of granite has been placed over his grave, a statue erected to his memory, and a new street inscribed with his name.

Dr. William C. Henry, one of his pupils, and the accomplished son of the late Dr. Henry, was appointed by Dr. Dalton his literary executor, and in a well written volume has given an interesting sketch of the life of his friend, and an able account of his writings and discoveries.

Considering chemical literature as demanding a more minute history of the Atomic Theory, up to the time of Dalton, than has been given in the works of Dr. Kopp and Dr. Daubeny, Dr. Angus Smith has been induced to draw up a New Memoir of its Author, and to make the distinctive feature of the volume a history of our ideas of matter, bearing on modern chemistry, until the time when Dalton flourished. This important task has been ably executed, and the future historian of chemistry will find valuable materials in Dr. Smith's excellent work.

So early as 1845, before any of these biographies were undertaken, and only a few months after the death of Dalton, Dr. George Wilson, drew up for the "*British Quarterly Review*," an able article on his Life and Writings. This brief memoir was, for nine years, the only biography of the philosopher, and the only just appreciation of his discoveries; and we need hardly

say, that it does much honour to its distinguished author.

John Dalton was born at Eaglesfield,* a small village 23 miles south-west of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September. 1766. His father, Joseph Dalton, occupied a small cottage on the estate belonging to the family, and having only two small rooms, "one of which was ten feet square, and the other still less." He earned a scanty subsistence by weaving common country goods, while his wife, Deborah Greenup, eked it out by selling paper, ink, and quills. On the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family property, and removed to the larger house, which is described as one of the better class of farm-houses. This small copy-hold estate, which measured about 60 acres, came into the possession of the philosopher in 1834, upon the death of his elder brother, who had increased it considerably by purchase; and it afterwards passed into the hands of his cousins on the mother's side. Deborah Greenup, through whose mother the property came, was the third daughter of a family, of one son and seven daughters, who resided at Greenrigg, Coldbeck. Upon the death of the only son, who practised as a barrister in London, the Greenrigg estate went to his unmarried sister Ruth, who left it to Jonathan and John Dalton, and their cousin John Bewley, who in 1827 sold it for L.750.

On his mother's side Dalton was connected with many families in the neighbourhood; but of his relations on the father's side, very little is known. The philosopher himself was anxious to learn something of his ancestors; and in his latter years, when he had been honoured with a national recognition of his services, he traced as well as he could the history of his family. In a parchment pedigree, surmounted with armorial bearings, he records the alliances of the Daltons with the Greenups, yeomen or "statesmen of the lake district," and also with the Fearons, who possessed property at Eaglesfield, in the reign of Elizabeth.

Jonathan Dalton, the grandfather, was the first of the family who joined the Society of Friends, a connection which was kept up by his descendants. Joseph Dalton and Deborah Greenup had three children; Jonathan, John the philosopher, and Mary. Although in narrow circumstances, Joseph was anxious to give his family a good education, and he is said to have instructed both his sons in mathematics. At

* "Much," says Dr. Smith, "has been said of the Atomic Theory. Some have given credit to Dalton, some have taken it from him; most writers have even confusedly mixed him up with others."—*Memoirs*, p. 3.

* The first meeting-house of the society of Friends in England was erected in this village.

the same time he sent them to the school belonging to the Society of Friends, then taught by Mr. Fletcher, under whose tuition John remained till he was 12 years of age, imbibing all the knowledge which qualified him to be Mr. Fletcher's successor. To be able to teach at the age of 12, indicated some superiority over the other inmates of the school, and we have no doubt that our young philosopher was fitted for the task; but to maintain authority over pupils, many of whom were his elders, required powers which he was not likely to possess. We accordingly find, on the authority of one of his scholars, that he struggled hard to maintain order in the school. Many who surpassed him in age, refused to obey him, and some of them went so far as to challenge him to fight in the burying-ground in which the school was placed. We are not told that the physical powers of teacher and taught were thus tested; but it is very probable that the man of peace would take other means of maintaining his authority. We know that he locked up the most refractory of the rebels, and made them learn their tasks, while he went to his dinner; but this punishment proved rather expensive, as he often found the windows broken on his return. During the summers of the two years in which our philosopher wielded the birch over the refractory community, he wrought hard as a labourer on his father's farm, and he himself informs us that "afterwards (that is after he had left the school) he was occasionally employed in husbandry for a year or more."

Previous to his debut as a teacher, even at the early age of ten, Dalton was led to study the relations of space and number, in which his mathematical tastes were developed. A distant relative who, at this time, took a kind interest in him, Mr. Elihu Robinson, was a man of property as well as education. He had in his service a youth of the name of William Balderstone, whose taste for knowledge, Mr. Robinson, and his wife, who was an accomplished woman, did everything in their power to encourage. Dalton shared in the instructions given to his young friend, and they became rivals in the solution of various problems which occurred in their studies. Dalton had previously evinced a want of acuteness in answering a question submitted to him by some mowers in a hay field. He at first decided that *sixty yards square*, and *sixty square yards* were the same, but a little reflection soon satisfied him that he was wrong. When any difficult problem in mathematics was proposed, Dalton encouraged his companion to undertake it, in the dialect

of the country, "you might do it;" and on one of those occasions, when Balderstone proposed to settle a mathematical dispute, by betting a sixpence, Mr. Robinson interfered, and proposed that the loser should supply the other with candles for their evening studies during the winter. Without understanding the difference between betting in candles and betting in sixpences, it is sufficient to state that the suggestion was adopted, and Dalton won the bet. Poor Balderstone, in place of losing sixpence, was thus subjected to the severer forfeit of half of the candles which the tyros consumed during their winter studies. In this mathematical rivalry Dalton soon outstripped his companion, who does not seem in his future life, to have occupied any distinguished position. In 1834, when Miss Johns and Dr. Dalton visited him, he was ninety years of age. The visit gave him much pleasure, and he expressed the opinion, that he was not only a great but a good man, who after having been introduced to the King, could visit one so humble as himself!

In 1781, when Dalton had quitted the school at Eaglesfield, and was only fifteen years of age, he went to Kendal as assistant to his cousin George Bewley, who, with the assistance of Jonathan Dalton, conducted a boarding school for members of the Society of Friends. It does not appear how long Dalton occupied the humble position of an assistant. George Bewley, the principal master, gave up the school in 1785; and we find, in a printed notice, quoted by Dr. Henry, that the school would be re-opened on the 28th of March 1785 by Jonathan and John Dalton, "where youth will be carefully instructed in English, Latin, Greek, and French; also Writing, Arithmetic, Merchants' Accounts, and the Mathematics." Mary Dalton, their sister, came to give her assistance in taking care of the boarders; and their father and mother often went to visit them, walking in one day, "over mountain and slack," a distance of forty-five miles.

Having no capital for such an establishment, the two Daltons were obliged to borrow money from George Bewley, and also from their father and sister and other friends; but, being very economical and good managers, they repaid these loans out of their first year's earnings, which amounted to L.107,—an income which they eked out by a few pounds received for "drawing conditions," "collecting rents," "making wills," and "searching registers." About the middle of 1786 they issued a second circular, announcing a more extended plan of instruction, embracing, in addition to English,

Latin, Greek, and French, no fewer than *twenty-one* subjects in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and their applications.

In addition to these duties, John, who had now reached his twenty-first year, announced a series of lectures on Mechanics, Optics, Pneumatics, Astronomy, and the use of the Globes, giving their general contents in a syllabus, and fixing half-a-guinea (or one shilling per lecture) as the fee for the course.* The syllabus ends with the Latin quotation,—

“Ex rerum causis supremam noscere causam.”

Miss Johns informs us that when this syllabus, with another of the later date of 1792 came accidentally under Dalton's notice, “he burst out into a loud laugh;” astonished, no doubt, with the vast range of science which, with such slender acquirements, he had undertaken to teach. It is interesting to learn how John performed his part as a teacher of about sixty boys and girls, especially after hearing of his doings in the village school. The two masters, having seen little of society, were “uncouth in their manners,” and maintained a “system of great sternness and formality.” John was the gentler and more popular of the two. During school hours he was occupied with his own studies, making mathematical calculations on scraps of paper; so that it is probable that the faults of the scholars escaped his notice from his being less vigilant than his brother. Corporal punishment was inflicted only once upon three boys. John held the culprits, while Jonathan administered the whip so sharply as to draw blood, and render necessary the assistance of a surgeon. This severity of discipline occasioned much discussion, and its victims would have been withdrawn from the school, “had not a strong interest been manifested in support of the masters.”

During the twelve years which John spent at Kendal, he made great progress in his scientific studies. Almost every branch of science seems to have occupied his attention. He not only made barometers, thermometers, and hygrometers for his own use, but also for sale. He collected butterflies and ichneumons for Mr. Crosthwaite. He studied the changes in caterpillars, and the power of a vacuum, or immersion in water, to destroy or suspend vitality in snails, mites, and maggots. He prepared books of dried plants, consisting of two

quires, which he proposed to sell for half-a-guinea; and he completed a *Hortus Siccus** in eleven volumes, now in the possession of Mr. T. P. Heywood of the Isle of Man. In one of his botanical excursions with a friend, he narrowly escaped from the attack of a bull “by climbing into a tree or over a wall.”

Having at one time thought of studying medicine, and practising it as a profession, he performed an elaborate series of experiments on his own *ingesta* and *egesta*, with the view of ascertaining the weight lost by insensible perspiration. An account of these experiments was read at the first meeting of the British Association at York; and the writer of this article, who was present, will never forget the peals of laughter which were elicited by the peculiarly grave and solemn manner with which the author detailed the various operations which were rendered necessary in such an inquiry. The scheme of relinquishing the profession of a schoolmaster and entering upon the study of law or medicine, was not encouraged by the friends whom he consulted. Mr. Greenup bluntly told him that these two professions “were totally out of the reach of a person in his circumstances,” and recommended to him the “more humble sphere of an apothecary or an attorney,” while Mr. Elihu Robinson considered him “well adapted for his present profession,” and disapproved of his abandoning “the noble labour of teaching youth.” This last advice he adopted, and the rest of his life was spent in the diffusion, as well as in the advancement, of science.

During our philosopher's residence in Kendal, he contributed largely to the *Gentleman's and Ladies' Diary*, two periodical works which often called forth the talents of some of our best English mathematicians. His name is attached to many solutions of mathematical and physical questions in the volumes which were published in the years 1784–1794. He proposed several questions and answered them himself. In 1787 and 1788 he was peculiarly successful in his solutions. He solved correctly *thirteen* out of the *fifteen*, including the prize question, proposed in 1787. In the “Gentleman's Diary” for 1789, he solved correctly seven of the mathematical questions; and in the “Ladies' Diary” for 1790, he gained the highest prize for his masterly solution of the prize question.

* This course was repeated in 1791; the fee being reduced to five shillings, or sixpence for each lecture.

* The first of these volumes contains the following general title-page:—*Hortus Siccus, seu Plantarum diversarum in Agris Keudal vicinis sponte nascentium Specimina, opere et studio Johannis Dalton collecta, et secundum classes et ordines disposita*, 179.

His great success in solving mathematical and physical problems induced him, in 1791 and 1792, to try his hand as a moralist; and we accordingly find, in a list supplied to Dr. Henry by Dr. George Wilson, some amusing queries and solutions in questions not connected with mathematics. One of these cannot fail to amuse the reader.

"Query by Mira.

"Is it possible for a person of sensibility and virtue, who has once felt the passion of love in the fullest extent that the human heart is capable of receiving it (being, by death or some other circumstance, for ever deprived of the object of its wishes), ever to feel an equal passion for any other object?"

"Answered by Mr. John Dalton of Kendal.

"It will be generally allowed that, in sustaining the disappointments incident to life, true fortitude would guard us from the extremes of insuperable melancholy and stoic insensibility, both being incompatible with your own happiness and the good of mankind. If, therefore, the passion of love have not acquired too great ascendancy over the reason, we may, I think, conclude that true magnanimity may support the shock without eventually feeling the mental powers and affections enervated and destroyed by it; and, consequently, that the query may be answered in the affirmative. However, if this passion be too strong, when compared with the other faculties of the mind, it may be feared that the shock will enfeeble it, so as to render the exercise of its functions in future much more limited than before."

During our philosopher's residence at Kendal he became acquainted with Mr. John Gough, a man of high scientific attainments, whose memory has not been duly honoured by his countrymen. He was the son, as Mr. Dalton tells us, of a wealthy tradesman who lived at Middleshaw near Kendal, and had the misfortune of losing his sight by the small-pox when about two years of age. He is, perhaps, he continues, one of the most astonishing instances that ever appeared of what genius, united with perseverance and every other subsidiary aid, can accomplish, when deprived of what we usually reckon the most valuable sense. He is a perfect master of the Latin, Greek, and French languages, understands all the different branches of mathematics, and solves the most difficult and abstruse problems in his own head. He is an adept in every branch of Natural Philosophy. He knows, by the touch, taste, and smell, al-

most every plant within twenty miles of this place;* he can reason with astonishing perspicuity on the construction of the eye, the nature of light, of colours, and of optic glasses; and was a good proficient in astronomy, chemistry, medicine, and other branches of knowledge. His father supplied him with books, instruments, and everything he required; and, had he wished it, would have sent him to the University. His brothers and sisters wrote and read for him; Dalton drawing diagrams, and making for him mathematical calculations. For these good turns, Dalton was amply rewarded. Gough taught him Latin, Greek, and French, of which he knew nothing when he came to Kendal; gave him the use of his library and scientific apparatus; and freely imparted to him his "stores of science." For this interchange of kindness, Gough "was above receiving any pecuniary recompense," and Dalton has acknowledged that the balance was always in his own favour. Gough, who was two years older than Dalton, lived to an advanced age. He is said to have "prepared Dr. Whewell and several other distinguished wranglers for their contests." He was much respected by all who knew him, and sat for the following portrait to his friend and admirer Wordsworth:—

Metbinks I see him, how his eye-balls rolled
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness framed,
But each instinct with spirit, and the frame
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,
Fancy, and understanding; whilst the voice
Discoursed of natural or moral truth,
With eloquence and such authentic power,
That, in his presence, humble knowledge stood
Abashed, and tender pity overawed.†

We should like to know the history of Gough, and his relations with Dalton during the nine or ten years which followed their separation in 1793, when Dalton removed from Kendal to Manchester. We have traced his history from the end of 1801 to the middle of 1810, in twenty volumes of "Nicholson's Journal," now before us. In each of these there is one paper, and in many of them, two or three, from his prolific pen. The papers are mathematical, chemical, and physical; and now and then on subjects in Natural History and general Science. We find him in controversy with Dr. Thomas

* Mr. Gough's brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Harrison of Kendal, himself a philosopher and botanist, informs us that Gough possessed the best collection of plants in Cumberland.—See *Nicholson's Journal*, 8vo, vol. xi., p. 237.

† The Excursion.

Young on the theory of compound sounds,*—with Professor Barlow† on polygonal members,—and even with his bosom friend Dalton, and Dr. Henry senior, on the subject of mixed gases. In this last controversy, Dr. Henry junior alleges that Gough employs some asperity of language, and that Dr. Dalton replied with unruffled kindness; but this appears to us to be too strongly stated against the blind philosopher. Having maintained the chemical union of water and air, and also the homogeneity of the “atmospherical gas,”‡ Gough says that, on further prosecuting the inquiry, he was “compelled to make an open attack on his friend Mr. Dalton, and his new convert Mr. Henry. He promises to conduct the dispute fairly, which he says “is due to friendship, as well as the obligation of truth.”§ As the dispute advances, the teacher and his pupil denounce each other's arguments as unsound and untenable. What is called theory by the one, is called hypothesis by the other. The pupil implies in his arguments that his opponent is ignorant of chemistry, and uses illustrations so homely as to be offensive. Mr. Gough, exaggerating these blossoms of temper, alleges that his pupil has amused the superficial reader rather than convinced the reasoner; that he treats the subject (not the author) with acrimony and ridicule; and that the simile of the philosopher, cottager, and sieve, is more calculated to promote ridicule than truth. In replying to this letter, Dr. Dalton promises “to avoid as much as may be” the two charges of “acrimony and ridicule;” and in answering a dynamical argument against his theory, he observes, with much good feeling, “that, having himself studied the principles of Dynamics, as well as those of many other mathematical and physical sciences, under the tuition of Mr. Gough, he feels under strong obligations to him; but these, he will readily grant, do not bind him to subscribe to his opinions when he cannot perceive them to be well-founded.”|| Mr. Gough replies to this letter on the 3d December 1804,¶ under the feeling that this friend has tried to expose his ignorance of chemistry; and thus closes a controversy

which, like all similar ones, derives any bitterness it may possess from mutual misapprehension. Had Mr. Gough lived long enough, he would have been proud of the distinguished honours conferred upon his pupil.

After having abandoned the idea of following any of the learned professions, Dalton seems to have devoted himself to a regular course of scientific inquiry. Meteorology was the subject to which he most diligently applied himself. Mr. Gough had set him the example of keeping a meteorological journal at Kendal,* and he commenced one himself on the 24th March 1787. This journal was continued till 1793 at Kendal; and from 1793 till the evening before his death at Manchester. The very first entry in it is the notice of an aurora on the evening of the 24th March, another having occurred three nights before; and it is probable, as Dr. Henry conjectures, that he was induced by this remarkable meteor to study and record meteorological phenomena. For nearly six months his observations were limited to general remarks on the state of the weather; but he afterwards records the indications of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, by means of instruments of his own construction.

Towards the close of 1792, before he left Kendal, he resolved to publish his Meteorological Journals; and they accordingly appeared in 1793, under the title of “Meteorological Observations and Essays.” The work is divided into two parts, in the first of which he treats of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and rain-gauge, adding tables of the daily pressure, temperature, and moisture of the air, with the quantity of rain which fell at Kendal and Keswick between the years 1787 and 1793. The observations at Keswick were made by Mr. Crosthwaite, with instruments procured from and made by Dalton; but their value, as corresponding ones with those at Kendal, is greatly diminished by not having been made at the same hours. Those of Dalton are defective from other causes. They were made at hours which do not give by their average the mean temperature of the day; and what is worse, they were not made at the same hours throughout the year. “The morning observations were taken between 6 and 8 o'clock; the mid-day observations about 12 or 1; the night observations at Kendal about 9 or 10, but at Keswick, at 6

* Mr. Gough's paper with this title was published in the Manchester Memoirs. The controversy is not noticed in Dr. Peacock's life of Young. Dr. Young's reply is in Nicholson's Journal, 8vo, vol. ii., p. 264. See also vol. iii., p. 39, 145; vol. iv., p. 1, 139, 152.

† Id. id., vol. xxi., p. 118, 241; xxii., p. 33.

‡ Id. id., vol. viii., p. 243.

§ Id. id., vol. ix., p. 52, 89, 107, 126, 160, 269. See also vol. x., p. 20.

|| Nicholson's Journal, vol. ix., p. 274.

¶ Id. id., vol. x., p. 20.

* This journal does not seem to have been published. An abstract of his journal in 1807 and 1808 is published in “Nicholson's Journal.” With Lex's thermometer he found the mean temperature in lat. $54^{\circ} 20'$ to be $46^{\circ} \cdot 2$.

in summer and 4 in winter." Our author notices this irregularity in the observations of his friend as "a circumstance which makes the mean temperature of Keswick too high compared with that of Kendal;" but he does not seem to be aware of the defects in his own times of observation. He subsequently tells us, however, the important fact, which vitiates so many meteorological registers—and many made in the present day—"that the time or times of the day at which the observations ought to be made, in order to determine the true mean, has not, that I know of, been ascertained."* Among the other observations in this part of the work, those of Crosthwaite on the height of the clouds, and of Dalton on the aurora borealis, are the most important. Out of 5381 observations, 2098 made the clouds above 1050 yards high. In heavy and continued rains, the clouds were generally below the summit of Skiddaw, whose height is 1050 yards above Keswick; but it frequently rained when the clouds were entirely above it. After noticing the winds, the frosts, and the falls of snow, and describing what is called the *Bottom Winds* on Derwent Water, he devotes two sections to the aurora borealis, and its influence on the magnetic needle.

The second part of this work consists of eight Essays—on the Constitution, Figure, and Height of the Atmosphere; on Winds; on the Variation of the Barometer; on the relation between Heat and other bodies; on the Temperature of different Climates and Seasons; on Evaporation, Rain, Hail, Snow, and Dew; on the relation between the Barometer and Rain; and on the Aurora Borealis, which is treated of in six separate sections.

Among the new ideas contained in this volume, its author placed a high value upon his theory of the trade winds, his discovery of the influence of the aurora on the magnetic needle, and his explanation of the lengthened sound of thunder. But, as he himself tells us, he was anticipated in them,—a mortification which falls to the lot of every ardent cultivator of science, and one which, to some extent, awaited him in reference to his greatest discoveries.

To the second edition of this work, published in 1834, he has added an appendix of forty-seven pages, in which his attention is especially called to Humboldt's celebrated Memoir on *Isothermal Lines*, in which this distinguished philosopher refers to Dalton's

explanation of the great variations of temperature in different parts of the same parallel of latitude. This explanation "he unfolds a little," to make it more "generally intelligible," and he is disposed to refer the fact to the existence of two cold poles in the arctic region.

"If the idea," he says, "suggested by Sir David Brewster, in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,' vol. ix., 1821, be correct (and there seems great reason to believe it to be so), namely, that *there are two poles of greatest cold in the Northern Hemisphere*, the above observations will enable us to see the natural cause of this remarkable fact; . . . and it would be a curious coincidence if Professor Hausteen's two supposed northern magnetic poles should be found (which they nearly are) in the same position as the two poles of extreme cold."*

It appears, from his "*addenda*" to the Essay on the Aurora Borealis, that he attached great value to his observations and speculations on the subject. The present work, indeed, he tells us, "was published originally with more especial reference to this peculiar matter;" and he is, therefore, led to give a list of auroras observed in Britain, from 1793 to 1834, distinguishing those which he had himself observed. He continued to maintain the opinion, that the beams of the aurora were of a ferruginous nature; that in the higher atmosphere there is an elastic fluid, having the properties of magnetic steel; that, like vapourised air, it is an imperfect conductor of electricity; that rings of this fluid encompass the magnetic pole; that the beams are arranged in equidistant rows round the same pole; and that the free electricity, in a disturbed electrical state of the atmosphere, runs along these beams and rings, from one quarter of the heavens to another, exhibiting the phenomena of the aurora.

When the "Meteorological Essays" were in the press, Dalton left Kendal, and took up his residence in Manchester. Dr. Burnes, the Principal of the New College in that city, the offspring of the Warrington Academy, having asked Mr. Gough for a suitable person as the teacher of mathematics, he recommended Dalton, who gladly accepted of the office. He lived in the establishment, and continued for six years to teach a class of not more than twenty-three students. Small as this number was, Dr. Smith remarks that, "although Manchester is now multiplied by four, it cannot show the same number;" and he "fears that the love of external things has overpowered the love of science."

* This important point in Meteorology has been fully treated in this Journal, vol. v., pp. 494-503, in our Review of "Humboldt's Central Asia."

* Appendix, pp. 215, 216.

On the 3d of October 1794, Dalton was elected a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and on the 31st, he read his celebrated paper, entitled, "Extraordinary Facts relating to the Vision of Colours." The facts were, that he himself and several persons* had that peculiarity of vision now called *colour blindness*, from their distinguishing "only two, or at most three colours," which "they call yellow and blue, or yellow, blue, and purple;" his "yellow comprehending the red, orange, yellow, and green of other persons, and his blue and purple coinciding with theirs."

Without attempting any experiment on his own eyes, or those of his brother, our author, with his usual boldness in the suggestion of causes, does not scruple to assert, that "*it is almost beyond a doubt that one of the humours of his eye, and of the eyes of his fellows, is a coloured medium, probably some modification of blue.*" This hypothesis, strange to say, was severely tested and disproved by the condition of his own eyes after death. Dr. Ransome, his physician, conducted the examination of them with much skill and sagacity. "He sacrificed," as he remarks, "one eye to the determination of the colour of the three humours. The *aqueous*, collected in a watch-glass, from a careful puncture of the cornea, and viewed both by reflected and transmitted light, was found to be *perfectly pellucid and free from colour.* The *vitreous humour* and its *envelope* (the hyaloid membrane) *were also perfectly colourless.* The *crystalline lens* was slightly amber-coloured, as usual in persons of advanced age. The tunics, retina, choroid, and sclerotic, with their subdivisions, presented no peculiarity. In the other eye, the posterior part being removed by a vertical section in a plane at right angles with the axis, with as little disturbance as possible of the humours, we were able to see objects as through a lens; and thus objects of different colours, both by transmitted and reflected light, were examined *without any appreciable difference.* I did not omit to place scarlet and green together, as I knew that the Doctor was not able to discover any difference between the colour of the scarlet geranium flower and its leaves; but to my eyes, the contrast of the colours, seen through the medium of the greater portion of the humours, was as great as ever. Sir David Brewster visited me shortly after this examination, and I endeavoured to keep the humours in a state for his inspection and experiment; but he suggested nothing fur-

ther, as he agreed with me that the imperfection of Dalton's vision arose from some deficient sensorial or perceptive power, rather than from any peculiarity in the eye itself."*

From these causes, Dr. Dalton's paper on Colour Blindness has a peculiar interest; but we cannot agree with Dr. Smith in characterizing it as "in reality a discovery." The same visual defect had been previously described; and the subject has been recently pressed upon the attention of the public, in a new and important aspect, by Dr. George Wilson, in his admirable work on Colour Blindness. We have already had occasion to direct the attention of the reader† to the interesting contents of this volume; but we fear that the valuable suggestions which it contains respecting the use of coloured signals on railways and at sea, have not excited the attention which they merit; and that the suggestion, made in the Review referred to, that persons who are colour blind should neither be chemists and druggists, nor the manufacturers of food and beverages, nor soldiers or sailors, nor witnesses in a court of justice, has never been attended to by those whom it most concerns.‡

After he had been five years in Manchester, Dalton communicated to the Philosophical Society, in 1799, his "Experiments and Observations to determine whether the Quantity of Rain and Dew is equal to the Quantity of Water carried off by the rivers, and raised by evaporation; and on the Origin of Springs." In this paper he decides, on grounds somewhat questionable, that the two quantities are equal; and on the subject of springs, he maintains that they are derived solely from rains. In this volume, he first distinctly announces his theory of aqueous vapour,—"*that it is an elastic fluid sui generis, diffusible in the atmosphere, but not chemically combined with it;—that temperature alone limits the maximum of vapour in the atmosphere; and that there exists at all times, and in all places, a quantity of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, variable according to circumstances.*" This paper was immediately followed by one "*on the Power of Fluids to conduct Heat,*" in which, after ascertaining the point of maximum density of water, he draws the conclusion, in opposition to that of Count Rumford, that water conducts heat a little,

* Letter from Dr. Ransome to Dr. Henry, *Memoirs*, p. 202.

† See this Journal, vol. xxiv., pp. 325-358.

* Dalton's brother, and one or two others in the neighbourhood of Eaglesfield, had the same defect.

‡ Since Dr. Wilson's book, and the review of it, were published, three new cases of colour blindness have been described.—See *Titan*, September 1857, No. CL., p. 344.

and that its expansion is the same both above and below its point of maximum density. In fixing this point he adopted 36° , and afterwards 38° . Dr. Hope made it between $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and 40° , a very accurate result, which has been confirmed by the more recent experiments of Dr. Playfair and Mr. Joule, who found it to be $39^{\circ}001$.

In May 1800, Dalton was elected joint-secretary with Dr. Hull to the Manchester Society, in the room of Dr. William Henry; an office which he retained till 1808, when he succeeded Dr. Roget as vice-president of that body. In the month of June of the same year, he submitted to the Society his "Experiments and Observations on the Heat and Cold produced by the Mechanical Condensation and Rarefaction of Air." In this ingenious paper, he shows that the changes of temperature referred to, are much greater than had been supposed, the expansion of gases amounting to nearly one-tenth of their volume for 50° of heat; and that a compression to one-half its volume raised the temperature 50° . He pointed out the insufficiency of the mercurial thermometer as a measure of such evanescent changes, and describes a simple and ingenious contrivance for approximating to the quantity of heat evolved or absorbed. He adopts the theory of Lambert, that a vacuum has its proper capacity for heat, and contains an absolute quantity of it.

In the month of March 1801, he published an English Grammar, which excited no notice, and of which almost no copies were sold; and in October of the same year, he communicated to the Manchester Society his important "Experimental Essays on the Constitution of Mixed Gases; on the Force of Steam or Vapour of Water and other liquids, in different temperatures, both in a Toricellian Vacuum and in Air; and on Evaporation, and the Expansion of Gases by Heat." The following are the general results at which he arrived:—

1. When two elastic fluids, A and B, are mixed, there is no material repulsion among their particles, those of A not repelling those of B as they do one another.

2. The force of steam from all liquids is the same, at equal distances above or below the several temperatures at which they boil in the open air; and that force is the same under any pressure from another elastic fluid as it is in vacuo.

3. The quantity of any liquid evaporated in the open air, is directly as the force of steam from such liquid at its temperature, all the circumstances being the same.

4. All the elastic fluids expand the same quantity by heat, and this expansion is very

nearly in the same equable way as that of mercury.

The Essay on the Force of Steam contains the results of his experiments made between the temperatures of 32° and 212° ; but though they were to a certain extent confirmed by other observers, yet they have been superseded by the more accurate results obtained by MM. Dulong and Arago, Regnault and Magnus.

In January 1803, he read a paper "On the Tendency of Elastic Fluids to Diffusion through each other,"—a subject begun by Dr. Priestley, and more successfully pursued by Professor Graham; and in October of the same year, he read another paper, "On the Absorption of Gases by Water and other Liquids,"—a remarkable paper, in which he first gives a table of atomic weights, or the weights of the ultimate particles of gaseous and other bodies—the foundation of that theory of the constitution of matter with which his name will for ever be associated.

Both Dr. Henry and Dr. Angus Smith have collected some notices of the social life of Dalton, which are too few in number to give us an idea of the habits and manners of the philosopher. During the eleven years that he spent in Manchester, Dalton occupied rooms in the apartments of the Manchester Society. In the autumn of 1804, however, Mrs. Johns, the wife of his colleague, the Rev. W. Johns, having accidentally met him when passing her house, asked Dalton why he never came to see them: He immediately replied, "I do not know; but I will come and live with you, if you will let me." Mrs. Johns thought at first he was in jest, but finding that he was in earnest, she desired him to call next day, after she had seen her father. He accordingly called; and having learned that his offer was accepted, he took possession of the only spare bedroom in the house. Here he lived for twenty-six years, until Mr. Johns gave up his school, and retired to the suburbs of the town. He rose at eight o'clock in the morning; went to his laboratory with his lantern to light the fire in winter, and came back to breakfast when the family had nearly finished theirs. Returning to his experiments, he staid till dinner-time, "coming," as Dr. Smith says, "in a hurry when it was nearly over, eating moderately, and drinking water only. Went out again, and returned at about five o'clock to tea, still in a hurry, when the rest were finishing. Again to his laboratory till nine o'clock, when he returned to supper; after which he and Mr. Johns smoked a pipe, and the whole family seems to have enjoyed this time of conversation and recreation after the busy day." On the afternoon of every

Thursday, he played a few games at bowls at the "Dog and Partridge," then outside the town. When he had played a fixed number of games, he took tea at the inn, smoked his pipe, and returned to his studies. About mid-day he read the newspapers at the Portico; but he was so silent and uncommunicative, that his political opinions were only matter of conjecture. He was said to be a Conservative, although he always voted with the Liberals.

In summer, in the month of June, his great delight was to wander among the Cumberland hills—the scenes of his early studies—collecting air, gases, and minerals for analysis. He had ascended Helvellyn *thirty* or *forty* times; and during these and other excursions, he always walked rapidly, outstripping generally his companions, even when younger than himself.

During the year 1803, Dalton accepted an invitation to lecture at the Royal Institution in London. Not knowing the nature of the lecture, nor the kind of apparatus at his disposal, he went to London in a great measure unprepared; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, he seems to have acquitted himself to his own satisfaction as well as to that of his audience. In addition to the usual assemblage of "from one to three hundred of both sexes," including many persons of rank and official position, "several gentlemen of first-rate talents" were among his auditors, and, as he himself informed his brother, his eighteenth lecture on heat and the laws of expansion was received with the greatest applause. "The one that followed," he adds, "was on *mixed elastic fluids*, in which I had an opportunity of developing my ideas that have already been published on the subject more fully. The doctrine has, as I apprehended it would, excited the attention of philosophers throughout Europe." In his lecture on optics, he amused his audience with an account of his colour blindness, a defect which rather amused than annoyed him. "I got six ribbands," he says, "*blue, pink, lilac, red, green, and brown*, which matched very well, and told the audience so. I do not know whether they generally believed me to be serious, but one gentleman came up immediately after, and told me he perfectly agreed with me; he had not remarked the difference by candle-light."

On this occasion Dalton became acquainted with Mr. Davy, who was very kind to him. He advised him to write and to "labour" his first lecture, as his audience would form their opinions of him from it. He accordingly devoted nearly two days to its composition; and on the evening before

the lecture, Davy took him to the theatre of the institution, and, seating himself in the most distant corner, made him read the whole of it. Davy then read it to Dalton as the audience, and the two philosophers concluded the rehearsal with criticising each other's method of lecturing,—a process in which Dalton, no doubt, got useful advice, as we may infer from his own account of his appearance on the real stage. "Next day," he says, "I read it to an audience of about 150 or 200 people, which was more than were expected. They gave a very general plaudit at the conclusion, and several came up to compliment me on the excellence of the introductory. Since that I have scarcely written anything; all has been experiment and verbal explanation. In general, my experiments have uniformly succeeded, and I have never once faltered in the elucidation of them. In fact, I can now enter the lecture-room with as little emotion, nearly, as I can smoke a pipe with you on Sunday or Wednesday evening."

In the month of February 1805, Dalton went to London to purchase apparatus for his lectures. In passing through Birmingham, he dined with James Watt, "that veteran in science, with whom he spent some hours most agreeably." In the summer of the same year, he delivered a course of lectures at Manchester, which were attended by about one hundred and twenty subscribers, "at two guineas each." He was occupied in the winter of that year principally in teaching in private families, many of whom resided in the country, which "afforded him a pleasant walk, very conducive to his health." At this time he contemplated a repetition of his lectures during the winter, and he was occupied in preparing for the press the first part of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy," which, however, did not appear till May 1808; the other two parts, which completed the work, were not published till 1810 and 1827. The first part, the most important of the three, was favourably received by the French chemists. "About two months ago," he says, in a letter dated December 11, 1809, "I received a very handsome present from Berthollet, in return for mine sent him (a copy of Part i.). It was *Mem. de la Societe D'Arcueil*, being the most recent transactions of the Parisian chemists. It contains some very valuable papers. They speak very respectfully of my first part."

Having succeeded so well as a lecturer in the Royal Institution, and before a metropolitan audience, Dalton offered to deliver a course of lectures in Edinburgh, in the spring of 1807. This offer, which must have

been made to Dr. Thomas Thomson, then a distinguished extra-academical lecturer in Edinburgh, was accepted; and after "announcing his intention by advertisement of hand-bills, and visiting the professional gentlemen in connection with the College, and others not in that connection, a class of eighty appeared for him in two days." When his five lectures had been finished, and he was about to return home by Glasgow, he was requested to deliver a second course. He accordingly issued an advertisement, announcing that his second course would commence on the 22d April; but neither of his biographers informs us whether or not a sufficient number of subscribers came forward. The writer of this article had the pleasure of attending the first of these courses of lectures. They were delivered in Dr. Thomson's class-room, and were attended by Professor Leslie, Dr. Hope, Mr. John Murray, the lecturer on chemistry, and many other persons then of high reputation in Edinburgh. As a lecturer, Dalton did not shine. The homeliness of his manner—ungraceful and even repulsive—the simplicity of his apparatus, and the awkwardness with which he used it, were not calculated to rivet the attention of his audience; but the originality and importance of his views, the clearness with which he explained them, and the singularity of a humble, and at that time unknown, member of the Society of Friends coming to enlighten the philosophers of Modern Athens, gave an interest to his lectures which they would not otherwise have possessed.

In general society he was grave and silent; but among persons who were either the cultivators of science or its admirers, he took an active part in the conversation, and was as willing to receive instruction as he was to impart it. During his visit to Edinburgh, we had an opportunity of enjoying his society at a tea-party given by Mr. Cruickshank, a member of the Society of Friends, well known and much esteemed for his benevolence and philanthropy.

So favourable was the impression which he made upon a London audience, that he was a second time invited to lecture at the Royal Institution. He accordingly went to London in December 1809; and in January and February 1810, delivered three lectures a-week to the learned and fashionable audience which then assembled in Albemarle Street. Dalton's reputation was now widely extended by the publication of his "New System of Chemistry," and he was received with much distinction by the eminent men who then adorned the Royal Society of London. At Sir Joseph Banks' Sunday evening

parties, he met with Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, Marcet, Roget, Blagden etc., and thus found himself, as he describes it, "in the focus of the great and learned of the metropolis." He dined also with the Chemical Club, where he discussed chemical subjects with Wollaston and Davy, and was delighted to find "that Davy was coming very fast into his views on chemical subjects."

In the month of November 1810, he published the second part of the first volume of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy," which was dedicated to Mr. Davy and Dr. Henry, "as a testimony to their distinguished merit in the promotion of chemical science, and as an acknowledgment of their friendly communications and assistance." During the eight or ten years which followed the publication of this work, the studies and movements of Dalton have not been minutely recorded by his biographers. He was no doubt occupied with his usual inquiries, and much of his precious time wasted in the drudgery of tuition, and in lecturing, when invited, in various parts of the country. From these professional engagements he allowed himself a week or two in summer for relaxation, and he generally spent the time "in breathing the salubrious air of the mountains and lakes near his native place in the North of England." In these excursions, his object was to ascertain, by observations at different heights, whether or not there was an aqueous vapour atmosphere distinct from the general atmosphere, and decreasing in density upwards in a geometrical progression. These observations were continued for seventeen years, from 1803 to 1820, and they were published in an interesting memoir entitled "Observations on Meteorology, particularly with regard to the Dew-point, or quantity of Vapour in the Atmosphere, made on the mountains in the North of England." The general result of these observations was, "that the quantity and density of vapour is constantly (or with very rare exceptions) less, the higher we ascend."

In the journeys during which these observations were made, our philosopher was accompanied by Mr. Jonathan Otley of Keswick, the author of a "Descriptive Guide to the English Lakes," who has given an interesting account of the various excursions which he and Dalton performed almost annually between 1812 and 1836. Otley, who was born in the same year with Dalton, though a guide who was paid for his services, was treated as a friend, and was of great use to the philosopher as an active and intelligent auxiliary in his inquiries.

The discoveries and writings of our author

were now well known throughout the scientific world, and honours of various kinds were liberally conferred upon him. In the year 1816, the Academy of Sciences of the Institute of France elected him one of the fifty corresponding members on the subject of chemistry,—“an honour,” he says in a letter to his brother; “that has been conferred only on one other person in this kingdom, I believe on Dr. Wollaston, Secretary to the Royal Society.”

In 1818, Sir Humphry Davy offered him the appointment of Natural Philosopher to the Arctic Expedition, which was about to sail from England; but though the salary, during the voyage of from two to three years, was about L.400 or L.500—a much larger sum than Dalton realized by lecturing and teaching, he declined to accept the offer.

In 1822, our author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; and in the summer of the same year, he visited Paris in company with Mr. Benjamin Dockray, the accomplished author, we believe, of *Egerie*, and Mr. W. D. Crewdson. Having called upon M. Breguet, the celebrated watch-maker, for the purpose of having one of his own watches repaired, he received the warmest welcome, and was invited with his two companions to dinner, where they met M. Arago, M. Fresnel, and other eminent savans. The elder Breguet having seen the Marquis De Laplace at the Board of Longitude, and mentioned to him the arrival of Dalton in Paris, he was charged with an invitation to him and his two companions to dine with the Marquis at Arcueil on the following Sunday.

On Saturday the 6th of July, he was visited by M. Bonsdorf and M. Nordenskiöld, distinguished pupils of Berzelius. On Sunday he attended the chapel of the British Embassy, and on the same day he dined at Arcueil with Laplace. The following interesting account of the dinner has been preserved by Dr. Dockray, and published by Dr. Henry:—

“At four in the afternoon by a coach with Dalton to Arcueil, Laplace’s country seat, to dine. Engaged the carriage to wait for our return at nine. On alighting we were conducted through a suite of rooms, where in succession, dinner, dessert, and coffee tables were set out;—and onwards through a large hall, upon a terrace commanding an extent of gardens and pleasure grounds. There was a sheet of water in front, a broad spreading current pouring into it from some rocks, where was seen a sculptured figure—an antique found in the locality, representing the genius of the

place. It is in these grounds that are still remaining the principal Roman works near Paris—the vestiges of Julian’s residence, as Governor of Gaul. Avenues, pastures and lawns, terraces and broad gravel walks, in long vistas of distance, are bounded by woods and by higher grounds. As yet we had seen no one, when part of the company came in view at a distance: a gentleman of advanced years, and two young men. Was it possible not to think of the groves of the Academy, and the borders of the Ilyssus? We approached this group, when the elderly gentleman took off his hat, and advanced to give his hand to Dalton. It was Berthollet! The two younger were Laplace’s sons, and the Astronomer Royal, Arago. Climbing some steps upon a long avenue, we saw at a distance Laplace walking uncovered, with Madam Biot on his arm; and Biot, Fourier, and Courtois, father of the Marchioness Laplace. At the front of the house this lady and her grand-daughter met us. At dinner, Dalton on the right hand of Madam Laplace, and Berthollet on her left. Conversation on the Zodiac of Denderah in Egypt, Berthollet and Fourier having been in Egypt with Napoleon; the different æras of Egyptian sculpture; the fact, that so little at Rome—of public buildings—is earlier than Augustus, etc. After dinner, again abroad in the beautiful grounds, and along the reservoir, an aqueduct of Julian. These curious works, after falling very much into decay, were restored by Mary of Medicis. Dalton, walking with Laplace on one side, and Berthollet on the other, I shall never forget. Such men, in their personal attentions, respect in each other the dignity of science herself—the great interpreter of nature and leading star of civilization; something which is beyond the honoured individual, which yet attends him, impressing a sense of homage that is elevating to him who feels it. Laplace is an uncommon union of simplicity of manners and an essential dignity of character. His collected and serene air realizes to the observer the tranquillizing influence of philosophy. We may well conceive that such a man feels for the interest and honour of science something like a religious regard.”

Dalton himself seems to have preserved some brief notes of his agreeable trip to Paris. After characterizing his introduction to Laplace as agreeable and interesting, and his villa at Arcueil as beautiful, he gives an account of his visit to other persons and places in Paris:—“*Monday, 8th July*—Walked down to the arsenal; saw Gay Lussac for half an hour; went to the Jardin du Roi; saw the wild beasts and

anatomical preparations, etc.; took coach home; and then went to the Institute, about 100 persons present; was introduced by Biot, and placed in the square adjacent to the officers; was announced by Gay Lussac (as president) as a corresponding member (English) present. The sitting was from three to five o'clock. After my announcement, my two companions were introduced to the same bench during the sitting. *Sunday, 14th*—Gay Lussac and Humboldt called and spent an hour on meteorology, etc. Took coach to Thenard; breakfast *a la fourchette* with him, family, and Dr. Edwards. Went to the laboratory near M. Biot's, and saw a full set of experiments on the deutoxide of hydrogen, most curious and satisfactory. M. Thenard then went with us through the laboratory; showed us the new theatres for chemistry, physique, etc.; and then went to M. Ampere's, who had previously prepared his apparatus for showing the new electro-magnetic phenomena. Saw a set of these experiments, which, with the aid of Dr. Edwards, were made intelligible to me. *15th*—Took coach to the arsenal; spent an hour with Gay Lussac in his laboratory; saw his apparatus for specific gravity of steam, vapours, etc.; also M. Welter's, the improver of chemical distillation, etc. Walked to the Jardin du Roi; *dejeuner a la fourchette* with Monsieur and Madam Cuvier and youngest daughter. M. Cuvier went with us to the museum, and accompanied us for some time, and then left a gentleman to attend us through the museum, being himself engaged, but occasionally meeting us; spent two hours in the museum—the most splendid exhibition of the kind in the universe,—it beggars description. Left after two, and took a coach to the Institute; took a cup of coffee, etc., and then entered the library; saw and spoke to M. Edwards, Biot, Cuvier, Laplace, Berthollet, Breguet, etc.; entered the Institute; heard papers by Edwards, Biot (on the Zodiac of Denderah), Fourier on the Population of Paris; after which, notice was given for strangers to withdraw, when Gay Lussac called to me to stay if I chose, being a member, which I did. The business was about the election of members, and lasted nearly half an hour, after which we broke up. Saw M. Pelletan on coming out, who kindly inquired of me my health, etc. Went with Vanquelin in a coach to dine, when my companions met me; saw M. Payant, a young chemist of promise."

Although the talents and discoveries of Dalton had been exhibited to distinguished audiences in the metropolis, and were well known to the men who had the capacity to

appreciate, as well as the power to reward them, yet no attempt was made to raise him from his obscurity, and withdraw him from the professional drudgery to which he had so long been doomed. "For a long series of years," says Dr. Henry, sen., "he bore neglect, and sometimes even contumely, with the dignity of a philosopher who, though free from anything like vanity or arrogance, yet knows his own strength, estimates correctly his own achievements, and leaves to the world—generally, though sometimes slowly just—the final adjudication of his fame."

Even at the advanced age of fifty-two we find him still gaining a small and miscellaneous income as a professional chemist, a lecturer and teacher of chemistry and mathematics; sometimes giving evidence in courts of justice on subjects connected with the arts, and sometimes assisting the manufacturer, by answering his inquiries and removing his difficulties. But, however congenial a few of these occupations may have been, they withdrew his attention from those grand and original researches which he was destined to pursue, and compelled him to sacrifice for inferior ends those precious hours which science demanded as her own. It was fortunate, under these circumstances, for Dalton that he had no domestic cares to ruffle the serenity of thought—none of the sharp anxieties which so painfully afflict the parental and the filial heart—no aged relative to cherish and maintain—and no prattlers at his knee to feed and clothe, and prepare for "the neglect and contumely which he had himself endured." Thus, more of the man, and less of the philosopher, we should have beheld him in the social conflict, and admired him no less when struggling against adverse tides, than we now do in his serene and peaceful passage to the grave.*

Thus situated, we can readily understand how much Dalton was gratified with the warm reception which he met with in Paris. He returned "refreshed and invigorated in mind." He formed a high estimate of the character and talents of many of the celebrated men with whom he had associated; and he repeatedly spoke of his French visit as one of the most pleasing events of his

* It would be unjust to Mr. Strutt of Derby, himself distinguished by his scientific acquirements, not to state that, about the year 1818, he offered to Dalton, through Alderman Shuttleworth of Manchester, a laboratory and a home at his house, with a salary of £400 a-year, and perfect freedom to spend his time in any way he might think agreeable. A love of independence, however, induced Dalton to decline the offer.

life. The appreciation of his merits by competent and impartial judges, raised him even in the estimation of his best friends at home; and the dispensers of honours and of fame were roused from their apathy to a due sense of the duties which they had neglected.

The Royal Society, as Dr. Smith states, had paid him no attention, standing, as he adds, more in the condition of a reservoir than a fountain. This, however, is a defect which attaches more to the constitution of the body than to the Fellows who compose it. In Foreign Academies, the members, who are the governing body, are responsible for the institution to which they belong; but the Royal Society is conducted by its office-bearers and council, the members of which have no permanent standing, and therefore no personal responsibility. The council of the present year is not the council of the next; and the president, the most permanent and responsible office-bearer, has been so often changed, that within the last forty years seven or eight individuals have held that honourable office.

So early as 1810, Mr. Davy had offered to propose Dalton as a member of the Society; but there is reason to believe that he declined the honour on account of the heavy entrance fee, and the annual payment which it involved. In 1822, however, he was proposed and elected without his consent; and, in 1826, the president and council awarded to him the first of the Royal medals, of the value of fifty guineas, which had been founded by George IV. in the previous year. In presenting this medal to Dalton, "for the development of the chemical theory of definite proportions, usually called the Atomic Theory, and for his various other labours and discoveries in physical and chemical science," Sir Humphry Davy, then president of the Society, conceded to him the distinction, which others had denied, of first unequivocally calling the attention of philosophers to that important subject. He compared his merits to those of Kepler in astronomy; referred to his disinterested and painful labours for a quarter of a century; and pronounced the award of the Royal Medal to be an "anticipation of that opinion which posterity must form of his labours."

In August 1827 the first part of the second volume of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy" was given to the world; but it did not add to his reputation, and did not, as Dr. Henry observes, even adequately represent the existing state of chemical knowledge. He was always unwilling to change his opinion, and to adopt those which

chemists of his own rank had placed beyond a doubt. He hesitated to acquiesce in the then universally received doctrine of volumes; and, in his reformed tables of atomic weights, he clings with obstinate tenacity to his early determinations, though they had been unanimously rejected by every living chemist.

By the death of Sir Humphry Davy, in 1829, the place of one of the eight Foreign Associates of the French Academy of Sciences became vacant; and Dalton was raised, in 1830, from the class of corresponding members to this, the highest honour which the Academy could bestow—an honour, as Cuvier remarks, "for which all the philosophers of Europe compete, and of which the list, beginning with the names of Newton, Leibnitz, and Peter the Great, has at no period degenerated from its original lustre."

Highly appreciated as were Dalton's recent honours, both by himself and his friends, he was still working for his bread, and sacrificing in uncongenial labour those precious hours which would otherwise have been devoted to the service of his country and of mankind. With small means and economical habits he had saved a little money, but not sufficient to support him during his probable term of life. His friends were therefore "anxious to secure for him an old age less laborious than his life had been," and various circumstances concurred to bring about so desirable an event. Lord Brougham, before his elevation to the Woolsack, had obtained from the Duke of Wellington, when Premier, the first pension that had been given to science, and is therefore entitled to the honour of having introduced this national appreciation of scientific discovery. When the British Association was organized in 1831, one of its avowed objects was to advocate the national support of literary and scientific individuals who were prevented by professional occupations from making their genius and talents useful to the State;* and, as Dr. Smith has remarked, "it was perhaps not one of the least services rendered to science by the first meetings of the British Association, that it brought before the notice of his countrymen the merits of Dalton." He himself took an active part at its first meeting in York, and attended its annual reunions while his health permitted him. In Mr. Babbage's interesting "Reflections on the Decline of Science in England," published in 1830, he stated, that "if knowledge was valuable, it was bad policy to allow a genius like Mr. Dalton's to be

* See this Journal, vol. xiv., p. 242.

employed in the drudgery of elementary instruction ;” and, in a review of that work in the “Quarterly Review,” Sir David Brewster remarked, “that if the Royal Society of London, on whom the obligation lay, had represented to the proper quarter the pre-eminent services of Mr. Dalton and Mr. Ivory, these great men would have held a more comfortable and a more prominent position in the eyes of their countrymen.” These suggestions, urgent as they were, produced no immediate effect ; but they were pondered, as we know, in the mind of one statesman at least, who afterwards became a patron of science.* The Royal Society did not feel the obligation thus imposed upon them, and Dalton, now in his 67th year, on the verge of life’s appointed term, had received no mark of national liberality. On the occasion, however, of the second meeting of the British Association, which was held at Oxford in 1832, his merits were more specially brought into public view. Dr. Daubeny, who had boldly, and without the concurrence of the university authorities, invited the association to Oxford, interested himself in obtaining for its most active members a warm and hospitable reception. Rooms were provided for Dalton in Queen’s College ; the most courteous attentions were shown him by the resident Fellows of the college ; and, on Dr. Daubeny’s recommendation, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him, when the same degree was given to Mr. Faraday, Mr. Robert Brown, and Sir David Brewster. Dalton was proud of this honour. He went to church in the red gown, the drapery of a Doctor of Laws, and, we believe, was the only one of his compeers who wore it in Oxford. As it appeared to him of the same modest colour as the foliage around him, he was not aware of the brilliancy of his plumage, though he often jocularly referred to his incapacity of appreciating it.

When thus prominently placed in the public eye, the friends of Dalton availed themselves of the opportunity of again urging his claims upon the Government. Mr. Babbage, who had first suggested the grant of a pension, made a formal application (accompanied by an admirable letter from Dr. Henry, senior) to Lord Grey, and also to Lord Brougham, who was ever ready to urge the claims of intellectual merit. The application was successful. A pension of L.150 per annum was granted to him, and was first announced at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1834. The honour of doing this was, with good

taste, given to the president of the Association, Professor Sedgwick, who, in discharging the agreeable duty, at a public meeting in the Senate House, pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon his friend. During the ministry of Lord Melbourne in 1836, the pension was increased to L.300 ; and as the death of his brother Jonathan had, two years before, put him in possession of the paternal estate, he was now comparatively rich.

Thus elevated in the social, and occupying an exalted place in the intellectual world, the friends and neighbours of Dalton thought the time had arrived when some public mark of its esteem should be shown by the town of which he had so long been the ornament. His declining years suggested the idea of a permanent memorial ; and accordingly, in 1834, a marble statue of him was subscribed for, and executed by Chantrey. This statue has been placed in the entrance of the Royal Institution of Manchester ; and out of a subsequent subscription raised to do him honour, L.1000 was devoted to a bronze statue, copied from Chantrey’s marble one, which is now erected at the right hand of the centre of the Infirmary, the most open and public place in the city, and beside the statues of other distinguished men.

In the year 1834, when the British Association held its fourth meeting at Edinburgh, the degree of LL.D. was unanimously conferred upon him by the University ; and, in the same year, he was presented at court to King William IV. by Lord Brougham, then Lord High Chancellor of England. On this occasion Mr. Babbage taught him, in a rehearsal at his own house, how he was to conduct himself in the royal presence ; and it appears, from Mr. Babbage’s account of the presentation, that he performed his part with sufficient correctness and formality.* The grave Quaker and venerable sage appeared in the scarlet dress of a Doctor of Laws, as more appropriate than the court drapery, garnished with bag-wig and sword ; and in such a costume, not usual at levees, he attracted general notice. “The prevailing opinion,” says Mr. Babbage, “was, that he was the mayor of some corporate town that had come up to get knighted. I informed my inquirers that he was a much more eminent person than any mayor of any city ; and, having won for himself a name which would survive when orders of knighthood should be forgotten, he had no ambition to be knighted. At a short distance from the pre-

* See Mr. Babbage’s letter to Dr. Henry, in which a very amusing account is given both of the rehearsal and of the performance.—*Memoirs*, etc., pp. 185–189.

sence-chamber, I observed, close before me, several dignitaries of the Established Church, in the full radiance of their vast lawn sleeves; the Bishop of Gloucester (the late Dr. Monk) accidentally turning his head, I recognised a face long familiar to me from its cordiality and kindness. A few words interchanged between us, and also by myself with the rest of the party, the remotest of whom, if I remember rightly, was the Archbishop of Dublin. The dress of my friend seemed to strike the Bishop's attention; but the quiet costume of the Quaker beneath his scarlet robe was entirely unnoticed. I therefore confided to the Bishop of Gloucester the fact, that I had a Quaker by my side; at the same time assuring him that my peaceful and philosophic friend was very far from meditating any injury to the Church. The effect was electric upon the whole party: episcopal eyes had never yet beheld such a spectacle in such society, and, I fear, notwithstanding my assurance, some portion of the establishment thought the Church really in danger. We now entered the presence-chamber, and, having passed the King, I retired very slowly in order that I might observe events. Dr. Dalton having kissed hands, the King asked him several questions, all which the philosopher duly answered, and then moved on in proper order to join me. This reception, however, had not passed with sufficient rapidity to escape jealousy; for I heard one officer say to another, who the——is that fellow, whom the King keeps talking to so long?"

Dr. Dalton attended the meeting of the British Association which was held at Dublin in 1835, and officiated as vice-president of the chemical section, to which he always attached himself. He was present also at the meeting of the same body which assembled at Bristol in 1836, when he occupied the same office in the section of chemistry; but though he took part in the discussions, he communicated no paper of his own. Although his mental faculties were undecayed, yet his intellectual vigour had waned. That spring of mind which carried him over the region of atoms was now beginning to unbind; and that elastic step had begun to fail, which scaled the peaks of Helvellyn, and bounded over the fells of Cumberland. Paralysis, the malady of minds overwrought, attacked him on the 18th April 1837, and a second and a third seizure followed in a few days. After having recorded the state of the barometer and thermometer, he fell suddenly on the floor; and though he wrote some memoirs after this attack, he never entirely recovered from its effects.

In June 1837, he had regained sufficient

strength to be able to send to the Royal Society his "Sequel to an Essay on the Constitution of the Atmosphere," which was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. In September 1837, the British Association met at Liverpool; but, though Dalton had been chosen one of the vice-presidents, he was not able to attend the meeting. He communicated, however, a short paper "On the Non-Decomposition of Carbonic Acid by Plants;" and as it was said to have been written during the convalescence of its illustrious author, it was listened to with the most marked attention. His absence was feelingly alluded to in the Presidential Address of the Earl of Burlington, who expressed his own gratification, and that of the public, at the rewards and honours, late though they were, which had been conferred on the philosopher. This convalescence, however, was of brief duration. A new paralytic attack, on the 15th February 1838, left him much enfeebled; and from that time he required constant attendance, although he had no other illness till near the day of his death.

Although both his mind and body were now seriously weakened, he still devoted himself to his usual studies. In 1840, he communicated to the Royal Society an Essay on the Phosphates and Arseniates, which is said to have been "throughout obscure, and in parts scarcely intelligible." The Council of the Royal Society declined to publish it; and Dalton was so much mortified by their decision, that he procured a copy of the essay from the archives of the Society, and printed it in a separate form, with the indignant comment, "Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, and Gilbert are no more." Dr. Henry has expressed the opinion that, "in declining to publish this essay, the Royal Society were governed by a true regard to Dalton's lasting reputation."* In this sentiment we cannot concur. The Royal Society did not show the same tenderness for Wollaston's name when they published some of the latest productions of his pen; and we venture to say, that the reputation neither of Wollaston nor of Dalton has suffered the least blight by the publication of the feeblest of their productions. The earliest and the latest achievements of a great mind have an interest beyond their value to science. In its blossoms, and in its falling leaves, as well as in its ripened fruit, human genius appears in unimpaired grandeur. The God of Day is

* As in all similar cases, Dr. Dalton printed the paper at his own expense; and therefore its rejection by the Royal Society as worthless, was a blow given to the reputation of its author.

not shorn of his meridian brightness, because he may have shone feebly at his rise, and feebler still at his decline.

In the year 1842 the British Association assembled for the first time at Manchester; but though the office of president would have been unanimously conferred upon him, yet his defective articulation, and the infirm state of his health, would have prevented him from accepting it. The situation of vice-president, which involved no duties, was therefore conferred upon him; and it was most gratifying to his friends that he was able to be present at the Presidential Address of that accomplished nobleman, Lord Francis Egerton (the late Earl of Ellesmere), who thus gracefully referred to the claims of Dalton,—“These, with a host of other local reasons, might well justify the selection of Manchester as a place of scientific assemblage. It has, in my opinion, a claim of equal interest as the birth-place, and still the residence and scene of the labours, of one whose name is uttered with respect wherever science is cultivated,—who is here to-night to enjoy the honours due to a long career of presevering devotion to knowledge, and to receive, if he will condescend to do so from myself, the expression of my own deep personal regret, that increase of years, which to him, up to this hour, has been but increase of wisdom, should have rendered him, in respect of mere bodily strength, unable to fill on this occasion an office which, in his case, would have received more honour than it could confer. I do regret that any cause should have prevented the present meeting, in his native town, from being associated with the name of Dalton as its president. The council well know my views and wishes in this matter; and that, could my services have been available, I would have gladly served as a door-keeper in any house where the Father of Science in Manchester was enjoying his just pre-eminence.”*

To the meeting of the chemical section our author presented three Essays, on “Microcosmic Salt;” “on the Phosphates and Arseniates;” and “on a New and Easy Method of Analysing Sugar.” The second of these, which he had previously printed, is the paper which the Royal Society had rejected. The Essay on Microcosmic Salt, and the one on the Analysis of Sugar, had also been printed along with other two, “on the Mixture of the Sulphate of Magnesia with the Biphosphate of Soda,” and “on the quantity of Acids, Bases, and Water in

the different varieties of Salts, with a new method of measuring the Water of Crystallization, as well as the Acids and Bases.” In this last paper, and in that on Sugar, we find, as Dr. Henry remarks, a discovery of great importance. “He found that certain salts, rendered anhydrous by heat, *when dissolved in water, caused no increase of volume*” (the salt entering into the pores of the water); “and also that salts containing water, when dissolved in a measured quantity of pure water, increased the volume of the solvent by a quantity precisely equal to their constituent water—the solid matter, as before, entering the pores of the water. . . . The solid matter adds to the *weight*, and the water only to the *bulk*.” In the paper on Sugar, Dalton remarks, “that this fact was new to him, and he supposed to others;” and “he considered it the greatest *discovery* that he knew of, next to the Atomic Theory.” Applying the principle to the analysis of sugar, he dissolved 100 grains of sugar in 100 of water, which just melts it. He then found that the two together made precisely 157 grains. The 57 grains of pure water arose out of the sugar, and the 43 grains of sugar remain in, buried invisibly in the pores of the water. The analysis of sugar by Gay Lussac, and Thenard, and Prout, are in accordance with the views of Dalton, which have also been confirmed subsequently by the fine researches of Dr. Lyon Playfair and Mr. Joule.

During the session 1843–4 of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Dalton occasionally attended; but he was hardly able, even when leaning on the arm of his friend, Mr. Peter Clare, to walk from his own house in Faulkner Street across the two intervening streets. Another slight attack of paralysis occurred on the 20th May 1844, but he was still able to record his meteorological observations. A few weeks after this, he received a vote of thanks from the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he had been president for twenty-seven years; but his malady speedily returned, and proved fatal on the 27th July 1844, when he was about to enter his 79th year. On Friday, the 26th of July, he went to his room about nine o’clock, recorded the state of the barometer, thermometer, etc., at that hour. About half-past nine he retired to bed, spent a restless night, but appeared not worse than usual, when his attendant left his bed-side at six o’clock in the morning. Though he had been warned to remain in bed, yet he seems, in making an unavailing effort to rise, to have fallen backwards, and was found with his head on the floor quite lifeless.

* Report of the Twelfth Meeting of the British Association, p. xxxii.

With an appreciation of intellectual merit which few communities in England have exhibited, the municipal body and the principal inhabitants of Manchester resolved to honour the memory of their eminent fellow-citizen with a public funeral. Although the Society of Friends, to which he belonged, objected to the measure, the conduct of the funeral was intrusted to the authorities of the town. The remains, deposited in a lead coffin enclosed in one of oak, were placed in an apartment in the Town Hall, hung with black drapery and artificially lighted. Upwards of 40,000 spectators passed through the apartment for some days, many of them but little cognizant of the claims of their deceased townsman.

The funeral took place on the 12th of August. A procession of a hundred carriages, and many hundred persons on foot, accompanied the body to the Ardwick Cemetery, on the south-east side of the city. The streets and the windows were crowded with numberless spectators; 400 of the police were on duty, each wearing a badge of mourning; and nearly all the shops and warehouses in the line of the procession were closed. The grave, to which the remains of a humble and simple philosopher were thus magnificently conducted, was surrounded with a strong railing, enclosing a space about twenty feet square. A tombstone, consisting of a solid red granite pediment and overhanging slab, with the inscription, JOHN DALTON, in large letters, and the date of his birth and death in smaller ones, was erected some years after his death, when the sum of L.5312 was raised by subscription for this and other purposes. He himself had originally set aside L.2000 to establish a chair of Chemistry, at Oxford, from which the Atomic Theory, as propounded by himself, should be explained; but a desire to repair the losses sustained by Mr. Johns, to show his gratitude to his affectionate friend, Mr. Peter Clare, and to Mr. Neild, to whose table he had for many years been regularly welcomed, induced him to alter his will. In place of employing any part of the subscription to establish a chair at Oxford, his friends decided upon applying it to an analogous purpose. Owen's College having been founded in Manchester since his death, a large part of the fund has been devoted to the establishment of two Dalton chemical scholarships of L.50, for two years; two Dalton mathematical scholarships for the same time; Dalton prizes from L.10 to L.25; and a Dalton natural history prize of L.15,—all of which were advertised for competition in 1856.

In his personal appearance Dr. Dalton

was of middle stature, and of a vigorous muscular frame. A portrait of him by Allen, taken in 1814, in his forty-eighth year, represents him in his manhood. The bust of Chantrey exhibits him at a more advanced age; while a successful portrait by Mr. Phillips shows him "when his features had lost much of their chiselled firmness." He has been thought to have had a considerable likeness to Sir Isaac Newton. In their mental powers, too, there were many points of resemblance. With but little imagination or genius, all their discoveries were the result of industry and patient thought. Experiment and observation were their never-failing guides; and when they did venture into the regions of hypothesis, it was with the resolution of subjecting their speculations to the severest scrutiny. In their religious and moral character, too, their resemblance was considerable. In the creed of both are found the great truths of Christian doctrine. Their faith, too, shone in their works; and in their moral nature, justice, generosity, and Christian charity were conspicuous.

Having devoted so much of our space, as we wished to do, to a popular sketch of the life of Dr. Dalton, we must endeavour very briefly to give some account of the great discovery with which his name will be forever associated.

Various opinions have been entertained respecting the constitution of body or matter. Democritus, Epicurus, Bacon, and Newton, have regarded it as composed of indivisible atoms placed at a distance from each other. Boscovich discarded atoms altogether, and regards the elements of matter as physical points which are inextended, and which are the centres of attractive and repulsive forces. This singular hypothesis, though maintained by so distinguished a philosopher as Mr. Faraday, is not likely to have many supporters.

In the Atomic hypothesis of Dalton, the particles of bodies are ponderable and indivisible, and they have length, breadth, and thickness, and therefore form; and that hypothesis consists in showing how these particles are combined in various bodies susceptible of chemical analysis. Assuming that every compound body invariably consists of the same components, the first law is that of *definite or constant proportion*. Water, for example, from whatever source it be derived, is composed invariably of 8 parts in weight of *oxygen*, and 1 of *hydrogen*; and common salt, or muriate of soda invariably contains 35 parts of *chlorine*, and 22 of *sodium*. If any other matter is contained in the water or in the salt, it is un-

combined or only mechanically mixed with the water or the salt. This law was known to Bergman, Cavendish, Lavoisier, and others; but was demonstrated by Wenzel, Richter, and Proust.

The *second* law of the Atomic hypothesis is that of *multiple proportion*; a mode of combination in which the higher numbers are multiples of the lowest,—that is, if 8 parts of oxygen combine with any body, $8\frac{1}{2}$ or $8\frac{3}{4}$ cannot combine with the same body: 16 parts of it, or 24 or 32, multiples of 8, must be combined with it before it is saturated. The five compounds of nitrogen and oxygen afford a fine example of this law.

Nitrous oxide consists of 14 nitrogen and	8 oxygen.
Nitric oxide	14 16
Hyponitrous acid	" 24
Nitrous acid	" 32
Netric acid	" 40

This law of multiple proportion was certainly discovered by Mr. Higgins, Professor of Chemistry in Dublin; but Dalton was not aware of what had been done by his predecessor, and had the merit of establishing the law by numerous analyses, and applying it to various theoretical and practical purposes.

The *third* law of combination has received the name of *reciprocal proportion*,—that is, if 16 parts of sulphur combine with or saturate 8 of oxygen, and if 27 parts of iron saturate 8 of oxygen, 16 parts of sulphur will saturate 27 of iron. This law was discovered by Wenzel, and published in 1777, and was confirmed by numerous analyses by Richter.

The *fourth* law of the Atomic hypothesis is that of *compound proportion*; according to which the combining number, or proportion, of the compound body is the sum of the combining numbers, or proportion, of its components. The combining number of *water*, for example, is 9; but 9 is the sum of the components of water, namely, 8 parts of *oxygen* and 1 of *hydrogen*. In like manner, the combining proportion of *marble* is 50, which is the sum of its components, viz., 22 of carbonic acid, and 28 of lime.

These views of chemical combination presented themselves to Dalton in 1803. They were first adopted and explained by Dr. Thomas Thomson, and afterwards cordially by Wollaston, and reluctantly by Davy. In France they were welcomed by Gay Lussac, who, in 1809, discovered the law of volumes according to which the gases combine in equal or multiple volumes; and wherever chemistry is studied, the Atomic hypothesis of Dalton, as we are entitled to call it, is universally received and admired "on the twofold ground," as Dr. George Wilson remarks, "of its beauty as a method

of expressing the order and symmetry of material nature, and its value as a means of apprehending and inculcating great chemical truths."

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- ARTICLE VII.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de Béranger*. Paris, Perrotin.
 2. *Mémoires sur Béranger, recueillis et mis en ordre par Savinien Lapointe*. Paris, G. Havard.
 3. *Quarante-cinq lettres sur Béranger, et détails sur sa vie publiés par Madame Louise Collet*. Paris, Librairie Nouvelle.

ANECDOTE-MONGERS and collectors of gossip are already with Béranger. The French public is anxious to know as much as possible respecting a man with whom they all felt thoroughly identified; they are conscious that the great *chansonnier* was the true embodiment of their thoughts, their passions, and their sympathies; and they almost expect to discover in the secret of of his every-day life the spell which made him so essentially, so exclusively—we might say—the poet of France. A few facts have already been collected in the brochures of Madame Louise Collet and M. Savinien Lapointe; a few more may be found scattered hither and thither in the *feuilletons* of the daily newspapers, and, without waiting for the publication of the posthumous works, which M. Perrotin, the bard's editor and friend, has now in the press, we think that we have before us elements enough from which we shall be able to draw, for the benefit of our readers, a sketch of Béranger's life and influence.

Yes, "Béranger," and not "De Béranger"—although the latter appellation is the one sanctioned by the parish-register—but the singer of the French *bourgeoisie* dropped the aristocratic particle at a very early period. We have not been attracted to this article by any great love for, or by warm admiration of, Béranger. His works, however, will long continue to keep alive and to control one of the most powerful political forces now at work in France, which is as surely destined, in the future, to influence the moral condition of that great country, as it has done in the past. And even, as in the case of Burns, when the higher mind of France shall turn away from the loose and licentious effusions of the *chansonnier*, they will continue to influence the lower class of society, which have ever played such an important part during crises in French politics. It seemed good, then, to devote a few pages to the works quoted above.

The Boswells of the transcendental school are remarkably fond of discovering something symbolical, mysterious, and ominous in the least particulars of a great man's life. Thus they have endeavoured to form a Béranger according to their own pre-conceived notions, and to explain, after the approved formulas of their dim philosophy, a character than whom none was ever less qualified to discuss metaphysics. We shall not attempt such high-flown notions, but ask from the poet himself the plain truth respecting the year and place of his birth:—

Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
Chez un tailleur mon pauvre et vieux grand-père,
Moi nouveau-né. . . .

In plain prose, Pierre-Jean de Béranger was born in Paris, Rue Montorgueil, on August 19th, 1780. Whilst his father was engaged in financial speculations, which seem to have deadened even his parental feelings, the "grand-papa" Champi—a notable tailor by-the-bye—watched over the child, took charge of him entirely, and packed him off to Auxerre under the care of a Burgundy nurse.

It has often been remarked, that the incidents of early childhood leave on our mind a deeper impression than the events of a comparatively later date. Béranger's recollections of his nurse were never very vivid; but, on the other hand, he always remembered his foster-father's care, and found in him the same generous, disinterested affection which characterized the old tailor of the Rue Montorgueil.

"I was five years old," says the poet, "when I returned home. Grand-papa Champi owed several months' nursing; I even think it was more than one year. The foster-father did not ask for his money. On the day when he received the letter which apprised him of our separation, I remember that the intelligence threw the whole cottage into the greatest consternation. The girl cried. There was between the father and mother a rather long discussion on the subject of knowing who should take the child back to Paris. Both declined the task. At last the *père nourricier* accompanied me. John deposited me upon the tailor's work-table, shed a flood of tears as he gave me a parting embrace, and refused to pocket the money which was due to him—'No,' said he to grand-papa Champi, 'it seems as if I were selling you the child.' It was very difficult to comfort the poor fellow." *

We are unable to ascertain what causes

had lessened the receipts of Monsieur Champi, the *maitre tailleur*. Things in general were declining from bad to worse; gloomy forebodings had got possession of every mind; and it is highly probable that few people could go to the expense of providing a satin waistcoat, when famine, bankruptcy, and civil war were threatening France with utter destruction. The fact is, that young Pierre-Jean was left to do very much as he liked,—that is to say, to neglect his books, cut school, and spend his time with the *gamins* of the neighbourhood, playing at marbles, commenting upon the latest pranks of Monsieur de Mirabeau, or gathering the intelligence about the approaching session of the States-General.

"Papa Champi"—we quote from the same authority—"who had been unusually harsh with his own children, treated his grandson with the greatest weakness, or rather indulgence. He would not allow anybody to contradict me; every one was to be at my beck and call, ready to execute the commands of *Monsieur son petit fils*. The reason he alleged for such kindness was my extreme debility. The fact is, that I was weak, although a good-looking child; therefore my grandfather had no difficulty in making the whole family acquiesce in his opinion. I was sent to a school in the *cul-de-sac* de la Bouteille. As my grandfather's house was opposite, I had only the street to cross. The class was held on the first floor. I felt no inclination for books, and often pretended to be ill, in order that I might be kept away. 'My head aches,' I used to say, and that was enough; papa Champi, thoroughly frightened, made me stay with him, or perhaps sent me out for a walk, just as I felt inclined, and this infallibly brought about my cure." *

If history had not recorded for our benefit the experience of other lads who became illustrious men without going to school, we might well grieve over the truant dispositions of young Béranger. The lad, who was to be in after times Sir Walter Scott, used to spend his time in composing and relating to his companions tales of chivalry, not very long before the period when Champi's grandson roamed through the streets of Paris in quest of fun. Fun! there was not much of it to be had then; and one day, the rolling noise of artillery, the deafening shouts of the victorious *Gardes Françaises*, and the crash of the gates of the Bastille as they fell, never to rise again—such was the scene which the scholar of the *cul-de-sac* de la Bouteille was called upon to witness.

* Lapointe, p. 22.

* Lapointe, pp. 23, 24.

Pour un captif, souvenir plein de charmes !
 J'étais bien jeune ; on criait : Vengeons-nous !
 A la Bastille ! aux armes ! vite aux armes !
 Marchands, bourgeois, artisans, couraient tous.
 Je vois pâlir et la femme et la fille ;
 Le canon gronde aux rappels du tambour.
 Victoire au peuple, il a pris la Bastille !
 Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.

The first step in the career of the French Revolution was soon followed by that well-known series of events which led to the "Reign of Terror." It had become rather unsafe for a child to run about the streets of Paris when the cry of "à la lanterne" was the order of the day, and when summary execution was soon to be the lot of all those whose republican sentiments had not been thoroughly vouched for by competent *sans-culottes*. Rather than see his grandson swing from a lamp-post, M. Champi made up his mind to part once more with him ; and accordingly the boy was despatched to Péronne, where lived an aunt of his, by name Madame Bouvet. This lady, although attached to the principles of the Revolution, was a woman of good principles. Her occupation (she was an *aubergiste* or inn-keeper) left her time to cultivate her taste for literature ; and she had a small library, to which her nephew enjoyed free and unrestricted access. Unfortunately, together with the works of Racine, Fénelon, and Corneille, this collection contained the more objectionable productions of Voltaire ; and young Béranger devoured these with all the avidity of a boy who had been taught to hail in the *philosophe de Ferney*, the regenerator of the human race. The now hackneyed anecdote of the storm proves how speedily free-thinking principles can take root in the heart, and blight, under their withering effect, every sentiment of awe for the power of God.

In the meanwhile, the doctrines of Voltaire and of the "Encyclopédie," reduced into practice by the Lycurgi and the Dracos of the French Republic, had given rise to a style of literature which was assiduously cultivated by all the young generation. "Patriotic institutes"—species of debating societies—were springing up on all sides. In the "Patriotic Institute" of Péronne, the young alumni were taught the "Rights of Man," the "Republican Calendar," and the art of composition, illustrated by addresses to Tallien, Robespierre, and Collot d'Herbois. Béranger seems to have in a very short time qualified himself as an accomplished club-orator ; and it is said that he was sadly annoyed when his aunt removed him from the patriotic care of *citoyen* Ballue-Bellanglise, the founder of

the club, to the less noisy but more useful protection of a printer, M. Laisney, who, together with the means of earning an honest livelihood, gave him the opportunity of completing, or rather of carrying on, his education.

J'ai fait ici plus d'un apprentissage,
 A la paresse, hélas ! toujours enclin.
 Mais je me crus des droits au nom de sage,
 Lorsqu'on m'apprit le métier de Franklin.

"I had," says Béranger, "such an idea of a printing-office, that I entered it, as I would have done a temple, bare-headed. But the leaders of the locality not possessing either all the peaceful virtues or the classic language which I fondly imagined they had at their command, I was obliged to modify very much my opinion of them ; I could not get reconciled to kicks and cuffs. *Maman Bouvet* took me away. I had learnt very little of the printer's craft, except the art of making paper caps, in which I was pre-eminently successful."

In the meanwhile, matters had gone on rather doubtfully with M. de Béranger père. Deeply engaged in the Royalist movement, and firmly convinced of the approaching return of the Bourbon family, the old gentleman was anticipating the total discomfiture of *sans-culottism*, and for himself, as a small acknowledgment of his services, an appointment at Versailles—some wand of office, with, perhaps, the rights of *grandes* and *petites entrées*, and what else besides ? In the midst of all these dreams, down tumbles Pierre-Jean, the journeyman printer, quite as deeply enthusiastic for the cause of the Republic, most clever at making paper caps, singing "*le chant du départ*," and repeating with marked emphasis the famous lines of his favourite poet :—

'Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple
 pense ;
 Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.'*

The progress of the Revolution speedily overturned the Royalist's hopes. Instead of enjoying the *entrées* both great and small, he was arrested and ignominiously thrown into the prison of the Temple, as many others had been before him ; and when he was at last released, it was only to have the mortification of seeing General Bonaparte at the Tuileries, and himself totally ruined. He died soon after, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. Such a catastrophe would have damped the spirits of any other but the *chansonnier in posse* : after the

* Voltaire.

visions of twenty franc pieces piled up in neat little columns, and bank-notes spread out in layers twelve or fourteen deep, to fall down to a dry crust of bread and a glass of water! Why, *citoyen* Ballue-Bellanglise himself, with all his patriotism, could not have stood it. Fortunately, by the interests of Arnault, whose friendship he had made, he got an appointment to an office, to which a small salary was attached.

But before the appointment of Béranger to a clerkship in the offices of the University, he had already attracted the notice of Lucian Bonaparte, whose independent character, at a time when moral degradation was a general rule, cannot too much be praised. He sent for Béranger; talked with him for a long time on his position, his wishes, and his works; encouraged him to persevere in the career of literature; and when his own liberal opinions had brought down upon him the displeasure of the Emperor, and obliged him to withdraw to Rome, he made over to Béranger the salary he received as Member of the French Institute, accompanying the kind present with the following letter:—

“Je vous prie d’accepter mon traitement de l’Institut, et je ne doute pas que si vous continuez de cultiver votre talent par le travail, vous ne soyez un des ornements de notre Parnasse. Soignez surtout le rythme; ne cessez pas d’être hardi, mais soyez plus élégant.”

We need scarcely say that Béranger never forgot the Mécenas whose timely and considerate assistance had shed a bright light over the beginning of his literary life, and relieved him from the pressure of actual want. “The recollection of my benefactor,” said he, “will follow me to the tomb.”

Our readers, of course, will ask, what were the songs which Béranger had composed at that period—what were the subjects of his satire? Against what abuses in Church or State had he directed his shafts? Béranger was not yet a *chansonnier*,—at least he was not known as such. His first production, “The Garland of Roses,” published at Péronne in 1797, consisted of small pieces in the style of Parny and Dorat. Besides that, he had begun an epic poem on the subject of Clovis, and composed several odes on religious themes, written in a style which, certainly, would not have led any one to anticipate in their author the same Béranger who was shortly afterwards to compose *Paillasse*, *le Marquis de Carabas*, and *Les Révérends Pères*. M. de Chateaubriand had published his *Génie du Christianisme*, and it is curious to notice the influence upon a writer whose greatest reputation is unfor-

tunately derived from a systematic contempt for religion. The following lines, reprinted in the preface to the Complete Works, and taken from a poem, entitled *Méditation*, strike us as exceedingly interesting. The reader, in order to appreciate them better, must bear in mind, that at the time when they were written (1802), M. de Lamartine had not yet begun to sing, and that the artificial and flimsy poetry of Delille was still considered as the *ne plus ultra* of fine writing.

Au milieu des tombeaux qu’environnait la nuit,
Ainsi je méditais par leur silence instruit.
Les fils viennent ici se réunir aux pères
Qu’ils n’y retrouvent plus, qu’ils y portaient na-
guères,
Disais-je, quand l’éclat des premiers feux du jour
Vint du chant des oiseaux ranimer ce séjour.
Le soleil voit, du haut des voûtes éternelles,
Passer dans les palais des familles nouvelles;
Familles et palais, il verra tout périr!
Il a vu mourir tout, tout renaître et mourir,
Vu des hommes, produits de la cendre des hommes,
Et, lugubre flambeau du sépulchre où nous
sommes,
Lui-même, à ce long deuil fatigué d’avoir lui,
S’éteindra devant Dieu, comme nous devant lui.

These lines, and such as these, were running through Béranger’s imagination, whilst twice a-day he walked over the distance which separated his small *appartement de garçon* from the office, where his services as a clerk were remunerated at the rate of eighty pounds per annum;* and sometimes, as he met on the way the then king of song, Desaugiers, with an expression half of contempt, half of jealousy, he was wont to mutter between his teeth: “Well! well! I could write songs quite as well as you do, if I liked; only there are those poems of mine!”

One morning, M. de Fontanes, grand-master of the French University under Napoleon, received an anonymous letter, in which he was warned that one of his clerks, Béranger by name, instead of earning conscientiously the salary bestowed upon him by the munificence of Government, spent his time in composing songs. And what songs! The notorious *Roi d’Yvetot* was enclosed as a specimen. It seemed certainly bold in a young man, circumstanced as Béranger then happened to be, to read a lecture of moderation to Napoleon-le-grand. The cautious M. de Fontanes thought so; he forthwith took the manuscript and submitted it to his Imperial Majesty.

The date of “*le Roi d’Yvetot*” is 1813. Napoleon had gained the victories of Lutzen

* He began with forty-four pounds, and never rose higher than a salary of two thousand francs.

and Bautzen, but still he saw that his power was waning; and it is by no means unnatural to suppose that at that time he found it prudent not to disregard that longing for peace which was manifesting itself throughout the country. At all events, Béranger, tacitly allowed to rhyme just as he pleased, followed up his satire on the Emperor by another set of stanzas called *Le Sénateur*; and when the dignitaries of that grave body complained to Napoleon of the liberty taken with their character and morality, the answer was:—"Gentlemen, I have had no objection to the *Roi d'Yvetot*; you have permitted it to be sung. May I, in my turn, ask the same favour for *le Sénateur*?"

The sarcastic spirit of Béranger was not satisfied with the opportunity supplied by poetry, and the natural accompaniment of a popular time. It must needs express itself in plain prose, and reflect on the excesses of despotic power in the very drawing-room of M. de Fontanes. One evening a rather obsequious *employé*, anxious, no doubt, to make a strong profession of imperialism, exclaimed:—"Alexander alone could tame Bucephalus; no one but Napoleon the Great would be able to rule over France." "Oh! oh!" answered Béranger, who had overheard the remark, "do you compare France with Bucephalus? A donkey would have been a better simile; for then it would tell you, perhaps, on what part the saddle galls it." This was carrying plain speaking somewhat too far; the *chansonnier* received a sound lecture in consequence.

Whilst the star of the victor of Austerlitz was thus sinking gradually below the horizon,—whilst the general anxiety was increasing, and disaffection and treason were surely hastening the disorganization of the empire,—songs still sparkled at intervals, and *chansonniers*, when not engaged in rhyming about political subjects, would run riot in bacchanalian strains, too often without the slightest respect for the laws of morality and religion. The celebrated societies which met at the *Caveau*, the *Cadran bleu*, and the *Moulin de beurre*, had not yet assumed a political character; they were merely festive associations, periodical gatherings of free-livers, who amply proved that they deserved the celebrated qualification of Horace, *Epicuri de grege porcum*. There Desaugiers, Armand Gouffé, Dumersan, and a thousand others, used to meet; twelve hundred persons busily applied the knife and fork around tables spread out in the open air; and when the chairman had given the signal towards the end of the repast, Anacreons

sprung up every where under the influence of champagne and chambertin, and song followed song in quick succession.

Some persons may perhaps, accuse us of being unnecessarily squeamish, because we decline, in this review, even alluding to those licentious effusions which have disgraced the genius of Béranger. But we would ask this plain question, in the words of a modern critic:—"Can a man sing what he would not dare to say, and is rhyme a sufficient safe-conduct for licentiousness?" We are still wondering how men, whom their talent raises above the multitude—men of noble sentiments, if we can judge from the average of their writings—could degrade themselves so far as to disclose to the public, without any shame, the secret of their most ignoble thoughts! What dignity can *he* show in private life who has thus surrendered himself, and who, to speak like Phædrus, *stulti nudavit animi conscientiam*? It is in vain for Béranger to tell us, as an excuse, that "*les gens véritablement sages, toujours indulgents, pardonent des écarts à la gaité, et permettent à l'innocence de sourire*;" we are still of opinion, with the same critic, that "bad words, to whatever tune they are sung, are bad actions." Molière, La Fontaine, are also often adduced as authorities; but the talent which these great writers have unfortunately shown in describing objectionable scenes, and casting ridicule upon the most sacred ties, only serves to prove how generally the consciousness of morality has been deadened and blunted in France. That Molière's *Amphitryon* should have been performed under the sanction of Louis XIV., and that La Fontaine's *Tales* should have been the favourite book of the fine ladies of that monarch's court, cannot be quoted as the justification of Béranger. We quite resign ourselves to the imputation of over-strictness, when we say that morality would gain much, and literature would sustain little loss, were all the *chansonnier's* Anacreontic effusions destroyed.

"Mes chansons, c'est moi," said Béranger. We find, therefore, as one of the constituent parts of his moral character, a kind of refined Epicurism, which forms the subject of most of his early productions, and which led him to consider life as a sort of dream, which we must while away as pleasantly as possible. This feature, however strongly marked in the first *recueil*, became gradually weaker and weaker; the satirical element, on the contrary, acquired more extension, until it pervaded the whole of the latter songs, and Béranger could say at last, with much truth,—

Ma gaité s'en est allée ;
Sage ou fou qui la rendra
A ma pauvre âme isolée ;
Dieu l'en récompensera.

Here we may note a striking difference between Béranger and the *chansonniers* who immediately preceded him. In the works of Desaugiers, Panard, Collé, and Vadé, there are certainly here and there some satirical passages—a few stanzas which evidence great powers of observation, and an unquestionable talent for seizing and jotting down the ridiculous and vices of society ; but still with them the song, taking it as a whole, is merely the effusion of a voluptuary. Béranger, on the contrary, goes further and deeper : he begins with a song, he goes on with a satire ; he first puts on his head a chaplet of roses, but speedily exchanges it for the warrior's helmet ; instead of the bauble which he first sported with, we find in his hand a drawn sword, or the avenging whip of Nemesis. In a word, Béranger, like Paul Louis Courier, his contemporary and his perfect parallel, was the most complete embodiment of what has been called *l'esprit Gaulois*,—that indescribable assemblage of qualities in which we find united the voluptuous tendencies of Chaulieu, the wit of Voltaire, and the *frondeur* disposition of every *bourgeois de Paris*. Béranger's poems form the most interesting and curious collection of documents on the History of France since the Restoration ; and the philosophical reader can study in them the struggle between the Liberal opposition and the Government of the Bourbons, quite as accurately as he can trace, in the celebrated *Recueil de Maurepas*,* the feeling of the nation towards the absolutism of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the irritation of the parliaments, and the corruption of the court. Molière's Mascarille speaks of "mettre en madrigaux toute l'histoire Romaine ;" Béranger's *Recueil* might properly be entitled, "The history of my own time set to music."

Our poet had never felt any sympathy for the brilliant though heavy despotism of the Empire ; and his song of Le Roi d'Yvetot proves how opposed he was to that spirit of conquest and of ambition which ended in Waterloo.

But when the disasters of 1814 brought into France the allied armies,—when, after a long and desperate conflict, the Bourbon rule was re-established, and, along with it, all the reactionary principles, all the musty

old traditions which the people had thought gone for ever since the storming of the Bastille,—then Napoleon's unbridled ambition was forgotten ; his name became the watchword of the Liberals, who acknowledged in him, as Béranger says, "le représentant de l'égalité victorieuse ;" and the French people, always so fond of military glory, contrasted the triumphal progress of the tricolour flag with the ridiculous pretensions of those effete *gentilhommes*, who had carried back from the land of exile nothing but their prejudices and their utter ignorance of the political wants of the nation. The celebrated song, *les Gaulois et les Francs*, written in 1814, was launched forth as an appeal to union against the occupation of the country by foreign troops.

Even during the first months which followed the accession of Louis XVIII., Béranger advocated a system of conciliation. He saw very clearly all the difficulties which the King had to contend against, and he perceived that, personally, the monarch was determined to secure for the country those inviolable rights which the Charter itself proclaimed, and which had been purchased at the cost of so much suffering :—

Louis, dit-on, fut sensible
Aux malheurs de ces guerriers,
Dont l'hiver le plus terrible
A seul flétri les lauriers.
Près des lis qu'ils soutiendront,
Ces lauriers reverdiront.

But the prestige was not of long duration. The *émigrés* of the reactionary coterie, surrounding the king, and overpowering the cabinet, were loudly calling for the recovery of their privileges, and parading about their scutcheons, newly furbished up. Who is that pompous-looking personage, with knee-breeches, a bag-wig, and a laced three-corded hat, elbowing his way through the *salons* of the Tuileries, and looking down superciliously upon a Conegliano, a Gouvian Saint Cyr, a Macdonald ? Béranger will tell you :—

Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas !

The moment could not better be chosen for a satirist. Béranger began by sending in his resignation of the post he still occupied at the University, and then issued his first *recueil de chansons*. King, ministers, fleurs de lys, white flag, State religion, Jesuits, and Bourbon government, were unsparingly held up to the ridicule of the nation. Béranger was twice tried for attacks upon the Government, and offences against public

* This curious MS. collection of songs and squibs is about to be published by the well-known projector of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, M. JANNET.

morality. The first time, he was condemned to three months' imprisonment and to a small fine,

Malgré l'éloquence sublime
De Dupin qui nous parla !

"Oh!" remarked some friend, "it is very kind of you to call Dupin's eloquence *sublime*." "Certainly," was the answer, "Dupin often rises to the sublime. Yes, he does get up to the clouds; only, I don't know how he manages, for when he comes down, he is always covered with mud." Seven years after, Béranger selected for his counsel M. Barthe, who became Minister of Justice under Louis Philippe. Still, condemnation was unavoidable, and the court pronounced a sentence of nine months' imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000 francs (400 pounds). This sum was immediately paid by M. Bérard and a few other friends of the poet.

Meanwhile the celebrated songs had speedily found their way into the heart of the whole population. Napoleon's veteran grenadiers shed tears whilst repeating the stanzas of "*le Cinq Mai*;" the song of the "*Sacre de Charles Simple*" was whistled about the streets by the impudent little "*gamins*," in defiance of the judicial verdict.

Béranger had evidently struck the right cord. And here let us notice other strongly marked features of his productions, and which are essentially French. The first is that longing after political equality—the dream of "*Young France*." In this respect, as in many others, Béranger had identified himself completely with the majority: he was their spokesman; his songs were the living expression of their feelings, and for that reason his name had become a "household word."

Why was Béranger so enthusiastically fond of Napoleon? Why did he sing so constantly "*le petit caporal*," and take "*la redingote grise*" as his guiding star? It is because he saw in the dictator's rule the triumph of equality.* "*Comme l'égalité*," he said, "*visible sous les uniformes et les croix d'honneur était à l'armée occupée à faire le siège des vieilles aristocraties de privilège et de droit divin, le peuple suivait avec amour ce soldat victorieux, porté sur le pavois de la Révolution.*"

In his view of the relation in which we stand to another world, Béranger was essentially French. You will find nothing in Montaigne, Molière, La Fontaine, and the

popular writers of France, but a vague Deism, which, rising occasionally to the expression of truly noble sentiments, is more usually of a very sensual character, and easily reconcilable to that Epicurism which sees everything, even the tomb, *couleur de rose*, through the sparkling transparency of a bottle of champagne. The famous song "*Le Dieu des bonnes gens*," may be said to contain the *chansonnier's* creed; and what creed! or rather, what utter inability to understand the great questions about God, the soul, and eternity!

When some serious voice talks to him of the last day, and of the dissolution of all things, does he then at least reflect a little, and examine whether after all the teaching of religion is not likely to be true? No! "*quelle erreur!*" he exclaims:—

"... quelle erreur! Non, Dieu n'est point colère;
S'il créa tout, à tout il sert d'appui."

The great mistake in unbelievers has ever been, the identification of Christianity with that corrupt form of religion which has mixed with the truth the grossest errors, and enforced subscription to these errors by terror and violence. Unfortunately, in France there have been very little means of ascertaining that the identification is not real; and when an allusion is made to the doctrines of the Bible, the immediate answer is, What! believe that the consecrated wafer has been transformed into God himself!—that the *capucins indignes* are the pillars of the Church!—that the doors of purgatory can fly open at the trifling expense of a couple of crowns!—We are, it is true, ordered to accept these doctrines not only as the decrees of the Church, but also in our capacity as private citizens. If we do not attend mass regularly, gendarmes will drive us thither; if we cannot prove that we have received the priest's absolution, we shall lose our office or our employment; if we eat eggs or butter in Lent, beware of *Sainte Pélagie* and of *Monsieur le Procureur du Roi*!—Well, we shall conform to all this; we shall subscribe the doctrine of transubstantiation, frequent the confessional, lay in a stock of salt fish for proper seasons; and, with all that, we shall, like true *frondeurs*, repeat that

Des deux clefs de notre bon pape,
L'une du ciel ouvre la trappe;
Et l'autre aux griffes du légat
Ouvre les coffres de l'état.*

In countries where an enforced State-reli-

* Lapointe, p. 49.

* Les chantres de paroisse.

gion is the exclusive rule, unbelief and profanity often, or rather generally, become the necessary elements of political opposition.

We must hasten with the few remaining observations we have to make respecting Béranger's biography. During the period extending from 1820 to the end of his life, he was the real monarch in France, for he had on his side public opinion; and the opposition which he carried on was the expression of the wishes of the multitude. He saw that the government of the Bourbons had in it no element of stability, because it was conducted in defiance of the spirit of the age; and the intriguers, who aimed at ruling in the name both of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X., utterly disregarding the new direction given to ideas by the principles of 1789, were dreaming of a return to worn-out institutions and customs. Whilst Paul Louis Courier in his "Simple Discours," his "Pamphlet des Pamphlets," and his other brochures, was reviving in all its point and pungency the spirit of Pascal,—whilst the palmy days of the Provincial Letters seemed to have returned with the lampoons of the Tourangeau vigneron, Béranger knocked down the pillars of the Old Monarchy as it were in sport, and the echo of his strains caused the worm-eaten institutions to fall to pieces. His strong common sense served him more than his very genius; and he had over Courier the advantage which rhyme gives, even merely considered as a help to memory. It is impossible to sing a pamphlet; but put a lampoon into verse, adapt it to a popular tune, and, like electric spark, it flies in a minute from one end of the country to the other.

Béranger was the poet of the bourgeoisie. When the Revolution of 1830 had brought the bourgeoisie to the throne, he understood that his political career was finished, and remained silent. After that time he might easily, had he thought proper, obtained every dignity which the most ambitious can covet; but he knew too well the price of independence; and he preferred remaining unfettered, enjoying the right of his *franc-parler*. M. Lafitte offered him the most brilliant situation; his friend Manuel left him his heir; he received propositions equally honourable to the persons who made them, and to him who was the object of them. But all in vain:

Un ministre vet m'enrichir,
Sans que l'honneur ait à gauchir,
Saus qu'au *Moniteur* on m'affiche.

This last trait refers to an anecdote related by M. Lapointe in his biography. General

Sebastiani, then Minister of War, and dangerously ill, received one day a visit from Béranger. "Ah! my dear friend," said the old soldier to the poet, "I am very ill. Come, my dear Béranger, we must do something for our friends. I declare to you that I shall not die quietly if I leave you in poverty behind me. Madame de Praslin has a fortune of her own; therefore it will not be doing any injustice to my children. Listen; I have there in my bureau a few small savings, about two hundred thousand francs, let us divide them. It is an old friend, an old soldier, who offers you this; and I swear, on my cross of honour, that no one shall know the pleasure you will have done me in accepting this small present." The poet refused.

Béranger, it is well known, was twice elected a member of the Legislative Assembly which met in consequence of the events of 1848, and twice he declined the honour bestowed upon him.

The last years of the chansonnier's life were spent by him in the enjoyment of the reputation he had earned by his writings, and in the practice of acts of kindness and munificence which, in the case of candidates to literary fame, were uniformly accompanied by a few words of excellent advice. M. Lapointe's volume is full of interesting anecdotes of that description; and although want of space prevents us from indulging in any further lengthened quotation, we cannot help transcribing, for the benefit of young *littérateurs*, the following sensible piece of advice:—"Beware of illusions; write, compose poetry, sing, but take some employment, and never forsake work. Let poetry be for you only a recreation, a *passetemps*. Unless a man is helped on by circumstances of an extraordinary nature, he gains by writing nothing beyond a foolish reputation, which leads him to the workhouse or the arms of misery."* On the 16th of July Pierre-Jean de Béranger breathed his last, and, true to his old views, declined receiving the sacraments of the Church to which he nominally belonged.

From the remarks we have made, our readers will have no difficulty in perceiving what opinion we entertain of Béranger's songs. As literary compositions, some of them have already taken their place amongst the masterpieces which genius has produced. Each chanson is a complete drama in itself, well-proportioned, and finished off with all the care of a consummate artist.

The *chansonnier* was self-taught, and the only poet with whom we can fitly compare

* Lapointe, p. 242.

him is Burns. The Scottish minstrel, however, had a far finer perception of the beauties of nature, and far deeper sympathies with the highest aspirations of the soul, than Béranger.

To conclude. Literary powers, poetic genius, and a classical taste, are not all that we should look for, even in a writer of songs. Victor Hugo says somewhere, that "a poet has also the cure of souls." This, we believe, is true; and, if it be true, what must we think of him who disregards the most common ideas of morality? What must we think of the patriot who, after having celebrated in his strains the ennobling love of the father-land, condescends to disgrace his pen by appealing to the grossest passions and most degrading appetites? As an excuse, Béranger says, that "sans ce folles inspirations de la jeunesse, mes couplets politiques n'auraient per aller si loin." For our part, we refuse to think so ill of our neighbours as to suppose that they cannot accept patriotism unless when it walks hand in hand with licentiousness. The imputation is an insult; but if it were true, it would only lower our opinion of the French, without increasing our esteem for Béranger.

ART. VIII.—1. *Early Travels in Palestine, comprising the Narratives of Arculf, Willibald, Bernard, etc.* Edited, with Notes, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. London: Bohn.

2. *Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Nations; a Journal of Travels in the years 1838 and 1852.* By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D. Second edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1856.

3. *Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A. London: John Murray. 1856.

4. *The Desert of Sinai: being Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Second edition. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1857.

5. *The Holy Places: a Narrative of Two Years' Residence in Jerusalem and Palestine.* By H. L. DUPUIS. Two vols. London: Hurst and Blacket. 1856.

6. *The Tent and the Khan: a Journey to Sinai and Palestine.* By ROBERT WALTER STEWART, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1857.

7. *Tent Life in the Holy Land.* By WILLIAM C. PRIME. London: Sampson Low, Son and Co. 1857.

8. *The Land of Promise, being Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1857.

Most annalists can identify the localities over which their story rests; so that the two things, story and scene, like soul and body, being honestly knit together and fitted into each other, make up a substantial whole, a genuine historical being,—not only not lacking in any essential part or feature, but possessed of a sufficient amount of clothing and drapery to satisfy the reader that it really is the very piece of authenticity and life which it professes to be.

History has always sought to bring the two things together, at whatever cost or toil; and the annalist, who knows his office and mission, has invariably manifested an uneasiness, a sensitive consciousness of failure, when unable to achieve this union.

In many cases, however, the attempt at union has broken down, or been at once abandoned as hopeless. The two parts have, in the run of ages, been so thoroughly severed, that with our present amount of information and research, reknitting is impossible. It is not that both parts have been found, but cannot be brought together, so that

"They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder:"

it is, that *one* has totally perished. One, indeed, is found,—entire enough, it may be, after its own kind; but its fellow is wanting. There is no "dreary sea" flowing between the sundered cliffs, but a stormy ocean, that has succeeded in wearing down and engulfing perhaps the mightier and more majestic of the two. Sometimes it is the *site*, sometimes it is the *story*, that is amissing,—the survivor ill at ease, if not disconsolate, without its mate. The story, when it outlives the site, seems to hover, like one of Ossian's ghosts, over cities and regions, uncertain where to alight, or, indeed, whether it be possible or wise to alight at all. That Homer was born, and that he was born somewhere upon the face of the broad earth, is admitted by all, save those whose vocation is, not to find truth in fable, as in Esop's manlier days, but fable in truth, as in Strauss' less upright age. But for the birth-place itself we search in vain; and the old name still hovers, as it has done for ages, over the seven cities of Greece, unable in any of them to fix its home. The site, when it survives the story, lies cold, inexpressive, soul-less, like some corpse cast

ashore from wreck which has no friend to recognise it, or some skeleton discovered in an unnamed and unknown sarcophagus. Who that has explored the wonders of Elora,—that magnificent Indian excavation that casts Petra into the shade,—has not eagerly asked for its history ; and, standing in the vast rock-hewn hall of Keylas, has not felt surprised, almost ashamed, that the annals of that wondrous memorial of ancient science, strength, and riches,—city, palace, temple, all in one,—should have perished from the earth ! That which, on a smaller scale, we feel when gazing on Stonehenge, or the round towers of Ireland, or the rude stone-circles of Shetland, or the Jebel-Kheim of Malta, or the Obelisk of Heliopolis, or even the Pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakharah,—we are made to feel, on a much larger scale, and in a more impressive manner, when looking at the marble-blocks of Goura, the cave-temples of Kennery, or Carlee, or Mavalipuram, the ruins of Bejapûr (the Palmyra of the Deccan), or Petra the rock-city of Edom, or Yucatan with its constellation of forest-buried cities. From all these the history has perished. There they moulder ;—bodies, out of which the soul has fled ;—harp-frames, whose strings have been torn away.

The antiquarian or historical student,—nay, even the general reader of history or antiquities,—will be thoroughly conscious of the truth of these remarks. Of such students or readers we find two classes,—the one the counterpart or converse of the other ; both most important, and reciprocally helpful.

One class is seeking sites for histories ; the other is seeking histories for sites.

The former go forth, with their finger in the well-replenished volume, in quest of localities which they desire to look upon and examine, as well as name, and into which they would fain fit the hundred floating items of authentic narrative or semi-authentic tradition. The latter betake themselves to some old ruin, whose *name* reveals nothing beyond some local incident or shadowy legend, but which does itself, in its every nook and tower and pillar, bear the most living marks of having once had a story ; a story in every stone ; a story which, though long lost, must evidently have been no common one ; a story which the traveller longs to resuscitate, and on the recovery of which he would gladly bestow a life-time's research. These two classes, though often separate, sometimes unite in one individual, who, both as historian and antiquary, carries on the two lines conjunctly : at one time searching out localities for his narratives, and at another, narratives for his localities.

The exactest specimens of these classes are, perhaps, to be found in books of Eastern travel. The number of these works is very great, almost incredible. But they fail, with sufficient exactness, under the above twofold subdivision,—needing only this farther remark, that the Syrian traveller is generally, though not without exceptions, the man seeking sites for histories, and the Egyptian traveller the man seeking histories for sites.* Not with Egypt, however, do we mean at present to concern ourselves, save in passing, great as are the attractions of Abu-Sembel, Karnac, Luxor, and the Necropolis of Sakharah,—of which last the discoverer Mariette has taken possession in the name of France, and which he would fain keep under lock and key as an antiquarian *preserve* of his own. We must not linger by the Nile, that most majestic of all noble streams, with its varied fringes of sand and verdure, of palm and tamarisk, of hut and palace, of pyramid, obelisk, temple, and mountain. We must leave, on the right, its fair waters, enlivened and beautified with the gleam of a hundred sails, moving gaily through the sunshine that lies in such joyous tranquillity upon its burnished waves.

We might sail or steam up the river to feed our wonder upon the gigantic temple ruins that strew its banks,—from Ghizeh to Denderah, Edfû, and Eswan,—with their white limestone or purple granite. But the travellers whose works head our article have not taken this route ; so, leaving the Nileboat or railway at Bulak, we strike eastward, tracking their footsteps. There is one advantage for this, at least to ourselves ; we shall be saved the toil of seeking histories for sites, and shall have the easier and perhaps more lively occupation of finding sites for histories.

Long before the traveller reaches Bulak, whether by boat or train, he is struck with the increasing fertility of the region through which he is moving. Alexandria, in spite of its gardens and palm-plantations, would seem by all accounts to have a dreary, barren aspect ; and for miles around, the country is said to look pale and scorched,—a region of sandy flats, or monotonous undulations. But, as he sweeps eastward and southward, the sand gives place to the black soil ; verdure is becoming luxuriant ; and he feels that he has entered on a territory whose superior fruitfulness is not of yesterday,—

* The old travellers in Palestine are mere retailers of ecclesiastical legends. Their sites and their histories are for the most part traditional, and often purely fictitious. Felix Fabri (A. D. 1483), whose travels fill three Latin octavos, is decidedly the best of them. His narrative is minute and lively.

a territory which, in spite of neglect and unskilfulness, still retains the evidence of having once been the garden, or at least the pastureland of Egypt. The question immediately rises, "Is not this Goshen?" Nor can there be much hesitation in answering the question affirmatively. This district of Lower Egypt must have formed part of the rich territory granted by Pharaoh to the sons of Jacob. It would be rash to attempt to mark the boundaries of the region. There are no relics of Israel anywhere to be found. Nor can the Egyptian cities, with which Israel's history stands connected in this quarter, be identified. Hence one can only speak generally, and say, Somewhere on this most eastern branch of the Nile,—somewhere between this and the "Wilderness of Shur,"—must Goshen have been; and though you cannot mark off its outlines, nor map out its geographical details, you can say that this fruitful tract of Nile-watered soil was the very land on which Israel fed their flocks, and where they multiplied and grew. At the same time, it is to be remembered that this district has not been explored, and is perhaps less known than the more distant and inaccessible parts of Upper Egypt. Its interest is wholly Biblical, or we might say wholly Jewish. It has no stupendous ruins nor stately pyramids to attract the eye of the traveller or antiquarian. Hence it lies to this day unexplored. The traveller, hastening southward to Upper Egypt, or eastward to the Desert, gives it a passing glance,—says, "Yes, that must have been Goshen," and goes upon his way to more showy scenes and more imposing regions. Let the next Egyptian traveller take a reviewer's counsel, and pass more leisurely through this unknown territory. Let him not grudge to lay out a few weeks upon it. He may obtain a richer prize than he thinks. But the railway between Alexandria and Cairo, which whirls him past the ancient pasturage of Jacob's sons, is not likely to stimulate such efforts at discovery. Affording such facilities of transit to Upper Egypt, and abridging the distance between Alexandria and Cairo from three days to seven hours, it tempts the traveller to hurry at once beyond the Delta, and to spend his weeks or months amid the ruins of Luxor or Karnak.

We note, then, this region between the Lower Nile and the Eastern Desert as one yet to be explored. It is Goshen most certainly; but no one has yet fully traversed and adequately searched it.

Dr. Robinson's statements as to the locality of this Biblical region are brief, but satisfactory, though little is added to the in-

formation already possessed.* He did not traverse this region, but made careful inquiry respecting it when at Cairo. The modern province of *esh-Shurkiyeh*, "extending from near *Abu Zâbel* to the sea, and from the Desert to the former Tanaitic branch of the Nile," is at this day reckoned the most fertile in Egypt, and it is here that the ancient Goshen must have lain. In the middle of the fourteenth century this district possessed 383 towns and villages, and was valued at a million and a half of dinars, showing that in that age it was one of the most valuable districts of the land. To the present day it retains its high value, and is said to yield the largest revenue of all the Pasha's provinces. Without determining how far north Goshen extended, and whether it took in Heliopolis or the district around Cairo, we must keep in mind its position relative to the Desert, into which it once sent, in such haste, its two millions and a half of alien population. Goshen lay alongside of the Desert,—say at least some sixty or seventy miles,—without intervening mountain, or stream, or sea, or frontier stronghold of the Pharaohs. A march into the Desert was to Israel a very easy and simple thing. Taking with them food and water, they could have started at once eastward, and been soon beyond the reach of "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry." Pharaoh might no doubt have pursued; possibly dashed in among the unarmed rear with his chariots; but he could not have intercepted them. They would have been encamped in the Desert before he could have heard the news of their departure.

It is this that is the true key to the question of their passage over the Red Sea.

It is usually assumed, that, from the position in which they were in Goshen, they could not help crossing that sea in order to reach the Desert. This would not have been the case had Goshen lain somewhere between Cairo and Thebes. In that case, they would have pushed forward with all haste northward, in order to turn the flank of the Mukattem range at Cairo, and get round the tongue of the Red Sea at Suez, into the wilderness. But Goshen was far north of Suez, and by its proximity to the Desert, furnished them with a way of immediate escape out of Egypt. Instead of availing themselves of this, however, they march southward, not eastward,—that is, they marched in such a direction as *not to escape* either from the sea or from Pharaoh, which they might have

* "Biblical Researches," vol. i., pp. 52-54. See also Dr. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i., pp. 98-101; Dr. Stewart's "Tent and Khan," pp. 29-33. Mr. Stanley refers very generally to Goshen, pp. xxviii. xxix.]

done, but, to throw themselves between both. Before this southward march, escape was a simple enough process, merely demanding expedition and order; after this, escape became not only difficult but impossible, save by some supernatural interference to extricate them from the meshes of that net into which they had deliberately thrust themselves. A people ignorant of the country, and following a leader as ignorant as themselves, might have committed this tremendous and fatal blunder. But they had lived for generations on the borders of the Eastern Desert, and, therefore, knew it well; their leader was one who knew the southern as well as the eastern district of the peninsula, for he had been at Horeb before this; and, besides, the road between Egypt and the Desert was thoroughly well known in those days, when the mines of Magharah and Surabit-el-Khadem were worked by the Pharaohs; so that Israel's divergence from the natural road, which was one of comparative safety, and their selection of another, which was not only not the way to their destination, but one of hopeless and overwhelming peril, is something which has not yet been accounted for on any of those principles either of wisdom, or strategy, or daring, which the history of great emergencies does sometimes exhibit. It was this divergence from the proper track, and the apparent madness of that southward movement, which deliberately threw the Red Sea between them and the Desert, that led Pharaoh to plan and execute his attack. For such a divergent march as that of Israel there must have been secret reasons, and these reasons were not long of unfolding themselves. The God of Israel was here to fetch His last stroke of vengeance upon Egypt, and complete what the ten plagues had not yet effected. The peerage, or "chivalry" of the land, as Milton well calls it, was now to be laid prostrate. For this end was the strange southward march,—a march which acted as a stratagem of war to draw out the whole remaining host of Egypt in pursuit in order to complete the humiliation of the kingdom.

Here, then, there is what one may, with all reverence, call a supernatural *misleading* of the people, in order to accomplish an end the most triumphant, and to lay the foundation of results, whose permanent duration may be seen, centuries after, in the history of the delivered nation.

The attempt, then, to evade or dilute the miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, is one which multiplies twofold the difficulties in the adjoining parts of the history. The dissolution of the miracle does not satisfy any demand of the narrative, nor afford any

clue to the strange story. The expulsion of the supernatural leaves the Mosaic narrative in a most unsatisfactory state,—a state to which its unaffected and simple sincerity does not entitle it.

Granting that the historian has exaggerated the event,—that he has built up a mighty self-honouring fabric out of very paltry materials,—that he has introduced the supernatural into events which, at the most, can only be called extraordinary,—that he has taken advantage of a striking but fortuitous juncture of natural events, to raise a story of the miraculous,—still we can hardly do less than admit that he believed what he was saying. Homer, indeed, writes of the supernatural plentifully enough, but you do not feel under any strong necessity of crediting his marvels, nor even of supposing that he credited them himself. But with Herodotus it is different. He writes of what he saw and heard; he believed what he wrote; and he expects you to believe it also. You may say he was mistaken, or misinformed, or credulous, or ignorant; though every new discovery is telling us that the old father of history was as accurate as he was honest. But you give him at least the credit of not wishing to impose upon his readers, but writing what he himself believed. With Herodotus we may class Moses in this respect. Nor are we asking much when claiming this equality. Moses wrote what he believed, and that which he wrote and believed was what he saw and knew. Our concern is with the bare narrative itself, and our object is to ascertain what Moses himself believed.

This narrative Dr. Robinson deals with in his first volume. He begins and ends his statement with the assertion of his belief in the miraculous nature of the event; but his intermediate arguments and facts go to show that there was no real miracle in the matter. He brings Israel just to the northern extremity of the sea, and then, by means of a strong east wind, and a low tide, and broad sand-banks, he takes them across dry-shod. If, however, they were at this point of the Gulf of Suez, there were no need even for wind or ebb or shoal; for by turning half a mile or less to the north, they would have rounded the point at once upon dry land. But this is, after all, not the exact point to be settled. The difficulty lies much deeper. Dr. Robinson has not touched it.

Assuming that the facts as to the shallows are precisely as he states them, the question still troubles us, *Did Moses mean this?* If he did, he has certainly not made use of language either the most apt or the most natural to express his meaning. If the non-

miraculous or the semi-miraculous hypothesis be true, then his language is unaccountably inaccurate. It is not ambiguous, it is not awkward, it is not dark: it is simply inaccurate.

Dr. Robinson's statements are not new. They are to be found in the German commentators of the last century. But he was among the first that conjoined the non-miraculous argument with the profession of full and unqualified reverence for Scripture. Maintaining both the veracity and the inspiration of the Bible, he has advanced statements which it will be difficult to reconcile with either. In such a case, the evil is the greater, because the writer is one fitted to speak with authority, and therefore likely to be listened to by those who would suspect such reasonings were they found in Burekhardt, or Henniker, or Lepsius. Though the American traveller has attempted, not a denial, but merely a dilution of the miracle, he is not on that account to be let pass as if he had done something less than German commentators have ventured on. He has not by any means gone so far as they have done; but he has gone far enough to involve himself in the same consequences to which their irreverent and unguarded statements must, of necessity, conduct. His admission of the miraculous, to a certain extent, does not neutralize the tendency of the principle he advances; and his "dignified protest," as Lepsius has called it, against introducing too much of the miraculous into Scripture, is not fitted to win him the confidence of some, while it will barely save him from the imputation of fanatical credulity from others.

It is some years since Dr. Wilson called attention to Dr. Robinson's views, as expounded in the first edition of his work. In the second edition, recently published, we observe no modification or change; so that now, after sixteen years, we have his last and ripest sentiments. Not agreeing wholly with the route which Dr. W. assigns to the Israelites, we still think his arguments as to the miraculous passage unanswerable. Dr. Robinson takes no notice of them in his last edition; and here, perhaps, there comes out one of his peculiarities. He does not like to be corrected, nor to change an opinion, particularly in deference to a modern, and especially an English traveller. The elaborate attention given by him to the old travellers, and modern German authors, is rather a contrast to the slender and sometimes disparaging notice taken of recent English works. His volumes are, for research, accuracy, and fulness, beyond praise. They are a most valuable treasure-house of East-

ern travel and discovery. But all this is no reason why faults should not be noted, whether in reasonings or in facts. The high reputation of the author makes it needful that his aberrations should be distinctly pointed out. His logic sometimes grievously fails him; a topographical crocheting takes possession of him, and he writes, in one or two cases, more as the special pleader than the patient geographer.

The geographical part of the argument against Dr. Robinson's view is thus put by Dr. Stewart:—

"There are three theories, each supported by respectable names, which pretty well exhaust the subject. The first of these, put forward by Niebuhr, and supported by Dr. Robinson, is, that the passage of the Israelites was across the narrow channel above the town of Suez, or across the narrowest part of the bay, immediately to the south and west of the town, where there are now shoals of considerable extent, perfectly dry at low water. Dr. Robinson prefers the latter; but in order to give some appearance of credibility to this theory, he is obliged to suppose that the Red Sea in those days was much deeper and broader in the vicinity of Suez than it now is—a hypothesis in support of which it would be difficult to bring forward either scriptural or geological evidence. None of the conditions requisite for the fulfilment of so great a miracle are to be found in the channel above the town. The passages so narrow, even where he supposes their march to have been, that there could not have been space for both the host of Israel and the army of Egypt within low-water-mark at the same time, unless it were got in the breadth of land dried up, instead of its length; the depth of water, judging from its present condition, was not sufficient to have drowned all that host; and, with the head of the sea only four miles distant, the horsemen and chariots of Egypt might, with the utmost ease, have sped around by the shore in time to interrupt the landing of the Israelites, without exposing themselves to any risk of disaster."—Pp. 54, 55.

The scriptural part of the argument is thus stated by Dr. Bonar:—

"Israel's passage of the sea has, by some, been considered a strictly natural event, with nothing more of the supernatural in it than might be ascribed to a providential concurrence of circumstances. It is affirmed that the passage was made at or above Suez, that the tide was at ebb, that the ebb was a very low one, that the east wind made it lower, that the shoals were left dry, and that upon the dry ground thus produced by this fortunate concurrence of physical phenomena the two millions marched across into the peninsular Desert.

"This, however, is hypothesis, not history. The above statements are assumptions, not deductions from the Mosaic narrative. However plausible, they are conjectural and gratuitous. Their object is to furnish such an explanation of

the event as to render a miracle superfluous, or failing in that, to reduce it to its minimum of the supernatural. Assumptions such as the above amount to positive inventions of fact,—inventions not at all suggested by the record, and liable to peculiar suspicion as having been got up for a special purpose,—inventions whose tendency is to impeach the historian's truthfulness, and to impute to him language, not merely exaggerated in the extreme, but incorrect and insincere, nay, studiously meant to mislead. We take the narrative of Herodotus as we find it; we make no assumptions inconsistent with his strict veracity; we give him credit for telling us fairly what he saw and heard, in words not fitted to mislead or to leave us in doubt *as to his own belief*, and we are not warranted in treating Moses otherwise. That, by the acceptance of a literal interpretation of the narrative, we should be committed to the admission of the miraculous in the event, is no sufficient reason for resorting to such an exegesis or to such assumptions.

"Moses narrates the event in a way such as to make his readers suppose that he was relating a miracle, and not a providential concurrence of natural circumstances. If he meant no miracle, he misleads us entirely, both as to the event itself, and as to his own belief of its supernatural character. His narrative is fitted to deceive, and his descriptions are not merely overdrawn, but express the *reverse* of the actual fact, as when he speaks of the waters "standing up" and forming "a wall" on either side, whereas they must have sunk down and been much lower than usual, if Israel crossed at ebb-tide on the shoals."—Pp. 97, 98.

"Most assuredly Moses, and David, and Asaph, and Isaiah *believed the cleaving of the Red Sea to be one of the greatest miracles ever wrought on earth*. They had no idea of an ebb-tide and shoals. Dr. Robinson and others may say that they were mistaken. If that position be taken up, then I understand the state of the question,—and certainly *it is the only real question before us*,—viz., whether the opinion of the sacred writers as to such a matter of fact *is to be depended on*? It is impossible to explain away their language, or to evade it by pronouncing it the exaggeration of poetry or the license of oriental figure.

"Not that this is a question as to *verbal* inspiration. I confess that I do not see how we can have the *thoughts* of God if we have not His *words*; but this is not after all the question. Grant that the words are not infallible—still they are words *which were evidently meant to express a miracle*. The *thought or opinion* of the writers in the above case was, that there had been a miracle. Attach what *value* you please to their words—still the *meaning* is as obvious as any meaning can be; and it is with the *meaning*, not with the *value or quality* of the words, that our argument has to do.

"The only answer to all this is, that the words are inaccurate and exaggerated. But what authority has any one to pronounce the language of another inaccurate? If a man is prepared to *prove* them inaccurate by personal observation, or by other history, or by their involving an impossibility, let the evidence be stated in full.

The advocates of the non-miraculous have not attempted this line of proof.

"In the absence, then, of evidence to the contrary, we must recognise the accuracy of the language employed in the statements cited above. The sacred writers *believed* in a miraculous division of the Red Sea, and *they have said so*. Let Rationalism step in here, and show that Moses, and Joshua, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul, were wrong in their *belief*; for it is on this that the question really turns. And that question involves in it, not the fallibility of men, but the untruthfulness of God. For if God has spoken through them *in any sense*, then *He* certainly meant us to understand that the passage of the Red Sea was altogether supernatural. *He* would not Himself speak, nor allow His servants to speak, in a way that would convey a totally false impression of the facts. *He* would not, as the God of truth, have told us that *the sea stood up on either side of Israel as a wall*, if *He* wished us to understand that the ebb-tide had swept away every drop of water on the right hand and on the left.

"The denial of verbal inspiration to the Scriptures may seem a light thing; but let it be remembered that it is founded on the assumption of their *verbal inaccuracy*; and it is almost superfluous to say that inaccuracy of words involves inaccuracy of thought and of statement; so that, according to the deniers of verbal infallibility, the Bible, though its author is God, contains inaccurate language, deals in inaccurate statement, and utters inaccurate thought. Other books are admitted to speak correctly the words and sentiments of their authors; but this alone does not convey either the words or thoughts of its author, but many things inconsistent with truth, and at variance with the author's mind! The denial of verbal inspiration may facilitate the Rationalist in evading all that he is not inclined to believe, and may free him from certain trammels which are felt to be irksome and oppressive; but, founded as it is upon the assumption of *inaccuracy in word and opinion*, it can only lead to an utter denial of the whole book itself, if not to a denial of Him whose revelation it professes to be.

"If the Korân does not contain Mahomet's words, and does not accurately represent his sentiments, of what value is it as an exposition of Mahommedanism? If the Bible does not utter the words of God, and if it does not accurately represent His mind, of what use is it as a revelation from God? And what becomes of His love and truth if He could give to His poor blind creatures a volume professing to come from Himself, yet wanting in that *most essential of all things in authorship*—a true statement of facts, and an accurate representation of the author's mind?"—Pp. 103—106.

As, in regard to Goshen, the traveller in Lower Egypt is seeking a site for a history, so in respect to the passage over the Red Sea, it is the same. In seeking for Goshen, he takes the Biblical description as he finds it, and fixes on esh-Shurkiyeh, because it fulfils the conditions, both physical and geo-

graphical, which the history demands. So as to Israel's route. He takes the history, and he seeks a site for it—a sight which will fulfil, not evade the history. Such a site he cannot possibly find amid the pools, or ponds, or sand-banks, which the extreme point of the sea presents to this day; but some miles farther down, where the mountain-bluff, terminating a long rugged range, rises erect almost out of the waters, or leaves at least but some yards of beach, and where the supernatural stroke that smote the waves in their blue depths produced a wall of water on either side, through which the delivered myriads passed in safety.

The opposers of Dr. Robinson's view advance here a statement, which ought to have no inconsiderable weight. They maintain that it is the *accuracy* of Scripture language that is involved in this question. Were it the interpretation of the words that was needed, hermeneutics might be called in to adjust the difficulty and settle the controversy. But no doubt has been suggested as to the meaning of the Mosaic language, and so no room afforded for criticism to step in. Whatever may be said of the *song* which celebrates the deliverance, the *narrative* itself is singularly plain and free from mystery or exaggeration. Judging of the narrative as it stands, without gloss, the most rigid critic would at once say that a miracle was meant; and that, if it had not been meant, very different language must have been employed,—just such language as would be used in reference to the transit of an army over a river, which a happy combination of wind and drought had rendered fordable.

The case so standing, it is obvious that it is the *accuracy* of the language that is called in question.

All who regard the Bible as a record of Divine announcements, must feel that this impeachment is of the most serious kind. The dispute shifts; and, from being a question of interpretation, becomes one of veracity. It is not upon the historian's style that the judgment is thus made to sit, but upon his personal good faith. He wants us to understand one thing, while he is secretly conscious that something else,—something far less remarkable,—is the authentic history.

This is at variance with the strict verity which we are entitled to count upon in simple narrative between man and man; much more is it at variance with the higher and more unimpeachable verity which we expect in Divine annals,—God's narrative to man of His own proceedings,—that is, in inspiration. It would not beseem Herodotus, much less Moses. It would be fiction, not history.

It might not be pure fiction; but it would be fiction upon a historical basis. It would be a novel, "founded upon fact." There are, no doubt, different degrees of fiction; but no degree of it is admissible in history,—still less in historical inspiration, or inspired history;—call it either.

Nor is this a point into which the question of figurative language finds its way. We are speaking of simple history; and in that any figure that may occur, is introduced solely to give *greater accuracy* to language which, without it, would have been too feeble and inexpressive to be accurate. The difference between the figure, and the history which is meant to be illustrated by it, is, in all such cases, quite perceptible.

We take the Mosaic narrative as we find it. There is obviously a miracle contained in it, and a very stupendous one. We have neither the wish nor the right to displace it, and as to reducing it indefinitely, bringing it to a mere razor-edge, so that no one could say whether it were a miracle or not, we simply say, What is gained?

But we cross the Red Sea and encamp at *Ayûn Musa*, the wells of Moses, where verdure as well as water may still be found, and to which some of the citizens of Suez still resort for country quarters. The likelihood is, that this was Israel's first encampment after crossing the sea. The name says a good deal for this, and the distances between this and the after-localities noted in their desert-story confirm this. Comparing the statements of travellers, the geography of the region, and the Scripture narrative, we are led to believe that this is really a site found,—that it was here that the song of deliverance went up from Moses and Miriam—leading, as they doubtless did, the voices of the mighty multitude. Dr. Robinson's description of this spot is brief but expressive. The place is noticed by almost all travellers who are setting out for Mount Sinai. Though not the actual site of a miracle, it is the termination of one and the commencement of another. For scarcely had Israel left these fountains than they began to feel the want of water for the first time. Here one notices the exceeding accuracy of the narrative; for, according to the testimony of every traveller, the next two days of the Desert are most thoroughly bare and waterless. They reach Marah, where they murmur, and are supplied miraculously.

The miracle of the sweetened water has found small favour with many. We shall not undertake to say whether Mr. Stanley believes it, as, though mentioning the locality, he keeps silence as to the miracle. That Dr. Robinson believes it, we suppose may

be admitted, though he does not say so, and though it is difficult to reconcile his belief of it with the following statement:—"Burckhardt suggests that the Israelites may have rendered the water of Marah palatable by mingling with it the juice of the berries of the ghurkud. The process would be a very simple one, and *doubtless effectual*; and the presence of this shrub around all brackish fountains would cause the remedy to be always at hand."* Dr. R. thinks, however, that the ghurkud berries could hardly have been ripe at the season when Israel passed the Ain Howarah; but this is all the answer he gives to Burckhardt's denial of the miracle! One might admit that the proposed remedy is "simple," but that it is "doubtless effectual" would require proof. We should be inclined to write "doubtless ineffectual;" for we have been told that even a copious infusion of brandy is ineffectual, and that such admixtures, instead of extracting or modifying the bitterness, only make it more nauseous. Our readers can try it by taking a "half-and-half" of sea-water and brandy or port wine. There is another thing which Dr. R. might have added,—that the whole region round Ain Howarah is utterly destitute of verdure, not only ghurkuds and tarfas being wanting there, but the commonest and poorest of the desert shrubs. Allowing the potency of ghurkud berries to do then, what no amount of wine or brandy can do now, we must still reckon it unaccountable that this sweetening of the acrid waters should have taken place at that very part of the Desert where the sweetening herbs were not to be found. We read of the solitary palm still attracting the traveller's eye, and the well of turbid brine at its foot still repelling the lip of Arab or camel; but the ghurkuds—they have passed away, if indeed they ever existed here out of Burckhardt's fancy. The narrative itself by no means suggests either berries or peel, or any such natural sweeteners. It reads thus,—“And Moses cried unto Jehovah; and Jehovah showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.” What follows has a simple sublimity about it, which the denial of the miracle quite destroys,—“There He made made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them, and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of Jehovah thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I

AM JEHOVAH THAT HEALETH THEE.”—(Exod. xv. 25, 26.)

We pass from the miracle of the water to the miracle of the manna. But now we have a history wholly without a site. We can say, somewhere between Elim and Rephidim—somewhere between Wady Ghurundel and Wady esh-Sheikh—the manna must first have descended, but more than this we cannot say. Its proper locality remains unfound, as Scripture has given us nothing by means of which we might identify it. It was in “the wilderness of Sin” that Israel first tasted the manna. More than this we cannot determine. As to the miracle, Dr. Robinson speaks very decidedly;* and the following brief statement is quite satisfactory:—

“In accordance with a former promise, the old man likewise put into our hands a small quantity of the manna of the Peninsula, famous at least as being the successor of the Israelitish manna, though not to be regarded as the same substance. According to his account, it is not produced every year—sometimes only after five or six years; and the quantity in general has greatly diminished. It is found, in the form of shining drops, on the twigs and branches (not upon the leaves) of the turfa—*Tamarix Gallica mannifera* of Ehrenberg,—from which it exudes, in consequence of the puncture of an insect of the coccus kind—*Coccus manniparus* of the same naturalist. What falls upon the sand is said not to be gathered. It has the appearance of gum, is of a sweetish taste, and melts when exposed to the sun or to a fire. The Arabs consider it as a great delicacy, and the pilgrims prize it highly, especially those from Russia, who pay a high price for it. The superior had now but a small quantity, which he was keeping against an expected visit from the Russian Consul-General in Egypt. Indeed, so scarce had it become of late years, as to bear a price of twenty or twenty-five piastres the pound.

“Of the manna of the Old Testament, it is said, ‘When the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the Desert a small round thing, small as the hoar-frost on the ground;—and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers with honey. And the people gathered it, and ground it in mills, and beat it in a mortar, or baked it in pans, and made

* Mr. Stanley's brief notices of the miracles are, from the first to last, so peculiarly adjusted, as to indicate nothing as to his belief. He is not committed to their denial: still less to their reception. To him they are apparently without importance or attraction. His dalliance with the Greek legends of the Desert, in preference to the Biblical history of miracle, reminds one of Schiller's admiration for “the gods of Greece,” and his sighs for their disappearance. Bunsen's “God in History,” has shown us that historical Pantheism can be grafted upon Scripture itself; and one cannot but hesitate before accepting the philosophy which deals with the beauties rather than with the truths either of Scripture or tradition.

cakes of it; and the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it.'

"Of all these characteristics not one is applicable to the present manna. And even could it be shown to be the same, still a supply of it in sufficient abundance for the daily consumption of two millions of people would have been no less a miracle."—ROBINSON, vol. i., p. 115.

These statements may suffice as to the miracles of Scripture. We do not mean to argue the question of miracles or inspiration. Our position is a humbler one, and subsidiary to the wider and more general one. It is simply a protest in behalf of the accuracy of the Bible, and the good faith of its writers. The weight or authority to which their statements are entitled is another matter. We are the more careful to keep this point before our readers, because of certain assaults recently made upon the correctness of Scripture.* In the last century, a band of able but unscrupulous writers appeared, whose object was to get rid of Scripture *in toto*, by exposing its inaccuracies. Bolingbroke, Toland, Chubb, Morgan, worked hard at their self-appointed task of overthrowing "superstition." Most laboriously did they gather together the supposed absurdities and inconsistencies of Scripture, in order to overwhelm the Bible beneath its own rubbish. But the Book emerged from this deistical dust unharmed; and, for two generations, these objections had almost gone out of sight. They have, however, within these few years been reproduced; and not by men, like those of the last century, philosophers, belonging to no church; but by ministers of the orthodox churches of our land. These successors of the philosophical Deists of a former age have gone over the same ground as their predecessors, and uttered the same accusations against Scripture, though in more reverent words, with this exception, that the old assailants spared the Gospels and the words of Christ, whereas their modern imitators have not scrupled to pronounce upon the inaccuracies and improprieties of "Him who spake as never man spake." In the nature, or rather the extent, of inference, the new differ from the old: the latter made use of the supposed inaccuracies to disprove entirely the claims of Scripture; the former merely employ these inconsistencies to set aside its inspiration. But which of the two classes has logic on its side? Clearly that of the old Deists. If their premises were correct, their con-

clusion was irresistible; and to stop short of it, is to give up the whole case. If the Bible be as inaccurate as Mr. Macnaught says it is, then it has no claim upon our confidence or respect: it is much less inspired than Herodotus, or Plato, or Milton, or David Hume, or Macaulay. We are very far indeed from accusing all the questioners of some of the Bible miracles with entertaining such views; but, by a theory of miracles which assumes the inaccuracy of the Mosaic narrative, they are playing into the hands of Deists and semi-Deists, and aiding them in discovering inaccuracies, where even they did not expect to find them.

But we resume the track of our Desert travellers,—or, at least, we select some of their footsteps, not venturing to explore the whole region. The first oasis which the traveller meets with in this western margin of the Peninsula, along which Israel marched to Sinai, is *Wady Ghurundel*, which, from its position as well as its water and palms, has been long conjectured to be the Elim of Scripture. It would seem to be one of the richest tracts of this barren land,—watered by a quiet stream, and adorned for two or three miles by palms and tarfas,—the former of these trees being counted by hundreds, the latter being without number. Neither Dr. Robinson nor Mr. Stanley seem to have fully explored this valley, nor to have any adequate idea of its fruitfulness and beauty. From the descriptions given by numerous travellers, it must be a spot of no common beauty,—a spot wanting but two things to complete its excellence, grass and flowers. In spite of tree and shrub, the Desert still proclaims itself the master, even there, by refusing to take on the slightest patch of verdant clothing for its undulating sands. Dr. Stewart's description is as follows:—

"After breakfast I walked up the Wadi Ghurundel alone, with my Bible as my companion. A stream about twelve feet in breadth runs down from the spring, which the Arabs told me was six hours higher up, and though only a few inches deep, I am informed it never fails the whole year round. This wadi is by far the most fertile we have come to since leaving the Nile, if such an expression can be applied where not a blade of grass is to be found. A number of palm trees and thickets of tarfas, which really deserve the name of trees, grow in it, besides the shrubs to be met with in all the wadis of the Desert, among which is the *Ghurkudda*, a plant bearing berries of an acid taste, which some have thoughtlessly suggested might have been used by Moses for sweetening the waters of Marah, and the *Rahbol*, of which the camel is particularly fond. This wadi is of great length, forming an opening in the range of Ghebel et Tih, and taking its rise, as I afterwards found, close to the summit of Nakb el

* "The Doctrine of Inspiration," etc., by the Rev. John Macnaught, Liverpool.

Rahkiney, one of the passes leading to Nukhl. If the Israelites marched along the sea-shore they would naturally turn up this fertile valley towards the well, as their progress southward after a few miles would be stopped by the Ghebel Humman Faraoun, between which and the sea it is impossible to pass. I learned from a friend who visited the spring a month or two after I had passed this way, that water in abundance may be found in it, as in the Wadi Useit, by scraping up the sand to the depth of a foot or two. There is only one palm tree beside the fountain, but there are many to be found scattered up and down the valley. This wadi is generally supposed to be the Elim of Scripture; but Dr. Wilson prefers the Wadi Useit, as being farther from Ain Howára. Provided the Israelites marched by the plain near the sea-shore, there could be no objection on the score of distance between Ain Nichele and the spring in this wadi; but as those of Wadi Useit are only five or six miles distant from it, I am much inclined to believe that Elim, with its twelve wells, includes both valleys, and that the hosts of Israel, who had not yet any regular order of encampment, were scattered around where the most ample supplies of food and water could be found for their cattle. I am the more disposed to adopt this opinion from the consideration that the Israelites, instead of halting for a single night, probably passed some weeks in this oasis, as it deserves fully to be called. The mouth of this valley is evidently a place much frequented by Bedouins. On the northern headland there is a grave-yard, the first I had seen; and around my tent there were traces of many encampments, and a huge cliff beside it, hollowed out like an alcove, was black with the smoke of their camp-fires."—Pp. 72, 73.

Dr. Bonar's statement is similar :—

"The birds were chirping in the tarfa trees, some of which might be fifteen or eighteen feet high, pleasantly though faintly fragrant. These birds were not the desert fowls called quails; though these we frequently met with in small flocks,—not among trees, but in the more barren plains of the Desert. The palm trees were without number. I began to count them, but having reached the eightieth, I desisted. They extend for more than a mile and a half down the wady, and must amount to several hundreds at the lowest estimate, so that the place is quite a palm-jungle. Most of them have four or five stems shooting up from one root. They have been goodly trees, as the prostrate trunks showed, but have been cut down clean by the ground, and the present forest is made up of shoots, which gives a stunted and shaggy appearance to the whole. The palm, like the olive, seems, when cut over, to send up new shoots or suckers, so that we saw several stems coming up from one root."—Pp. 121, 122.

Feirân is another of these oases, which, though few in number, are still sufficient to remind the traveller that he is still upon the habitable earth. Though not so extensive as Ghurundel, nor watered by the cool

streamlet, it seems to have attracted more eyes and won more hearts than any other circle of the Desert. Inhabited now only by the Nomad Bedouin, who pay it stated visits in order to cultivate its palms, it was, from the sixth century and onward for many ages, the abode of thousands of anchorites, whose memorials are still scattered over the mounds and mountain-steeps, in the shape of shattered pillars, broken conduits, ruined walls, deserted cells, and empty tombs. *Feirân*! How the poor Arabs love the very name! How proud they are of its richness and beauty! How their Sheikhs love to expatiate upon its perfections! And no wonder, if half of what travellers have written of it be true. Anywhere it would be beautiful, with its princely palms and noble peaks; how much more in such a grim, wild waste, as that with which it is girded on every side!

Towering above this bright garden, and only a few miles off, rises that five-peaked mountain, of whose magnificent ruggedness travellers have written so much, *Serbâl*. Dr. Stewart has revived the opinion, that this is the authentic Sinai; though, so far as we are competent to judge, without success. That it *might be* so, we do not dispute. But so might *Et-Tih*; so might *Taset-Sudr*; so might some of the fierce group of *Feirân*; so might many another mountain in this wild region. But there is nothing in its history to which we might fasten the slenderest thread of probability in its favour. As a hill of incomparable grandeur, and not very far from the locality where, according to the narrative, Sinai was, it might be the Mount of God. That is all we can say. Its difficulty of ascent is great, only to be overcome by resolute wills and iron muscles. A traveller, who had reached its summit, told us, that the labour and peril were such, that not only had he to scramble on all fours, or crawl like a serpent, or climb like a goat, but repeatedly he threw himself on the rock, resolved not to move a step farther. Arduous as are the ascents of the Sinaitic group, this goes beyond either *Jebel Musa*, or *Safsafah*, or *Katherin*. But this settles nothing. There are other objections. *Serbâl* has no plain at its base, and no such remarkable hollow in its centre, as its rival undoubtedly possesses; and *Feirân* is much too small, as well as too distant, to have been the encampment of Israel. In this opinion Mr. Stanley and Dr. Robinson concur; nor do the statements of Dr. Stewart appear to us to shake it.* Mr. Stanley's words are

* Dr. Robinson, vol. i., p. 590. Stanley, p. 72. Dr. Stewart, p. 116.

these: "It was impossible not to feel that for the *giving* of the law to Israel and the world, the scene was most truly fitted. I say, for the *giving* of the law; because the objections urged, from the absence of any plain immediately under the mountain for *receiving* the law, are *unanswerable*, or could only be answered if no such plain existed elsewhere in the Peninsula." As to the legend got up by some, that it was the seat of Arab worship and sacrifice, Mr. Stanley questioned his guide, and tells us the result:—

"In reply to the question suggested by Ruppell's assertion of the estimation in which Serbâl was held by the Bedouins, as shown by sacrifices on its summit, he returned the following decisive answer: 'Arabs never pray or kill sheep on the top of Serbâl; sometimes, however, travellers eat chickens there. The ruined building on the top was built by the Franks, or by the Derkani, the original inhabitants of the country, for keeping treasures. The ruins in Wady Feirân are also by Franks. There used to be a Frank windmill on the north-east side of the valley, and corn was carried across from the convent by a rope.'"—P. 73.

Perhaps it may be as well to add the following summing up of the argument by Dr. Robinson. It seems to us pretty conclusive:—

"SERBAL.—Since the first publication of this work, the idea has been brought forward by Lepsius, and strenuously urged, that Jebel Serbâl is to be regarded as the Sinai of Scripture. See his *Reise nach der Halbinsel des Sinai*, 1846; also *Briefe aus Aegypten*, 1852, p. 340 sq. 417 sq. See also the argument stated in Bartlett's *Forty Days in the Desert*, p. 55 sq.

"The main argument urged in behalf of Serbâl, is the fact, that the adjacent Wady Feirân is, and always was, well watered and fruitful; while the region around Jebel Mûsa is an inhospitable desert. Hence the former is the only fit spot in the peninsula for the supply of the Israelites with water and sustenance; and as such must have been known to Moses, and selected by him. See Lepsius *Reise*, p. 20–22. *Briefe*, p. 341 sq. Bartlett, l. c. p. 56.

"This argument leaves out of view two important points in the question; *first*, that there is around Serbâl no open spot or ground corresponding to the historical account of Israel before Sinai; and, *secondly*, that the supply of water for the host at Sinai was miraculous.

"Wady Feirân runs for a time parallel to Serbâl. In it for about four miles there is a constant succession of gardens and plantations of palm trees; there are fountains, and in almost every garden a well; but the water is hard; and the valley is not more than a hundred paces across, with high mountains on each side. (Barekhardt, *Trav. in Syr.*, p. 603 sq.) From about the middle of Serbâl, the Wady 'Aleiyât comes down nearly at right angles to Wady Feirân, forming

the direct and usual mode of access to Serbâl. These two valleys contain the only open ground, which can be taken into the account. It needs but a glance at the maps of Lepsius himself (*Reise*), and the sketch of Bartlett (p. 57), to perceive that they do not correspond to the circumstances of the Scriptural narrative.

"It is admitted, that the main encampment of the host must have been in Wady Feirân itself; from which the summit of Serbâl is only here and there visible. The base of the mountain is reached by the Wady 'Aleiyât, after a walk of *about an hour*; Bartlett, p. 57. This latter valley, according to Bartlett, is an unfit, if not impracticable spot for the encampment of any great number of people; the ground is rugged and rocky—towards the base of the mountain exceedingly so; pp. 57, 58, comp. p. 62. Beyond the fountain all path soon ceases; and the course thence to the base of the mountain is over a wilderness of loose blocks, which it is no easy matter to cross without slipping; *ibid.* p. 62.

"I need not stop to show how utterly incompatible all this is with the narrative in Exodus; where it is said, the people *stood at the nether part of the mount*, Ex. xix. 17; and Moses was directed *to set bounds round about*, lest the people should go up into the mount or touch the border of it; Ex. xix. 12.

"The testimony of Scripture, that the supply of water for the host was miraculous, removes the objection made against the present Sinai. At Rephidim the people having murmured for water, the Lord commanded Moses to smite the rock in Horeb, and water should flow out; and Moses did so; Ex. xvii. 5, 6. If Rephidim, as I have elsewhere supposed (p. 120), was near the entrance to the central granite region, then Horeb was near; and it is easy to see how the miraculous fountain might supply water for the host during their sojourn at Sinai. But if their main encampment was in Wady Feirân, in which water was always plenty, where was the necessity for a miracle at all? and especially in Serbâl (the Sinai and Horeb of Lepsius), which was but an hour distant from the well watered encampment.

"I have elsewhere suggested, that the stations of the Israelites, as enumerated, refer perhaps rather to the head-quarters of Moses and the elders, with a portion of the people who kept near them; while other portions preceded or followed them at various distances, as the convenience of water and pasturage might dictate; pp. 72, 73. Thus, during the long sojourn at Sinai, it is not at all improbable, that a part of the people with their flocks may have been encamped in the fertile Wady Feirân. Yet, on the other hand, it seems no less obvious, on the great occasion, when the Lord descended on Sinai and gave the ten commandments, that the whole congregation, even all the people, were assembled before the mount. Ex. xix. 9, 11, 16, etc.

"It is singular that Lepsius (*Briefe*, p. 421 sq.) should quote the authority of Mr. Bartlett as an advocate of his views. Mr. B. presents the argument indeed, not however as his own, but expressly as that of those who 'adopt a rationalist interpretation, and consider the Bible account as a legendary or mythical amplification of a slender historical foundation.'"—P. 55.

Wady Mokatteb, or the Written Valley, is another of the peculiar spots of the Desert. It is no *oasis* certainly. Its rocks and slopes are utterly verdureless. No well is to be found in any of its recesses, and not a drop of water can be wrung out of its scorched and weary sands. It is no camping-ground for any who do not carry water as well as food along with them. Nor is there shade during the day from palm or rock; for all the day long does it lie broadly exposed to every ray that pours down from Arabia's burning sun. Protected from the only rays that one can tolerate in the Desert, those of sunrise and sunset, it is swept ever by the whole burning strength of noon. And such a noon, when it flings its heat down upon the sands without a cloud or breeze!

The old rock-writings of this wady are full of interest; nor have they as yet had full justice done to them. If unbiassed scholarship would apply itself to their decipherment, something would be extracted, which would at least end the controversy regarding them, even if it did not contain much of information or interest. That they are the work of Christian pilgrims, on their way to Feirân or Sinai, is mere absurdity. No pilgrims ever wrote these thousands of inscriptions, for no pilgrims could remain a day in this valley. Whoever might resort to it, pilgrims would not. Nor would they have left traces of their handiwork only in Wady Mokatteb, where they could not have stayed, and not in Feirân, where they *did* stay. But to what nation could those Christian pilgrims belong who wrote an alphabet belonging to no known Christian nation under the sun?

But we are not going to settle the question. Whoever wrote these inscriptions, and drew these sketches of goats and camels, must have *stayed* here. There must have been some reason why this unattractive and unwatered neighbourhood should have been fixed upon, to the almost entire neglect of all the other regions of the Desert. And no theory ought to be listened to that does not set out, or at least end, with accounting for this.

Instead, however, of taking up successive points or objects, let us try to give our readers some idea of this great and terrible wilderness in its more general features. For details, they must consult the works already referred to. But meanwhile let them accept the following sketch, for the accuracy of which the writers of the above volumes will be sufficient vouchers.

The Desert of Sinai is commonly understood as embracing the triangle formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf

of Akabah on the east,—the two limbs of the maritime fork, known in ancient as well as modern times by the name of the Red Sea. If the region between the Euphrates took the name of Mesopotamia from its position; if the sea between Europe and Africa is called the Mediterranean from its boundaries; the Sinaitic Desert, were it large enough to take so dignified a name, might be designated the *Mesoceanic* Highlands of Arabia. But, perhaps, "the Sinaitic Peninsula" is sufficient for it; unless, from its curious resemblance to the Pyramids of Egypt, it may be called the Desert or Arabian Pyramid, having as its apex the *Ras Mohammed*, and its base the mountains and desert of El-Tih. Though the vast tract between these two seas is properly one great region of barrenness and unpeopled desolation, extending from the promontory above named to the southern slopes of Palestine, yet it has, from the earliest times, been subdivided into smaller deserts, each with its own district-name. From the south-western border of Palestine to the Gulf of Suez, and beyond it a little, it was called the wilderness of *Shur*; then came the wilderness of *Sin*; then the wilderness of *Sinai*; then, turning north by the Gulf of Akabah, came the different deserts of *Paran*, *Zin*, and *Kadesh*, while in the centre lay the desert of *Beersheba*. All these names have perished; but others have come in their place, and in several cases the new names have not altered the old limits of the provinces. The *Terâbin*, the *Tawarah*, the *Tiyâhah*, the *Haiwât* the *Sawâlihah*, the *Aleikât*,—are the designations of the desert tribes, taken from the names of the districts which they specially haunt. For though they are thorough nomads, they have their own independent domains, ruled by separate Sheikhs. That domain may be small and barren,—the poorest that ever owned a ruler; yet it is their birth-place and their burying-place. Though wanderers over a hundred hills, they count this their home. Here they were born; here they have known what life's affections are; here they hope to die and be buried.

It is of some importance to get a correct general view of the Desert in some of its broader features; and it is worth while to correct one or two false, or at least one-sided ideas, in common currency regarding it. Few take the trouble to inquire what the Desert really is. They are content to think of it merely as a sand-waste, a region of waterless desolation. A slight study of one or two of the books of travel already quoted from will set them right, without the toil and heat of a desert-journey.

The Desert is not one vast level area, stretching over an immense region, like a yellow sea, in unrelieved, unbroken monotony of plain. It not merely swells and undulates, but it heaves into wide table-lands, nay, bursts up in all directions into the magnificence of cliff, and ridge, and mountain. Though none of its hills reach the nobility either of Libanus or Anti-Libanus, yet they have a fierce grandeur peculiarly their own; and the eight thousand feet of *Jebel Katherin* fall but little short of the ten thousand feet of *Jebel-esh-Sheikh*. There is far more of the mountain than of the plain in the Desert; and for one broad plain or strath, such as *Debbet Ramleh*, there are at least a hundred hills—most of them truly Alpine. The hills of the African waste are low and rounded, but those of the Sinaitic highlands exhibit some of the grandest specimens of mountain scenery which earth contains.

The Desert is not a region of mere scorching calm, without a breeze or a tempest. Even at noon, and in the heart of some valley, there comes a quiet breeze,—not certainly “stealing and giving odours,” as in the *Shûbra* gardens or the vale of *Nâblus*, but still bringing coolness to the hot air and the parched Arab, as it passes on its way. The storm, too, wakes up and tries its strength against the sharp peaks of *El-Bendât*, or rushes through *Nukh-Howai*, “the pass of the winds,” or loses itself in the mountain network of *Esh-Shubeikeh*; and while, in the plain below, the sand-drift is pouring along, like yellow hail, the snow-blast is sweeping over the hill-top, and reminds the traveller of *Skiddaw*, or *Schreck-Horn*, or *Snee-Hatten*. Yet the sand-storms of the Peninsula, though they make the camels halt and the Arabs cower, and the traveller stop his ears and eyes, are not destructive like those of Eastern Arabia or Africa. The sand is not fine enough to admit of its being raised by the blast in sufficient quantities at a time to overwhelm its victims. A whirlwind in the *Ghôr* of the Jordan would be a more unpleasant assailant than any tempest that ever brushed along the white bluffs of *Et-Tih*, and lifted the clouds of grey sand from its base to deposit them on the steeps of *Jebel-Wûtah*, or amid the slag-debris and scoræ of *Surâbit*.

The Desert is no mere sand-field, or series of sand-fields. You find sand in abundance certainly,—on the hill-slopes, in the beds of the wadys, and in the broad plains that intersperse in all directions their yellow reaches or grey stripes. But there seems to be an immense amount of stone and rock overspreading the land, extending for miles between the hills, and in some places hiding

the sand. Sometimes these are found, in isolated blocks, (a large stone, having shot down from the cliffs into the valley), as in the case of the *Hajir-er-Rukkab*, or Stone of the Rider, near the *Ain Howârah*;* sometimes they are found in level patches, the debris of the hills having spread itself out, and bedded itself in the sand or clay; sometimes in rugged heaps, like Highland cairns, which appear at a distance like artificial mounds; sometimes rolled and pounded, as if some iceberg had once passed along, grinding the rocks to fragments, and spreading them out in fields of stone, to be afterwards sifted by the winds and caked together by the rain-floods, so as to form a smooth, broad highway, extending for miles, and to present a vast plain or area of cyclopean mosaic, or a stripe of tessellated pavement, relieving the monotony of the waste by breaking up into variegated stripes the vast tracts of grey or yellow sand.

The peninsular Desert is not a land without rain; and speaking generally of the East, we may say, that there seems to be much more rain than we usually give it credit for. In Upper Egypt, certainly, there is hardly such a thing as rain. That region—the region where the wondrous ruins of a hundred temples crowd together, embalmed, and so preserved by the hot dry air, as effectually as their tenants are by spice and odours—may be called rainless. It is wholly at the mercy of the Nile. Middle Egypt has more rain, though little to boast of. Lower Egypt has considerably more; and in some places might do battle with the droughts on its own resources. But the Desert has more than all Egypt together,—only so regulated as to be useless, save for maintaining the thin-strewn dusky shrubs which so timidly sprinkle its wadys. It has its rainy seasons, during which the clouds pour down a deluge; but there is no such regular supply of water as to tell even upon its lowest hollows or most sheltered plains, save in the way of scooping out water-courses, or tearing up tamarisks, or cutting away the half gravelly, half sandy soil, into what the Bedouin call *Jurfs*, or abrading the more impassible parts of the sandstone steeps, or still more rarely helping (along with local springs, sometimes hot, sometimes cold) to rear up an oasis of palms and tarfas, such as that of *Feirân*, hard by Mount *Serbâl*, whose praises so many travellers have sung, and as many more likely to sing again. For, by all accounts, it is quite a gem of desert-verdure,

* Robinson, vol. i., p. 66. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i., p.

—a genuine “Palmyra,” though without a city and without a queen. The rain meant for Egypt seems to be swept aside from that level region by the stormy west wind; and attracted by the mountains of the Peninsula, it turns aside and pours itself down in water-spouts upon the Sinaitic wastes. But it comes in such rushes that it brings no blessing to the soil, and is so unequally distributed, as to time, that even the spring gets no refreshment from the winter floods,—nay, hardly can remember that they have been. If the traveller is bold enough to penetrate the Peninsula during the summer months,—from April on to August or September,—he may with certainty count upon rainless skies; and he may pitch his tent anywhere, even in the low bed of the torrent; nor will he find a drier or safer place of encampment than any one of the hundred tarfa-groves that cover the bed of el-Arish, from the spot where it leaves the slopes of Et-Tih, to the place where it spreads itself out over the sands of Rhinocolura. But if he is bent on a winter-tour, or travels even so early as January or February, he must be on the outlook, not for showers merely, but for floods. He dare not choose for his encampment that sandy hollow where the tarfa and the ritten are so invitingly waving; for though it should be in Wady Taiybeh, “the good,” or in Wady el-Markhâh, the “valley of rest,” he will find himself reckoning without his host. If the wind shift to the west during the night, bright as the sunset might be over the blue of Bahr Suweis, or above the brow of Abû Deraj beyond, he may find himself, tents, turbans, baggage, provisions, camels, fowls, and all, hurrying down a swollen river, which, ere the next evening’s shadows have come down upon these sands, will have passed into the sea, or wholly vanished in the thirsty porous ground, leaving no trace of its exuberant flow save a few pools in the deeper hollows, or a few drops in a hole of yon flat stone, which the thirsty Arab or his camel stoops to drink up.

Our travellers tell us, too, that the Desert is not so absolutely bare and verdureless as we sometimes imagine. One traveller, indeed, speaks of a thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom withdrawn from the hill-sides and valleys; but the others do not concur in this, and while not refusing to do justice to its excellences, think that a “thin sprinkling” of vegetation would be nearer the truth than a “thin clothing.” For certainly it would seem that, according to our northern notions at least, the Desert may well be called unclothed, if not totally bare. Yet it has verdure of its own—fitful, coarse,

and dingy as that may be. There are few parts where the Bedouin may not find shrubs sufficient, in quantity and size, to feed his camel for a night. In some places, no doubt, the region is so absolutely waste, that he has to carry provision for his camel as well as for himself, and he produces at night his bag of beans, as the drayman or cabman of our streets does his bag of oats for his horse upon a journey; but this is rather infrequent; generally he finds a sufficiency of desert-herbage for his camel, and here and there (in some moister place) something less coarse for a small flock of sheep or goats. Musing over such passages as these,—“I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together,” the traveller wonders at the marvellous picture thus sketched in the unfailing word, and asks, “Has this ever been?” “When is all this to be?” Totally unlike to so fair a portrait do the terrific features of the Desert at present seem. What forest does he see anywhere here, or what stream to water even the stray tree that might be planted? Is it conceivable that the savage ruggedness of El-Amârah can smile with verdure, or the wild but barren bends of Esh-Sheikh throw up the cedar or the myrtle? But there are some spots where not only the shrub struggles up out of the sand, but where *trees* show themselves, some of low stature, some of considerable size. There is the tamarisk or tarfa, with its thin wiry foliage; the wide-branching acacia or seyaleh, which is the shittim-wood of Scripture, and the tree from which gum-arabic exudes; the ritten or broom, under the shade of which, in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, Elijah sat down in his desponding weariness; there is the fruitful nubk, which, with its tiny apples, feeds the dwellers in some richer wady till the date appears; then there is the palm-tree, with its shaggy stem in Ghurundel, or its well-pruned tapering stem in Feirân, towering above all the rest, and casting the shadow of its feathery crown, in sunshine or moonlight, upon the passive sand. So scanty, however, is this forest-verdure, that it can hardly be said to relieve the brown or yellow sterility of these cheerless wastes.

Besides, everything like grass seems be wanting. No carpet of green anywhere spreads itself under foot, or clothes the rugged steeps. Even in some bright oasis, where the palm-shadows cool the ground, and the air seems more genial, and the birds are singing, there is no verdure on the ground, and even the commonest weeds are

awanting. The soil will support nothing which cannot strike its roots at least some six inches into it. There is nothing beneath your feet but the monotony of the endless sand, whose colour, unlike the "universal green," fatigues, instead of refreshing the eye. The oasis is *adorned*, but not *clothed*.

But whatever one misses in the earth beneath you, you miss nothing in the heavens above you. The greenness of earth is wanting, but the blue of the heavens has become brighter and purer. The varied twinkle of flowers under your feet is gone; but the sparkle of the orbs overhead has doubled its lustre. The flowers have folded up their blossoms, and hid them from the hot air beneath the sands; but the stars have unfolded theirs all the more freely, as if the desert sky, with its arch of matchless azure, were the soil in which they can best give forth their brilliancy. The north star has come down low in the heavens, and you feel that another two hundred miles to the south would make it drop out of sight, or only glimmer on the horizon; but other stars are ascending in the opposite horizon, and you feel that you gain as much as you lose by your southern latitude. Yet the brightness of sun, and moon, and stars, cannot make up for the want of other things. You miss the wreaths of village smoke, rising from a hundred homes; for which the wild blaze of Bedouin fires, flinging up their gleam upon the rocks, is no equivalent. You miss the lark's song, the streamlet's murmur, the whisper of the woods; for which the scream of the eagle, and the torrent's rush, and the shrill echo of the cliff, are no compensation. You miss the mighty masses of cloud that give such splendour to our sunsets; and for which the rould red blaze of an Arabian sun, dropping down like a fiery globe, is no equivalent.

In the Sinaitic latitudes, the length of day varies but little throughout the seasons. A little before six, when the sky is still darkly blue, a faint whitish glow steals up the east, and then strikes across to the west in pale, silky purple, while the zenith remains untouched in its star-studded blue. This is the signal that the night is done, and that the sun is coming up. In less than half an hour every mountain has taken on the golden radiance. The living glory slowly creeps down the cliffs, every five minutes altering the hue of the mountain-sides, which had hitherto remained a mass of shade, till it reaches the mountain-base, and shoots across the brightening sand. It is day: morning is at an end. So at sunset. Swiftly the sun drops down from the flaming firmament, and in half an hour all is night,—with only the

tall cone of the Zodiacal light to tell where the sun had been. What a blank in the beauty of the fairest day is this absence of twilight—the time when it is neither day nor night, but something more grateful than either!

Seldom do these travellers speak of seeing the face of man in their journeyings, and when they do see him, they think there is something worthy to be noted. A tree and a man are rare in these strange regions. No one traversing the Hartz Forest would note or count the trees; nor, in passing down Cheapside, would make note of the men he saw; but in the Desert the traveller notes both as marvels, and talks of them with interest at the close of a weary journey. Just once, perhaps, in two or three days, he meets a caravan on its way from Sinai to Cairo, or from Cairo to Sinai; or perhaps, still more seldom, he may meet a solitary messenger, or come upon the black camel-hair tent under which a family of Bedouin is sheltering itself from wind, or sun, or rain. Little enough of man, and still less of woman, is to be met with in these sands.

No village, no town of living men, does he light upon. The ruins in some of the northern wadys, such as Ruhaibeh and Serâm, remind him that there had been once cities here; and those in Feirân speak of the six thousand monks that once had their abode in the convent or the mountain-cell of that more southern wady. But, save in the convents of Wady esh-Shueib, at the foot of Jabel Mûsa, or the khâns at Nukhl or Akabah, on the line of the Haj road, he sees no abodes of congregated men. But what he does not see of the living, he does see of the dead. In life the Bedouin wander; in death they come together, and are thus "gathered to their fathers" in the spots which, for ages beyond tradition, have been the tribal cemeteries. Traversing the more inland parts of the Desert, he sees not unfrequently groups of stones, perhaps a foot high, which in the distance might be mistaken for way-marks, or the mysterious circles of olden worship; but as he comes near, he sees that the stones are generally arranged in couplets a few feet asunder. The stones are unhewn and uncarved, without a name, a date, or line—fragments of debris from the neighbouring cliff, inserted sufficiently in the sand to keep them erect. No church, no mosque, no minaret, no enclosing wall! But Moslems do not bury in or beside mosques. Here and there a saint's *wely* is built for and used as a mosque; for Mohammedanism, as well as Popery, ascribes sanctity, if not to dead men's *bones*, at least to dead men's *tombs*. Generally, however,

Eastern grave-yards are at a distance both from city and mosque. These Bedouin tombs are, by all accounts, strangely, sadly attractive to the passer-by from their rudeness and loneliness. Here and there the Arab has planted the green-leaved, white-blossomed ritten, the slenderest and most graceful of his native shrubs. And this he has chosen for affection's memorial. There it stands, in its ever-green beauty, braving the desert-sun, or courting the desert-breeze, above the quiet dust of centuries, at once the indication of Desert poverty, and the unobtrusive expression of Desert love.

A less attractive sight, the traveller tells us, are the remains, not of the dead, but of the living. Wearied with a long day's sultry march, during which his only shelter from the heat has been his white umbrella, for which he paid dear enough at Cairo, he comes up, about sunset, to some bright sandy level, such as El-Markhâh, which, shaded from sun and wind, looks out upon the Red Sea in its blue stillness, or to some quiet nook, as Wady Esh-Sheikh affords, looking up to the not distant Sinaitic cliffs,—he finds the ground covered with the filthy relics of a Bedouin encampment which had yesterday or last week quitted the spot,—half-burnt shrubs, blackened stones, embers of extinct fires, torn sandals, shreds of old garments, fragments of rope, bones of animals, with numerous indentations in all directions, where men and camels had been lying. Or, approaching some wide-branching seyâleh tree, he is surprised to find its branches covered with rags of every hue and shape, like the mast of a ship on some gala-day. Have the rags been drifted in upon the breeze, or has a torrent passed this way and deposited its floating spoil upon the arresting branches? No. They are votive offerings of Moslem pilgrims or the Bedouin, hanging there as propitiatory gifts or thanksgiving memorials;—the seyâleh or acacia being the only tree on which these memorials are found, as if it alone were sacred. Or he notices in the distance curious objects on the sand, which look like baskets of wicker-work, white as snow. On each side of the road between Cairo and Suez, traversed annually by so many thousands of beasts of burden; or in that region of the Desert where Abbas Pasha built his palace, on the very peak of the mountain that adjoins Sinai, these strange basket-like objects appear every mile or two. He goes up to them, and finds that they are the skeletons of camels which the vulture has picked clean, and which sun and rain have bleached to the whiteness of ivory; for the camel is left to die on the spot when he falls

down exhausted. No one throws a shovelful of sand upon him; ere his eye is closed, and life is gone, the vulture is there, screaming and tearing, till, in a few hours, only his bones remain—in a few weeks or months to be buried in the sweeping sand-drift.

In the Desert, too, the traveller finds strange traditions, old and new, Mohammedan and Christian—traditions of love, cruelty, superstition, miracle,—though none of daring deeds,—true deeds for moulding a nation's character, such as fasten their stories to the rocks of home. There is Jebel el-Banat, the "Hill of the Maidens," where two Arab sisters, "long, long ago," in the madness of disappointed love, twisted their locks together, and flung themselves from the double peak into the rocky ravines below. There is the grave of Sheikh Amrî in the northern region, between Hufir and Nehe-yeh, where, beneath a rude cairn, lie the bones of a chieftain famed only for the blood he shed and the cruelties he inflicted—blood and cruelty which still bring down on his remains the hot curses of each passing son of the Desert. There is the chapel-tomb of Sheikh Saleh, in the valley which still bears his title, if not his name. Here, once a year, the Desert tribes assemble to commemorate his birth or death, with game, and feast, and sacrifice. There is the convent of St. Katharin, at the foot of Jebel Mûsa, where miracles are recorded, and the places shown where they took place,—the very indentation made by the body of Moses on the rock, the very cypress tree planted by Elijah.

The *silence* of the Desert has been frequently noted by travellers.* There is no silence so profound anywhere, either by day or night. The little lizards, shooting like arrows from bush to bush, or from rock to rock, are wholly noiseless; the black ants, burrowing everywhere in the sand, are unheard; the light foot of the gazellah amid the crags sounds not, save when he dashes down some stone into the valley below. Even the wind, as it takes its way over the sands, moves along in silence (as through some Æolian harp that has lost its strings), having no outstanding object to break the smoothness of its course and draw out the sounds, save when it rouses itself into tempest. All is silence,—silence even at noon—silence especially in moonshine or starlight—silence, whose profoundness, when long continued, ceases to be soothing or solemn, and becomes absolutely painful, if not appalling, oppressing the spirit with an indescribable sense of dreary desolation.

* Stanley, pp. 14, 65.

Mr. Stanley thus refers to this subject, and, in connection with it, to the marvellous distances which sound will traverse in these solitudes. His statement illustrates more than one Scripture narrative.

"It is this probably, combined with the peculiarity of the atmosphere, that produces the deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice, which can never be omitted in any enumeration of the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest point of Râs Sasâfeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travellers descending from the heights of the same point rose clearly to those immediately above them. It was the belief of the Arabs who conducted Niebuhr, that they could make themselves heard across the Gulf of Akaba; a belief doubtless exaggerated, yet probably originated or fostered by the great distance to which in those regions the voice can actually be carried. And it is probably from the same cause that so much attention has been excited by the mysterious noises which have from time to time been heard on the summit of Gebel Mousa, in the neighbourhood of Um-Shômer, and in the mountain of Nakûs, or the Bell, so called from the legend that the sounds proceed from the bells of a convent enclosed within the mountain. In this last instance the sound is supposed to originate in the rush of sand down the mountain side; sand, here, as elsewhere, playing the same part as the waters or snows of the north. In the case of Gebel Mousa, where it is said that the monks had originally settled on the highest peak, but were by these strange noises driven down to their present seat in the valley; and in the case of Um-Shômer, where it was described to Burckhardt as like the sound of artillery, the precise cause has never been ascertained. But in all these instances the effect must have been heightened by the deathlike silence of a region where the fall of waters, even the trickling of brooks, is unknown."—Pp. 14, 15.

Once or twice in the course of ages has this silence been broken. Before the days of Joseph or Abraham, the kings of Egypt had their quarries and copper-mines in these solitudes. At Surâbit El-Khadem there are still the monumental inscriptions of the Pharaohs, as well as the relics of the smelting furnace. At Wady Magharah there are like hieroglyphical inscriptions on the soft sandstone, and slopes of debris down from the "Magharah" or Cave, where once a busy Egyptian population toiled in excavating stones and metals for King Gatcheres.* At Wady Mokatteb there remain, upon a thousand rocks, the written vestiges of the multitudes that must once have taken up

their abode in that most barren of all desert valleys.

Once again was its silence broken by the voices and footsteps, not of thousands, but of millions, when Israel, their chain snapped, their yoke shivered, fled from the oppressor. In a single day was the Desert transformed into a populous city, and the voice of man and woman, of age and childhood, was heard amid these silent cliffs. Then the smoke of Israel's sacrifice, the notes of Israel's song, went up into these tranquil skies. For the first time, the Desert had a history. And what a history! One only of forty years indeed; but one into whose brief years were crowded events, of which each one by itself would constitute an era, and make a nation or a country famous forever. That story opens with ten awful plagues that left the oppressor desolate,—plagues which the divine accuracy of Scripture language forbids us to reckon less than supernatural. If ten battles such as Marathon had been fought,—if ten sieges such as Troy had been endured, there could not have been a commencement of history half so glorious as that with which Israel's Desert-story began. Behind them, as they leave the land of their bondage, the sword of the avenger flashes; but the sea opens its green waves to welcome them, and then closes its depths over the enemies. And if the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand has of itself formed a history, what estimate may we take of that history of which the passage through the sea was but the opening scene? The Desert receives them; the pillar-cloud leads the way; the bitter water is sweetened; the manna descends; the rock becomes a fountain; the old dwellers of the Desert, the Amalekites, assail them in vain; Sinai is reached; the God of Israel, amid thunder and brightness, gives His law; for forty years the people wander amid these rocks and valleys which we have been sketching. Then the silence of the Desert was broken—broken by miracle and mighty deed—broken by the tread and voice of millions,—broken as it never had been before, or since. For into the silence out of which it emerged, has that old desert returned.

But in traversing these wastes, we carry a history in our hands, and for that history we are seeking sites. In one or two spots, such as the Written Valley or Magharah, we are seeking a history for sites; but in general it is the converse of this that we are in quest of. Yet discoveries here are hard to make. The interval has been so long, and the population so scanty, that, though the race is still the same, old names have perished and new ones been substituted, so

* Osburn's "Monumental History of Egypt," vol. i., p. 304.

that the work of identification is attended with peculiar difficulties. Most of our identifications are but guesses, while by far the larger portion of Bible scenes connected with Israel's Exodus and sojourn remains unknown. The sites of Marah and Elim—as represented by El-Howârah and Ghurundel—are but, after all, conjectures; and Sinai, as identified with Jebel Musa, is only a probability, founded upon circumstantial evidence and thirteen centuries of unbroken tradition. In these cases the native names are no helps. But there are one or two which have some claim upon our notice, more recently searched out. There is *Hadharah*, north-east of Jebel Musa, which may be regarded as almost certainly identified with *Hazereth*, one of the first stations to which Israel came after leaving Sinai.* There is *Wady Berah*, which, though with less certainty, is conjectured to represent the *Taberah* of Moses (Num. xi. 3, Deut. ix. 22). There is *Aelana*, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Akabah, which might have been reckoned certainly the Elath of Scripture (Deut. ii. 8), were it not that Jerome sets this down as ten miles east of Petra; and Ain el-Ghudyan might easily be the Arabic transmutation of *Ezion*, in *Ezion-Gaber*, so far as letters are concerned; but Solomon's *Ezion-Gaber* was a seaport, whereas Ghudyan is some eight or ten miles from the shore,—only, as Dr. Robinson suggests, the gulf may have extended some miles farther north than at present. There is *Jebel esh-Sherah*, a few miles south of Petra, which appears to be the Arabic successor of the Hebrew *Mount Seir*. There is *Wady Ghudaghidh*, a little westward of the Arabah, which probably represents the *Gudgadah* of Dent. x. 7, and the *Hor-Hagidgad* of Num. xxxiii. 32. This is *Ruhaibeh* in the north, which is in all likelihood the *Rehoboth* of Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 22). A little farther north is *Ararah*, which may bear the name of the *Aroer* in the south of Judah. Other places besides these will, we are assured, come to light, as the inquiries of travellers extend. We have not mentioned *Wady Jerur*, as corresponding to the *Gerar* of the Old Testament, as this seems to us very doubtful, to say no more. If Dr. Stewart could show that *Wady Jerur* ran north some fifty or sixty miles, till it approached the ancient *Daroma* of early geographers, he would go far to prove his point. But *Wady Jerur* runs east and west; it is eighty or ninety miles south of the *Daroma*; it could

hardly have been a Philistine region, as *Gerar* doubtless was. Besides, Eusebius and Jerome are express in their statements as to *Gerar* being only twenty-five miles south of Eleutheropolis.

But the whole of this midland region, between Palestine and the Desert, is full of interest. It has been little traversed, and hence but imperfectly known. Travellers have, in most cases, turned off their northern route either at Nukhl, or earlier, in order to visit the City of the Rock, and so have only entered Palestine at Hebron or Dhahariyeh. Hence the whole district lying between *Kalat Nukhl* and *Ruhaibeh*, or rather, we might say, between *Nukb er-Rakineh* and *Bir es-Seba*, has been hitherto but poorly explored. Yet, as some of those who have traversed it remark, this is one of the most historically interesting portions of the Desert; if, indeed, we may call it Desert, and not rather part of Palestine. It is the land of the Patriarchs, of Abraham and Isaac, the country of faith, the home of the sojourners who had as yet reached no permanent dwelling-place. The reader of the Book of Genesis must feel that this region has attractions of its own, which the Desert has not, which Palestine has not,—not merely something belonging to a border land, but something linked in the heart of every believing man with the peculiar features of those who dwelt here as strangers, with nothing but the tent and the altar.

But we pass into the Land of Promise; still, as hitherto, seeking sites for histories. Here the identification of sites is much easier, and has been far more extensively accomplished. From the time that you cross *Wady es-Seba* to the hour when you quit the boundary at Baneas or Saida, you tread almost every hour upon ruins, which, when interrogated, yield the secret of their history in the somewhat altered, but still easily recognised name. Three books are all that are needful in assisting the traveller—the Bible, Josephus, and the Onomasticon of Eusebius and Jerome. There are minor helps, but these are the chief. It is almost entirely from these, that maps, till within the last twenty years, have been constructed; and it is wonderful how accurate these are in the main.

Had ecclesiastical tradition been less relied on; had it been dismissed at once as incompetent and fallacious, these maps would have been much more correct than they are. But, relying on the statements of pilgrim-travellers who followed one another blindly, and not suspicious of the lies which monkish legends have embodied, both as to places and events, our cartographers have,

* Num. xi. 35. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i. pp. 255–257. See also Burekhardt and Robinson.

till recently, disfigured their maps by adopting localities on ecclesiastical authority alone. Hence, till lately, the site of the Holy Sepulchre was never called in question; the pit of Joseph was set down at Khan Jub-Yuseph, not far from the Huleh; Bethulia was given as south of Jerusalem, at the Frank Mountain; Shiloh was placed at Neby Semwil, close by Jerusalem; Dothan was written down as north of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Safet; Tabor is called the Mountain of the Transfiguration. These palpable blunders were not accidental, nor matters of mere ignorance: they were the result of an unconscious attachment to ecclesiastical tradition, and of an unwillingness to abandon sites which, if fictitious, had at least been consecrated by the adorations of pilgrim-zeal for at least a thousand years. Even Reland, in his "*Palestina*,"—a book of marvellous sagacity, accuracy, and research,—has not thrown off the shackles of tradition. Clarke was the first to take sword against tradition, and his *Travels* contain the first attack upon the hitherto almost unquestioned topography of Jerusalem and Palestine. But he was too vehement and indiscriminate. He was an iconoclast without judgment; and would have swept away almost every tradition, on the sole ground on which others had hitherto received them.

It began now to be seen that there were two classes of tradition afloat throughout Palestine, one the native, the other the monkish; the former the original and authentic, the latter the superinduced and fictitious. Distrust of the latter has been working its way into men's minds; while confidence in the former has established itself no less successfully. Hitherto men had been content with the mere surface tradition; but now having got down into a lower stratum, they are amazed at the discoveries which they are making,—discoveries which had hitherto been unattempted,—discoveries which, thirty years ago, would have been pronounced the fruits of rashness and irreverence.

The well-known discovery of the true site of Dothan supplies a good example. The monkish traditions fixed it in a place which could not fit into the Scripture narrative. In 1851, Lieutenant Van de Velde found, accidentally, ruins which the natives called "Dothan." These were in a position which fitted exactly into the account in the Bible.

It is, then, to the native tradition that we are to look for the topography of Palestine. When the ecclesiastical and the native agree, we accept the agreement, though laying little stress upon it; when they differ, we at once receive the native as the genuine and trustworthy.

Every traveller who has honestly traversed the land, with the Bible as his guide-book, has made some discoveries. Of these Dr. Robinson stands highest; and if in some points he has failed, that failure need not detract from the greatness of his merits as a whole. He has crotchets; he writes sometimes in too one-sided a spirit; he makes too much of old travellers, and too little of recent ones; he has, in our judgment, confused the topography of Jerusalem;—but still he has done much, very much for Palestine. The "*Narrative*" of the "*Scotch Deputation*," published about the same time, has been of no small service in the same field; and travellers from the East have in several cases acknowledged its value. Dr. Wilson's "*Lands of the Bible*" is an admirable book, though the lovers of light reading may not find their way through it. Van de Velde's "*Syria and Palestine*" is the work of a Christian mind and an able pen, though the descriptive is at times rather overlaid with the reflective. As for De Sauley, he rambles on most agreeably, though his discoveries do not always commend themselves to our credence, and his flippancy (at times almost scepticism) is reprehensible. Of the many others who have written their traveller's story we cannot speak at length. Some are worthy of careful study, as elucidators of Scripture as well as of geography. When a man writes faithfully of what he himself did see and hear, he is worth reading, if he writes even with a moderate measure of intelligence; but when he writes of what he ought to have seen and heard, or of what other travellers have seen and heard, or of what monks have seen and heard, he is not worth the time spent on reading his preface, so far at least as discovery goes.

There is considerable danger,—so far, we mean, as truth is concerned,—in travelling with a theory in one's head, especially if the traveller be naturally somewhat obstinate and hasty. A theory may be innocuous enough, if the traveller who has given it lodgment is quite willing to have it dislodged and knocked to pieces at the first ruin he reaches, or the first hill his eye lights on; but if he persists in making it his guide, believing and disbelieving according to its suggestions, he will make little way in topographical discovery anywhere, and least way of all in a land of which the ancient landmarks are only beginning to be dug up or recognised. This is especially true of the *chorography* of Jerusalem itself, of which no satisfactory plan or map has yet been given. Robinson was much too short time there, even reckoning both visits; and as he

seems to have made up his mind on certain leading points from the very first, and not to have looked at the other side of the question at his second visit, we cannot but entertain suspicions of the accuracy of his views. Eight or ten days' stay in that city was not sufficient to familiarize him with its complicated details, versant as he was, more than most, in such matters. The evidence and arguments by which some of his main positions are sustained, strike us as incomplete, if not fallacious. The more that the subject is studied, the more will it be seen that the correct topography of Jerusalem remains yet to be given, and that some of the main positions assumed by Dr. Robinson will require to be first of all set aside. This is too wide a subject to be discussed here, and involves too many points, as well as the investigation of a mass of evidence, ancient and modern, which would require a whole article. But it is right that those interested in the matter should be made to know that there have been very decided exceptions taken to Dr. Robinson's theory, and that those who are best acquainted with the subject consider it as far from being settled as ever. Most thoroughly has the American traveller sifted one question, that relating to the Holy Sepulchre, and demonstrated that the present site is a fiction;—ancient and venerable it may be, but not the less a fiction. On other points, however, he has not been so successful; and that we are not alone in our judgment, may be seen from the following extract from a quite recent American work, whose title appears at the head of this article. The author thus combats one of his fellow-countryman's leading positions,—that relating to the *lie* of the Tyropœon, and what we may call its western terminus. It may be difficult fully to explain the matter without a plan, but the following passage will, to a certain extent, tell its own tale:—

"I have yet another view of this matter to take. Dr. Robinson gives part of the passage from Josephus, as follows:

"'Over-against this (Akra) was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly separated by another broad valley. But, afterwards, in the times when the Maccabees ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"This third hill was Mount Moriah, the hill of the temple. Now, it is clear, that there is no intimation that Akra was separated from Moriah by any valley. Even Dr. Robinson's peculiar method of translating the passage (which gives us a sentence actually without meaning) is certainly conclusive that the 'other broad valley' did not separate Akra from Moriah. This translation, if it means anything, implies that Moriah

itself was divided by another broad valley. But the Greek is *πλατεία φαραγγί διειργόμενος ἄλλη πρότερον*, and the correct translation, I apprehend, 'formerly otherwise separated by a broad valley,' that is, from the other city. The sentence will then read: 'Over-against this was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly otherwise separated (*i. e.*, from the other city, or Zion) by a broad valley. But, afterwards, in the times when the Asmoneans ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"If, as I have supposed, Akra included the whole moon-like sweep of the hill from Zion to the fortress of Antonia, then Akra actually needed to be divided from the temple by the trench, instead of being connected with it by filling up a valley. And we are left to look for such a heaping up (*χωα*) across the valley of the Tyropœon below. We are at no loss to find it. The causeway across this valley has long been a subject of discussion. Its existence is manifest enough to the eye, since it is impossible to go down the Tyropœon valley without climbing over it as it crosses the valley about on a line with the north end of Zion.

"The sentence, then, has a distinct meaning and connection. The third hill, Moriah, was lower than Akra, which actually sloped off to it on the north of the temple. This was its relation to Akra. Otherwise, that is as regards the other great part of the city, Zion, it was separated from it by a broad valley, which afterward the Maccabees heaped up with a causeway, so that the approach to it from that city should be as nearly on a level, as it already was from the new city. The result of this work is obvious. It connected the temple with Zion, as it was already connected with Akra, and thus it was possible to walk entirely around the central basin of the city on an unvarying level, crossing the Tyropœon and the trench of Antonia by bridges.

"It follows, if we have correctly located Akra, that the Tyropœon valley is, as we have already intimated, that valley which cut off the north side of Zion, and on the opposite sides of whose ravine the precipitous cliffs of Zion and Akra arose. This valley came into the great basin in the heart of the city, and turning southward, under the north-eastern cliffs of Zion, continued down to Siloam, being then a broader valley, but retaining the same name. The objection, that this name would not correctly apply to the two valleys, loses its force if we believe the crescent shape of Akra, which I have suggested, since there would then be no other valley coming into the basin except this one, which continued by a uniform descent towards Siloam; nor is it impossible that the salesmen who gave it its name originally, carried on their business in both parts of the valley, which would be a sufficient reason for the uniform name."—Pp. 267-269.*

Williams was much longer in Jerusalem; and his length of residence would have given his opinions some weight, had he not been

* Prime's "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

all the while engrossed with a theory, or rather wrapt up in one great ecclesiastical idea, that the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is on the true Calvary. This tradition of the Church must be maintained at all hazards. Wall and gate, tower and hill, must be made to give way to this.

To defend the point of view of the Church, Mr. Williams has written his massive work, in which the reader may find all that can possibly be said upon the ecclesiastical side of the question. But written by a partisan, the book must be taken for what it is worth.

Mr. Ferguson has not been in Jerusalem at all, yet he writes a book of wonderful accuracy upon several points connected with its topography.* His theory of the Mosque of Omar being the original site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is open to more objections than he seems to think, or than even his acuteness and ingenuity could answer. But his book is ingenious, though its writer is too much of a dogmatist.

The briefest, but perhaps ablest treatise on the whole subject, is to be found in two numbers of the "Museum of Classical Antiquities." Though not admitting some of the author's conclusions, we think highly of his work.†

Superstition has thrown its network of fictions over Jerusalem, perplexing and ravelling its entire geography. We have, to a certain extent, succeeded in disentangling the confusion, and separating the real from the unreal. But no complete unravelling can be effected till we have gone below the surface. It is easy to deny a legend, or to dispute a name, or to disprove a site; but it is not so easy to discover the truth which may have been smothered beneath the fiction, and to substitute the true site and the old name for those which ignorance or churchcraft may have given.

Yet in sweeping away the false, let us beware of abandoning the true, or think to conciliate the adherent of the false by casting suspicion on the true, as if all were either equally certain or equally doubtful. There is such a thing as a wise and honest discrimination; there is a weighing of evidence and a sifting of testimony. A deliberate and unsparing onslaught upon the fictitious is no indication of a man's unwillingness to hold fast that which is genuine. Traditions of truth and doctrine not found in the Bible had better, we imagine, be let alone, unless evidence of inspiration can be adduced

equal to that on which the canon rests. Traditions of miracles subsequent to the days of the apostles may be received by those who are in need of new miracles, but their authenticity ought to be decided gravely, and the vouchers duly ascertained. But in regard to all that is written in the truest of all true books, we should know that we give up all if we admit that it contains inaccuracies in its statements.

Strauss's object was to discover inaccuracies in Scripture, in order to prove it mythical. He believed in Biblical contradictions as part of its inspiration,—as that which indicated its mythical character. Its contradictions were needful, in order to keep men from believing its straightforward simplicity. This, however, is a kind of inspiration not generally accepted, even by those who are as eager as the German to detect inconsistencies; as it is thought more scholarlike and more scientific to make these blots reasons for lowering the vulgar standard of inspiration, and flinging off the trammels which that standard had fastened round the freedom of judgment, and by which it had stereotyped theology.

To believe without a standard of belief, to think without a rule of thought, is supposed by many to be spiritual freedom. Thus at least wide enough room is left either for sailing or for drifting, as the case may be; compass, and helm, and anchor, being at the same time somewhat superseded by superior seamanship, and ability to calculate on, if not to control, the elements. The men are no doubt brave, the sea is wide and deep, its surface at present looks blue and winning; but are its farther shores verdure or barrenness?—at its bottom are there pearls or only rocks?

One thing that suggests itself to the reader of these Eastern travels, as he turns page after page, is the marvellous accuracy of Scripture in small things. The narrative spreads itself over more than two thousand years,—or at least the narrators, from Moses to John, extend along this line,—no one having any communication with the other. Yet in their minutest details there is harmony. As to men, places, names, distances, how singular the concurrence! Impostors avoid details. He who compiled the apocryphal Book of Enoch has shown some sagacity in keeping to general statement. He names places, but he never commits himself to relative position or distance. The Bible, in almost every chapter, commits itself to both of these; nor in any one known instance has geographical incorrectness, or even indistinctness, been detected. Each new traveller is discovering

* "An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," etc., by James Ferguson, F.R.A.S. 1847.

† Vol. ii., p. 18. April, 1853.

fresh examples of precision and accuracy, not merely greater than that of Jerome and Eusebius, but even of Josephus himself.

It neither challenges scrutiny nor evades it. It lets things take their course, in the manifest confidence that it can be no loser by discoveries in science, in history, or in topography. It makes no haste. It can afford to wait, quietly enduring the reproaches flung on it, and the suspicions raised as to its integrity. It waited long for the discovery and decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics on obelisk, tomb, and temple. They came at last, and it found itself no loser. It waited longer for the sculptures and inscriptions of Nineveh. They came at last, and it found in them a vindication and a testimony which have given courage to many a friend, and sobered, if not silenced, many an adversary.

It waited with equal equanimity for the results of topographical discovery in those lands, of which it was more especially the annalist. This was, of all others, the thing most fitted to test, and in which failure would certainly involve the loss of character as well as reverence. In this balance it has been weighed—weighed by caviller and admirer—and *not* found wanting. There were many cities or places for which it did not need to wait, for all along it had been a correct topographer. Hebron, and Bethlehem, and Samaria, and Nazareth, and many other towns, have stood out from the earliest age as witnesses to its correctness. Above all, Jerusalem! No amount of ecclesiastical rubbish has been sufficient to overlay or displace the main features of that city and its suburbs. Along its western side, spreading out to the south, stretches the old plain or valley of Rephaim, where David fought, once and again, the hosts of Philistia. Here the Kedron, beginning beyond the north-western angle of the wall, sweeps round the city with its quiet curve, deepening as it bends, and widening into the fruitful hollow where the old olives still mark the Garden of Gethsemane. There rises, to the east, the grey ridge of Olivet, with its scattered olives here and there, reminding the gazer of what it once was, ere Titus swept away its verdure, stem and branch. There, to the south-east, where the extremity of Tyropæon divides Sion from Ophel, is Siloam, or, as it is now modernized, Silwân,—not a *brook*, as Milton calls it, nor a *fountain*, as other poets have named it, but a *pool*, as Nehemiah and the evangelist have truly designated it,—a pool now in ruins and almost empty, but still reminding the traveller of Old and New Testament verity. There is Sion, too, with the oblong

castle which now represents the Tower of David, which, in all likelihood, has sprung out of the ruins of that very tower which took the name of Judah's king. There are all these great features of the wondrous city, just as Scripture has drawn them. Time and the spoiler have swept away much, but they have failed in some things; and these have been left as witnesses to the truthfulness of the old sketches of Jerusalem given us a hundred times over in the Book of Truth.

Not a few of the sites for which it waited long, refusing to alter its measurements according to ecclesiastical caprice, have within these twenty years come to light. In the eastern Kerak, perched on one of the stalwart hills that frown over the Bâhr Lût, is recognised now “Kir of Moab;” as in the Galilean Kerak, whose ruins cover the mounds at the south-western angle of the Bâhr Tubariyeh, is found the Tarrichea of Josephus, if not also the Rakkath of Joshua. For fourteen hundred years Shiloh—where the tabernacle stood, and Samuel ministered, and Eli died—was fixed on the high peak, some six miles west of Jerusalem, named Nebi Semwil, in contradiction to the old narrative. A traveller passing northward from el-Bîreh to Nâblus, turns some two or three miles out of his way to the right, and there, on the high slope of a hill which commands a whole network of valleys, he finds mounds of curious ruins, named Seilûn, on the very spot to which the Divine narrative would have led him. Not above a few miles from the hills of Nazareth in one direction, and no farther from Tabor on the other, stands an old square ruin, commanding the whole plain of Esdraelon. The Arabs call it Zerîn; and in it we see the ancient Jezreel of Ahab. A little farther north lies a filthy village, fenced round with prickly pears instead of walls: its name is Solam, representing beyond doubt the ancient Shunem of Elisha. These are but one or two of the many places which have of late years come up to view, and the resuscitation of which has so strikingly verified the Scripture as to the accuracy of its minutest details.

For other sites it still waits. A few years will bring more numerous confirmations. It waits for the discovery of Capernaum; for Dr. Robinson's proof as to Khan Minyeh is defective and inconclusive. It waits for the discovery of Dan, in the extreme north; for Dr. Wilson's ingenious conjecture as to the identity of Tell-el-Kadi and Dan, from the common signification of their names (judge), is after all doubtful, though adopted by all subsequent travellers. It

waits for the resuscitation of Zelzah, in the borders of Benjamin; for, though the suggestion of the Scotch Deputation, as to its being the modern Beit-jalah, on the olive heights above Rachel's tomb, is not unlikely, it wants corroboration. It waits till, somewhere within a two miles' range of Jerusalem, some traveller shall light on Mizpah of Benjamin, the city of the assembled tribes in the days of the Judges; for Mr. Stanley's idea, that it is the Scopus of Josephus, though not improbable, is uncertain. It waits, too, for the discovery of Emmaus, so well known, though but once named in New Testament story; for most assuredly the Nicopolis of the Romans is *not* the Emmaus of the Evangelist and of Josephus. That the Roman Nicopolis is now the Arab Amwâs, and that Amwâs represents some ancient Emmaus,—these points are clear enough. But Emmaus—meaning, as it probably does, hot baths—was a name known in the north as well as the south of Palestine. The Emmaus of Luke was a village some seven miles and a half from Jerusalem,—a distance which men might quietly walk to and fro in a day,—not a city twenty miles off, a distance which men, going and returning, could not possibly accomplish so as to be present in the evening in Jerusalem.

We still wait for the discovery of Emmaus, sixty stadia from Jerusalem. It will come in good time; not by the alteration of the text either of Luke or Josephus, but by some traveller, who has no theory to support, lighting on some old ruin, which his fellah-guide tells him is called Amwâs like two or three other places,—some far off, and some near. But for such a discovery the Bible does not need to make haste, nor do its readers need to be impatient. It will come in good time.

It is not without reason that one would contend for the accuracy of Scripture, even in its words. Accurate precision forms the very perfection of Euclid's "Elements" and Newton's "Principia;" nor is it any disparagement of these to pronounce them stereotyped and unalterable. A modern German, indeed, has said that "everything noble loses its aroma as soon as men restrict it to an unchangeable form;" yet no one supposes that Euclid or Newton have lost their nobility because they are unchangeable in their form and truth. It is the glory of science, that each proposition in these works is as true to-day as it was when first demonstrated by its author. Truth never changes. It advances, it expands, it multiplies; but it does not change. It may be added to, but it cannot be taken from. In acquiring new

territory, it does not surrender the old. Its annexations are all genuine *additions*. No mathematics, however advanced, gives up old territory; so no theology, however "advanced," can renounce the dogmatical acquisitions of the past, unless on the ground that they are *false*. To call them obsolete, is childish; to say they are not suited to the age, is a condemnation of the age more than of them. Mathematics cannot advance save by a perpetual recurrence to first principles; and it is only thus that theology can advance. Nor can anything be more suspicious than this disposition to make progress by leaving old truth behind. No one feels himself shackled by his full belief in the "Principia." His adherence to these is no hindrance to progress: much the reverse. Nor does our adherence to the accurate and unchangeable forms of thought and theology, given us in Scripture, prevent our making constant additions to our knowledge. Love does not grow by giving up the past; nor does faith; nor does knowledge; nor does theology.

Not willingly would any one admit the inaccuracy of a favourite author: not without a sigh could he bring himself to believe that the words of "Paradise Lost" were not Milton's words. So, not willingly can any one concede the inaccuracy of Scripture: not without a sigh can any one bring himself to believe that its words are not the words of God. If the Atheist be really sincere, it must have been with a sorrowful heart that he relinquished the idea of the existence of an infinitely perfect and blessed Being; and it must have been with no ordinary feelings of terror that he discovered that the world's great arch was without a keystone. And if the deniers of verbal accuracy to Scripture be thoroughly sincere, it must have been with no common bitterness of soul that they discovered that the Bible was inaccurate, and that its words were not the words of God. What struggles it must have cost them to believe this! With what reluctance they must have come to this sad conclusion! With what fear must they enter on all speculation, knowing that they are thus shut out from the great source of certainty! And with what tenderness should they bear with the scruples of those who are still clinging to the words of Scripture, and resting themselves on the belief, that God has spoken, that God has written, not thoughts merely, but *words*—unerring words—which they find to be no chain, no trammel, but a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path!

The most original thinker is not the man who speculates or dreams; but the man who

studies the processes of nature, outer and inner,—and on these grafts his thoughts, and out of these originates his propositions, or axioms, or deductions. For all these processes are the visible expression of thoughts far higher and wider than those of man. So the most original and most advanced theologian is not the man who flings abroad new opinions gaily clothed; but the man who studies every word of Scripture, and every fact contained in these. For these words and facts are of all others the most pregnant and fruitful; seeing they are the embodiments of divine, and therefore infinitely *profound* thought;—thought which, if carefully deposited and honestly cherished, will prove the parent of an endless offspring,—true, original, and progressive, though not of course, like itself, perfect and divine.



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